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NOTES OF THE DAY.

The Stage Society, which has just held another of its meetings, certainly helps on an intelligent interest in the many dramatic questions now in the air. And its existence increases our surprise that no really serious theatrical magazine is able to live. An attempt was made towards this end by the *Theatre*, which was founded by Mr. Frederick Hawkins, whose death this week we read with much regret. He had been at one time dramatic critic of *The Times*, and had written several books on dramatic subjects, such as "A Life of Edmund Kean," "Annals of the French Stage from its Origin to the Death of Racine," and "The French Stage in the Eighteenth Century."

* * * *

We may perhaps conclude that the failure of the *Theatre*, in spite of the fact that it had such competent editors as Mr. Hawkins, Mr. Addison Bright, and Mr. Clement Scott, proved that there is no room in England at the present time for a review devoted to the interests of the playhouse. The purely professional organs which record every little provincial performance, generally with the intimation that it was "much above the average," are understood to be very profitable properties. So are some of the organs that content themselves with retailing the scandals of the *coulisses*. But for the higher criticism of the drama there seems to be no great demand. Yet there is much wider interest in dramatic things than there used to be. We follow and discuss the [illegible] and the new men in French, German, Italian, Scandinavian, and Belgian drama, and we have theories which struggle to expression in "Elizabethan" and other "stage societies." Nevertheless, those who have something to say on the drama have to scramble for places in the other high-class magazines, and take their chance of being elbowed out by the writers on the Chinese crisis, the Settlement of South Africa, Ritualism, and Cadet Corps.

* * * *

How warmly the public is concerned with dramatic questions is shown in the *Fortnightly Review* for July. One sign of that concern is the growing recognition of the fact that we do not do Shakespeare justice in our so-called "Shakespearian revival." Mr. Tree, however, who writes on "The Staging of Shakespeare," claims the public taste for his own method. He frankly does not care what may be the opinion "of literary experts as revealed in print," he is all for "public opinion as revealed by the coin of the realm." The despised literary experts will probably turn with much more interest to Professor Lewis Campbell's article in the same review on "Climax in Tragedy," especially if they have been reading Mr. Courtney's little book on "The Idea of Tragedy," about which Mr. Walkley writes in another column. We can only here state the point raised by Professor Campbell—viz., that the so-called "Climax" of the classical tragedies is never the close of the play. The other method is probably due to the introduction of a certain—though Professor Campbell does not admit this. Anyhow, the old tradition was that a great production should end quietly. The dramatist works up to a crisis, and then is not afraid of the sequel when excitement and curiosity may give way to sympathy and awe. Shakespeare was in the classical tradition [illegible] those are apt to forget who complain of the lingering close of his tragedies.

* * * *

The Stage Society performance brought an exhilarating experience. As Mr. George Bernard Shaw humorously remarked on the fall of the curtain, they lived for three hours or so in the London of 1919. *Candida*, now produced for the first time on metropolitan boards is one of the four "Pleasant Plays" by Mr. Shaw. It was written in 1891, and at that time a prominent actor-manager predicted that a quarter of a century later *Candida* would be played successfully to crowded houses. In his words of thanks at the close Mr. Shaw explained another matter, namely, that the Bishop of London alluded to in the play is not Dr. Creighton—a man too wide-minded to keep a clergyman "[illegible] . . . . although the poor fellow's not a bit more religious" than the Rev. James Mavor Morell, Candida's well-meaning husband. Mr. Shaw's reputation for humour stands him in request at times; more than once the audience—regarded by some as of more than average intelligence—laughed at awkward moments. The cast was excellent. It we mistake not, Mr. Granville Barker, who as the scatter-brained, [illegible]

past Empire Matrimonials was a signal success, was the only one fresh to the part. To provincial audiences Mr. Charles Cherrington had been supposed as Morell, Miss Janet Achurch as Candida, Mr. Robert Farquharson as the curate. Is Mr. Bernard Shaw serious in this play or is he laughing at us all the time? As to the answer there may certainly be two opinions. For our part, while admitting the unfortunate presence of certain Shavisms, we cannot but think that the aim is to reveal the foundations of Morell's self-satisfaction, his complacency builded on sand. There is something more than sparkling and incisive dialogue, there is genuine psychological development. After Maeterlinck's *Intruder* and *The Death of Tintagiles*, to say nothing of Hauptmann's doleful *The Coming of Peace*—wherein, by the way, Frau Beehner is supposed to fall in love with her daughter's ill-fated fiancé, William—*Candida*, with its serious levity, was welcome.

* * * *

As was expected, Mr. Walter Raleigh, Professor of Modern Literature at University College, Liverpool, and some time Professor of English Literature at the Mahomedan Anglo-Oriental college, Aligarh, has been appointed to succeed Professor Dudley in the Chair of English Language and Literature at Glasgow. Mr. Raleigh is best known to the general reader by his book on Style and his University Extension manual dealing with "The English Novel." No better appointment could have been made.

* * * *

Two recent protests in a matter of literary ethics may be noted together for the humour of their coincidence. Miss Corelli, with an indignant eye on Mr. Kipling and others, protests in a "Social Note on the War" against the "self-advertisers who are posting their names in large print on Tommy's uniform," and bids them "stop bill-sticking while he is fighting." Meanwhile another writer has been protesting against a scene in Miss Corelli's new romance "Boy," for making romantic capital of contemporary death scenes in South Africa, going so far as to introduce the name of Lieutenant Roberts; and this writer bids the novelist stop sentimentalizing and sensation-mongering, while the soldiers are dying. There is something pertinent about motes and beams in a book which Miss Corelli describes as "a very old book in the world which notwithstanding its age is always called new."

* * * *

On the eighty-sixth anniversary of the publication of "Waverley" it is pleasant to welcome the appearance of one more in the unending series of new editions of the "Waverley Novels." This comes from Messrs. Macmillan, but, though it bears their imprint for the first time, it is not strictly a new edition. It is, in fact, the "Border Edition" furnished with introductions and notes by Mr. Andrew Lang for Mr. Nimmo some half dozen years ago, the rights whereof Messrs. Macmillan have acquired. It is in twenty-four volumes with 250 illustrations. "'Tis Sixty Years and More Since" Sir Walter died, so neither Mr. Nimmo nor Messrs. Macmillan nor Mr. Lang himself fall under the condemnation by Mr. Lang pronounced on the body-snatching publishers who fall upon works fresh out of copyright, and on the backs of editors who add and abet them by writing notes and introductions. In the matter of Scott and his descendants Mr. Lang has before expressed that he has a clear conscience; and in his amusing remarks in *Longman's Magazine* this month he explains again that he will not be afraid to meet Sir Walter in the Elysian shades, dwelling in a community of old associations of country side, Border and friends.

* * * *

The face of Chaucer puts the temperate heart and the kind countenance of Hamlet to shame. The traditional portrait, as engraved by W. J. Linton, appears still on the cover of Macmillan's *Magazine*. But it can be only an approximate likeness for it seems from a portrait drawn only from memory by the poet Occleve at Hoccleve, one the Chaucer's contemporary. The whole page in which it appears in Occleve is, for the first time, reproduced by Mr. M. H. Spielmann in a first article on Chaucer's portraits in the *Magazine of Art*. Mr. Spielmann's entire essay, which promises to be an instructive one, is to be issued by the Royal Society of Literature. May we suggest to Mr. Spielmann that, should the essay be reprinted, he might revise the following sentence:—"The best likeness that is presented to us of Chaucer, then, is the limning, or what we would nowadays call 'water-colour drawing,' which he introduced into his book 'De Regimine Principis'"? The sentence is preceded by a longish paragraph which has no reference to Occleve at all; and Chaucer did not write the "De Regimine Principis." Nor, for the matter of that, did Occleve. His work was "De Regimine Principum."

* * * *

The *Cumnock Express* is very wroth with *Literature* for having dared to refer disparagingly to Covenanting poetry. In a sentence as perspicuous as it is grammatical, the journal observes:—

> As a Cockney critic, he (with the usual ignorance but full-blown presumption of his class) has just now been telling the world, the columns of *Literature*, that "all Covenanting, or *Cameronian* poetry, save 'The Cameronian Dream'—the bard of Crawick—is wretched stuff" (judging all, we suppose, from the low, grovelling, gutter standard of "The Absent-Minded Beggar").

The Cumnock critic has not even taken the trouble to quote correctly. What was stated in *Literature* was that "Most of the Cameronian and Covenanting poetry of Scotland is wretched stuff, almost the solitary exception, certainly the only outstanding exception," being Hyslop's poem "The Cameronian Dream." It may be unfortunate for the Covenanters, but the statement is strictly accurate. However, tastes differ. The *Cumnock Express* as "proof of the utter falseness of that verdict" (of *Literature*) gives some lines from a "stirring account of the Battle of Drumclog, by Mr. Hugh Brown, a Galston schoolmaster of some sixty years ago." The following samples bear eloquent testimony to the beauty of Covenanting poetry:—

> Roused by the rolling of the distant drum,
> Breathless the watcher cried, "The foemen come!"
> One short, but fervent, hurried sigh they breathed,
> Folded their Bibles, and their swords unsheathed.
> Along Drumclog the soldiers' proud array
> Of glittering armature flung back the day;
> The prancing war-steed proudly pawed the heath,
> And felt afar the battle's burning breath;
> Oppression's steelgirt bandit undismayed,
> With jest and scorn the peasant ranks surveyed.
> . . . . .
> But a moment they paused, and they lion-like sprung
> From the lair they were kneeling upon;
> And the glens and the rocks with the wild music rung
> As they chanted a psalm and rushed on.

The *Cumnock Express* is quite correct in assuming that *Literature* will pronounce these lines "wretched stuff." All Covenanting poetry, however, it is only fair to say, is not quite so bad as this. But there is some even worse—for example, the lines referred to by Sir Walter Scott in "Old Mortality." Two verses of this "awful example" are sufficient for quotation:—

> They marched east through Lithgow-town
> For to enlarge their forces;
> And sent for all the north country
> To come, both foot and horses.
> . . . . .
> When they were all provided well,
> In armour and ammunition,
> Then thither wester did they come
> Most cruel of intention.

The fact is that the greatest kindness that can be shown to the bulk of Covenanting poetry is to leave it alone.

It was an excellent idea to represent Sir Thomas More's residences at Bucklersbury and Chelsea in the memorial stained glass window recently unveiled in the church of St. Lawrence Jewry. More was born in Milk-street, Cheapside, and lived in Bucklersbury for some years after his marriage, prior to purchasing Crosby-place. In *The Merry Wives of Windsor* Shakespeare makes Falstaff allude to the traders in herbs for which in his day Bucklersbury was famous: "Come, I cannot cog, and say thou art this and that, like a many of these lisping hawthorn-buds, that come like women in men's apparel, and smell like Bucklersbury in simple time." The Chancellor's house at Chelsea, built in 1521, stood at the north end of Beaufort-row. Erasmus has left a record of his life here:—

> He converses with his wife, his son, his daughter-in-law, his three daughters and their husbands, with eleven grandchildren—a goodly household, in truth. There is not any man living so affectionate as he, and he loveth his old wife as well as if she was a young maid. . . . I should rather call his house a school, or a university of Christian religion, for though there is none therein but readeth or studieth the liberal sciences, their special care is piety and virtue; there is no quarrelling or intemperate words heard; that worthy gentleman doth not govern with proud and lofty words, but with well-timed and courteous benevolence; everybody performeth his duty, yet there is always alacrity; neither is sober mirth anything wanting.

This is a fascinating word-picture of More's life in his quiet Chelsea retreat, where Henry VIII. often visited him.

* * * *

Renan, the life-long friend of M. Berthelot, is said to have written the following epitaph for that great chemist and philosopher:

Ci-Git
M. Berthelot.
(Here follow his numerous titles.)
This is the only place which he never solicited.

—a superscription, the exact opposite of Piron's well-known epitaph on himself:—"Il ne fut rien, pas même académicien." Anyhow, M. Berthelot has now another title to add to the prodigious list which Renan so shortly summarized. He has been elected to the French Academy. Nineteen votes were cast for him. Nine academicians abstained, and eleven did not turn up to vote. Among the latter was M. de Freycinet, in spite of his pretensions to be himself a man of science. This illustrates the kind of bias which ever since Renan's death has prevented M. Berthelot's entrance into the Academy. He had wished to succeed Renan, but the Catholic and Conservative wing of the Academy rallied round M. Brunetière, whose views on "la faillite de la science" had been demolished by M. Berthelot, and black-balled one of the greatest scientific men of the day. To-day, M. Berthelot, in spite of the nationalist cabal against him, takes his revenge.

The "Dictionary of National Biography."

The issue of the final volume of the "Dictionary of National Biography," which we notice elsewhere, leads one to look at the undertaking as a whole. Perhaps we can pay no higher compliment to those who are responsible for it than to say that their achievement is by no means confined to the production of a standard dictionary of English worthies. The inception of the work, its steady and business-like execution, and its reception by the public mark something like an epoch in English literary history. Never before, we may safely say, has the chief magistrate of the City of London found in the publication of the last volume of a book an occasion which called for public and honourable recognition. Few publications, even in an age when collaboration is the fashion, have brought together so many distinguished writers; none certainly have done more to organize research and turn it to a practical use. Mr. Lee, who has himself, in addition to his very exacting editorial work, written an amount equal to three volumes of the Dictionary, gives a full record of the names and labours of his collaborators. Masses of historical evidence, unheard and unthought of by older students, are being unveiled before us at the present day; and new avenues of discovery are still being opened up. The task of the contributors has been to attack [illegible] of data on a careful and organized scheme, each with his own special goal before him, pursuing his own special quarry from place to place, from book to book, from manuscript to manuscript, catching at every hint which may open up new lines of inquiry, every gleam which may throw a side-light however faint upon the subject, and never permitting himself to be drawn away into by paths or to roam at large over the enticing pastures of historical *personalia*. To those who have worked for the Dictionary we owe this great object lesson, as it were, in methods of study, and in the zealous search for, and the businesslike handling of, evidence—a feature particularly illustrated by the exhaustive bibliographical matter contained on every page. Equally creditable to English culture is the origin of this great enterprise. The public, accustomed to see the volumes appearing every quarter with unfailing regularity, have been content to note the rapidity and completeness with which the editor and his staff were doing their work, and did not, in their admiration for the successful strategy displayed, inquire too curiously how the sinews of war were provided. Mr. Lee's preface gives us the story. The conception of the Dictionary was entirely that of Mr. George Smith. After some forty years' experience as a publisher in the firm of Smith, Elder, and Co., he was the first seriously to face a task of national importance, the need of which had been universally recognized. A certain boldness in embarking upon new ventures is inseparable from the publishing business. But the magnitude of the undertaking to which Mr. Smith set his hand eighteen years ago must have surpassed anything recorded in the recent history of modern publishing. It "satisfied none of the conditions of a merely commercial undertaking." Roughly, it promised to involve, and did involve, an outlay, unremunerative as far as material profit was concerned, of some seventy thousand pounds. Mr. Smith, however, put his hand to the plough and did not look back. Throughout the progress of the work he has, "says Mr. Lee, "ignored considerations of profit and loss in providing for its conduct to a successful issue." The business of publishing, like any other business, may be conducted by many methods. Some of them may provoke criticism, and the relations between authors and publishers may, as we know, lead to controversy and misunderstanding. Publishers may complain that authors are not always mindful of what is due to them. Authors may assert that the position of the publisher is solely that of the business agent of the author. Nothing can tend more to raise to a higher level the dealings between publisher and author than the public spirited claim made by Mr. George Smith of his right, when an opportunity arises to do a great public service, to be something more than a mere agent of the author. We are far from saying that such a display of public spirit is unique among publishers; but its magnitude certainly calls for special recognition. It has often been pointed out that a literary enterprise of this kind might well have been subsidized by the State as similar enterprises have been subsidized abroad, and that [illegible] in accordance with the independence of the British [illegible] should be due to the liberality and energy of individuals. One conclusion to be drawn from the completed Dictionary is, we believe, that the system on which it has been published is for the most likely to produce workmanlike results—and some features of the State-aided Historical Manuscripts Commission seem to confirm this view. Certainly such a spontaneous action on the part of private citizens exerts a highly stimulating influence on the literary life of England—whether we look at the share of the publisher who conceived and fostered the Dictionary, to at that of the contributors who have produced so fine a monument of literary skill and research, or at that of the editors Mr. Leslie Stephen, Mr. Sidney Lee, and their assistants, who have so well accomplished the extremely difficult and delicate task of organizing, revising, and completing this great collection of biographies.

Personal Views.

HISTORY—OLD AND NEW.

Once, some fifty years ago, when a man was born into the world, an enthusiastic relation turned to the mother and asked anxiously—the first and only vital question—"Will he love his Macaulay?" Will any one in the coming years speculate eagerly on an infant's probable affection for—shall we say—his Seeley? Or is there any living historian about whom the ordinary reader cares two straws?

If we come to think of it, this is rather a serious question. History, we assume, is meant to be read, and not merely crammed for examination, or discussed by a few specialists. Yet the tendency of the English Historical School, the disciples of Freeman especially, is so to write that he who runs certainly will not read. Indeed, to judge by the tone of some of the most modern historical teachers, they would prefer not to be read save by the initiated, and a literary presentment of their real and indisputable learning is the last thing they desire. To hear them talk about "mere popularizing" one would think that they constituted some esoteric mystery whose art was to conceal their knowledge. There is evidently, to the elect, something vulgar in being readable; and the resources of style, the effects of rhetoric, all the light and shade of chosen language are the meretricious tricks of the sciolist. They do not "love their Macaulay," they positively abhor their Froude, they can scarcely tolerate even their Grote.

We cannot help thinking that there must be something wrong about this. As it seems to us, modern historical scholars are forgetting the essential in their zeal for accurate detail. What is history for (we are not now referring to oral teaching or the preparation for examinations) unless to give the mass of mankind broad and instructive views of how men lived and acted and dealt with the problems of their age? And how can the desultory reader of these days, pampered with periodical "piffle," be induced to take an interest in this vital and philosophic study, unless the results of research are set before him with all the power of a great mind and all the fascination of a noble style? No attempt at such a presentment of history seems to be made by the modern "Fachmann." The new style of historian edits texts—a necessary preparation of material; elaborates episodes and minor details—all excellent pioneering work: prepares short text-books full of carefully verified facts—useful, no doubt, to the examinee, not to say his examiner. But all this no more makes a History than the squaring of stone, and plumbing of walls, and designing of dados make a house. The master builder of history, like the Comassian mason, appears to be an extinct species.

No one who has any true understanding of the work to be done will undervalue the important labours of the modern school of historical research. The scrupulous editions of fundamental texts, the scholarly and unbiassed examination and collation of every authority and every statement, the collection and verification of documents, the stern rejection of glosses and inauthentic records—all these are of incalculable service to the Historian who is to be. Nor is it fair to reproach the young researchers for busying themselves with the details rather than with the ensemble. The truth is that the immense accumulation of new materials, the lately opening of the manuscript collections of all Europe to the inquirer, the monthly publication, in scientific periodicals devoted to research all over the world, of new discoveries of documents and new lights or new interpretations of disputed points, have for the time overwhelmed conscientious students. As a writer in *Literature* said some time ago (11 June, 1898) "In wandering through untrodden paradises, they have completely lost their way. They give us masses of undigested, incoordinate facts, but no History. This is the natural result of too hasty, too indiscriminate absorption, and the attacks which are sometimes levelled at what is called the Oxford School of History are scarcely philosophical. Historical students have to go through this stage, till they get abreast of their materials. Then comes the process of coordination, of generalization, of refining the gold from the dross—the process of reducing History out of *matériaux pour servir*."

The mistake is to confound the *matériaux pour servir* with the resulting History. As well might one take the tuning of the fiddles for the symphony itself. And the danger is that the people who are now tuning the fiddles are trying to convince the world that all the old symphonies, composed before the new orchestra was perfected, are radically bad music. One might equally argue that because various modern improvements in wind instruments, or in organ stops, were not then invented, John Sebastian Bach could not write a Mass or an organ fugue! In music, whilst we wonder and admire as we hear the marvellous new effects produced in the modern orchestra in the hands of a Wagner or a Tchaikowsky, under the baton of a Richter, we do not dismiss as obsolete the great conceptions of the earlier composers, though expressed in a more limited range. And it is so with History. Whilst we welcome every new fact, every correction or verification, every clearance of rubbish heaps and exploration of purlieux, we cannot afford to neglect the great works in which the master-minds of the past have surveyed the progress of the world. Minor inaccuracies, inadequate materials, even political bias are as nothing in the scale against the illumination which comes from the working of a large mind upon the large facts of history. Lord Acton has well said that History is "not a rope of sand but a continuous development, not a burden on the memory but an illumination of the soul." There is too much microscopic poring over grains of sand, nowadays, and too little "illumination of the soul." To get large views and profound reflections we must still turn back to the old masters. Thoroughly to grasp the historical teaching of men like Arnold, Thirlwall, and Grote is an education in itself, a veritable "illumination of the soul." We will not even part with our Motley, our Froude, or our Macaulay. Granted that there are mistakes in detail, personal prejudices, and even serious misrepresentation, and that a vast amount of new material has come to light since their days, still their works remain imperishable, because they are theirs. Whole shelves of accurate little text-books by modern scholars will not train the mind in history as it is trained by the study of the works of the great Historians. These men, for the most part, looked out upon the field of past events and developments from the fortress of a mind deeply versed in human affairs, profoundly acquainted with all that was best and wisest in the literature and thought of the past. They approached their subject as philosophers, and treated it on the grand scale. Work so conceived and prepared can never become obsolete, let the specialists discover never so newly. Hence the old masters are read, and will be read.

Indeed, it seems to us that specialism, developed too early, is at the root of the present dearth of broad historians. The mind must be trained in great things before it deals with small, must endeavour to grasp the universal before it descends to the

particular. In the present day we appear to be reversing the process. We labour an acre before we try to understand the earth. We toil at a "period," elaborate an incident, before we endeavour to grasp the broad principles and immutable laws of human progress. And our lack of philosophy is equalled by our want of culture. Your modern historical student is proud to be master of a few years, or a few reigns, of a single branch of a single race of mankind. With the literature, the thought, of the rest he has no concern. The inevitable result is that his minor studies of details lack not only philosophic grasp but literary sympathy. His fellow students will read and applaud—or demolish—his learned lucubrations, but the great mass of educated men will never hear of him. The historian requires more than the elaborate documentary apparatus of which he is justly proud. He needs a philosophical training, and a literary culture; and, until the modern historical school realizes these essential conditions, we cannot expect that it will produce a masterpiece. The last thing we would defend is superficial study or mere literary charm. The more accurate in detail a history is, the more worthy is it of its high function. But it is better that great views of history, even if only approximately accurate, should go home to the minds of the mass of educated men than that they should live on, ignorant of the past. History is not an affair for dilettantism, nor yet for the private edification of the few. It is for all mankind. And to reach mankind it must be treated largely and humanely. It must not be merely a collection of bare facts, but philosophy and literature in one—"an illumination of the soul."

L.

WOMEN POETS OF TO-DAY.

Critics, since the art of criticism began, have puzzled over the true nature of poetry, but few of them have omitted from their attempted definitions the word emotion. "The true expression of true feeling" is the chosen formula of Mr. Edmond Holmes, the latest writer who essays to answer the question "What is poetry?" Why, then, is poetry the creation of one sex in so much larger degree than of the other? Women surely have as true a gift of expression as men; of sensitiveness to emotion they are acknowledged to possess a larger share. In imaginative prose as represented by fiction they have for long more than held their own, and perhaps in the higher art their day is yet to come. At any rate, it is interesting to mark the signs of the times. Mrs. Humphry Ward, in her recent speech at the Women Writers' Club, was hopeful for the future. Space forbade us to give any portion of the speech *verbatim* in our reference to it last week, but as only a brief report of it has appeared in the Press our readers will, we think, be interested to read her review of the past and her estimate of women poets of to-day.

Mrs. Ward is ready to admit that they are "minor poets," yet "how much this means in a day when so much is demanded! Look back at the times of Mrs. Hemans, of Caroline Bowles, and L.E.L. . . . Look back to the nine women poets—the nine Muses of their day—reviewed by the *Quarterly* in 1810, in that tone of compassion half mocking, half patronizing, the mere disappearance of which to-day is in itself a landmark. Among these poets, indeed, was Mrs. Browning; and for all his masculine scorn, let us just say in passing that the reviewer had no eyes whatever for Mrs. Browning's true place among his motley band. Take, however, some of the rest—a certain Lady Emmeline, for instance—for whose 'talents,' the *Quarterly* has 'sincere respect'—while it ventures to mock the 'fevered woe' of 'her ladyship's' verse, and to urge upon her ladyship a little closer attention both to metre and to rhythm. Still, Lady Emmeline gets her four pages from the *Quarterly*, and had apparently earned them by not entirely unsuccessful efforts much relished by the public. One stanza of her poetry may give us the perspective. Like all other poets, she sings of the lark, but the strain of Wordsworth and Shelley pales beside Lady Emmeline's:—

> And thou'rt compelled deep dreams of poesy and pride
> Even from the soul's abysses! forth they rise—
> Delights, and Hopes, and Shadowy Memories,
> Speechless Abstractions, Terrors, Sublimities, Chaos,
> Imaginations borne on seraph plumes!
> Passions, and Ecstasies, and keen Perceptions,
> And lightning-pinioned Pleasures and Conceptions,
> And starry Ardours, breathless Expectations,
> Beatitudes, and fervid Adorations,
> And bright Amazements, that, transfixed and still,
> Yet with a rapture of Assurance thrill!

"Prodigious! All one can say is that Lady Emmeline's lark would not to-day thrill Vigo-street to rapture. Or I turn to an Annual of 1826—'Friendship's Offering'—which contains a poem by Ruskin, Macaulay's 'Armada,' and a contribution by Alfred Tennyson—good company enough! Amongst the women are Mrs. Howitt, Mrs. Norton, and L.E.L.; but there is also a Miss Sarah Stickney, who writes on a pet squirrel, and it is to her artless verse that again you come upon the simplest and truest detect the public:—

> My own little pet
> How oft have we met
> Here in the woodland among the sweet flowers;
> Why should we sever,
> Since can we never
> Hope to find brighter or happier hours.
>
> Go and be free,
> Like the bird and the bee,
> Sport in the sunshine among the sweet flowers;
> But sometimes return to
> The spot our hearts yearn to
> For this was the scene of our happiest hours.

"Life was certainly less strenuous when those verses emerged unabashed by the side of Mr. Alfred Tennyson. Take up almost the first volume under your hand from Mr. Lane or Mr. Grant Richards. Compare with these verses of 1810 some lines written by a woman of to-day—not yet as well known as she will be, when her gift is fully ripe, and if she does not unduly press her talent—

APRIL. (By Nora Hopper.)

I flood with gold the gorses,	I open all [illegible] alone,
With rain the water-courses,	I quicken the [illegible];
And I restrain	The cloud that [illegible]
With silver rein	[illegible]
The wild sea-horses.	My [illegible]
I am the blackbird singing,	I am the [illegible]
I am the grasses swinging;	The wild [illegible];
I am the spur	No [illegible]
Sets reeds astir	Dare soar, as I
And bluebells ringing.	Their [illegible]
I quicken in their graves	I flood with gold the [illegible],
Seeds that the winter saves:	With rain the [illegible],
Flags for me stay;	And I restrain
The budding May	With silver [illegible]
My coming craves.	The wild sea-horses.

"It is true that by 1810 Emily Bronte had written the school-girl poem containing the expressive verse beginning 'A little and a lone green lane,' and Mrs. Browning had written 'Cowper's Grave.' But the general standard was so low—for the women—that only genius of the highest kind could manage to be tolerable. Now—what gift, what genius, what accomplishment is left a dozen women, writing in England to-day, that we could all of us name without much stopping to think!—whether it be the passive and intimate beauty of which Mrs. Meynell has the secret, or the [illegible] and lyric charm of Nora Hopper, or the lovely ease, invention, and [illegible] of Moira O'Neill, or the Celtic wildness and melody of Katharine

Tynan's verse, or the intensity of maternal feeling that speaks in Miss Lawless, or the noble and beautiful poems that the world owes to the author of 'A Village Tragedy.' What in Mrs. Hemans or Mrs. Norton—full of rhetorical strength and passion though Mrs. Norton was—is worth, judged by any standard of pure literature, the 'Corrymeela' of Moira O'Neill, or Mrs. Wood's 'To the Forgotten Dead,' or Mrs. Meynell's 'Renouncement?' It is not that the older poets were not women to feel and see the world; but the great singers of the beginning of the century had not yet done their work; the 'pure Greek wine' of Keats, the magic of Shelley, the music of the Elizabethans had still to freshen the poetic sense of England, and so create those capacities and those delicate perceptions of heart and ear which are at work for us to-day. And now how interesting to notice the Celtic admixture in this growth of poetry among women! Three or four of those I have named are in fact Irishwomen, and the Celtic yearning, the Celtic spell, is in their voices.

"Perhaps sometimes—if we are in a critical mood—if we are musing on the dangers of the future as well as its promise—we may ask ourselves whether the range of this modern verse is yet wide and varied enough. We may weary of its introspection. We may say with the brutal *Quarterly* of 1840 that 'there is a great difference between writing always *from* the heart and always *about* the heart, even the heart of a woman of genius'; we may ask sometimes for a wider content, a sterner, more penetrating reflection of this astonishing or tragic world; we may see in the poems of an Italian writer of the present day, Ada Negri, how many new themes still await the hand of the Englishwoman, themes torn—like Mrs. Browning's Italian poems—from the living fibre of common and national life. But whatever wants and weaknesses the critical conscience will admit amongst our poets—and certainly not in the women only!—there can be no question at all as to the astonishing rise of level and of standard. All round us, and in most arts, it is not a day of great and solitary genius, it is a day of much high talent, of exquisitely-trained faculty. The poems of our generation are shorter than of old; the subjects with which they deal are subtlety and lightness itself. Our poets, men and women, have taken the advice that Corinna gave to Pindar—'to sow from the hand, and not from the bag,' to offer beauty in delicate measure, to avoid all gross superfluity. The latter half of the century has seen a growth of song among us like the Elizabethan. But—let us note this striking difference—in the Elizabethan outburst the women of England had no part. Research, indeed, may discover here and there a stray copy of verses by a woman; but, as a rule, you may search the Elizabethan song-books—'England's Helicon,' 'The Paradise of Dainty Devices,' Breton's 'Bower of Delights,' and what not—you will find no women there to take her part in that great kindling of verse which made England, under the rule of one of the rebels of women, a nest of singing birds. But now in the great spread of poetry among us moderns—of the delight in it and the power for it—women are no longer content to be sung to; they also must sing, and sing with the best. We will not claim, as the women of old Greece might, that Corinna has defeated [illegible]; but at least she sings again in the same divine contest with Pindar, she moves in the same world of high and living [illegible], and in her art to-day all we poor mortals of a lower earth, we strong she-wolf, the dusty ways of prose, are proud and glad."

THE DECAY OF FABLE-WRITING.

It is somewhat curious to note that the two earliest forms of literary art to come to maturity have both in these latter days fallen into disuse. The Epic is no longer written for lack of subject, men say; while as for the fable, the poor little fable," it seems nowadays to be quite despised. And yet it is in some respects surprising that it should be so. For in truth a well-considered apologue contains more art to the square inch than any other form of literary composition, and more wisdom too. But Gnosis, perhaps, has the best reason why fable-writing is a neglected if not a forgotten art. For the art in it is not artifice, nor the wisdom mere wise-acreage. The first fabulists were doubtless men who lived the simple lives of farmers, shepherds, gardeners, and the like; who were brought daily in contact with Nature, with the birds of the air and the beasts of the field, that seem to have been the work of her 'prentice hand ere she tried it on man—the alphabet, as it were, of which man, the compound word, is made up. It was the child-man of earlier times, nature's own philosopher, who, seeing this play-alphabet in animals, tried to put the letters together, in order to spell out the larger meaning—himself, and in so doing he hit upon the fable. And it was because he was so intimate with the animals, studied them so closely, and loved them so well, that he was able to make such beautiful fables.

But the apologue did not come all at once. There were steps and stages in its evolution. Some opine that it may have been helped into existence by that doctrine, so implicitly mixed up with the life and thought of the East, whence the fable first came, which sends the souls of men for their purification into the bodies of the lowlier creatures. That doctrine must undoubtedly have added to the verisimilitude as well as to the interest of the fable. It could not be otherwise when both the narrator and his hearers felt that behind the animal mask one of themselves was speaking—one, perchance, who had been near if not known to them. From regarding animals in such a light it is an easy step to the belief that they are endowed with language. Certain species of birds, like the rook, the swallow, seem to indicate its possession. Whence comes their need of society if they have not the power of making themselves mutually understood? To the believer in metempsychosis nothing would be more natural than to credit them with such a gift, nor bound as we are together in one long chain of moral being to make them talk for the instruction and edification of men.

Montaigne tells us that "our wisdom derives from the animals the most useful instruction in the greatest as well as the most necessary parts of life." And in truth one can imagine a philosopher who was in the habit of contrasting the beauty, the innocence, and the happiness everywhere manifest amongst the humbler members of creation, with man's intrigues, his hates and his crimes—comparing the gentle and harmless squirrel, perched on the swaying branch of a fir, with the mischievous schoolboy creeping stealthily behind with his ready catapult, or the graceful fawn, peacefully cropping the foliage of a pendulous bough, with the gunner taking careful aim to lay it low; one can imagine such a nature-lover figuring to himself the look of the stricken deer or the wounded squirrel as with failing breath it reproaches its slayer with his barbarism. So much only is it necessary to imagine—and behold the fable invented!

Nor is it a forced imagination to suppose the first fabulist was an Indian Brahmin—one of those to whom, more than any other, the lower world is chained in moral purpose with ourselves. Certain it is that the most ancient fables we have come from Hindustan. A collection which has enjoyed great celebrity is the Arab version named Kalila wa Dimna, which contains a number of apologues much more developed than those of the Greeks. They comprise a complete system of morals: and it is curious to note that, arising out of the doctrine of transmigration, the animal *dramatis personæ* are endowed with the most delicate sentiments, the loftiest ideas, and thoughts the most complex and profound. But the Kalila wa Dimna is itself only a translation, being derived from another composed in Hindustan at a time altogether beyond our ken. The Panchatantra, as it is called, or the Five Sacred Books, is reputed to have been originally written in Sanscrit by a mythical Brahmin named Vishnu Sarma. This primitive work gave birth to another more modern, but still very ancient, and likewise written in Sanscrit, named the Hitopadesa, of which there are several English translations. It is a perfect chaplet of fables strung together after the manner of the Arabian Nights tales. From this collection, popularly known as Bidpai's fables, translations were made into Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Turkish, and

Persian. An Arab version was produced under the Calif Mansour with the title already cited of Kalila wa Dimna. The Greek version is that known as Æsop's. These two form the chief source whence the moderns have derived their material.

Æsop is said to have lived in the sixth century B.C., but there is considerable doubt whether such a person ever lived. The name is interpreted as signifying the Wise One. Curiously enough there is another fabulist, well known wherever the Arabs have set their feet, named Lokman, who, like Æsop, is reputed to have been a slave, hunchbacked, and very ugly. Some have gone so far as to hold that Lokman and Æsop are one and the same, and the supposition is the more plausible because the name Lokman, like the word Æsop, is said to mean the Sage or Wise. But this maze of identification goes still further, for proofs are drawn from etymology, as well as from the resemblance of Phœnician, Hebrew, and Arab names, to show that this Lokman is as likely as not to be King Solomon. Moreover, making comparison of identities and the similarity of anecdotes relating to each, the conclusion is reached that Solomon was no other than Joseph, who became Governor of Egypt under Pharaoh. But, returning to Æsop, we are shown how great is the resemblance between Æsop and Joseph, not only as regards their names, but in respect also to their fortunes; both being in their youth sold into slavery, and bringing prosperity to the house of their masters; both envied, persecuted, and pardoning their enemies; both foreseeing in dreams their future greatness, and both through those dreams being freed from slavery; both excelling in the art of interpreting hidden things; and, finally, both favourites and ministers, the one of Pharaoh, and the other of the King of Babylon. Whether we accept these perhaps fanciful identifications or not, it is nevertheless interesting to note the fact that the names Bidpai, Lokman, Æsop are all similar in signification, that each of the wise men so named relates identical fables, and that they are in the main beast fables. They are similar, too, in construction, inasmuch as they are, body and soul—that is, story and moral—so knit together as to be self-illumining.

But there is one particular in which the Æsopian fable differs from the Indian. It has lost the sympathy, the pathos, the sentiment of its more ancient exemplar, of which "The Two Pigeons" is a good specimen. The narrator has no longer in the back of his head, so to speak, the feeling or belief that his beast interlocutor may be one of his kith and kin. The Æsopian apologue is all pure wit and worldly wisdom. Still it was eminently suited to the genius of the people for whom it was fashioned. With them it was an aid to rhetoric. To that use Aristotle reserves it: and, as we know, Plato, whilst banishing Homer from his ideal Republic, admits Æsop as an indispensable teacher of morals.

In this respect the fable in modern hands has undergone a change; it has passed over from rhetoric to poetry. No modern writer of fables has attained to any eminence save by the quality of his poetry, his humour, or his satire. The few who have excelled may be numbered on the fingers of one hand, and pre-eminent on the forefinger stands La Fontaine. His fables are little poems, full of wit, humour, beauty, tingling with verve, so *luisant* with *esprit* that every now and again in his

> Ample comédie à cent actes divers,
> Et dont la scène est l'univers,

we seem to see as in the Indian apologue the human soul behind the animal mask. How much is this the case in "La Cigale et la Fourmi," and hardly less in "Maître Corbeau." But the quality here noted is rare in the modern fable. All the refinements and elaborations of later authors are beside the fable pure and simple. They amuse, entertain, possibly instruct, but by something added, not essentially of the fable. As Gay with us, so Yriarte in the Spanish, Pignotti with the Italians—their fables are graceful, sprightly, versatile; but at best they can only be described as clever literary exercises. Kriloff's stand somewhat apart, lifted to the height of genius by the keenness of their satire on Russian society.

Other modern fable writers are little more than names. In German, Hagedorn and Gellert are almost forgotten; and it would Lessing as fabulist be forgotten but for his commanding eminence in other departments. Such a result must inevitably occur in an age of science, in which theories like that of transmigration are regarded as idle dreams. And when the original and vital principle of the fable is gone, it can have but a partial and fugitive acceptance for the moral it conveys or the charming setting it enjoys, whether as regards its humour or its poesy. Even then, the truer the literary culture, the more moral and artificial the fable becomes—until, loaded though it may be with adornments of poesy and fancy, its lingering is, at best, but a beautiful euthanasia.

ALF. T. STORY.

THE DRAMA.

MR. W. L. COURTNEY ON TRAGEDY.

Mr. W. L. Courtney has printed (Constable) the three lectures which he recently delivered at the Royal Institution on "The Idea of Tragedy," and very good reading they make. They reveal, I think, a robust common sense rather than any especial delicacy or fineness of perception; their tendency is to confirm our familiar friend the man in the street in his opinion. "There," he will say, "didn't I tell you so? Mr. Courtney, a real scholar, who has read Æschylus and Sophocles and Euripides, and all that lot, agrees with me, and he ought to know!" Well, that kind of criticism has its place and value—all kinds being good "sauf le genre ennuyeux"—and "ennuyeux" Mr. Courtney never is. To "popularize" sound opinions is to do good work. Let me not be misunderstood. In no way do I mean that Mr. Courtney falls to think for himself; I only mean that by temperament and training he dislikes—independently and freshly and clearly—what are apt to be (through no fault of his) quite popular thoughts. For instance, that is a pre-eminently popular thought of to-day's tragedy, that it must not be pessimistic. The man in the street desires to be told that pessimism "will never do," and he is so told, in effect, by Mr. Courtney, with manifest conviction. "Such pessimism as this" (*i.e.*, Schopenhauer's) "is, I say, for the most part fruitless, or if it bear fruit is atrophied, sapless, bitter, like Dead Sea apples in the mouth. It is difficult, perhaps, to suggest a work of art which is conceived in this spirit, and is the direct fruit of Schopenhauer's perception. But perhaps Mr. Hardy's 'Jude the Obscure' comes the nearest to it, a work which depresses human vitality, and, therefore, as I take it, sins against humility. Better examples can perhaps be found in some of Zola's novels—'L'Assommoir,' 'La Terre,' and others." I fancy I can hear the Royal Institution positively rustling with well-bred satisfaction at that passage. It is so eminently popular thing to say; though, at the same time, I am quite sure that Mr. Courtney says it not because it is popular, but for the simple reason that he honestly believes it.

Well, it is permissible not to believe it, or, at any rate to believe it only with a good many reservations. For what is the particular piece of pessimism in Schopenhauer which Mr. Courtney is reproving? It is this. "What gives to all tragedy, in whatever form it may appear, the peculiar tendency towards the sublime is the awakening of the knowledge that the world, life, can afford us no true pleasure, and consequently is not worthy of our attachment. In this consists the tragic spirit; it, therefore, leads to resignation." To this Mr. Courtney objects that the artist must believe in his work as a free and joyous form of activity," not assuredly as a mere anæsthetic, an anodyne, a mode of sending to sleep a ceaseless grumble of indignation and despair." But is he not confusing the moral, the philosophic meaning of a work of art with the spirit, the creative impulse of the artist? Is he not, in a roundabout way, arguing that who drives fat oxen must himself be fat? All artistic creation, all literary production, is a form of activity, and that it must be whatever its subject-matter, whatever the tendency of its teaching. A work inculcating passivity is in

itself a work of activity. To Schopenhauer himself the production of "The World as Will and Idea" must have been a form of free and joyous activity. Indeed, the artist's belief in his work is a necessity of his being as an artist, and has nothing to do with the philosophy expressed or implied in his work. If art "depresses human vitality" it is not because of its pessimism, but because of its weaknesses, its shortcomings, as art. A play written by a clumsy, inarticulate, vulgar-minded artist will depress human vitality, though its author be as incorrigible an optimist as Pangloss. Dulness, monotony, commonness of spirit—these are the qualities in a work of art that depress. I agree—who will not?—with Mr. Courtney that "La Terre" depresses. But is that because Zola is a pessimist? No, I should say it is because Zola is an inferior artist. The works of Miss Marie Corelli depress me far more thoroughly than the worst of M. Zola's. Yet was there ever such an optimist as Miss Corelli?

I submit, then, that Mr. Courtney does not give Schopenhauer his due. We need not subscribe ourselves pessimists to recognize the enormous debt æsthetics owe to that philosopher. His theory of art—the world as representation, enfranchised from the "will to live"—is surely one of the most luminous contributions in modern times to one of the most obscure of subjects. His theory of tragedy, in particular, showing how all great tragic work is a clearing of the atmosphere, a passage through storm and stress to peace, to the "sleeping well" after "life's fitful fever," is a theory which holds true without the slightest reference to pessimism. It is a development of that much debated Aristotelian καθαρσις, which was, no doubt, in its origin, rather a lucky casual "shot" than an ordered, thoroughly thought-out theory. Aristotle was vaguely groping after the truth, reserved for the modern philosopher to put in its full and true light, that the real *differentia* of tragic "pity" and "terror" is their "disinterestedness," the fact that they are purged of the will-to-live. Mr. Courtney, however, is almost as hard on Aristotle as he is on Schopenhauer. He says the Greek philosopher, essentially a practical man, objected to pity and fear as weakening human activities, and accordingly "thought it was just as well that spectators should go to a theatre and see what fools the tragic characters made of themselves by indulging in such emotions." Narrow the Aristotelian æsthetics may have been, but I hardly think they were quite so narrow as that.

If Mr. Courtney is unfair to these great men, he is, it seems to me, more than complaisant to some people who are not—or not yet—quite so great, to Mr. Pinero, for instance, and to the writer who calls herself "Zack." Among younger dramatists he singles out two, Mr. Esmond and Mr. Laurence Irving! Ibsen he treats with a consideration all the more creditable because it is evident that he does not "freely and joyously" like that author. His objection to Ibsen's "provinciality"—"popular" though the opinion is—will, I think, be accepted as substantially true by all save the out-and-out Ibsenite, a hopelessly impossible person, not to be reasoned with. There *is* something "parochial" in Ibsen at times. It is all very well to say that a humble parish may hold all the great passions of humanity. True; but it is also true that, other things being equal, the larger the stage the greater the passions, and the freer their play. That is the real justification of the "heroes" and "princesses" of French classic tragedy; if the personages of the drama are chosen from a class above ordinary law you get a better chance of seeing the elemental forces of nature in their naked truth. Our modern "bourgeois" tragedy is all very well, but there is also much to be said for the Racinian insistence on "cette tristesse *majestueuse* qui fait tout le plaisir de la tragédie." And so, in the main, one agrees with the statement which Mr. Courtney, I see, has been severely (and foolishly) attacked for making:—"There may be tragedies in South Hampstead, though experience does not consistently testify to the fact; but at all events from the historic and traditional stand-point, tragedy is more likely to concern itself with Glamys Castle, Melrose Abbey, Carisbrooke, or even with Carlton House Terrace." But whether one agrees or disagrees with this or that opinion of Mr. Courtney's, one cannot but thank him for what is throughout a serious, temperate, and competent discussion of a difficult and unjustly neglected subject.

A. B. WALKLEY.

A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

[Compiled by Mr. E. A. REYNOLDS BALL.]

The literature of the 1900 Exhibition may be conveniently classified under three heads.

(1) Guide-books (English and French).

(2) Serial Publications.

(3) Official Reports, *Catalogues Raisonnés*, &c.

I. GUIDE-BOOKS.

(a) *English.*

A PILGRIMAGE TO PARIS. By A. F. Morris. Illust. 1s. H. Cox. An unconventional little companion to Paris and the Exhibition, written in the somewhat old-fashioned narrative form.

EXHIBITION PARIS, 1900. A Practical Guide, containing information as to means of Locomotion, Hotels, Restaurants, Cafés, Theatres, Shops, Museums, Buildings and Monuments, Daily Life and Habits, the Curiosities of Paris and of the Exhibition. 456 pp. Illust. Maps and Plans. Cr. 8vo. 2s. net. Heinemann. Based mainly on Hachette's "Guide à l'Exposition," "Paris-Hachette," and "Almanach-Hachette," but considerably enlarged. A thoroughly conscientious compilation, certainly the best in most respects of any English guides. The Exhibition portion is, however, a prospective rather than an actual account.

IN PARIS. By K. S. Macquoid. 1s. Methuen. The information, especially as regards the Exhibition section, is almost too elementary.

HARPER'S GUIDE TO PARIS AND THE EXPOSITION. 292 pp. (Exhibition 44pp.) 4s. Harper and Bros. A carefully compiled guide with good illustrations. Deficient, however, in good maps or plans.

BLACK'S GUIDE TO PARIS. Exhibition Edition. 170 pp. 24 Maps and Plans. 1s. A. and C. Black. The information is thoroughly up to date, even the destruction of the Théâtre Française last March being duly recorded. The chief features of the Exhibition are well summarized within the limits of 47 pp. The maps and plans are accurate and distinct.

DANGLE'S GUIDE TO PARIS AND THE EXHIBITION, by A. M. Thompson. Illust. 6d. Walter Scott. The treatment is unconventional, but the information is evidently derived at first hand.

EXPRESS GUIDE TO THE EXHIBITION, by F. Mayer. Illust. 110 pp. 1s. Express Office, 23, Rue Royale, Paris.

ANGLO-SAXON GUIDE. pp. 202. (Exhibition 108). 100 illustrations, many plans. 1s. net. Boot and Sons, Ltd. In a limited sense an official guide, as it is the only English guide sold within the Exhibition. Well arranged and readable. The sectional plans are clearly engraved and accurate.

Nearly every one of the old-established guides to Paris (Baedeker, Cassell, Ward, Lock, Bradshaw, Cook, &c.) has been reprinted or rather republished in view of the Exhibition year, with, in many cases, a rather meagre appendix dealing with the Exhibition. As a matter of fact, little reliable or official information was to be obtained even by the most conscientious compiler early in the year. The most trustworthy and practical of these guide-books is perhaps Ward, Lock's, which has a fuller section (40 pp.) on the Exhibition than the generality of these handbooks. Baedeker devotes 8 pages to a well-condensed summary of the Exhibition.

(b) *French.*

L'EXPOSITION POUR TOUS. 92 pp. Illust. 60 c. Montgredien, 8, Rue S. Joseph, Paris. An unpretentious but practical guide.

GUIDE À L'EXPOSITION. Hachette. A comprehensive handbook much in use with French people.

GUIDE CONTY. Illust. 1 fr. An English edition has recently been published at 2s. 6d., by Dulau. Thoroughly popular in treatment.

JOANNE'S GUIDE À PARIS. 7 fr. 50 c. Last edition 1900. Hachette. Has a fairly accurate description (30 pages) of the Exhibition.

II. SERIAL PUBLICATIONS.

(a) *English.*

THE PARIS EXHIBITION. Twelve monthly parts at 1s. 6d. each. (Part 12 will not appear till April, 1901.) Edited by the editor of the *Art Journal*. Virtue and Co. The best features are the numerous exquisitely reproduced photographs and engravings. This is the best of the many Exhibition serials in

English. The letterpress is by various experts. It is the only English periodical which can compare at all with the monumental work of Montgredien et Cie. (See below.)

The Nineteen Hundred. Weekly, 6d. Illust. Marlborough and Co. This is an ambitious work, rather rambling and haphazard in its arrangement, which claims to be a complete literary and pictorial history of the Exhibition. It began as early as 1895, and will be completed at the end of the present year. The complete issue will be published in five volumes, price 37f. The text is in English and French in parallel columns. Much of the information is of an ephemeral character, and as a work of reference it is inferior to the exhaustive and thorough serial cyclopedia of the Exposition of MM. Montgredien et Cie.

(b) *French.*

L'Exposition de Paris. Montgredien et Cie. The complete work is (to be published in three volumes at 20f. (two have already appeared), and will contain over 2,000 engravings. Published also in weekly parts at 50c.

In this monumental work—a veritable cyclopedia—many of the best-known French authors and artists of the day have co-operated. Among the contributors are MM. Jules Claretie and Mézières, of the French Academy, M. Lausseda, Director of the Conservatoire des Arts, and M. Camille Flammarion. The first volume will be devoted to an exhaustive description of the great permanent monuments of the Exhibition. In the second volume the various palaces of the nations and the buildings erected by private enterprise will be dealt with. The last volume will be devoted to the principal contents of the palaces and galleries, and the great "side shows," and will conclude with an exhaustive *compte rendu*, comprising a pictorial record of the Exhibition from its opening to its close, describing the *fêtes*, congresses, &c.

Figaro Exposition. Five monthly parts at 3f. each. 26, Rue Dronot, Paris. The numerous illustrations are admirable reproductions by Goupil and Co.

Le Panorama de l'Exposition Universelle. 12, Rue de l'Abbaye, Paris. In twenty parts at 60c. each, of which three have already appeared.

Le Moniteur des Expositions. 6, Rue Le Peletier, Paris. This is a semi-official publication issued to subscribers only at 17f.

III.—OFFICIAL PUBLICATIONS.

A large number of official reports and catalogues will be issued towards the close of the Exhibition.

The Rapport Général alone, edited by the Commissioner-General, Monsieur Picard, will consist of nine or ten volumes. There are also the reports, equally voluminous, of the various congresses, and the Rapport of the Jury International. When it is remembered that there will be some seventy distinct conferences or congresses in the various departments of Science, Applied Science, Industry, Fine Arts, Hygiene and Medicine, Political and Social Economy, Education, &c., covering, in short, the whole field of social and intellectual progress, it will be understood that the literature of the purely educational aspect of the 1900 Exhibition will be sufficiently voluminous.

It will be convenient to give here a summary of the principal topographical, historical, and social works on Paris generally which have been published within the last twelve months.

Belloc, Hilaire. A History of Paris. 468 pp. Five sketch maps. 7s. 6d. Arnold. 1900. Describes the development of Paris up to the Revolution.

Bujon, Pierre. Lectures sur l'Histoire de Paris. 212 pp. Illust. 1f. 50c. E. Flammarion. Paris. 1899.

Busson, A. Paris Intime. 322 pp. Illust. 3fr. 50c. E. Flammarion. Paris. 1899. Deals with the various phases of the *vie intime* of the French capital.

De Courcertin, Baron Pierre. France since 1814. 6s. Chapman. 1900. A reprint of articles which appeared in 1898-99 in the *Fortnightly Review*.

De Forest, Katharine. Paris as it is. 284 pp. Many illustrations. 5s. Brentano. Paris. 1900. Well-informed chapters on the literary, artistic, and social life of Paris.

Hare, A. J. C. Paris. 558 pp. Numerous woodcuts. 6s. G. Allen. 1900. An admirable book, absolutely indispensable for all who wish to learn something of the antiquarian and archæological aspects of Paris.

Macdonald, J. F. Paris of the Parisians. 198 pp. 5s. Grant Richards. 1900.

Martin, B. E. The Stones of Paris in History and Letters. pp. 579. 62 illustrations. 2 Vols. 18s. Smith, Elder, and Co. 1900. An exhaustive and conscientious work, dealing with the historic and literary associations of Paris.

Morrow, W. C. Bohemian Paris of To-day. 100 illustrations. 5s. Chatto and Windus. 1899. Gives an unusually full description of the literary and eccentric cafés.

Paris-Parisien. In three parts. I. Ce qu'il faut voir. II. Ce qu'il faut savoir. III. Paris-Guide. IV. Paris Pratique. An English translation has been published by Fisher Unwin. 6s. 2nd Edition. 1900. A novel idea, but scarcely sufficiently worked out.

Reynolds-Ball, E. A. "Paris in the Nineteenth." 200 pp. 60 photogravures. 2 Vols. £1 1s. Dana Estes and Co., Boston, U.S.A. 1900. (An English edition will shortly be published by Fisher Unwin.) This is a "popular study of Paris past and present, historic and picturesque." Two chapters in Vol. II. deal at some length with the 1900 Exhibition.

Strong, Rowland. Where and How to Dine in Paris. 196 pp. 2s. 6d. Grant Richards. 1900.

Vandam, A. An Englishman in Paris: Notes and Recollections during the Reign of Louis Philippe and the Second Empire. 3s. 6d. 9th Edition. Chatto and Windus. 1900.

Vitu, Auguste. Paris. 200 illust. E. Flammarion, Paris.

Reviews.

NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY.

Vol. LXIII. of the Dictionary of National Biography (Smith, Elder) brings this great work to a close; and we owe a debt of homage and gratitude to every one concerned in the making of it. This branch of the subject, however, is dealt with in another column. Here we may content ourselves, in the first place, with considering some statistics set forth in a preface to show the scope and magnitude of the undertaking. The Dictionary "supplies notices of 29,120 men and women" [illegible] larger number than are contained in the [illegible] published in other countries; for the "Allgemeine Deutsche Biographie" has only 23,273 articles, the Cyclopædia of American Biography only about 20,000, while the Dutch and Swedish National biographies lag far behind with only 10,000 and 4,000 articles respectively. The longest articles are on the scale of the English Men of Letters Series; 49 pages have been given to Shakespeare by Mr. Sidney Lee, 31 to the Duke of Wellington by Colonel E. M. Lloyd, and 31 to Cromwell by Mr. C. H. Firth. A point which it is curious to notice is that the names which figure most profusely in Post Office directories are not the names which have been borne by the greatest number of celebrities. The Smiths, it is true, lead the van with a score of 195, and the Joneses are a fair second with 172; but the Browns—whom Judge Hughes averred to be typical of everything that is great and good in British history—[illegible] aback to find themselves beaten in the competition by the Stewarts and the Hamiltons; while the Robinsons [illegible] disappointed with a position lower than that not only of the Taylors, Thompsons, and Williamses, but also of the Clarks, Moores, Campbells, Murrays, Douglases, Davieses, Wilsons, and Howards.

The editors rightly resolved to err, if at all, on the side of over-comprehensiveness. Their principle was the proposed [illegible]

Every endeavour has been made to accord admission to every statesman, lawyer, divine, painter, author, inventor, actor, physician, surgeon, man of science, traveller, musician, soldier, sailor, bibliographer, book-collector, and printer, whose career presents any feature which justifies its preservation from oblivion. No sphere of activity has been consciously overlooked. Niches have been found for sportsmen and leaders of society who have commanded public attention. Malefactors whose crimes excite a permanent interest have received hardly less attention than benefactors.

Striking examples of this catholicity are not wanting in the volume before us; and the [illegible] examples of it are naturally more striking than the older ones. Thus we find Lives of John Wyatt, army surgeon, whose career was very much like that of any other army surgeon; of Sir Charles Lennox Wyke, diplomatist, whose career was hardly different from the average career, baldly chronicled in the Foreign Office list; of Worth, the dressmaker; Zachnsdorf, the bookbinder; and Zukertort, the

chess player, famous for his "irregular openings"; while Edmund Yates gets five columns and a-half by Mr. Thomas Secombe.

A fair proportion of important biographies fall in the volume. The chief of them is that of William Wordsworth, which fell as it were by right to the pen of Mr. Leslie Stephen. It is extremely interesting, and it contains a column of terse and judicious criticism, summing up what there is to say and what has been said over and over again about Wordsworth—a column remarkable, when we remember the writer, for its great restraint. On one little point Mr. Stephen surely goes astray—viz., when he speaks of the inspiration which the poet derived from "the French painter Ramond." Ramond (more correctly Ramond de Carbonnière) would hardly know himself under this description, as his real fame was as a writer of Alpine books, an explorer of the Pyrenees, and a man of science. He held a scientific professorship at Tarbes, and was a member of the Institut de France. The other Wordsworths treated are Charles, Bishop of St. Andrews, by the Bishop of Salisbury; Christopher, Master of Trinity, by Mr. J. Willis Clark; and Christopher, Bishop of Lincoln, by Canon Overton. Another of Mr. Leslie Stephen's contributions is the life of Edward Young, the author of "Night Thoughts"—a sympathetic study, which illustrates the catholicity of the writer's tastes. Mr. Sidney Lee is responsible for the lives of Henry Wriothesley, third Earl of Southampton, Shakespeare's patron, and of Sir Henry Wotton. The former is a contribution of great importance both from an historical and a literary point of view, and we must not perhaps complain that Mr. Lee states his own view of the dedication to the sonnets as an established theory. The life of Wotton is another example of the careful scholarship of Mr. Lee, though we rather regret that he does not give more than a casual reference to Sir Henry Wotton's relations with Casaubon. All the facts are in Mark Pattison's Life of Casaubon, which Mr. Lee quotes, and they are very picturesque. In his life of Sir Richard Worsley, Mr. Warwick Wroth makes a curious omission. He does not mention his grand tour under the tutorship of Gibbon's Swiss friend Deyverdun, though Gibbon tells us in the Autobiography that he got Deyverdun the appointment. Philip Stanhope Worsley, the translator of the Odyssey, is written of sympathetically by Mr. Richard Garnett. Other lives to which it seems proper to draw attention are those of William of Wykeham (here Mr. James Tait has been forestalled by Mr. G. H. Moberly, whose excellent biography reached a second edition in 1893); Christopher Wren (11 pages), by Mr. F. C. Penrose; William Wycherley, by Mr. G. A. Aitken; John Wycliffe (21 pages), by the Rev. Hastings Rashdall.

VOLUMES OF VERSE.

Mathilde Blind.

The poetess to whose memory Mr. Arthur Symons has lately rendered a valuable service through his complete edition of her poetry—THE POETICAL WORKS OF MATHILDE BLIND (Unwin, 7s. 6d.)—offers a notable literary contrast to her editor. The one writer deals with the symbols of life, the other with its outward manifestations. The one, naturally gifted with a style, devotes the most careful attention to its elaboration; the other, far less well endowed in this direction, is, more often than not, quite inattentive to form. Again, while Mr. Symons is for ever subtly veiling his personality, that of Miss Blind stands revealed in almost every one of her poems. Indeed these, as Dr. Garnett says at the conclusion of the admirable memoir which he contributes to this volume, are the faithful reflection of her character. At the same time he contends that "they are far from expressing the entire force and depth of her nature," and it is this conviction that makes his introductory sketch so helpful to a just appreciation of her work. After learning the circumstances of her girlhood and of her ardent searchings after religious truths few will fail to find themselves in closer touch with the train of thought which resulted in after years in "The Prophecy of St. Oran," while the glimpses afforded us of her enthusiasms for Garibaldi, Mazzini, and the Polish patriot Langiewicz will tend to emphasize the nobility of feeling which prompted "The Heather on Fire" and help to tide over its defects. Chief among these is its diffuseness, which is in great measure due to the unfortunate selection of an eight-lined stanza instead of the more manageable six-lined stanza used in "St. Oran," the most complete of all her longer poems. As to "The Ascent of Man," it is hardly to be wondered at that the subject, as we have before said, proved too much for her. The effort subsides after prolonged and chaotic movement, eventually dying away with the last verse of "The Leading of Sorrow" into this faint echo:—

> And beside me in the golden morning
> I beheld my shrouded phantom-guide:
> But no longer sorrow—veiled and mourning—
> It became transfigured at my side.
> And I knew—as one escaped from prison
> Sees old things again with fresh surprise—
> It was Love himself, Love re-arisen
> With the Eternal shining through his eyes.

Miss Blind is on far surer ground in "Love in Exile," many of the poems in which have the personal touch so characteristic of her. But perhaps the sonnets are, of all her poems, the most instinct with a magnetic attraction. Take this well-known specimen, for instance:—

> Cleave thou the waves that weltering to and fro
> Surge multitudinous. The eternal Powers
> Of sun, moon, stars, the air, the hurrying hours,
> The winged winds, the still dissolving show
> Of clouds in calm or storm, for ever flow
> Above thee; while the abysmal sea devours
> The untold dead insatiate, where it lowers
> O'er glooms unfathom'd, limitless, below.
>
> No longer on the golden-fretted sands,
> Where many a shallow tide abortive chafes,
> Mayst thou delay; life onward sweeping blends
> With far-off heaven; the dauntless one who braves
> The perilous flood with calm unswerving hands,
> The elements sustain; cleave thou the waves.

It was a spirit such as this that kept many faithful friends beside her in spite of those defects of her qualities to which Dr. Garnett so gently and sympathetically alludes in a memoir which should certainly tend to increase Miss Blind's popularity.

Mr. A. G. Butler.

All the pieces in Mr. A. G. Butler's CHOICE OF ACHILLES, AND OTHER POEMS (Frowde, 2s. 6d.) bear witness to quick sympathies and genuine feeling. The title poem and that called "The Choice of Heracles" are both what we should expect from so well known a scholar and so cultivated a writer of verse. The sentiments expressed in the patriotic poems are of the right sort, and kindred to these in spirit is the welcome to Nansen. That he has breadth of view will be plain to any one who has read "A 'Parson's Pleasure-ground'" and "Hodge, 'the Natural Man,'" while "Love and Learning," "A Ruined Cottage in the Highlands," and several other pieces are full of tenderness. We quote from the poem called "The Old Books," a very just appreciation of newer ones:—

> The new books, the new books, the other nobler kind!
> Straight from the heart they come and speak, and round the heart they wind;
> Marcella in her lovelier mood, a Stevenson, a Thrums,
> A Kipling great in camp and wood, a Besant in the slums.
> Not theirs to hint that all is dark, the sun has fled the day;
> Not theirs to stamp the fallen leaf more deeply in the clay!
> In every life they find a strain of good as yet untold;
> In simple hearts, a noble vein of unsuspected gold:
> They hold the mirror to our times, they paint in motley dyes
> The image of our wants and crimes; they bid us sympathize.
> And not in vain: so rich the art, so rare the painter's skill
> They wake in every sleeping heart the old knight-errant still.

What Mr. Butler has finally to say about the old books, and it is quite worth saying, we must leave others to read for themselves.

"Poems for Pictures."

The title of Mr. Ford M. Hueffer's little volume POEMS FOR PICTURES (Macqueen, 2s. n.) at once provides a certain standpoint for criticism and directly attracts the reader to two poems to which, by labelling them each "For a picture," he more especially draws attention. The subject of the first of them is the well-known story of St. Ethelburga of Kent who, wedded to the pagan Edwin of Northumbria, with difficulty converted him, and after his death in battle returned to die among her own people. The scene selected for the picture is described in the following verse, the rest of the poem being designed, as we take it, to touch in the whole tale, to heighten its local colour, and generally to bring our sympathies into line:—

> Queen, saint, evangelist; sweet patient, fain to wait
> With crucifix in hand, broad brow and haloed crown
> Half hidden by the coif, she enters through that gate,
> She enters through that door, where tapestry drawn back
> Left seen, a moment since, an apple lawn; but moors
> Spread far away beyond. That span of shorn green turf,
> Won from the heather's grasp, will whisper of regret
> For far-off swarded downs—
> For far-off Kentish downs, soft sky and glint of sea,
> Sweet chime of convent bells and flower scents of home.

We fancy that the mental vision of any one reading this verse carefully would rest during the first three lines with the Queen as she looks into the Saxon hall. In the fifth line, however, it becomes necessary rapidly to shift the point of view, for we are now looking out *from* the hall upon the glimpse of landscape beyond it, while the last lines transfer us with Ethelburga's homesick heart to Kentland. There would be nothing noticeable in this but for the fact that Mr. Hueffer invites us to conceive, and to paint if we can, an actual picture. That being so, everything should be presented to us from one point of vision, and the writer's effort concentrated upon the one scene. But he distracts our attention a stanza or two later with the questioning of the wisdom of the Queen's religion which subsequently occurred in the crowded interior—a far more dramatic subject indeed, but one which we are not especially invited to consider. Without printing the whole poem it is difficult to illustrate its vague diffuseness. Generally speaking, however, we fancy that any deliberate attempt to "pose" a poem would be no more likely to succeed than the converse attempt to paint a picture solely with the object of inspiring verse. And if we were asked to pick out the most pictorial piece in the book we should cite the little poem called "The Pedlar Leaves the Bar Parlour at Dymchurch," which quite unintentionally leaves a far completer picture in the mind than either of the more conscious efforts.

But the little volume carries a sub-title—"Poems for Notes of Music"—which is amply justified. The song-drama, "King Cophetua's Wooing," is a delicate libretto which would admirably suit a dainty score; any one with an ear might improvise a melody to run with "A Lullaby"; and "At the Bal Masqué" also taps with an air upon a fanciful brain. These are three of many instances which prove Mr. Hueffer's lyric gift. In the first of these we notice a little flaw which is often discernible—a "literariness," if we may so express it, peeping out behind his puppets. "If I make you Queen," says the disguised Cophetua. And Christine immediately catches him up with, "Make, why make, not made?" For a beggar maiden she was uncommonly quick to catch at the subtle distinction. Yet sometimes the poet is singularly happy in blending matter-of-factness with literary fancy:—

> When ye've got a child 'at's whist for want of food
> And a grate as grey's y'r 'air for want of wood,
> And y'r man and you ain't nowise not much good:
>
> Oh—
> It's hard work a-Christmassing
> Carolling,
> Singin' songs about the Babe what's born.

We might choose upon this theme [illegible] or country corner, yet no one would quarrel with the truthfulness of this or the other two verses of what seems to us a striking little poem. In this, Mr. Hueffer's [illegible] is of more than average interest.

Little of the historian or the antiquary peeps out from the pages of Mr. Horatio F. Brown's book of verses, DIVERSE (Grant Richards, 5s. n.), yet their author is better known as a student of the history of Venice and its [illegible] than as a poet. The most interesting pieces in the little collection are "The Song of Caedmon" and the hexametrical "Railroad Medley," a pleasant record of flying scenes and fleeting fancies and impressions, from the perusal of which we rise with just that feeling of slight fatigue which attends an actual journey by rail [illegible] away by a study of the landscape.

In his translated poem, THE SATYR (Will we Ros., 1s. 6d.), Mr. Charles Innis Bowen has made a daring and by no means unsuccessful attempt to catch the spirit of Victor Hugo's finely conceived and boldly executed allegory. The poem tells how Pan, revelling at Olympus' foot, was captured by Hercules and dragged up into the presence of the Gods enthroned in splendour upon the cloud-capped peaks of the mountain. And being bidden to sing he commenced a wonderous song of "old infernal halls of deities past"; and of Chaos and Creation and the marvellous fruitful Earth, and of the Beasts who typify her vague forces, and, lastly, of Man, more sentient and more troubled through the possession of a soul, passing through endless labour towards the conception of a Divine Ideal before which the old Gods should dwindle to naught—till his beautiful, careless listeners, who had conquered the Earth without comprehending her, bowed their heads in amazement and began to feel the vastness of Pan's All. All this Mr. Bowen has rendered into English in vigorous rough-hewn couplets, of which the following are fair specimens:—

> O, Human Man, be you Humanity
> Man, Woman, Child—that glorious Trinity!
> Seed of a King and larva of a God,
> Slave, demon, be transfigured, Spirit-shod
> And spirit-plumed, on, on usurp the sun.
> Ay, seize the ray, the dawn, on higher and higher,
> O strong-winged Bust, O Head divine and first
> Mount to the Light, mount to the second east
> Upon the heavenly Throne take you your seat,
> And hurl to Hell your shaggy, foul forefoot!

Mr. William Gerard's tragedy DORIAN THORN, PAUL, also tells the old sad story of a great-hearted enthusiast living before his time, first dreaming of how he may win greater happiness for the people about him, then striking wildly for it against overwhelming odds, lastly betrayed and dragging with him in his ruin the faithful few who loved him best, but leaving the many no better off and no worse off than before. There could hardly fail to be many fine passages in a play of this kind, and Mr. Gerard handles both his blank verse and his characters well, but the action throughout would be the better for a good deal of compression.

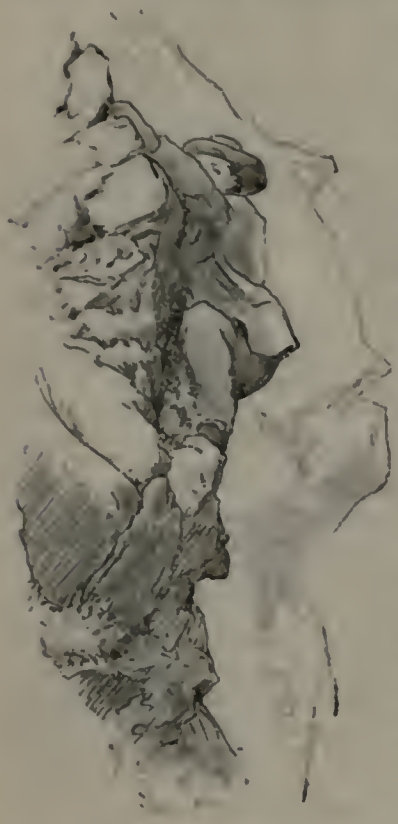
Lastly we may note a little volume of [illegible] kind. THE STRUWWELPETER ALPHABET (Grant Richards, 3s. 6d. n.) naturally, like "the political Struwwelpeter," an [illegible] of nonsense verses, the verses being by Mr. Harold Begbie and the illustrations by Mr. F. C. Gould. One cannot review the book better than by giving a specimen of the [illegible]. This is what we find under "Z":—

> Z is Zo[illegible]
> Look at him on this very page:
> He seizes Mercies by the hair,
> Lays hold of crazy Beauty's chair,
> Corpse the [illegible], Zarlinder natty,
> Esterhazy, too, and Paty,
> Into the pot by ones and twos
> He plunges all and cries, "Jesus!"

MOUNTAINEERING.

In Alaska.

We have in THE ASCENT OF MOUNT SAINT ELIAS, Dr. Filippo de Filippi's account of the great climb organized and undertaken by the Duke of the Abruzzi (Constable, 31s. 6d. n.), the story of the first Alaskan mountaineering expedition that has accomplished sensational results. The mountain in question was discovered and christened by Behring in 1741. It was first measured (most inaccurately) in 1786, by the astronomer with La Pérouse, who represented it as only 12,672 feet high. The Spaniard Malaspina, whose name is now borne by the great Malaspina Glacier, also measured it in 1792, and assigned it the much greater altitude of 17,851 feet. Then follows a gap in the history of the mountain until 1852, when a Russian report, based on information derived from traders, declares it to be a volcano—a statement that was not definitely disproved till many years afterwards. Mr. W. H. Dall, of the United States Survey, supported this erroneous view as recently as 1874. Mr. C. E. S. Wood, who set out to explore the mountain in 1877, failed to effect a landing on the coast. The first real attempts to climb the mountain are those associated with the names of Schwatka, in 1886, Topham in 1888, and Russell in 1890; but these climbers only attained the heights, respectively, of 7,200, 11,460, and 11,500 feet. Bad weather and inadequate equipment were their difficulties. The ascent of Mount Saint Elias is really an Arctic as well as an Alpine journey, and is only to be achieved by carefully organized endeavour. The Duke of the Abruzzi prepared himself for all emergencies as diligently as did Nansen when he started for the Pole. His companions, besides Dr. Filippi, were Lieutenant Cagni, of the Italian Navy, Cavaliere Francesco Gonella, president of the Turin Section of the Italian Alpine Club, and Cavaliere Vittorio Sella, the eminent mountain photographer. He took four Italian guides and one Italian porter. Ten local porters were engaged—to wit, four University students, four sailors, one gold digger, and one poet—and four Indians were also pressed into the service. There were ten tents, and the total weight carried was 3,146lb. Thus equipped the party found the mountain easy—"just like the Brothern, only much higher"—and travelled from the coast to the top and back again in fifty-seven days. They fixed the height of their mountain at 18,060 feet, and from it they saw three other peaks which seemed to be still higher. One of these—Mount Logan—has had the height of 19,539 feet assigned to it, so that there are still, in this region, fresh worlds for Alpinists to conquer.



"WILL IT HOLD?"

[From "Mountaineering" in the Badminton Library. New Edition, 1900. Longmans.]

The book in which the story is told is a very luxurious volume. Signor Sella's photographs would no doubt have been better if the atmospheric conditions had been more favourable; but they are very good as it is, and all praise is due to Messrs. Constable for the style in which they have had them reproduced. There is a liberal supply of maps, excellently drawn, and there are several instructive appendices, including a good bibliography, a complete table of meteorological observations, and a complete account of the equipment of the party. Dr. de Filippi may be congratulated on having kept his book short—a rare merit with mountaineering writers. The profits of the sale are to be given to a worthy object—an insurance fund for Italian guides.

In the Alps.

An Alpine reprint of much interest and importance is James D. Forbes' TRAVELS THROUGH THE ALPS, edited with notes and an introduction by the Rev. W. A. B. Coolidge (Black, 20s. n.). "Forbes," says Mr. C. E. Mathews in the Badminton "Mountaineering," "was no mountaineer in the modern sense, and never accomplished any very difficult feats; he was certainly not an athlete, and would probably have broken down under the stress of what would now be considered a really arduous expedition. He was pale, thin, and had indifferent health, but his expression was singularly sweet and winning, and he had the beautiful and refined manners of the old school." He was Professor of Natural Philosophy at Edinburgh, and afterwards Principal of St. Andrews—"a remarkable instance of the hold the mountains have over men of rare intellectual endowment." The new volume includes not only the well-known "Travels Through the Alps of Savoy," but also the Alpine chapters printed as an appendix to Forbes' book on Norway. Forbes' work lay in what may be described as the "middle period" of Alpine exploration—the period when climbing was reviving after the check given to it by the Napoleonic wars, but had not yet begun to be a popular pastime. He was one of the earliest British explorers of the high Alps, and the author of the first detailed book in English relating to such explorations; he climbed with Agassiz, Studer, and Desor, and was probably the first member of the English-speaking race to penetrate to that popular climbing centre, Arolla, whence he made the first passage of the Col d'Hérens to Zermatt. Mr. Coolidge's notes are the sort of notes that one expects from Mr. Coolidge—that is to say, they are rich in historical and topographical information. He missed an opportunity in not treating the Mont Iseran myth more fully, as it has been treated by M. Henri Ferrand, and by Mr. Coolidge himself in his edition of Ball's Guide; but perhaps he is reserving himself for the monograph which he is understood to be writing on the subject. As usual Mr. Coolidge provides a good bibliography—a list, this time, of the Alpine writers quoted by Forbes.

PRINCIPAL J. D. FORBES.

[From "Chamonix." By Edward Whymper. Murray.]

Messrs. Constable have produced a second edition (6s.), of Sir William Martin Conway's THE ALPS FROM END TO END. This reduction of the price should give a fresh life to an interesting Alpine book which has not so far attained the popularity which it deserves. All Mr. MacCormick's admirable wash drawings are included in this cheaper edition.

We have previously praised Mr. Edward Whymper's guides to CHAMONIX and ZERMATT (Murray, 3s. n. each), and we are glad to see that they have reached a fifth and fourth edition

respectively. They are the very best guides of the kind that we know, interesting alike to the climber and the ordinary tourist, and full of good pictures, one of which we are reproducing. It is curious, however, that in the new edition of the "Chamonix" guide Mr. Whymper makes no reference to the recent contributions made by Mr. C. E. Mathews to the controversy concerning the first ascent of Mont Blanc.

CYCLING IN THE ALPS, by C. L. Freeston (Grant Richards, 6s.), does not shine as a piece of literary composition, but it tells cyclists what they want to know about the roads, and that, after all, is the main thing. There is also abundance of useful information about brakes, repair tackle, and the like; and there are a couple of dozen full-page drawings which at least give a good idea of the zigzags.

A new (3rd) edition of MOUNTAINEERING, in the Badminton Library (Longmans, 10s. 6d.), contains a new chapter by Mr. Bryce on "Mountaineering in Far-away Countries," from which we get a good idea of the ranges that remain unexplored, and of the difficulties of climate, expense, and hostile aborigines, which hinder their exploration. Climbers who cannot be happy unless they break new ground will find the information here supplied invaluable, and will consider the new edition a great improvement on the older ones. It seems a pity that Sir Frederick Pollock did not take the opportunity of the new edition to supplement his chapter on the early history of mountaineering, which is excellent as far as it goes, but does not go quite far enough. A few words, for instance, about the ascent of Hæmus by Philip of Macedon, of Popocatapetl by the soldiers of Cortez—described in Cortez's despatches to the King of Spain—and the exploits of the Bishop of Türk on the Glokner, and Zumstein and his companions on Monte Rosa, would have added to the value of the essay. Room might have been found, too, for a word on the first ascent of Monte Corno in the Apennines by Orazio Delfico in 1796.

At a time when the interest in Himalayan exploration is being kept alive by the Freshfield and Bullock-Workman expeditions, Messrs. Constable send us a new edition (6s.) of Major L. A. Waddell's AMONG THE HIMALAYAS. We praised the book two years ago, and have no reason to change our minds about it now.

A HAPPY LAND.

Every one who is so fortunate as to have read Mr. Fielding's book, "The Soul of a People," should get BURMA, by Max and Bertha Ferrars (Sampson Low, £1 10s.). Although, from its size, weight, and price, it comes into the category of "gift-books," books which serve to decorate a table, and never get read, "Burma" should prove the exception to this rule. Our authors' detailed account of the outward life of the Burmese—an account which rounds off and completes Mr. Fielding's story of their inner life—is well worth reading, and we quite appreciate the difficulties of producing it in handier form. To have done so the full-page illustrations must have been sacrificed. Many of these are very fine, although, for the enjoyment of a certain number, the book must be turned sideways, always an exasperation to the reader.

Happy is the man who has lived in Burma. Happier still he, who, having read these two books, is able to satisfy the inevitable desire they awaken, and start for Rangoon. But even those to whom the strong wings of travel have been denied may, by means of this book, construct a fairly complete picture of Burmese scenery, of the various aspects of life there, and of the Burman's existence from the cradle to the grave. The cradle and the flower-stand are the two most conspicuous objects in every Burmese home; flowers and the child are among the most important factors of life. You must not expect to live in Burma without a close association with both. The young child is the welcome guest of the whole village, wandering at will through the neighbours' houses and gardens. The owners show him a kindly interest; the grown-ups play with him, and make him toys. For the Burman remembers his own happy childhood, and believes he will become a child again after death. Between the ages of eight and ten, the boy attends the school of the Buddhist monks, where he is gratuitously taught reading, writing, and arithmetic, passages from the sacred books, and, above all, the value of learning as an inalienable possession. There is an interesting photograph of the interior of one of these monastic schools. Nine little lads with mouthfuls coarse beads crouch upon the floor on elbows and knees, strenuously studying their slates, long boards of soot-blackened wood on which the writing is done with a white soap-stone pencil, while a gentle-looking old monk, sitting upon his haunches, supervises the class. In the background are sacred, life-size figures, lying beneath elaborately carven wooden canopies something like our four-post beds. When his school-life is over, every Burman without exception enters for a time the monastic novitiate, just as in more civilised countries every young man serves as a soldier. The Burman takes back with him into secular life a knowledge of and profound reverence for the truths of religion, which will strike the "Kiplingite" perhaps as a poor equipment compared with that which the conscript acquires during life in barracks.

Then come the days of courtship, very important in Burma, where every one marries. From nine to ten o'clock at night is the hour named "courting-time." The young girl sits upon her verandah, and the suitors come one by one, in the dusk or in the moonlight, to plead their cause. She will give each a cheroot of her own making, but for the favoured boy she will light it herself, thus giving him a kiss by proxy into the bargain. The small illustrations of "The Belle," "The Belle at her toilet," and "The Suitor's Visit" give a pretty and intimate idea of this period of youthful life; and the same chapter, "Manhood and Occupation," contains the most beautiful full-page illustration in the book. In "Cutting the Rice-crop on the Kwin," you get out of the mere black and white a really marvellous effect of colour, sunshine, and heat. After marriage, family cares and the serious life of work begin; and when man's fifth age arrives, and our own revered Justices of the Peace are dealing out wise laws, and not always wise sentences, the Burman's great ambition is to build a pagoda or a school; or, if these are beyond his means, at least to erect a humble shed for the storing of water and the wayfarer's refreshment. With the sixth age, his children "pray him to *nebo ast*," which means that henceforth they take his support entirely upon themselves. He never becomes, however, the mere "dipper'd pantaloon," for the aged in Burma are never idle. They spend their time in light occupations and in prayer, and preserve a great elasticity of mind and interest in others. Nor do they ever give way to anger, but, steeped in the spirit of Buddhism, wait serenely for the end. And on his death-bed a friend will always remind the Burman of all the good deeds which he has done in life. "Think how you have given alms to the monks. . . . how you helped your brother in his need. . . . Surely these are pleasant things to remember? . . . Think how you have loved and cared for your wife and she for you during all your long life together. Surely this, too, is a pleasant thing."

Where we Westerns state baldly that such a person is dead, the Burman says, tenderly, that for him the present life is ended; and that which we call "the corpse," the "remains," the Burman speaks of as "that which is about to be"—i.e., to be something higher and better. Thus, although the relatives weep for their own loss, the funeral itself rather resembles a festival; and this incongruity between the real affliction felt on the one hand, and the gay incidents of the burial on the other, finds its point in a Burmese fable:—

The python snake was the King of Serpents, and so potent was his venom that did he so much as bite the track of a creature it must die. One day he bit the foot-print of a man who had offended him, and crept to the village to glut over his revenge. But he found there nothing to betoken sorrow. The whole village was in *gala* costume, music was playing, and the people were dancing. At which sight he [illegible]

excessively mortified that he climbed a lofty tree, and spat all his venom forth.

The fable does not add that he died penitent, but we like to believe he did, and so began life anew under improved conditions, probably as a sucking dove. And by this time, we hope, he may have climbed so high upon the tree of life as to have become a Yahán, or even a Sadáw.

OXFORD TEXTS.

Scriptorum Classicorum Bibliotheca Oxoniensis:—

Æschyli Tragœdiæ cum Fragmentis. Recensuit A. Sidgwick. (Paper, 3s.; limp cloth, 3s. 6d.; India paper, 4s. 6d.)

Aristophanis Comœdiæ. Recognovernut F. W. Hall, W. M. Geldart. Tomus I.: Acharnenses, Equites, Nubes, Vespæ, Pax, Aves. (3s., 3s. 6d., 4s. 6d.)

Apollonii Rhodii Argonautica. Recognovit R. C. Seaton. (Paper, 2s. 6d.; cloth, 3s.)

Xenophontis Opera. I. Historia Græca. Recognovit E. C. Marchant. (2s. 6d., 3s.)

The design of this series, whose first numbers we have dealt with already, is excellent; but we are not sure that the choice of editors is the most judicious in all cases. Perhaps it is too late to suggest that a wider search might have been better; but we feel bound to say it. No one will question Mr. Sidgwick's literary taste, or his high rank as interpreter; but we do not feel quite the same confidence in his critical judgment. It is impossible to produce a text of Æschylus which will please every one; and yet we cannot but think that the principle generally prescribed for this series, that the editor should try to restore the earliest tradition which the MSS. attest rather than to give what his author may have written, is sound. This principle would give us, for instance, *τέχης*, not *τύχην* in *Pers.* 602; *ἀνακαλεῖσθε*, not *ἀγκαλεῖσθε* in 621; *ὡς ἐνδαίμονες*, "as poor wretches may," in *Agam.* 336: *θάρσος ἰκαίσιον* in 863. A strong example is the much-vexed *σωματοφθαρεῖν*, *Agam.* 918, where editors almost with one consent write *δωματοφθορεῖν*, *ignoto ignotius*; neither word is found elsewhere, and Mr. Verrall's interpretation seems to make the former possible. In several other places, Mr. Verrall, often so rash, shows a caution which Mr. Sidgwick would have done well to imitate (*e.g.*, *Agam.* 79). Mr. Sidgwick's text has, however, the merit of making sense nearly always. His short account of the MSS. will be useful to young students, and it was a happy thought to add a detailed table of the MS. evidence for each play.

The editors of "Aristophanes" have a less difficult task than the editor of "Æschylus"; yet not one that can be undertaken with a light heart, when even Cobet has damned the Ravenna MS. as one of the worst in existence, and editors have been over-ready to adopt conjectural changes in the tradition. Cobet's extravagance has not been followed in this edition, and the editors rightly point out that due allowance has not always been made for colloquialism. They might have applied their own canon to *Clouds* 744, and read *κἆτα* with the vulgate, instead of inserting *καί*. Here the MS. tradition is more closely kept to than in other editions, though in the critical notes concession is made to doubters, by the record of changes proposed where scholars have commonly thought such to be needed. Spelling and accidence have been regulated by aid of inscriptions and the evidence of ancient grammarians. In the critical notes on each play is given a list of the MSS. used. The text, so far as we have been able to test it, seems to be an improvement on those in use; but we should not be surprised if future editors should be even more conservative than Messrs. Geldart and Hall.

It is a great pleasure to see an English edition of the text of Apollonius Rhodius, and we hope many will read this interesting author who have not done so before. Mr. Seaton agrees with the view now commonly held, that none of our MSS. represent the earlier recension of the "Argonautica," which survives in only a few fragments and scholia. His text is based on the princeps Mediceus, which has preserved for us also the best text of Sophocles and of Æschylus. He keeps close to the Medicean, except in spelling and accentuation, but does not disdain the aid of G (13th century), or on occasion of the inferior MSS. at Rome, Paris, and elsewhere; the most important scholia have also been used, and a few corrections are introduced on the strength of the "Etymologicum Magnum." A very few conjectures have been admitted, two being due to the present editor. The text has been made with great care and sobriety of judgment.

Mr. Marchant in his first instalment of "Xenophon," has also kept closer to the best MSS. than previous editors, rejecting nothing which could possibly be defended. He has also used a wise discretion in purging the critical notes of trivial variants, thus making room for new matter without making these notes less useful to the student. Orthography may of course be tested by other known rules, and editors are not free but bound to correct certain vagaries of the copyists. His edition is therefore an advance not only on Dindorf's, but in practical usefulness even on that of O. Keller. A few fragments of papyrus come to our aid here in reconstructing the text; and as far as they go, they prove for Xenophon what similar finds have proved for Plato and Thucydides, that our text is substantially the same as it was in the early centuries of our era or even before. We should have liked a rather fuller account of the MSS. in this edition.

WAR BOOKS.

Mafeking, by Major F. D. Baillie (Constable, 6s.), is a diary of the siege, without literary pretensions; but we do not like it the less for being devoid of rhetoric and frankly unconventional in style. Most of the book has already appeared in the *Morning Post*. Consequently the good stories of Colonel Baden-Powell's reparlees to Cronje, Snyman, and Eloff have not the charm of novelty, having already been quoted far and wide; but most of them were worthy of being rescued from the newspapers. The tone is delightfully, if arrogantly, insular:—

> The Frenchman calls the Boer "canaille," the Boer doesn't seem to like the Frenchman or, indeed, any other foreigner, regarding him as an impetuous fool who would probably lead him (the Boer) into some nasty dangerous place, and the Englishman laughs at the lot; however, as I said before, the poor devils can't help being foreigners.

One of the latest popular military biographies is the life of General Hector A. Macdonald, by David Campbell (Melrose, 1s. n.). One cannot say much more of it than that it states the facts correctly, but the character sketch of the General by a shop-girl who knew him in the days when he was a draper's assistant at Inverness is worth quoting:—

> A braw loon, wi'een like glowin' coal. And the great broad shoulders of 'im! He was mair like a smith than a draper. But, mind ye, there was mething surly about Hector, as we used to ca' him. He was terrible obleegin, 'aye offering to lift up or doon bundles for us lassies.

The preface is an eloquent plea for the promotion of more non-commissioned officers to commissioned rank, and for the payment of officers on a scale which would enable more poor men to take up commissions when these are offered to them. Most people not exceptionally prejudiced will agree with Mr. David Campbell's arguments on this subject.

Yesterday and To-day in Kruger's Land (Elliot Stock, 1s. n.), professes to give us the personal knowledge and experiences of a lady from South Africa. It is a sufficiently readable little book, consisting partly of history and partly of reminiscences, but it adds nothing to the information procurable from a hundred other sources. The author tells us a little about the ostrich-farming industry, but not as much as we should like to know.

Dr. George M. Theal's Little History of South Africa was originally issued several years ago for use in schools, and

has passed through three editions. The fourth edition, which is now published (Fisher Unwin, 1s. 6d.), contains an additional chapter dealing with the origin of the present war. Dr. Theal has written this chapter judiciously, not taking any side nor even indicating which side he would take if he were called upon to take one. His narrative ends with the issue of the Boer Ultimatum.

Mr. Horace C. Groser's writing of Field-Marshal Lord Roberts (Melrose, 1s. n.) has reached a third edition, a good fortune which it well deserves.

My Diocese During the War, by the Right Rev. Arthur Hamilton Baynes, Bishop of Natal (Bell, 6s.), is a pious, but platitudinous work, reprinted from a diary which is neither better nor worse than the average diary which does not get into print. In the closing chapter we have the inevitable suggestion that "God has been accomplishing a great purpose with this lesson of war with which He is closing for us the nineteenth century." We cannot wholly approve this easy estimate and rather patronizing approval of the workings of omnipotence.

The New Battle of Dorking (Grant Richards, 1s.) describes an imaginary French invasion of England, undertaken, apparently, without notice or previous declaration of war. The purpose of the book is the laudable one of drawing attention to weak points in our military organization, and the author leaves the impression that he understands his subject. As to the possibility of such an invasion being secretly prepared, however, we have our own opinion. It may be perfectly true that "there is always shipping sufficient for an army of 120,000 men for a short passage in the Northern parts of France"; but very few of the ships are ready to start at any given moment. Some of them are already weighed down to the Plimsoll line with eggs and other merchandise; others are in the middle of the loading or unloading process; the stokers and engineers and others, not expecting their services to be required, have gone carousing in cafés without leaving an address; the big Atlantic liners are under engagements to American citizens, whose Ambassador would be moved to communicate with Washington; and any endeavour to organize this chaos would in itself be a signal of alarm. Moreover, what is the author's authority for the statement that "secrecy for forty-eight hours can be assured?" The non-arrival in fine weather—which would be essential to the raid—of a single packet boat would cause inquiries to be made: and it would be strange if more than ten hours elapsed without the arrival of information. It would be interesting to know how the author supposes that the French would get over these little difficulties.

Mr. Caton Woodville illustrates and "a British Officer" writes a collection of interesting and topical studies of Social Life in the British Army (Long, 6s.). Although the civil population of England is ready to shout "Hurrah for the Army!" and appreciate at its just value the self-devotion and courage of the rank and file, it knows very little of the inner workings of that vast entity. "A British Officer" knows his subject well and lays before the reader the difficulties of the soldier's life, so changed in every respect by the short service system and other reforms from the life familiarized to all the world by Charles Lever. "Social Life in the British Army" should prove invaluable to our novelists who sometimes approach the *terra incognita* of military life with wonderfully antique information. Mr. Caton Woodville is at his best in the sixteen excellent illustrations he provides.

Mr. L. E. Henry, the author of England's Armed Neutrality (Farmer, 6s. n.), was once a professor at Sandhurst and appears to be that *rara avis*, a Frenchman who loves England and hates his countrymen. Where, he asks, is the evil eye in Central Europe at the present moment if not in France? We have wrestled with the book as a whole, but fail to discover exactly what it is about. The general impression is one of sentences that have been mixed up together by some one who does not understand their meaning. What is quite clear, however, is that the profits of the sale of the book are to be given to a hospital.

FICTION.

In the Train of Kings.

There are many ways of writing a novel of the past—the dully conscientious, the gaily unmoral, the sentimental, and so forth. But most of them leave out the human interest. Mrs. Stepney Rawson has had the happy thought of making the people in A Lady of the Regency (Hutchinson, 6s.) appear to be of flesh and blood, with the result that her book, in spite of a dull page or so, is extremely interesting. The history part of the book the Prince Regent, Caroline of Brunswick, Princess Charlotte, and the Windsor family disagreements is a little trite, but the period has not been greatly used, and the heroine's fortunes are followed with unusual zest. The pleasure of Caroline is a moving one; her friend, true through all accident and misfortune, Stephen Heseltine, who can sympathize: and we regret that so pleasant a story-teller has not thought fit to continue the relation even beyond the death of the Queen and the coming of happiness to the heroine and Heseltine.

Mr. Ronald Macdonald, the son of a famous novelist, has not had the same happy thought as Mrs. Rawson. "He knew he could write," was the burlesque title Mr. Barnard once gave to a book by Trollope, and the phrase suggests itself on reading Mr. Macdonald's novel The Sword of the King (Murray, 6s.). He knew that (with care) he could write in the style and character of a lady of the time of the Prince of Orange, and he has accomplished his task conscientiously but without inspiration. Now the story of a woman is the story of her love, says Philippa Royston, and, if you mix her love affair with the underhand traffic of the days before William's coming, throw in a disguise in man's clothes, and a bit of fighting, you get Mr. Macdonald's tale. The historical tone and the phraseology are well done, and the plot is not without an ingenious touch. Unfortunately the characters are a little more markedly puppets than those of the average "costume romance." It is a respectable piece of work that will delight and hold only the extremely ingenuous reader.

The Shadow of Allah, by Morley Roberts and Max Montesole (John Long, 6s.), is the most extraordinary Oriental novel that we remember to have seen. Everything is called by some mysterious Oriental name. The Bosphorus, for example, is the Boghaz. The War Office is the Serdarieate. The boatmen are caikdjis. The marines are guerindjilidees, the Servians are the Sharkian, and an Albanian is an Arnaut. The plot is political, dealing with the deposition of Sultan Abd-ul-Aziz and the fall of Midhat Pasha. The authors seem to have an exceptional knowledge of Ottoman affairs, and their book is very bloodthirsty. Whatever rank it may take among the works of Mr. Max Montesole, we are afraid it will not rank very high among the works of Mr. Morley Roberts.

The Heart o' the Peat, a little volume in pale-green paper covers (Simpkin, London; Mayne, Belfast, 1s.), consists of seven "Irish Fireside and Wayside Sketches," by the late Thomas Erskine Mayne. The tales are such as find ready acceptance in the magazines, and the prefatory verses are pretty, but the true chronicler which Ireland needs, the novelist with the seeing eye and the gifted pen, is still to seek.

In Christalla, an Unknown Quantity (Methuen, 6s.), Miss Esmé Stuart tells us the life history of a remarkable little girl. There is also a little boy who is very moral and who also is the "East Lynne" style, and two old gentlemen who remind one vaguely of Flaubert's Bouvard and Pécuchet. The story is not badly put together; but the little children who talk about religion are terrible little prigs, as children in women's novels often are.

We were expecting something about South Africa in the Overseas Library (Unwin), and we get it in Little Indians, by J. Mac (2s.). Some of the stories are about Kaffirs and others about Boers. There is a preface by Mr. Edward Garnett, insisting upon their value as "documents"; they are of no great value as literature.

LIBRARY NOTES.

A few weeks ago we drew attention to the then approaching celebration at Mainz of the quincentennial anniversary of Gutenberg's birth, and the proposal to establish a public library and museum as a permanent memorial. The festivities were carried out with much enthusiasm and magnificence. A typographical exhibition was opened by the Grand Duke of Hesse, a banquet given, and a grand procession organized which surpassed anything of the kind ever seen in Germany. Three thousand persons took part with cars to represent different literary epochs. There were visitors from all parts and the printers of various nationalities flocked to the cradle of their art. In spite of the dispute which continually simmers as to the original discoverer of printing, Gutenberg certainly did more to spread the art than any other man. Had the discovery of printing been retarded until Gutenberg's death the progress of civilization would have been less by something like a century than it is to-day.

The war apparently has had its effect upon the British Museum. From the Annual Report we find that there has been a slight falling off in the attendance in the reading room, though in most of the departments it has been satisfactorily maintained. The year has been marked by the virtual completion of the great catalogue and by many important additions to the library. The Hardwicke MSS., arranged in 930 volumes, are of the highest value historically, while the artistic treasures of Baron F. Rothschild's bequest are supplemented by sixteen illuminated manuscripts of rare excellence. The additions of printed books include a Lactantius of Sweynheyn and Pannartz, dated 1470, a work by Pope Pius II. ("De duobus amantibus"), which was one of the twenty books from the first French printing press at the Sorbonne, and a Florentine book of great rarity (Paulus Ricius "Super Logicam Pauli Veneti"), printed from type and thought to be unique. The MSS. department has acquired the only separate edition of the Vulgate New Testament, printed during the fifteenth century, and an almost perfect English version on vellum of the Golden Legend. A file, from April to July, 1880, of the "Kandahar News," a type-written daily paper published during the occupation of that city, is an interesting relic. We wonder whether, if the British Museum Bill had passed, the authorities would have endeavoured to transfer this newspaper to its birthplace. That ill-fated measure of economy has now perished in the annual "massacre of the innocents." Its disappearance is solely due to the vigorous protests from every quarter which the proposals evoked and it is gratifying to find the country so jealous of its treasure house.

Annual Reports have reached us from the public libraries at Hornsey, St. George's, Hanover-square, Willesden Green, and Lincoln. Readers at Willesden have hitherto been allowed free access to the bulk of the reference books, but the effect of this on valuable volumes has been so disastrous that the system has been abandoned. The Committee found that costly works were used as mere picture books, and they did not think this brought intellectual benefit to the readers. At St. George's a large room, formerly occupied by a natural history collection, has been transformed into a Magazine room, in which 42,000 periodicals have been issued during the year. There are also three quarterly library journals from Manchester, Leeds, and Chorley. A list of books on economic and social subjects has been issued by the librarian of Toynbee-hall, an institution always regarded as a temple of the science of economics. This exhaustive and convenient list of books and pamphlets will be of value for reference purposes in other libraries as well as to the student at Toynbee-hall.

The foundation stone has been laid of a Public Library for Helmsley in Yorkshire. The building is to combine within its walls a market, a court house, and a coffee bar. The public institutions of Helmsley will at least lay claim to being compact. This multiplying of different offices in one building reminds us of the ancient British Mote-hall, which served as a gathering place for the community in almost every circumstance of their tribal life.

The Bishop of Chester has expressed to a gathering of Library Assistants his views upon the Sunday opening of libraries. He made two points chiefly:—That public opinion should be consulted beforehand and that strict supervision of the libraries should be arranged without unduly adding to the labours of the employes. He saw no objection to Sunday opening during limited hours, nor did he think that any reasonable Christian would find objection. This seems to us a common-sense pronouncement upon a question too often debated in a narrow and controversial spirit. It is essentially a matter to be settled by local circumstances.

Correspondence.

EPISCOPAL REGISTERS.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—It might be more accurate to call episcopal registers an "unrealized" instead of an "unrecognized" source of history; every one who has tried really to write the history of a parish must be aware of their existence and their value. In the slender list of those hitherto printed given by Dr. Cox that of Richard Fox, while Bishop of Bath and Wells, 1492-1494, has been omitted. One hundred copies of this were privately printed in 1889 from a transcript by Mr. C. T. Martin. Two reasons are given in the preface for selecting it from among others at Wells—first, the very interesting period to which it relates, a period quite anterior to the Reformation, and yet almost on the eve of that event; secondly, the comparative brevity of the volume, which enables the exact words of the forms used to be lastingly recorded without oppressive repetition. The book was edited by Mr. Chisholm Batten, who wrote the introductory life of Fox. Probably the life and the register would have both been of more value if published separately, but it was a small step in the right direction.

Yours faithfully,
CADWALLADER J. BATES.

Langley Castle, Northumberland, July 2.

GRAMMAR v. IDIOM.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—"Too many Cæsars are not good" means there are too many bad Cæsars; with "is" the phrase means, "The fact that there should be too many Cæsars is not good." Mr. Cairns will probably prefer this latter sentence, which is quite grammatical. I don't. As he says, there is no arguing on taste. I note that Mr. Cairns does not return to the question of a plural verb after two disjunctive phrases; I may assume, then, that he grants that point.

The freedom of the early writers is just that which makes their great charm, and this is due partly to the use of vigorous words which the modern purist thinks undignified: partly to a feeling for the real meaning of words which is not in modern prose: partly to "ungrammatical" idioms, which like the one I am now speaking of give the meaning more forcibly, because put in fewer words, and with the emphatic words to the front. In this sentence, for example, "too many" is the essence; in the "correct" phrase, these words come after a formula which has no thought in it, but only helps the grammar. I will return to the other points on opportunity; but I ask leave to quote here one phrase I lately noted, which shows the bluntness of modern taste. A writer in a well-known weekly journal spoke of one who regarded his subject "from a one-sided stand-point."

Correctness is the idol of the modern purist; and to this he sacrifices much that is more valuable. Life and variety, for instance, is sadly to seek; and cumbrous round-abouts take the place of directness and force. The same is seen in verse, which is polished up to the extreme; false sentiment or triviality may pass, but an inexact rhyme never. Imagine the horror of the

modern critic if he had to review Herrick for the first time. The man actually rhymes "sleepy" and "keep ye"!

I do not propose to follow out the analogy of painting. Analogies prove nothing, not even Butler's; but if we must have analogy, I compare the free writers to hand-painting, and the modern ideal to a German chromolithograph.

Yours faithfully,

W. H. D. ROUSE.

A MEMORIAL TO G. W. STEEVENS.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—May we be allowed to draw attention in the columns of *Literature* to the memorial to the late G. W. Steevens, which it is proposed to institute in connexion with the City of London School?

Many friends of the school have felt and expressed the desire that the career of Mr. Steevens should be suitably commemorated in the place where he was educated. A committee has accordingly been formed, and arrangements have been made to present to the school a replica of the well-known portrait by the Hon. John Collier. It is also intended, if sufficient contributions are received, to found an annual prize.

We have done our best to communicate with the old pupils of the school; but, naturally, there are great numbers whose addresses are unknown to us, and we believe that many of them would be glad of the opportunity to make contributions. We therefore venture to ask for the hospitality of your columns in order that by this means they may be made aware of what is proposed.

We feel, of course, that our project is one for which support should be invited chiefly from old pupils of the school. But we have reason to think that some friends and admirers of Mr. Steevens, though not connected with the school, would be desirous of taking part in the memorial. Help from such sources would be gladly welcomed.

It would be convenient if all contributions were sent direct to the Treasurer.

Yours obediently,

B. L. ABRAHAMS, 31, Lansdowne-crescent, W.,
Treasurer of the Steevens Memorial Fund.

G. H. STOKER, Fairfield, Lessar-avenue, Clapham-common.
E. WEAVER ADAMS, Slough, Bucks.
} Hon. Secretaries.

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

Publishers are taking advantage of the keen interest now felt in China. We mentioned some new books a fortnight ago. An important addition will be made next week by Messrs. Macmillan in a new work by Miss Seidmore, called "China: the Long-lived Empire." Like Mr. Colquhoun's book, published by Harper's this week, it is not an answer to the sudden demand for works on the Far East, but was in type before the present crisis arose. Miss Seidmore has already written two volumes of travel—"Jinrikisha Days in Japan," and "Java: the Garden of the East"—and she has visited China seven times within the past fifteen years. Several of her chapters are devoted to Peking; one to the foreign missions; one each to the cities of Tien-tsin, Canton, and Shanghai, and others to the Dowager-Empress and "The Decadence of the Manchus," the alien ruling family. The frontispiece is a portrait of the Dowager-Empress, from a painting in silk.

The Indian Famine is another source of anxiety to Englishmen at the present moment, and in this connexion Messrs. Kegan Paul and Co. are issuing a handy volume on Famines in India and their causes, compiled by Mr. Romesh Dutt, C.I.E. Mr. Dutt is known to English readers by his translations of Indian Epics and his works on Indian history. He has been in the Indian Civil Service for more than twenty-five years and himself been a famine relief officer. His book will have a chapter on Famines in India during the last 130 years, a series of Open Letters to Lord Curzon on the land question in India, and also chapters on Railways, Irrigation, &c. There will be appendices containing the opinions of Lord Salisbury, Lord Roberts, Lord Northbrook, Lord Lansdowne, and others on the Indian administrative and financial questions.

Even if we do not get a history of the siege of Mafeking from General Baden-Powell there is likely to be no lack of literature on the subject from other authoritative sources. Major Baillie's work we notice elsewhere. Messrs. Methuen are publishing a book on the "Siege of Mafeking," by Mr. Angus Hamilton, the Correspondent of *The Times* during the siege. Mr. Hamilton is a stepson of Mr. Pinero, comes of a fighting stock, and is an amateur soldier himself. He was taken prisoner by the Boers, and afterwards, when wounded in a fight, his coolness and humour won the approval of General Baden-Powell himself. The book will be illustrated by photographs taken by the author. It is hardly likely that Mafeking will have as many siege historians as Ladysmith, but there were several other English correspondents in Mafeking besides Major Baillie and Mr. Hamilton, among them being Lady Sarah Wilson (*Daily Mail*), whose husband was on Baden-Powell's staff; Mr. Neilly (*Pall Mall Gazette*) and Mr. Stent (Reuter's). And it will be strange if they do not soon swell the number of books about the siege.

The approach of the Presidential election in the United States is being heralded by the inevitable budget of political literature. Messrs. Putnam will shortly add to its number "A History of Political Parties in the United States," by Mr. James H. Hopkins, who traces the development of party through successive elections down to the coming campaign. The appendix will contain, among other things, a copy of every "platform" from the rise of party to the present day.

The Putnams will publish a "History of the Scotch-Irish Families in America," by Mr. Charles A. Hanna, being a record of the Scot in North Britain, North Ireland, and North America. The volume, which will probably be followed by other works giving a detailed history of Scotch-Irish families in America, deals with the history of Scotland up to the beginning of the eighteenth century; the plantation of Ulster by the Scotch in the time of James I.; the "Regiam Majestatem" of the landowners of lowland Scotland in the time of the Bruce; the origin and location of the families in Scotland; the derivation of Scottish surnames in Scotland and Ireland, and the part which the Scotch-Irish took in the colonization, separation, and final nationality of the American colonies.

Mr. John Mackay, Glasgow, is to publish shortly "An Historical Account of the Settlements of Scotch Highlanders in America Prior to the Peace of 1783: Together with Notices of Highland Regiments and Biographical Sketches," by J. P. MacLean, Ph.D. Mr. MacLean is a Scots-American, and is the author of several antiquarian works.

We reviewed, last week, the new volumes of Mr. Murray's edition of Byron's Poems. The fourth volume of the letters will be ready very shortly, carrying the correspondence from 1816 to 1820. It will include a reproduction of Lawrence's portrait of Lady Blessington in the Hertford-House collection, just opened to the public.

Next week Mr. Fisher Unwin will publish "Scrambles in the Upper Grisons," by Mr. George Yeld, the editor of the *Alpine Journal*. It consists of the author's contributions to the *Alpine Journal*, with additions, and records the pioneering days of the mountaineering problems which lay beyond the attainments of climbers when Mr. Yeld first visited Chamonix in 1878. Chalet life, high Alpine passes, and the valleys are dealt with, as well as the peaks and passes.

One of the books promised for the early autumn by Messrs. Putnam is "A New Study of the Sonnets of Shakespeare," by Mr. Parke Godwin, who has undertaken to point out facts which have either been overlooked or undervalued. The volume will contain a reprint of the facsimile edition of the Sonnets.

Mr. Bolton King, the author of "A History of Italian

Daily," in two volumes, is, we understand, engaged in collecting material for a third volume.

Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein and Co. will shortly publish a volume of ballads and blank verse, entitled "In the Waiting Time of War," by Aubrey Mildmay, M.A., author of "Vignettes," "Brown Studies," &c. Some of the pieces have appeared in the *Daily News* and *Pall Mall Gazette*; all relate to the troubles in South Africa.

FICTION.—A few weeks ago, in an article on Matilde Serao, we expressed the wish that her novels might be better known in this country. No English versions of her best works, which give such a vivid picture of contemporary Neapolitan life, have yet appeared, and we are pleased to hear that Mr. W. Heinemann has now arranged to publish a series of translations of her novels, uniform with the works of Gabriele d'Annunzio. The first volume will be ready in the autumn.

We are glad to learn that Mr. Richard Whiteing has so far recovered from his long illness as to lead to the hope that he will now be able to settle down to the new novel which he is writing for Messrs. Hutchinson. It is expected to be of greater length than "No. 5, John Street." The Paris articles which Mr. Whiteing has been writing for the *Century* will also appear in book form when complete.

One of the first books of the autumn season will be Sir Walter Besant's "The Fourth Generation," a modern story which has been appearing serially. For volume form the story has been extended by about a third.

A new novel by Mr. J. A. Steuart, a tale of love and adventure, more after the style of "The Minister of State" than "Wine on the Lees," will be published by Messrs. Hutchinson probably in the autumn.

"For Britain's Soldiers" is the title of a book containing contributions from sixteen popular authors of the day got together by Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne to be published gratuitously in aid of the War Fund by Messrs. Methuen. To encourage the book to go to a premium it will be on sale for the limited period of three months.

A new Lady's Magazine, so it is stated, is to be published by Messrs. Pearson next January, and it will contain Mr. Hall Caine's new serial.

The name of Mr. Leonard Merrick's new novel, which Mr. John Murray will publish, is "The Worldlings," not, as we gave it by a clerical error, "The Wordlings."

EDUCATIONAL.—"The World in 1900," as the new geographical series which Mr. Heinemann is preparing is called, will probably not make a start until the late autumn. The list of subjects and authors is promising. "Britain and the North Atlantic," announced as being in the press, is by the editor, H. J. Mackinder; Sir Clements Markham is responsible for Volume II., on "Scandinavia and the Arctic Ocean"; Professor Elisée Reclus deals with "The Mediterranean and France," Dr. Joseph Partsch with "Central Europe," Dr. Scott Keltie with "Africa," Mr. D. G. Hogarth with "The Near East," Prince Krapotkin with "The Russian Empire," Mr. Archibald Little on "The Far East," Colonel Sir Thomas Holdich on "India," Dr. H. O. Forbes on "Australasia and Antarctica," Professor Israel C. Russell on "North America," and Professor J. C. Branner on "South America."

The new volume of Bell's Science Series, "The Student's Dynamics, comprising Statics and Kinetics," by Professor Minchin, will be ready at once. Great prominence is given throughout the work to arithmetical illustration. Another characteristic of the work is that it treats of the science of Force, or Dynamics, as founded directly on Newton's axioms, or Laws of Motion, and more particularly on the second axiom.

The next volume of Bell's Illustrated Classics (Intermediate Series) will be Sophocles' Antigone, edited, with Introduction and notes, by G. H. Wells, M.A. It will probably be ready early next month. In the early autumn Messrs. Bell will publish "The Proem to the Ideal Commonwealth of Plato," with introduction and critical and explanatory notes by Dr. Tucker, Professor of Classical Philology in the University of Melbourne.

Books to look out for at once.

TRAVEL—
"China: The Long-Lived Empire." By Elizabeth R. Seidmore. Macmillan. 8s. 6d. net.
"Scrambles in the Eastern Graians." By George Yeld. Unwin. 7s. 6d.

FICTION—
"The Compleat Bachelor." By Oliver Onions. Murray. 2s. 6d. net.
"The Whistling Maid." By Ernest Rhys. Hutchinson. 6s.

MISCELLANEOUS—
"Fort St. George, Madras." By Mrs. Frank Penny. Sonnenschein. 10s. 6d.
"A Handbook of British Rubi." By the Rev. W. Moyle Rogers. Duckworth. 5s. net.
"The Technical School French Grammar." By Dr. W. Krisch. Murray.

NEW EDITIONS—
"The Crowd: A Study of the Popular Mind" (3rd edition). By Gustave Le Bon. Fisher Unwin. 6s.
"The London Matriculation Directory, June, 1900." W. B. Clive. 1s. n.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

BIOGRAPHY.

The Dictionary of National Biography. Vol. LXIII. Wordsworth—Zaylestein. Ed. by *Sidney Lee*. 9×6in., 436 pp. Smith, Elder. 15s. n.

Robert Browning. By *A. Waugh*. (The Westminster Biographies.) 7×4½in., 155 pp. Kegan Paul. 2s. n.

EDUCATIONAL.

French Words and Phrases. By *J. G. Anderson* and *F. Storr*. 7×4½in., 192 pp. Rice. 1s.

French Conversational Manual. By *Louis Latta*. 6½×4in., 120 pp. Nutt. 1s. 6d.

FICTION.

The Naked Truth. By *Andrew Merry*. 7½×5¼in., 221 pp. The New Century Press.

Outridden. By *Fox Russell*. 7½×5in., 320 pp. Everett. 2s.

Native Born. By *H. S. Walker* (Coo-ee). 8×5in., 335 pp. J. Long. 1s. 6d.

The Avenging of Ruthanna. By *Mrs. Coulson Kernahan*. 8×5in., 276 pp. J. Long.

The Man Stealers. By *M. P. Shiel*. 7½×5in., 70 pp. Hutchinson. 6d.

The Voice of the People. By *Alice Glasgow*. 8×5in., 410 pp. Heinemann.

A Millionaire of Yesterday. By *F. Perkins Oppenheim*. 8×5in., 344 pp. Ward, Lock. 6s.

The Crimson Weed. By *C. St. John*. 7½×5in., 320 pp. Digby, Long. 6s.

Many Daughters. By *Sarah Tytler*. 7½×5in., 300 pp. Digby, Long. 6s.

Before Good-Night: From Door to Door. By *G. H. R. Skene*, M.D. 8×5in., 311 pp. Digby, Long. 6s.

Bewery Tales. By *Cecil Power*. 7½×5in., 320 pp. Hutchinson. 6s.

Little Indabas. By *J. Mac*. (The Overseas Library.) 7½×5in., 221 pp. Unwin. 2s.

Quo Vadis. Roman des Temps Neroniens. Par *Henryk Sienkiewicz*. Traduction de H. Kozaklewicz et J. L. de Janasz. 7½×4½in., 615 pp. Paris, 1900. Editions de la Revue Blanche. Fr.3.50.

HISTORY.

Philippe-Auguste et Saint Louis. Nouvelle Ed. By *J. Michelet*. 7½×4½in., 320 pp. Paris, 1900. Calmann Levy. Fr.3.50.

LITERARY.

Tales from Tennyson. By the *Rev. G. C. Allen*. 7½×5¼in., 112 pp. Methuen. 3s. 6d. n.

MATHEMATICS.

The Universal Solution for Numerical and Literal Equation. By *M. A. McGinnis*. 7×5in., 195 pp. Sonnenschein. 5s.

MILITARY.

Mafeking: a Diary of the Siege. By *Major F. D. Baillie*. 8×5in., 299 pp. Constable. 9s.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A History of the Baronetage. By *E. W. Pixley*. 9½×6¼in., 336 pp. Duckworth. 10s. 6d. n.

A New English Dictionary on Historical Principles. Ed. by *Dr. J. A. H. Murray*. Vol. IV., Gradely Grocment (Ed.) by *Henry Bradley*. pp. 353-336. Vol. V., Interfere Impudling, pp. 257-320. 12×9¼in. Clarendon Press. 2s. 6d. each.

Binding Exhibit. 9×6in., 51 pp. **Paper Exhibit.** 9×6in., 18 pp. **Educational Exhibit.** 9×6in., 62 pp. (Paris, 1900.) Oxford University Press.

NATURAL HISTORY.

The Birds of My Parish. By *L. H. Irvine*. 7½×5in., 220 pp. Lane. 3s. n.

POETRY.

Zoronster: Philosopher, Teacher, Hermit. By *Aristo*. 7½×5in., 123 pp. Watts. 2s. 6d.

A Book of Verses. By *Robert Loveman*. 7½×5in., 93 pp. Philadelphia, 1900. Lippincott Co. 5s.

POLITICAL.

L'Empire Libéral. By *Emile Ollivier*. 7½×4½in., 612 pp. Garnier Freres. Fr.3.50.

Bismarck. (Ministres et Hommes d'Etat.) By *Henry Welschinger*. 7½×4½in., 210 pp. Alcan. Fr.2.50.

Le Prince de Bismarck. Psychologie de l'Homme Fort. By *Charles Benoist*. 7½×4½in., 289 pp. Perrin. Fr.3.50.

La Crise Sud-Africaine. By *Dr. A. Kuyper*. 7½×4½in., 149 pp. Perrin. Fr.3.50.

La Conquête de l'Afrique. By *Jean Darcy*. 7½×4½in., 350 pp. Paris, 1900. Perrin. Fr.3.50.

REPRINTS.

Works issued by the Hakluyt Society. Second Series. No. III., The Voyage of Robert Dudley to the West Indies, 1594-1595; No. IV., The Journey of William Ilbrucke to the Eastern Parts of the World, 1583-1585, with Two Accounts of the Earlier Journey of John Pian de Carpine, translated from the Latin and Ed. by W. W. Rockhill. 9×5¾in., 192+282 pp. Hakluyt Society.

Dombey & Son. By *Charles Dickens*. (The New Century Library.) 6½×4¼in., 933 pp. Nelson. 2s. 6d.

Barnaby Rudge. By *Charles Dickens*. (The New Century Library.) 6½×4¼in., 928 pp. Nelson. 2s. 6d.

Cometh Up As a Flower. By *Rhoda Broughton*. 8½×5¾in., 127 pp. Macmillan. 6d.

The Dewy Morn. By *Richard Jefferies*. 8½×5¾in., 336 pp. Macmillan. 3s. 6d.

Max Hereford's Dream. By *Edna Lyall*. 6½×4¼in. 13pp. Clarke. 6d.

SOCIOLOGY.

L'Expérience des Peuples et les Prévisions qu'elle Autorise. Deuxieme Partie de la Sociologie Objective. By *Adolphe Coste*. 9×5¾in., 618 pp. Paris, 1900. Alcan. Fr.10.

L'Année Sociologique. Publiée sous la Direction de *Emile Durkheim*. Troisieme Annee (1898-1899). 9×5¾in., 618 pp. Paris. Alcan. Fr.10.

SPORT.

Cricket. (The Sports Library.) By *T. C. Collings* and Others. 7½×5¼in., 176 pp. London, 1900. Unwin. 2s. 6d.

THEOLOGY.

The Expositor. (Sixth Series. Vol. I.) Ed. by *W. R. Nicoll*, LL.D. 8½×5¾in., 476 pp. Hodder & Stoughton. 7s. 6d.

The Second and Third Epistles of St. Paul to the Corinthians. By *J. H. Kennedy*, D.D. 7½×5¼in., 262 pp. Methuen. 6s.

TOPOGRAPHY.

The Temple Church and Chapel of St. Ann, &c. By *T. H. Bayly*, Q.C. 3rd Ed. 7×4½in., 153 pp. Phillp. 2s. 6d. n.

Week-Ends in Hopland. (The Week End Series, No. I.) By *D. Maul*. 6½×4¼in., 61 pp. Hopland Association. 1s.

Black's Guide to Manchester. 11th Ed. Ed. by *A. R. Hope Moncrieff*. 7×4½in., 81 pp. Black. 1s.

TRAVEL.

Among the Himalayns. 2nd Ed. By *Major L. A. Waddell*, LL.D., F.L.S. 9½×5¾in., 452 pp. Constable. 6s.

Cycling in the Alps. By *C. L. Freeston*. 7½×5in., 240 pp. Grant Richards. 5s.

The "Overland" to China. By *A. R. Colquhoun*. 9×6¼in., 195 pp. Harper. 10s.

Literature

Published by The Times.

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NOTES OF THE DAY.

One by one the old inns to which so many memories cling are coming into the market, usually to be swept away or altered beyond recognition. Many such cases have come to notice during the present week. The Bell at Edmonton, which will shortly come under the hammer, is inseparably connected with John Gilpin, but it also recalls the last years of Charles Lamb, who lived and died about a mile away, in Bay Cottage, and, when any of his friends visited him, used to drop in at the Bell on their return and take a parting glass—usually of porter—with them. The churchyard stands close by his cottage, and it is recorded that about a fortnight before his death he pointed out to his sister the spot at which he wished to be buried. Here he now lies, under a simple, turf-covered mound; and his sister sleeps in the same grave.

* * * *

The sale, too, is announced of the Old Bull Hotel at Rochester, where the Pickwickians stayed on their arrival at Rochester by "Commodore" coach from London; while the Golden Cross Hotel at Charing-cross, connected with the coaching house from which Mr. Pickwick and his friends started on their travels, is to be sold by auction. The Old Bull remains practically unchanged since the day in 1836 when the first number of "Pickwick" made its appearance. There is the large assembly room in which the memorable ball was held, when the encounter took place between Mr. Alfred Jingle and Dr. Slammer, with consequences which might have been disastrous to Mr. Winkle; there, too, are still preserved the bed rooms of the Pickwickians, and No. 17 (Mr. Pickwick's) was the room which Dickens himself frequently occupied. At the Golden Cross Hotel the Pickwickians had their encounter with the [illegible] man and were rescued by Mr. Jingle; and it is mentioned on occasions into "David Copperfield." The original Golden Cross Hotel of Dickens stood some yards to the west of the present building, and was known as "The Bull and Mouth of the West" in its palmy days as a coaching house. It faced the big statue of King Charles at Charing-cross, but was removed to make way for the laying out of Trafalgar-square, and degenerated into a railway parcels office. Wheatley, in his "London Past and Present," quotes "An excellent New Ballad" being entitled "A lamentation over the Golden Cross, Charing-cross," [illegible] to Mugginn:—

No more the coaches shall I see
Come trundling from the yard,
Nor hear the horn blown cheerily
By brandy-tippling guard.
King Charles, I think, must sorrow too
Even were he made of stone,
When left by all his friends of yore,
(Like Tom Moore's rose) alone.

* * * *

What would we not give to hear Old English "as it was spoke," to hear Chaucer's lines read as he himself read them? That, unfortunately, can never be; but we can, thanks to the phonograph, preserve for posterity the speech of to-day, and Professor Joseph Wright has the credit of perceiving and realizing the great service to literature which can be rendered by the phonograph. His great Dialect Dictionary, of which the second volume has just been completed, is, as we pointed out on the appearance of the first volume, only just in time to preserve the fast-dying provincial speech of England. It is, we are afraid, certain that the dialects of England are being undermined to a slow, but sure, decay under the levelling [illegible] and railways. In connexion with his Dictionary Professor Wright has been enterprising enough to set about collecting phonographic specimens of dialects, partly to preserve a vivid record of them, partly to check the material he is collecting for a Grammar of English Dialects on which, we are glad to learn, he is engaged.

* * * *

Professor Wright has devised fifteen [illegible] of homely English, with careful instructions as to how they are to be spoken into the phonograph. Whether the true rustic will be equal to the task of mastering these [illegible] may be doubted, and there will always be a danger of his [illegible] his dialect for the occasion, just as he insists on putting on his best hat to have his portrait taken. We are not at all sure that the educated man, who, like the late Rev. H. Ferguson, has thoroughly mastered a dialect, would not be the right man to talk into the phonograph. But two such [illegible], and all under guidance, and Professor Wright has already, we understand, succeeded in obtaining a good number of first-rate specimens. His idea is to hand them over when complete to some public institution, and students of language owe him an immense debt of gratitude for the energy and ability with which he is tackling this difficult subject of dialect, a subject which he has made entirely his own.

The *Anglo-Saxon Review* seems to us a specially good number. Perhaps the thing of most importance in it is Mr. Gosse's article on "Culture and the Small Nations," which sketches the present condition of culture in Denmark, Sweden, and Norway, and hazards the theory that culture will find its true home in the small nations, where it is not oppressed and coarsened by wealth, strength, and activity. Lady Londonderry gives some correspondence of much personal interest about the great Castlereagh, who, she thinks, has never had his due. For his action during the Napoleonic war Castlereagh deserves the epithet great; but besides his later unpopularity there were two circumstances which have stood in the way of his being one of the great figures of political history—he was no orator, and he was never Prime Minister. Mr. Mallock writes, under the heading "The Limitations of Art," on the purpose novel, and to his paper we hope to return. Two other literary articles—one on "Heroic Poetry," by Sir Alfred Lyall, and another on "Some Minor Miseries of a Book-lover," by Lady Warwick—are not specially striking.

* * * *

Apart from criticism the Review gives us three imaginative pieces—a poem by Mr. John Davidson; a tale by Mr. Maurice Hewlett, showing his usual picturesque skill and a twenty-minutes' comedy by Mr. Hamilton Aïde. There is also a verse translation from the Georgics by Lord Burghclere. Mr. Davidson's poem "Eclogue of the Downs" is full of rich poetic speech and finely modelled blank verse. But there is a certain formlessness in its conception, and we cannot get away from the artificiality of his method. Why should Lucian, Urban, and Eustace spend their time on the Downs in describing to each other the scenery? Here, by the way, is a passage which shows Mr. Davidson realizing the opportunities of a poet in this age of mechanical invention.

> Sphinx is now
> A symbol of the Universe; her call
> The queries *What* and *Why*, intolerably
> Hurled into my ears at inauspicious
> Times, with subtle craft and iteration fell,
> More vehement than a tunnel-nearing train,
> A factory whistle at the break of day,
> Or siren of a liner in a fog.

* * * *

Whatever the future of South Africa may be, it is pretty certain that at the close of the present war the old national aspirations will "be ready to vanish away." One need not be a Pro-Boer to feel a touch of the pathos with which the Afrikander will now recall his national hymn, a translation of which we give below. It is not the hymn of the Transvaal or of the Orange Free State, but it may be taken as the political confession of faith of the Afrikander Bond, composed soon after its institution in 1880. It is included in a collection of original poems written in the "Taal," gathered from different sources by Mr. Reitz, and first published in 1888. It was composed by the late Professor Pannevis, and has been set to music for four voices by Professor J. S. de Villiers. The translation is by Mme. Grandinet. It is a perfectly literal one, and shows how easily the phraseology of the one language can be transposed into that of the other:—

THE AFRIKANDER VOLKSLIED.

> Each nation has its native land;
> We dwell on Afric's barren sand.
> To us there is no spot so dear,
> The whole world over, far or near;
> Our pride and glory to proclaim
> "South Afric's children" is our name.
>
> Each nation has its native speech;
> As far as Cape and Transvaal reach
> We speak one tongue, our Taal so dear,
> We need no other language here.
> The language which our fathers spoke
> Suits well enough South Afric's folk.
>
> Each nation has its laws, which tell
> How good to do and evil quell;
> These laws are fram'd with such intent
> As fit each nation's nat'ral bent;
> So do our laws the needs provide
> Of those who in South Afric bide.
>
> Each nation has a right to be,
> E'en though but poor and weak as we.
> There is a Pow'r which governs all
> And makes the proudest tyrant fall;
> He watches those that press us hard,
> But will South Afric's children guard.
>
> Each nation has a time to stay,
> To grow in strength and then decay;
> Our times are with the Lord, and we
> Know that what is, is best to be;
> Our day will rise, though long the night—
> South Afric trusts in God's own might.
>
> The one great God holds in His hands
> The fate of nations and of lands;
> He gives to each their separate speech,
> Their home, their rights, their time to each.
> Who this forgets will rue the day,
> O Lord, be Thou South Afric's stay!

* * * *

One of the native Japanese newspapers, the *Kokumin Shimbun*, has a unique feature which will assume importance at the present moment—an international department, printed in English and other European languages, with the object of facilitating the interchange of views between foreign residents and the Japanese themselves. This paper is edited by Mr. I. Tokutomi, who a short time ago paid a long visit to this country, making the acquaintance of many prominent men. The 3,000th issue of the *Kokumin Shimbun* was a remarkable publication, consisting of fifty-four large pages as well as two very admirable and characteristic full-page illustrations. The Press of Japan, led by such journals as the *Kokumin Shimbun*, has amply justified the removal of the irksome restrictions that formerly hampered the free development of Japanese journalism.

* * * *

A correspondent writes:—"Apropos of Mr. Archer's recent remark in his lecture on Ibsen that the dramatist may have had another ending in his mind when he began to write *The Doll's House*, it is interesting to remember that a version of the play which ends in reconciliation actually exists. Twenty years ago this version was acted everywhere in Germany. Instead of Nora's exit and the famous bang of the front door, Ibsen substituted the following:—

> NORA. We can no longer live together as married people. Good-bye. (*Turns to go.*)
>
> HELMER. Very well then—go! (*Takes hold of her arm.*) But, first, you shall see your children for the last time.
>
> NORA. Let me go! I will not see them! I cannot!
>
> HELMER (*drawing her towards the door on the left*). You shall see them. (*Opens the door, and says softly*) Look! there they sleep so peacefully and unsuspecting. To-morrow when they wake and call for 'mother' they will be—*motherless!*
>
> NORA (*trembling*). Motherless——!
>
> HELMER. As *you* were!
>
> NORA. Motherless! (*Inward struggle, during which she drops her travelling bag*). Oh, I shall commit a crime against myself; but I cannot—no, I cannot desert them! (*Sinks on her knees before the door.*)
>
> HELMER (*in a low, but joyful tone*). Nora!
>
> (*Curtain falls.*)

The alteration was made for a famous German actress who exclaimed when the play was being prepared for production in Hamburg, 'I would never have deserted my children.' In

1880 Ibsen wrote to Laube, the Viennese theatrical manager, sending the original ending of *Nora*, and begged that on its performance in Vienna the change he himself was responsible for might be cancelled. From that time it has ended on the German stage with the same decisive bang of the door as elsewhere."

* * * *

"A Writer for Boys" complains in the *Author* that boys' books and children's books generally are not treated with proper respect by reviewers, but are "slaughtered in batches of from thirty to forty in a single column." As many of the papers devoted to the interests of literature consecrate special supplements every autumn to the children's gift books, the complaint seems a little unreasonable; and if "A Writer for Boys" could see how much cubic space such books occupy in our own office in the months of October and November he would realize the material difficulty of treating each one of them as if it were a work of what a popular novelist has called "colossal" labour. Moreover, if he read as many of them as we have to read at a certain season of every year, he would realize that they are so much of a muchness that it is not very easy for the reviewer to find anything to say about them.

* * * *

Perhaps, however, the harm done is not, after all, so very great. The boys always find out their favourites. They did not need a reviewer to tell them that R. M. Ballantyne was greater than his contemporaries, and it would be vain for any critic to try to depose Mr. Henty from the pedestal on which they have placed him. Why, then, should the reviewer's withers be wrung because he has never explained in a column of careful analysis, which no boy would ever read, the reasons why Mr. Henty is greater than the author of "Jack Harkaway?" On the other hand, the reviewer may urge in self-defence that, at any rate, he gives more attention to children's books than did his predecessors. Stevenson's poems for children got much more notice from the critics than did those old collections of rhymes for children which Mr. Lucas disentombed. The gravest critics have brought their acumen to bear upon the works of Lewis Carroll; but it is not easy to picture Dr. Johnson similarly analysing "Robinson Crusoe," or Jeffrey or Sidney Smith looking for reasons to explain the immense popularity of "Sandford and Merton."

* * * *

Mr. Herbert Spencer, when he issued his programme of "The Synthetic Philosophy" a little more than thirty-eight years ago, anticipated the "obvious criticism that the scheme there sketched out was too extensive." By his single-minded devotion to his self-imposed task he has not only lived to carry out the whole of his vast programme, but even to return to revise the earlier portion of his work. He has just completed, we learn, the revision of "First Principles." Thus he has not only succeeded in refuting the criticism which he anticipated, but has supplied a ready answer to the familiar jest that his was a "stereotyped" philosophy. Mr. Spencer must be used to this jest, but he was none the less offended when it was repeated in serious philosophical controversy by his latest antagonist, Professor Ward; and he reminded the Professor that it was his poverty and not his will that consented to the stereotyping of the "Synthetic Philosophy."

* * * *

An immense amount of work must have gone to the making of Miss Hetherington's "Index to the Periodicals of 1899" (*Review of Reviews* office, 10s. n.), which classifies the contents of over 180 British and American publications. The previous volumes have already proved the immense usefulness of this publication to all literary people, and to journalists in particular. We cannot help thinking that the usefulness of the Index might be increased if it recognized the existence of some of the graver weeklies as "Poole" does. One can understand that all the minor popular monthlies have to be treated: for one of the great practical uses of the Index is to inform the editors of those ingenious publications exactly how long it is since any one else published an illustrated article on the Lap Dogs of Lady Novelists or the Noses of Notable Men. On the other hand, serious students of serious subjects are more anxious to know whether they have been treated in the really literary quarterlies than to be referred to papers in the *Women at Home* or the *Girls' Own Paper*. Let it be added, however, that Miss Hetherington's generosity in the matter of cross-references is worthy of grateful recognition.

* * * *

In our recent article on Wordsworth as a book collector, there was a reference to the poet's ill-usage of his books. A recent catalogue of an autograph dealer contains a curious passage illustrating this. The letter is from De Quincey, and he says: "Wordsworth was so negligent and so self-indulgent that, as Southey laughingly expressed it to me when I was staying at Greta Hall on a visit, 'To introduce Wordsworth into one's library is like letting a bear into a tulip garden.'" Dogs' ears leaves have been a source of annoyance to readers before Wordsworth's time and since; but the "self-indulgence" of using the forefinger as a paper-knife is one which few of us are willing to extend to even our dearest friend—when the book happens to be our own.

* * * *

Apropos of the Thomson bi-centenary which we mentioned a fortnight ago, a platform is to be erected on Edrom Hangs, opposite the Manse where the poet was born, and in sight of the monument raised to his memory. A local poetaster has written half a dozen quatrains "In Praise of 'Rule Britannia,'" unequalled, he would have us believe, by any song of Scott or Byron, Hogg or Wordsworth. He goes far afield for his comparisons, as thus:—

> Nor Shelley in his giddy skiff
> Off the Italian shore,
> Ne'er gave the world a grander strain;
> Nor Homer long before.

* * * *

Mr. F. G. Kitton writes:—"It is with much regret I learn that my statement regarding the authorship of *The Mountain Sylph* proves to be incorrect, and that what I hoped was a valuable discovery turns out to be a 'mare's nest.' The only two copies of the play which I have seen (viz. those in Dibdin-combe's 'British Theatre,' and Lacy's 'Acting Editions') are anonymous, and the only clue I obtained as to ascertaining who the criticism (quoted by me) that appeared in *Figaro in London*. It now transpires that Barnett's opera, *The Mountain Sylph*, was written by T. J. Thackeray, a cousin of the author of 'Vanity Fair,' and, as the initials were not given in *Figaro in London*, I hastily arrived at the conclusion that there was but one *literary* Thackeray, the famous 'Titmarsh.' My note on the subject, however, enabled me to correct Mr. Lewis Melville's error respecting the name of the composer of the music for the little 'opera.'"

* * * *

A correspondent writes: "The bogus traveller is a considerable and always interesting figure which has seldom been absent from literary history from Mandeville (as some assert) to a notable *soi disant* voyager of our own day. The past year in America has seen a curious case of the kind in the work of a youth called William Jameson Reid, who supplied many editors, especially in Boston, with accounts of his remarkable experiences and adventures in the remotest corners of the world. One method of Reid's was to invent interviews with non-existent persons. An article on the adventures of a professor who had met with a wonderful race of pigmies appeared in a New York paper. All efforts to find this professor, who was said to be visiting Boston, were futile, the professor, as well as the pigmies, being an invention of Reid's fertile imagination. But as a rule Reid's articles professed to be about his own experiences. In the *Boston Home Journal* he ran a series of articles on his travels in Spain. From the first the editor

noticed mistakes in Reid's copy, names being spelt wrong; but as the general tone of the articles was literary, he supposed that these were merely the eccentricities of genius. Only a few of the articles had been published before readers wrote to point out that the writer apparently knew nothing of the places he described. His largest work is a book of 500 pages on his journey "Through Unexplored Asia," with a man named Burton, in the years 1883 and 1891. This book, published last autumn by a Boston firm who had accepted it in good faith, was quite a revelation to Reid's friends, who were under the impression that they saw him again and again in the neighbourhood of Boston at the time when he says he was making his 6,000 mile journey through Asia. The obvious improbability of this book led to Reid's exposure by the *Brooklyn Daily Eagle*."

* * * *

Rostand's *L'Aiglon* is already being adapted as an opera, and the rumour that *Cyrano de Bergerac* is also to be presented upon the musical stage is not unexpected. Cyrano, with its heroic style, its strong flavour of bombast and rhetoric, is a play admirably suited to show off all the brilliant combinations of the modern orchestra. If the rumour turns out to be true, we can only hope that the composer who writes the opera will be worthy of all the dramatic situations with which he will have to cope. In the right hands a most effective trio might be made out of the balcony scene, where Cyrano prompts Christian with fine speeches to win the hand of Roxane, the lady with whom he is desperately in love himself. It would require a master to write music for the still more pathetic situation in the last act, where Roxane discovers the real author of Christian's love-letter—the dying Cyrano, who reads it at her request in the twilight, and, as darkness obscures the words, recites from memory the impassioned sentences which had been prompted by himself. What an opportunity for the dramatic musician!

* * * *

The opera has always been in close connexion with the play in France. Molière himself would scribble off words for a little pastoral *opérette* for the diversion of Louis XIV. Rousseau, the father of melodrama, was an opera-writer, and Marmontel, when the public found his plays a little insipid, would call upon Rameau to collaborate in an opera. Beaumarchais' plays, *Le Barbier de Seville* and *Figaro*, are even better known in their operatic form. Hugo's *Ernani* and *Le Roi s'amuse* had hardly the popularity all over Europe of Verdi's musical adaptations—*Ernani* and *Rigoletto*. Have not the tunes of *La Traviata* given more pleasure to different nations than Dumas' play *La Dame aux Camélias*, on which the opera is based? The language of music is universal, and people who cannot follow a play in a foreign language can listen to a good tune of any nationality.

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Dokumente der Frauen is a new periodical edited by Marie Lang and published at Vienna. It reveals a curious state of things as to the position of women in German-speaking countries. In some towns no girl or woman walking unaccompanied is safe from police inquisition. A certain Dr. Heilinger assures the public of the terrible condition of things that the emancipation of women has brought about in this country, where women are mayors, Judges, and professors, with the sad result of the destruction of the family and the entire loss of domestic comfort. Dr. Lueger, however, absolves England, and sees in the emancipation of women an invention of the Jews. But the same journal shows that, in spite of these follies, much useful work is being done in a quiet way by the women's societies and unions in Austria. There is a careful bibliography forming a fortnightly record of the books and articles dealing with the interests of women.

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They certainly understand the art of literary celebration and benefaction in Poland. It is about a year and a-half ago that Poland subscribed no less than £20,000 for a monument of Adam Mickiewicz on the occasion of the centenary of his birth. And now we read that the inhabitants of Warsaw have agreed to present Sienkiewicz with a gift of landed property (for which a large sum has already been subscribed) to celebrate his Jubilee. The jubilee celebrations are to take place next November. Sienkiewicz has already many admirers in America and in this country who may feel inclined to contribute. Mr. Edmund Gosse may find here an illustration of the theory which he discusses in the *Anglo-Saxon Review* that it is the little peoples who are the elect in the matters of the spirit.

* * * *

An autograph letter of Byron which comes under Messrs. Sotheby's hammer next week is dated Aston-hall, Rotherham, October 4, 1813, and is addressed to Mr. John Murray, his publisher. The poet gives this explicit instruction:—"In the proof from the 'Curse' alter this line 'Whose arts and arms but live in poet's lore' to 'Whose arts revive, whose arms avenge no more.' Remember this." The strange fact in connexion with this particular letter is that the lines have never been altered. In the Byron *édition de luxe* now being issued by Messrs. Murray the line remains as if the letter in question had never been penned; neither is allusion made to it in the correspondence. If we mistake not, Mr. Ernest Hartley Coleridge some time ago examined the letter on behalf of the publishers, and, possibly, in future issues the line will appear as revised by Byron. At present there is nothing to show, first of all, why the instruction was not carried out, and, secondly, how the letter passed out of the firm's hand. For some years, we believe, it was in the possession of one of the Whitbread family.

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An interesting and rare book is included in Mr. Quaritch's recently issued Part VII. of his "Catalogue of the Literature and History of the British Islands." This is a copy of the first edition, 1584, of Reginald Scot's "The Discouerie of Witchcraft," one of the select volumes that have been condemned to be burned. Scot's work was the first real attack in England upon the popular belief in witches, and raised a great commotion. One of the many to enter the lists against him was none other than James of Scotland. The King published a counterblast under the title of "Daemonologie," a copy of which also figures in Mr. Quaritch's long list of works on this subject. When James came to the throne of England he revenged himself by condemning his opponent's book to the flames. Scot's work is a fair statement of the case for and against witches, without any of the horrible details which generally make the reading of the trials so offensive, and he finishes every section of his argument by showing the utter unreasonableness of the whole superstition. That a considerable body of public opinion was even then on his side is clear, for in his observations on human credulity he remarks:—"Howbeit you shall understand that few or none are thoroughly persuaded, resolved, or satisfied that witches can indeed accomplish all these impossibilities; but some are bewitched in one point and some cozened in another until, in fine, all these impossibilities and many more are by several persons affirmed to be true."

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Several matters of moment came before the Congress of Archæological Societies last Wednesday. Mr. J. Willis-Bund dealt with the British Museum Bill, and expressed himself as generally in favour of local depositories for local records; and as chairman of the Worcester County Council he was glad that they had just expended £1,200 on record-rooms for their own purposes. But Mr. Bund regarded it as a mere dodge of the Treasury to expect them to find house-room for the cast-offs of the British Museum unless they were provided with the funds. And there was also the difficulty of proper custody and proper inspection. Sir John Evans, who presided at the Congress, is a British Museum trustee, yet he had no hesitation in opposing the manner in which this permissive Bill was drafted, and he admitted that, if the comparatively modest plan for extending the buildings at the British Museum was only carried, there would be ample room in the basements for the retention of all they were now receiving for a long time. A resolution was unanimously carried asking the Treasury to press forward the new buildings at the Museum as rapidly as possible.

Those who are interested in the subject of Dr. Cox's paper which appeared in these columns a week or two ago will follow the course of the Bill as to custody of diocesan records already carried through the House of Lords, to which the Archæological Congress also devoted considerable time. It was said to have been suggested by the Bishop of London at the recommendation of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners. Mr. W. Page said that the Bill provided for "the sufficient housing of diocesan records" by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, apparently from their funds. This was excellent, but the Bill in several particulars was rather vague. It provided that the Commissioners should themselves settle what were "diocesan" records, and if they provided the money they would be tempted to minimize. Archidiaconal and peculiar muniments are little known and are far worse looked after than episcopal records. Mr. Page feared that these, which are of great value, would not come under the word "diocesan." Mr. W. H. St. John Hope said that episcopal records were in great danger. Some that he knew were merely stored in fireside wooden cupboards in an ordinary office. Reference was made to Dr. Cox's article in *Literature* as to their great value. A committee was recently appointed by the First Lord of the Treasury to inquire into and report as to local records generally and their preservation. This was done at the suggestion of last year's congress. On Wednesday the congress decided to ask the Government not to proceed with the Diocesan Record Bill until this report has been presented.

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A correspondent writes: The *Daily News* of June 30th, in a brief article on "Certain Dickens Clubs," says that "at last, after thirty years, comes the Boz Club, recently formed out of the fragments of 'Boz's' most cherished surviving friends." The allusion is to a select gathering of those who knew Dickens in the flesh, who met to dine together at the Athenæum Club by invitation of Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, himself an *intime* of the great novelist. The party consisted of Mr. Marcus Stone, R.A., the illustrator of "Our Mutual Friend"; Mr. Luke Fildes, R.A., the illustrator of "Edwin Drood"; Mr. J. C. Parkinson, a contributor to *All the Year Round*; Mr. Ashby-Sterry, a writer on Dickens topics and Dickensian topography; Mr. Charles Kent, who won Dickens' friendship through a kind and appreciative review of "Dombey and Son"; and Mr. F. G. Kitton, who never saw Dickens, but has produced many volumes relating to "the master." Other guests were the novelist's son, Mr. Henry Fielding Dickens, Q.C., Mr. Clement Scott, Lord Shand, Lord Herries, the Hon. Mr. Vernon, and Sir James Crichton Browne. I am not aware, however, that the interesting event has originated, or was intended to inaugurate, a "Boz Club," as the *Daily News* suggests, though it is to be hoped that such a club may be the result of the Athenæum dinner. As the *Daily News* points out, there are flourishing Dickens Clubs elsewhere, notably that founded in Boston, U.S.A., by Mrs. Adelaide H. Garland (its President) in 1891. This is essentially a ladies' confraternity, and christened the "All Around Dickens Club"; it numbers nearly eighty members, while among the honorary members we find the names not only of Dickens' near relatives, but of those who are distinguished in literature both in England and America. The Dickens Club at Birmingham is, I believe, the only other club bearing his name; it was founded some years ago, and is kept alive by small subscriptions to cover working expenses. Like its kindred society at Boston, it promotes the study of Dickens by means of original papers on Dickens topics at evening meetings, and readings from his works. The *Daily News* omits to mention the "Pickwick Social Society," founded nearly three years ago by a few Dickens admirers in London. This society has for its object a monthly meeting of members for a social evening, consisting of readings from "the master's" works, interspersed with music and conversation. Beginning as a private *réunion*, application for membership quickly poured in, until it became necessary to obtain more accommodation. The "Pickwick Social Society" was also formed for charitable purposes, and has already assisted many deserving cases. At the time of the "World's Columbian Exposition," [illegible], there existed the "Columbian Pickwick Club," the headquarters of which were on the Exhibition grounds, in a [illegible] (more or less) the famous "Great White Horse" [illegible] the scene of Mr. Pickwick's adventures with the lady in yellow curl papers. The better known "Pickwick Dinner Club" (established in 1870), of which Sir W. T. Charley, Q.C., was at one time president, still flourishes. A [illegible] fraternity is "The Cheerybee Club", the programme of a meeting (dated 1899), given by the members, [illegible] but one item a propos of Dickens, viz., a reading of "Sunday Under [illegible]

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Plots.

Exactly what it is that Mr. Bennett [illegible] about plots in his article on that subject in *Cornhill* is a question to which a first reading of his paper hardly yields a satisfactory solution. To be only partially intelligible is Mr. Cope's playful way, and a characteristic charm of his prose style. It seems clear, however, that he is writing of the plots of novels, and that he would regard a novel without a plot as quite abnormal. Surely that view is hardly justified by the facts. Dramatic poetry, it is true, has been distinguished from epic poetry by the [illegible] that a drama comes to an end whereas an epic merely leaves off; but there are no adequate grounds for classifying the novel as an off-shoot or subdivision of the drama. In its origin, indeed, as one infers from the early Greek examples, the novel is rather an epic in prose than a drama in narrative form. The Odyssey rather than the Œdipus is its model. Later, the novel has often taken the place of the pastoral and the satire, and to mention the sermon—three kinds of literary composition in which plots are usually dispensed with. Novelists have essayed to fulfil the functions of Theocritus, of Juvenal, and of Sevenoaks; and these functions can be discharged either with a plot or without one. The contemporary tendency, it is true, is distinctly in the direction of plots. On the one hand, the [illegible] plot has, in the hands of such writers as Gaboriau, Wilkie Collins, and the creator of "Sherlock Holmes," reached a perfection which would have been the envy and despair of the most ingenious novelists of the age of Fielding. The [illegible] resembles that which a century of invention has [illegible] into most mechanical contrivances. Between [illegible] and the new there is almost as much difference as between the ancient strong boxes and the modern safes. Of the former kind, what one may describe as the [illegible] follows the lines laid down in the Poetics, and has its beginning, its middle, and its end, its [illegible] and its [illegible] arrangement of scenes so as to make the [illegible] cumulative, has also made great strides during the last [illegible]. Like so many notable literary innovations it probably came from France. At all events it was flourishing in France before it [illegible] to England; and one can most easily trace its progress there. There is no plot, as a dramatist would understand the word, in the novels of Madame de Staël. The plots of Balzac are inchoate and crudely handled. But in Flaubert we find the steady progress towards a previously appointed climax which is of the essence of plot; and Flaubert has since been the favourite model. In England we find the same steady progress to a great dramatic situation not only in theatrical writers like Mr. Hall Caine and Mr. Guy Boothby, but also in novelists of the calibre of Mr. Thomas Hardy and Mr. [illegible]. But we find little of the sort in Thackeray or Anthony Trollope or any of the writers of the age anterior to them. Whether the change is entirely for the better is another question. The dramatic method, it may be, arrests attention more certainly than any other; but that it holds the attention so long as some of the older methods one hesitates to say. Most of the novels of Dickens [illegible] one turns to again and again—from "Pickwick Papers" and "Vanity Fair" [illegible] reading works, entirely devoid of climaxes and surprises, and defying all the canons, the observance of which has enabled the critics to compare Mr. Hardy to Æschylus. We are inclined to think that, if they did depend upon climaxes and surprises, a good deal of their interest would evaporate after a first reading, and they would not [illegible].

TO ART.

The eve hath gone to sleep upon the lake,
And in the hawthorn brake,
Sleep-lulled by his own mellow carolling
With which he charmed the woods the livelong day,
And by the fragrant incense of the may,
The last sweet-throated thrush hath ceased to sing;
High-rocking poplars make
A gentle rustling murmur as they swing,
Holding faint converse with the evening star;
From them and me I know thou art not far,
Nor thy bright hair from his brown-feathered wing.

The earth of her old deities is lorn,
No more the triton's horn
Sounds in the trumpet song of leaping seas,
Upon the white stones and green waterweeds
No nymphs sleep now, no more the sound of reeds,
Blown on by Pan beneath the pleasant trees,
At high noontide is borne
Through woodland places on the summer breeze,
No more the horde of merry satyrs twines
In glad procession through the laden vines,
Singing wild songs in Bacchic ecstasies.

Like sweet may odours at the breath of June,
Or stars before the moon,
Or sunrise glories from the morning sky
Before the glad sun's surging flood of light,
Man's early dreams and faiths are vanished quite,
Or leave behind for what was hope a sigh.
For earnest prayers a tune
Sung without heeding, for the truth a lie.
The summer and the moonlight and the day
Some know not, but sigh only: "Well-away,
The spring, the starlight, the dawn's roses die."

Yea, they are gone with them that worshipped thee;
But earth and sky and sea
Are thy fair temple still, and fair alway
Are woods and fields that our fast footsteps shun,
Still night is clad with stars, and still the sun
Fills with bright wine the pitchers of the day.
Yea, fair immortally!
And some there are who to thy precincts stray.
"Why seek vain joys with ineffectual pain?
And why for shadows spend thy life in vain
When I have rest and calm?" they hear thee say.

Some see thy soft sweet smile within the stone;
To some thou hast thy throne
Upon the bright crest of a towering song:
To some thou smilest with a homely look,
Ruddy with firelight, in an ingle-nook;
To some thou art where tortured faces throng;
Upon the city's moan
Of anguish thy soft voice is borne along;
To some where the loud tempests shout thou art,
Or in a dewdrop on a violet's heart,
Or thou dost sleep the daffodils among.

We only see thy shadow in a dream,
Or thy white shoulder gleam
Among the twilight woods, then fade away,
So blind are we with dust of little things,
And by the flesh so shorn our spirit's wings;
Thou shin'st a moment as the sunbeams play
On bubbles of a stream,
We take thy light and vanish ev'n as they.
But we have seen in that brief gleam of light
Kinship and source divine and infinite,
And one great throbbing soul within the clay.

IAN D. COLVIN.

Personal Views.

VILLIERS DE L'ISLE-ADAM.

As I was turning over the pages of the recently issued Brussels *édition de luxe* of selected tales by Villiers de l'Isle-Adam—and the "Histoires Souveraines" is a beautiful volume in its large pages, clear and finely set type, and exquisite grey-ink headpiece and tailpiece ornaments by Th. van Rysselberghe—my glance fell upon these words in "Akëdysséril," an Oriental tale in which the young French experimentalists of to-day dip as though it were indeed the fount sought by Ponce da Leon:—"La juvénile beauté de Sedjnour, en sa blancheur rayonnante, semblait dérler les ténèbres." I put the book down, for some vague thoughts of which I had been conscious of late in connexion with Villiers de l'Isle-Adam had suddenly clarified.

Villiers—"the great Villiers," "the noble Villiers," "the incomparable Villiers," as his admirers delight to speak of him—was for the most part ignored in his lifetime and adored since he died in poverty and disappointment. One or two famous writers helped to make him the fashion, or, at least, a literary vogue, for a time. Verlaine calling him "this incomparable Villiers," M. Maeterlinck doing homage in "noble," and even the exact and exacting Mallarmé minting "the great Villiers" for common use. Since then he has been praised hardly this side idolatry. So generous, indeed, has been this praise that even those who do not read his writings call him master; as an enthusiast of our London Press, who the other day spoke of "that incomparable romance, 'Axël,'" and alluded to "the mystic 'L'Adoration des Mages,'" a work, indeed, promised by Villiers, but, unfortunately, never transferred from the library of dreams to the hands of the printer.

That Villiers was a remarkable, and, above all, a stimulating writer, is hardly disputable; that he is still remarkable, and still stimulates, is the opinion of the present writer and others better fitted to appreciate his peculiar excellences and unique distinction. But was he, is he, really a great writer? Is he, even in his idealism, a clear and convinced thinker?

I see that in his recently published and most interesting and suggestive volume of essays on the "Symbolists," Mr. Arthur Symons quotes Verlaine to the effect that the greatest of the fin-de-siècle poets of France was "far from sure" that "the philosophy of Villiers will not one day become the formula of our century." Verlaine, however, is hardly an authority on such a point, for he himself had in excess in every direction what Villiers had in excess intellectually, an emotionalism akin to hysteria rather than to mental and spiritual sanity. Villiers, as a matter of fact, had no definite philosophy. His mind reflected the speculations and dreams, the thoughts and spiritual axioms, of the gnostics and other mystics of the Asian East; but from "Isis" to "Axël" I doubt if there is a sentence which, in substance, and, indeed, probably in wording, could not be found elsewhere in mystical literature. I remember when I first read "Axël" I imagined that a new gospel of the ideal had been set forth by this master of the white thought and the cameo phrase. Here, it seemed, was the revelation of the poet-seer; in this fascinating, beautiful, auroral, but unreal and fantastic drama of spiritual life, I believed a lofty symbolism revealed the essential ideal. But the interpreter of "a new and profound" spiritual philosophy in "Axël" has yet to

come. This strange drama is clothed in continual beauty. It has many moving and lovely phrases, and towards the close in particular displays convincing beauty of thought rarelled by spiritual emotion, and of diction clarified to a noble excellence by perfected art. Yet to aver that Villiers is a great thinker in "Axël" is to confuse the inspired interpreter with the inspiring creator. Even among his contemporaries there was a man who thought all Villiers' thoughts, but thought far more searchingly and exactly—a man, too, who had much of the same arlstocratic attitude towards life, and was not less, perhaps more, impassioned with the Catholic idea—a man of whom we hear little or nothing, and yet one of the most remarkable of modern Frenchmen (with an incalculable influence on certain writers, as Maeterlinck, for example), Ernest Hello. When, recently, I reread "Axël" it occurred to me continually that Villiers' "thought" is as mainly a reflex of the "thought" of Hello as his occultism is mainly a reflex of the occultism of ancient Egypt and India, coloured by medieval mysticism. In "Axël" he strove to sum his life-long mystical ideal, but because that ideal was not natively his but reflected from many kindred minds, or, at least, was never realized absolutely of his own mind, it is of the rainbow-philosophies, which charm the wayfaring imagination, but lead only to phantom goals. In "Isis" and elsewhere Villiers kaleidoscoped from his memory and imagination what he had read in many Oriental and medieval books and speculated upon in many dreamy hours; in "Axël" he was the poet inspired (and it must be admitted vaguely, however beautifully) by Hello, as a consummate influence, as, let us say, the impassioned but vague singer of the "Songs Before Sunrise" was inspired by the profound and exact thinker Mazzini.

It was in relation to this aspect of "the great Villiers" that the sentence quoted in the opening clause struck me as so significant. All his life long Villiers strove "dêter les ténèbres"—strove to defy, to vanquish the shadows of the actual, of the world as we know it, of life as we experience it, of death as we fear it. In all his work, from the "Isis" and "Elën" and "Morgane," of the early sixties, to the posthumous "Propos d'Au-delà," of 1893, the distinguishing characteristic is "une blancheur rayonnante," a radiant whiteness both of thought and phrase: and, always, as it seems at least to the present writer, the beauty which he worships and often so nobly reproduces is not that masterful, that virile, that sane and absolute beauty which we discern in the ideals and achievement of the greatest, but a lesser, a not mature beauty, "la juvénile beauté de Sedjnour."

I have so long been an admirer of the "Contes Cruels" and of other work by Villiers as romancist, that I anticipsted the keenest pleasure from a re-perosal of the twenty selected stories in M. Deman's charming *édition de luxe*—and the more so as it is known that the selection was made by Stéphane Mallarmé. Here, it is true, are the exquisite "Akëdysséril," the sombre "Souvenirs Occultes," "L'Amour Suprême," and other brief masterpieces; but, alas, I found that memory flattered. All are the work of a rare artist and a remarkable mind, but if the saying of a great contemporary of Villiers be true, "L'art robuste seul a l'éternité," then is it difficult not to believe that in another decade Villiers will be only a fine tradition in French literature, and, perhaps, remembered only for one superbly outlined but incomplete creation, the archetypal Tribulat Bonhomet.

WILLIAM SHARP.

COLOUR SIMILES.

In this age of experiment it is not without interest to consider emotion that attempts to [illegible] intensity but complexity of hue that we try to pursue. Even the primary colours of the rainbow we have [illegible] to re-christen. The [illegible] in Chaucer's "[illegible] and rede," but J. A. Symonds' "[illegible] saffron and ivory, ochre and cinnabar." To quote the most recent example, Rudyard Kipling, always brilliantly successful in colour, names the hills of the veldt "red, cinnamon, opal, amber, dun, and pure cobalt." The early painters wrought with blue, green, red, yellow; but we must coin [illegible] terms to fit the delicate yet shifting hues of Tennyson. Our poets have enlarged the language of colour with images drawn from every source. We have discovered such images chiefly in the jewel world. The old Scottish poet Dunbar is one of the first to experiment in this now exploited field. "The fresh young," he says, "throw beames rede lirkying as rosy cankis." Spenser, still perhaps our most exquisite colourist in [illegible], has countless jewel similes; the grapes of that entwining vine, that overarch a porch of rare device, are

> Some deep empurpled as the hyacine,
> Some as the ruby, laughing sweetly red,
> Some like fair emeralds not yet well ripened.

The "Faerie Queen" also yields such [illegible] as the following, written of Britomart's blushing,

> her pure ivory
> Into a clear carnation addeth dyal.

But the wholesale and generally injudicious [illegible] daisies to pearls, grass to emerald, hyacinths to sapphires, the sky to mother o'pearl, belong to the present century. So excessive has been the use of jewel-names to describe [illegible] that nature often seems vulgarized, like an over-bedecked woman, and our more fastidious poets seek never similes. Even the mineral world has furnished epithets less gaudy and often more appropriate. Christina Rossetti writes:—

> Only scorpions perked in the sand
> Black as black iron, or dusty pale [illegible]

nor must Tennyson's magnificent line be omitted: "The [illegible] rusted on their cranes," "copper and [illegible]," etc., are occasionally met with; thus John Davidson:—

> At Easter when the thorns burst
> The breezing wood with Elves [illegible]

Thus Mathilde Blind:—

> Miles and miles of tangled fern
> Burnished by the sun
> To low a copper dun.

The love of the modernest for new colour names shows itself in the universality in ancient times of such a term as "couleur Isabelle,"—in modern times of such a term as "khaki-coloured." So strong is the movement towards enlarging the borders of colour that from each new poet we may confidently expect to find experiments in this direction. Sometimes the technical names of colours are used with effect startling or grotesque—"yellow-ochre boats" being grotesque, and carmine, in the following passage, striking. The [illegible] shares.

> [illegible] nise
> Deep notes of carmine pulsed in crises
> Upon the hissing turf.

There is here, of course, a danger of artificiality; but, in the hands of a master, boldness of experiment rarely shows turns to a success startling by reason of its freshness.

Among the explorers in search of colour-terms the Belgian poet Verhaeren holds a high place. Verhaeren's work is almost unknown in this country. Yet his is the spirit of adventure, the far-off glamour, so dear to this age, the secret of extended perspectives. He embraces, moreover, in extraordinary variety of subjects;—"Les Visages de la Vie" show us [illegible]

have the luminous radiance of a Turner; in "Les Flamandes" he has gone for inspiration to the old Dutch painters who illuminated brutality by their genius. In "Les Moines" a vein of modern scepticism and of mediæval mysticism are mingled—while with the pity for all the exquisiteness that is dead, there blends a keen realization of the gross materialism of the Middle Ages. Sympathies of so wide a range must necessarily decrease in intensity; and the poems have the modern note of vague suggestiveness, the modern passion for Nature. Verhaeren's modernity appears in nothing so much as in the colour-expression of his poems. Here he is to a large extent a pioneer. He has forced even chemistry to yield him language. He has given us such terms as "nitre-coloured," "phosphorus-coloured," "sulphur-coloured." He experiments, too, in similes drawn from the world of minerals and precious stones. His gold is not the definite and limited gold of mediæval ages, but the gold of thin sun-suffusion, which seems to interpenetrate his very words. We read of "Le mirage en or des soirs et des aurores." And here is a passage full of the modern mysticism that greets with rapture the unexplained at the core of the commonest object:—

Les beaux soirs dont les gloires voyagent
Et, s'accrochent, à la cime des bois,
Pour les nimber encore, comme autrefois,
De tout ce que le ciel mit d'or et de miracles,
En eux, comme en d'immenses tabernacles.

Verhaeren generally avoids the over brilliance of jewel colour. He loves to extract strange hues from the more uncommon precious stones. Jade, for instance, and ebony are little used as colour terms; here is a fine jade-effect:—

L'eau de ses lacs, où se mirent les nues,
Reste froide d'avoir baigné les chairs de jade,
Et les crins verts des luisantes Hamadryades.

Think of the delicate comparison involved in the juxtaposition of shadow and ebony!—"Des villes d'ombre et d'ébène." Verhaeren also indicates blackness, but less successfully, in the phrase "les cormorans d'encre,"—a metaphor quite inferior to Sir Philip Sidney's comparison of the suffusion of storm-darkness into the sky to ink poured into water. Verhaeren has many sky-metaphors. Here is an immovable one, "un horizon d'ivoire." In Verhaeren we find falling water likened to mother o'pearl, to tortoiseshell, to silver. Sometimes he gets a vivid effect by clothing an abstract idea with colour, as, for instance:—

Dites, la mer, nue et pure, comme une idée
Qui luit et envahit mon âme émeraudée,

and again,

La verte immensité des plaines et des plaines.

The mineral world affords this magnificent metaphor:—

Les grands soleils, cuivrés des suprêmes automnes
Tournent éclatamment dans un carnage d'or.

The absolute rightness of this term seems to lend a glamour of delight to all our future autumns.

The chemical terms have even greater magic, but they are almost too startling: the air of the laboratory is still about them. In time they may become familiar in speech as are such words as olive-green, apple-green, and sage-green. Here are two examples:—

En cette heure d'immobilité d'or. . . .
Au cassement de soufre et d'or
Des cieux d'ébène et de portor,
J'ai regardé s'ouvrir la nuit,

and again,

Dites, les estuaires de nitre et de phosphore. . . .

Thus gradually with the advance of science every minutest colour-shade will come to have its accurate name; and the rainbow, that was only composed of five glories, will have a million; and so in a world whose borders are ever enlarging poetry may find its ever-increasing opportunity.

ETHEL WHEELER.

TABLE TALK OF A GENEVAN NUN.

Her name was Jeanne de Jussie; at the time of the Reformation she was a sister in the Convent of Sainte Claire; in later years she became Lady Superior of a Convent at Annecy. In her honoured age she wrote out her recollections of the Reformation, not with any view of publishing them, but by way of providing something of an improving character to be read aloud in the Refectory at meal times. Half a century or so after her death the book was printed as a religious tract to show Protestants the error of their ways. Possibly it may, at the time, have awakened some of them to a sense of sin; but its interest for the modern reader is not controversial but historical. It abounds in anecdote, and shows us, better than any other book, what the Reformation at Geneva looked like.

The story begins, for practical purposes, with the arrival of Farel—the "nasty little preacher," who was very soon to preach the nuns out of the town. The simple method of this reformer was to walk into any church, climb up into any pulpit, and denounce the doctrines of the rightful occupant. When the municipal authorities began to remonstrate with him he curtly replied: "Magnificent Signors, you must confine yourselves to righteous commands if you wish the servants of God to obey you"; and the magnificent signors let the matter drop. Then things began to happen. Roman Catholic altars were carried off to be used as Protestant wash-hand stands; an uncompromising Lutheran fed his horse on consecrated wafers; a Lutheran husband hired six burly ruffians to kidnap his wife and drag her, screaming, to the Supper of the Lord; and the sisters of Sainte Claire, hearing these stories, formed processions, and marched round and round their cloisters singing penitential psalms.

These religious exercises, however, did not perceptibly delay the progress of the Reformation. The day came when Farel made the case of the nuns the subject of a special sermon of which the substance has been preserved by Sister Jeanne. They were his poor blind erring sisters, he said, but they deserved to be pelted with stones for undertaking to remain unwedded for ever—"a thing which God had not commanded because He knew it to be impossible"; and he further declared that they ought to be "turned out and compelled to marry in accordance with the commandment of God." The effect of the discourse was, Sister Jeanne tells us, that, as soon as the morning sacrifice of praise and prayer was over, a number of bachelors, included in the congregation, climbed up on to the Convent wall and sat there singing amorous songs for the edification of the inmates.

It was a picturesque beginning. The next step was for Protestant visitors to come knocking at the Convent door. One of them was an official who had something to say about the demolition of a wall. He washed his hands in the holy water, and, when he got outside, went about boasting that he had been privileged to kiss the nuns all round. "But this," says Sister Jeanne, "was a foul lie; for he did not even attempt to kiss any one of us." Another visitor was a lady who, though only allowed to converse with the sisters through the grating, sought with "piquant words" to prove to them that married life was more agreeable than spinsterhood. The Lady Superior very properly closed the grating in her face, but she "stopped there a long time talking to the wooden shutter without receiving any answer—which made her very angry." Finally the reformers themselves, Farel and Viret among them, came to call. They also were requested to say what they had to say through the grating, but obtained admission under threat of breaking down the door. The nuns were summoned to their presence; and while the senior reformers discoursed of matrimony in its religious aspects, the junior reformers proceeded to make love. This was more than the Lady Superior could stand;

She sprang from her seat and protested:—

"Mr. Syndic! Since your young people can't keep quiet, I shall not keep quiet either. I insist upon hearing what they are saying to the sisters."

And she placed herself between the sisters and the young men, saying,

"You're a pack of forward young men, but you won't make any progress here."

Whereat they were all very indignant, and exclaimed:—

"What the devil is the matter with the woman? Are you mad? Go back to your place, madam, and sit down."

"I won't," she said. "I won't sit down unless these young men leave the sisters alone."

The Lady Superior was turned out of the room, and the preacher resumed his discourse. We read that "when he spoke of the sins of the flesh the sisters began to scream"; while the Lady Superior, who was listening at the keyhole, battered at the door, exclaiming, "Don't you listen to him, my sisters; don't you listen to him."

The net result of this pastoral visit was one conversion. "The ill-advised Sister Blasine" announced her intention of leaving the cloister for the world, in order to seek a husband. Three hundred potential husbands were waiting for her outside the Convent gate, and no doubt she married one of them. The reformers added insult to injury by requiring the Convent to provide a dowry; and a few days later Sister Blasine returned, dressed in the height of the fashion, to demand damages for discipline inflicted upon her during her membership of the sisterhood. The Lady Superior pleaded justification. "Imprisonment," she said, "did her good; see how well she is looking. As for the whipping, you must know that this kind of correction is as necessary in the cloister as in other walks of life, and Sister Blasine has never been whipped unless she thoroughly deserved it." Sister Blasine replied that she had been whipped for working at her spinning wheel on Corpus Christi Day. "And very wicked it was of you to do such a thing," interrupted the Lady Superior. But the Syndics adjudged that the punishment was in excess of the crime, and that the claims of Sister Blasine must be satisfied; and execution was duly levied on the convent furniture.

It was the culminating outrage. The nuns decided to leave Geneva, and applied to the Syndic for an armed escort as far as the bridge over the Arve where Genevan territory ended. Their request was granted. It is in her description of the "dolorous departure," as she calls it, that Sister Jeanne is at her best. She shows us the nuns walking "two and two, holding each other's hands, their faces hidden, observing a strict silence." She tells us how the Lady Superior broke the silence in order to point out to the Syndic that a young man was disobeying his orders and whispering to a nun, and how the Syndic threatened to cut the young man's head off if he did not at once desist. She assures us that the Syndic himself was so moved at the spectacle that he "sobbed aloud," but presently pulled himself together, saying "Now it is all done and settled, and there's no use in arguing the matter further." Finally she draws a pathetic picture of the wanderers, who, since their taking of the veil, had never been outside the Convent walls, making their dolorous way as best they could across the fields:—

Truly it was a pitiful thing to see this holy company in such condition, so overcome by pain and toil that several of them broke down and fainted by the way—and that on a rainy day and in a muddy road, with no means of getting out of their trouble, for they were all on foot, except four invalids who were in a cart. There were six poor aged sisters who had been for sixteen years members of the order, and two who for sixty-six years had never been outside the Convent gate. The fresh air was too much for them. They fainted away; and when they saw the beasts of the field they were terrified, thinking that the cows were bears, and that the sheep were ravening wolves. Those who met them could not find words to express their compassion for them; and though the Lady Superior had given each sister a stout pair of boots to keep her feet dry, the greater number of them would not walk in boots, but carried them tied to their girdles, and in this way it took them from five o'clock in the morning until nearly nightfall to reach Saint Julian, though the distance is less than a league.

At Saint Julian the nuns were met by the governors and the priests; the latter bringing with them the apparatus of public worship. They fell on their knees to the [illegible] adoration of the cross. And there we will leave them; for their further fortunes and the remainder of Sister Jeanne's narrative have nothing to do with either Geneva or the Reformation.

FRANCIS GRIBBLE.

Reviews.

BETWEEN CHAUCER AND SPENSER.

"Saintsbury duce et auspice Saintsbury, Messrs. [illegible]wood's "Periods of European Literature," under the general editorship of the professor, are not likely to show any lack of learning. The fourth volume, on THE TRANSITION PERIOD (1.), by Mr. Gregory Smith, is a fine example of erudition. This period, which roughly speaking embraces the fifteenth century, or, as far as England is concerned, the period between Chaucer and Spenser, will not seem as unfruitful as it is generally supposed, if we are content to enjoy the treasures of prose which Mr. Smith includes in his survey. In poetry of the highest kind the times were sterile enough. Not all the efforts of Dunbar, Gavin Douglas, Hawes, Occleve or Lydgate can balance the perennial charm of Sir Thomas Malory's prose romance, "La Morte D'Arthur." The picturesque interest of the German Minne-song and Meistersang cannot be compared with the enduring appeal of the "Decameron Chaucer" or even the amusement still provoked by the knaveries of "Till Eulenspiegel." Of the French poetry of the time Villon's alone still maintains its vitality, while in prose we have the chronicles of Froissart and Joinville, the satires of Antoine de la Salle, and the immortal *Pathelin*, the first of the light comedies in which France excels all other nations. In Italy alone the greatest of the poets were the humble forerunners of Arcadia, the pulpit thunderest with the splendid memory of Savonarola, and the "Novelle" reflected the sparkle of the piazza.

Mr. Gregory Smith recognises the sterility of the Italian creative literature in his period, and endeavours to show its interest for the student who loves to watch the transition from the old to the new. The evolution of the drama from the medieval cycle, founded upon the [illegible] of the Church, to the Renaissance play; the decay of the medieval allegory to the poet's gradual disillusion from the conventional design of the Rose and the Court of Love; the curtailment of the epic romance in the fifteenth century ballad; the medieval humour [illegible] in the "Danse Macabre," giving way to the "comic elegy" spirit of the Renaissance; all these are here carefully [illegible]. The author enters bravely upon the Ultima Ground which the critics have made for themselves in the waste places of the century. Professor Skeat's latest theory that James I. of Scotland, the chivalrous author of the "Kingis Quair," had a hand in the translation of the "Roman de la Rose" is duly chronicled in a note. Another much controverted point, the origin and authorship of the ballad, gives rise to one of Mr. Gregory Smith's most luminous chapters. The oldest extant examples of ballad literature belong to the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. But the appearance of native simplicity and vigour which they possess has naturally led to the theory that the ballads as we know them are later versions of earlier forms, existing before the development of the literary romance. The critics who hold this view incline to the belief that these popular songs were of mixed authorship. In an article on "Ballads" Mr. Andrew Lang says:—"Like the Volks-lieder of other European countries, the popular poems of England were composed by the people for the people." Mr. Gregory Smith on the other hand, ranges himself with the writers who regard the ballad, not as a popular "genre," of mixed authorship, and of great antiquity, but as a literary product, based upon the romance. According to this theory, if the extant ballads are not the earliest, they may quite as well be the literary copies of previous literary versions as the echoes of folk-songs, springing from the heart of

the people before the days of "individual literary effort." The absence of proof makes it impossible to come to a definite decision between two such opposite theories, but meanwhile Mr. Smith's remarks on the familiar devices of the ballads add much colour to his theory that they are of artificial origin.

The reader will naturally turn with especial interest to the portion of the book which deals with the poetry of our own islands. In the period between the "Canterbury Tales" and the "Faery Queen" the Scottish poets far outshone their *confrères* south of the Tweed. While Lydgate and Occleve were for the most part mere echoes of Chaucer, the work of Dunbar and Henryson, the vivid realist of the "Dance of the Seven Deidly Sins," and the agreeable fabulist of the "Lion and the Mouse," was of a much more individual character. In the poetry of England proper Skelton, who is said to have been Henry VIII.'s poet laureate, was the first to strike a note of his own. Mr. Smith emphasises the more romantic side of this poet, who is too often regarded merely as a satirical author of disagreeable doggerel at the expense of Wolsey and others. Another poet, Sackville, not mentioned in the present book, has been regarded by some critics as a representative of the transition. Mr. Gregory Smith ends his survey of the period with Sir David Lyndesay, but it is quite possible—in company with Hallam—to regard Sackville's Induction as the last link between the medieval allegory proper and the "Faery Queen." This of course would carry us somewhat far into the sixteenth century. Sackville was actually a contemporary of Spenser's, but the Induction was written some thirty years before the "Faery Queen," and is essentially of a transitionary character. The sound of Skelton's name or even of Sackville's does not exactly communicate a thrill to the average British heart. It is not for individual genius that we must look in this period. But the poets who followed in the wake of Chaucer did some service to poetic form by their submission to so great a model. Once even, in a more original moment, Lydgate added to the forms of verse in the Envoi to the "Flour of Curtesye." Mr. Gregory Smith might have mentioned that these few lines provide the earliest model of the stanza used by Gray in the Elegy.

> Princesse of beautee, to you I represente
> This simple dyte, rude as in makinge
> Of herte and wil faithful in myn entente
> Lyk as, this day, the foules herde I singe.

In manner as well as in their manipulation of stanza and couplet the poets of the fifteenth century imitated Chaucer well enough at times for their work to be confused with his own for centuries to come. After all, the reverence paid to the "old maister dere" in the imitations of the poets of the transition is a touching tribute to his greatness. It is no wonder that his "Well of English undefiled" should have filled the rivers of poetry to the full for so long.

CHINA.

Two things should be made clear concerning Mr. A. R. Colquhoun's THE "OVERLAND" TO CHINA (Harpers, 16s.). In the first place, it is not a book produced because the Chinese crisis has become acute, but a book that happens to be ready at a time when instructive books on Chinese affairs are wanted. In the second place, it is not a book of travel, but a series of essays on the various political and commercial questions connected with China, written by a man who visited China for the purpose of collecting his facts. So many things have happened in the last few weeks, and so much has been cast into the melting pot, that a good deal of what Mr. Colquhoun has written is already, through no fault of his, out of date. His opinion that the Chinese "are not a difficult people to rule, but are, on the contrary, remarkably docile," was no doubt justified by the facts that he was able to observe; but he cannot claim the credit of having foreseen the troubles which have lately burst upon us like a bolt from the blue. The word "Boxer" is not, so far as we have seen, so much as mentioned in his pages, and he appears to regard the Chinese Empire in the light of a patient under chloroform waiting to be operated upon by the Powers. The enemy for him is always Russia. That China itself can be effectively hostile to any one does not seem to have occurred to him.

On the subject of the missionaries Mr. Colquhoun has a good deal that is interesting to say. He seems to regard the Roman Catholic missionaries as the most dangerous, since the French people deliberately use them as *agents provocateurs*; and the most dangerous of Roman Catholics are the Chinese converts. In connexion with this branch of the subject he gives us an incident which is well worth quoting:—

> A Roman Catholic priest (Chinese) was riding into a town when some of the country people cursed him. He at once got out of his sedan-chair, called for the leading men of the town, and told them that unless they paid him $100 he would denounce them to the magistrates. Ignorant of what the consequences of their getting into the hands of the mandarins might be, the people collected the ransom demanded and paid it to the priest. It is said that he invested the money in a house in the neighbourhood, and settled down in it to propagate the doctrine. It is not surprising that arbitrary proceedings like this should cause the Christians to be feared and hated, and we need not wonder at the occasional murder of a priest when such feelings are spread generally throughout the country.

This, no doubt, explains a good deal.

The chapters which are most interesting at the present juncture are those headed "Peking past and present," in which we have some pleasant pictures of the life of diplomatists at the capital of the Celestial Empire. Until quite recently, it seems, they were a happy family, with very little work to do and no international jealousies worth speaking of. The prominence of the British Plenipotentiary was unquestioned. "The stiff but friendly German, official Frenchman, genial American, smiling Japanese, and suave Russian followed with good grace the Yang Kuo Fu, leading the smaller fry, Italian, Belgian, Spaniard, and Dutchman, who were even more glad to benefit by the British ice-breaker, although, to be precise, ice-breaking was rarely needed." The change came after the war with Japan, when the rivalry for concessions commenced. This rivalry seems to have had its effect upon the social intercourse of the Ministers, and was the occasion of a very humorous incident at the Peking Club. The French Minister, we are told, considered that as the representative of his country he was entitled *ex officio* to a seat on the committee. When he was not elected, he resigned his membership in indignation. The result was somewhat astonishing:

> What were the incredulity and amazement of the members to hear some weeks afterwards, through the Chinese club-servants, that the French Plenipotentiary, who had meanwhile made a great show of haughty indifference, was in the habit of visiting the club clandestinely, in the early morning, to read the papers and magazines, and even to take them away! When officially taxed by the committee, M. Gérard's sole concern appeared to be lest the story should get into the newspapers. An amusing sketch did, however, appear in the *Rattle*, a Shanghai illustrated comic journal: "Club Library, Peking, 6 a.m., M. Gérard discovered in pyjamas, devouring *La Vie Parisienne!*"

Mr. Colquhoun's book is written in a very interesting style, and, though some of the expressions of opinion contained in it will probably need to be revised, there can be little doubt that it will find many readers.

SOME TOPOGRAPHICAL BOOKS.

Chelsea.

We should like to see each district of London treated on the plan adopted by Mr. Reginald Blunt in his ILLUSTRATED HISTORICAL HANDBOOK TO CHELSEA (Lamley). It would be difficult to take a better model. It follows somewhat on the lines of Darlington's London, and is scholarly, lucid, systematic,

and within its limits complete. It is profusely illustrated, and the illustrations are carefully chosen from many sources—consisting of photographs, engravings and old prints, pen-and-ink drawings, reproductions of paintings, plans, and excellent maps. Moreover, it is handy in form and printed in excellent type judiciously varied so as to guide the eye to what is distinctive in the subject matter or the arrangement. It is a book which for its care and its lucidity it is a pleasure to praise.

Hampstead.

Mrs. Caroline A. White, the author of SWEET HAMPSTEAD AND ITS ASSOCIATIONS (Elliot Stock, 15s. n.), tells us that her multitudinous literary engagements have prevented her from finishing her book until she has reached her eighty-ninth year. At any rate, she has finished a good book—a little haphazard, perhaps, in its arrangement, but packed with interesting gossip of the eighteenth century, and well illustrated with views both new and old. It is hard to realize that the Hampstead of those days was a health resort holding much the same position that Harrogate holds to-day, except that iron, and not sulphur, was the distinctive ingredient of the waters. So it was, however, and so high was the reputation of the waters that, for the benefit of those who could not repair to the wells, they were "carefully bottled up in flasks and sent to Mr. Phelps, apothecary, at the Eagle and Child, in Fleet-street, every morning, at the rate of 3d. per flask." A physician, too—the great Dr. Soames—"boomed" the waters, much as modern physicians boom those of Marienbad, or Kissingen, or Ischl, and formulated a scheme of treatment for his patients:—

> The best time to take the waters is from June to Michaelmas; the time of day an hour after sunrise (no wonder music began in the Long Room at 6 a.m.). He allows his patients balm, or sage tea, with a little orange peel in it, for breakfast; or chocolate, milk porridge, or mutton broth, with bread and butter. An hour after taking the water coffee may be used—the less the better; but as for the green or bohea *thea*, that "ought to be banished."

Music and other diversions flourished, as they should at health resorts, and the most distinguished company might be met there—Addison, and Garth, and Steele, and Arbuthnot, Sir Godfrey Kneller, Swift, and all the Kit-Kats. Gay went there, too, to recover his spirits after losing his fortune in the South Sea Bubble; and one of Swift's correspondents tells him that "Pope is off and on, here and there, everywhere, *à son ordinaire*, therefore, as well as we can hope from a carcase so crazy"; and Colley Cibber paraded there, carrying odes in his pocket and "reading them to those of his acquaintances who would listen"; and Mrs. Barbauld took a house there, in 1785, and was called upon by Dr. Beattie, and Mrs. Hannah More, and Samuel Rogers; and Lord Thurlow cut a noble figure "wearing his full suit of cloth of the old mode, great cuffs, many buttons, great wig, long ruffles"; and Leigh Hunt shocked the respectable by inviting Shelley to his cottage. The muster roll, in short, is as distinguished as need be wished; and Mrs. White is to be congratulated on having made us see all these many notables in their habit as they lived. Her book is really a notable contribution to local history and has no dull pages.

Surrey.

While we are waiting for the large and definite County Histories which have been promised, smaller County Histories continue to appear. The latest is Mr Henry Elliott Malden's HISTORY OF SURREY (Elliot Stock, 7s. 6d.). It is bright and readable. In addition to treating of graver matters, it tells us of such things as Surrey cricket, Epsom Races, and the rise and fall of Epsom as an inland watering place. It seems that the first blow dealt at the Epsom waters was given by an advertising quack:—

> A Dr. Levingstone started a rival well, nearer to Epsom Village, built an assembly room and a sort of bazaar of shops for fancy goods, opened a gambling saloon, and puffed his waters as the real curative Epsom waters. People deserted the old well for the new, having [illegible] them, and not caring for the fact that the new water [illegible] any other, or perhaps preferring it so.

The waters finally went out of fashion when [illegible] invented in 1753, and the assembly rooms and other fashionable surroundings of the well were destroyed in 1804.

School and College Histories.

CHRIST CHURCH is a college of many men, but all the men have one thing in common—viz., a surpassing admiration for "the House." It is, so to speak, a house divided, but not against itself. A member of another college might perhaps derive the smallest *soupçon* of the feeling of superiority [illegible] about the former home of the "tutts" in Mr. Thompson's very able contribution to the Oxford College Histories Series (Robinson, &c. each). But it is of the slightest, and an old member of the House, already a little proud of his college, naturally grows still more so as he makes research into its former history. The records of Christ Church—so intimately connected with the records of England—are, perhaps, more resplendent than those of any other college. Not only was the foundation royal, but the House has been the resting-place of no less than ten royal progresses, from Elizabeth's to the fourth George's, and the college of the Prince of Wales. All this is duly chronicled by Mr. Thompson, and the still more enduring interest of the buildings is well brought out, though their history is rather too much scattered about the book. Studied consecutively, it affords fine examples in the history of Architecture, in the church and monastic buildings of St. Frideswide, the Tudor buildings of Wolsey, the Gothic roof to the staircase leading up to the hall by Dean Samuel Fell—a wonderful example of good Gothic so late as Charles I., Wren's Tom Tower, rightly praised by Mr. Thompson in spite of its debased Gothic, and Aldrich's buildings in Peckwater. Mr. Thompson has already shown himself to be a skilful biographer in his life of Dean Liddell, and his happy way of characterizing the chief deans of Christ Church—the two Fells, Aldrich, Cyril Jackson, Gaisford, and Liddell—is a pleasant feature of his book.

Turning from Christ Church to Worcester College, one cannot help feeling a certain lack of proportion [illegible] of College Histories which gives as many pages to colleges so very different in importance. The authors, Mr. C. H. Durell and Mr. W. R. Barker are right in filling [illegible] with an account of all the institutions which have occupied the buildings, beginning with Gloucester College for Benedictine monks, originally from St. Peter's, Gloucester, going on to the establishment of Gloucester-hall after the dissolution of the monasteries; and ending with Worcester College, as it has been called since the beginning of the last century, on account of the benefactions of Sir Thomas Cookes, a Worcestershire baronet. Nevertheless, they have found it impossible to restore life to the histories of forgotten men, for there is not one really distinguished name in the whole list of the Priors of Gloucester College, the Principals of Gloucester Hall, and the Provosts of Worcester College. The space, too, which they gave to the attempt of Dr. Woodroffe to found a college for uniting the Greek with the Anglican Church towards the close of the seventeenth century does not add to the general interest of the book. Although there is little of historic interest about the [illegible], there is some about the buildings in which they lived. The different Benedictine monasteries, which sent their members to the original Gloucester College, built their own cloisters (*camerae*), several of which still remain. It is all the more unfortunate that the assignment of individual chambers to the monasteries is full of difficulty, that the authors do not agree with Rev. T. W. Jackson, Fellow of the College, and that after all their researches the only identification which is absolutely exact is that of Staircase No. 8, on the south side, with Pershore. About the monastic buildings generally the authors have taken a good deal of trouble. But we must point out that they attempt an impossible correction of the position assigned to the Chapel in Loggan's *Oxonia Illustrata*. They suggest

that what Loggan in his picture represents as the *refectorium* was really the Chapel. But the building in question could not have been the Chapel, because its direction is not eastward but northward, and it had a louvre in the roof to let out the smoke from the central fire-place in the hall.

A third contribution to this series of College Histories is by the Rev. Douglas Macleane, who writes of PEMBROKE COLLEGE, OXFORD. He has not such a good subject as some of the other contributors. Pembroke has not had very many distinguished *alumni*, but in recent times Professor Bartholomew Price brought distinction to it as Master and the late G. W. Steevens was a Fellow. One notes, however, that Mr. Macleane has brought out some new facts about Dr. Johnson. He has proved that the lexicographer did not pay his batells until more than ten years after he went down; and he has also established that there is no truth in the legend that he kicked Whitefield, the Methodist, round the quad. There is, moreover, a fine piece of pessimistic irony in the author's picture of the Oxford of to-day:—

> Oxford is no longer Matthew Arnold's serene city and adorable dreamer, but extremely wide awake, out of sympathy with "lost" or any other causes, with loyalties possible or impossible, and bustlingly anxious to be abreast of the times. What England thinks to-day Oxford will think to-morrow. The ideals, medieval or Liberal, which made the beginning of the Queen's reign so interesting, are flat and forgotten—in part, realized and stale, in part, exploded and dead. No illusions remain, nor any expectations. Everything is reformed. Everybody is perfect. And the great orb of the nineteenth century sinks comfortably below the horizon in a shapeless bank of grey cloud, shot here and there with angry streaks of red.

At a time when the histories of all schools and colleges are being written, the history of Sandhurst ought certainly to be written with the rest, and ANNALS OF SANDHURST, by Major A. F. Mockler-Ferryman (Heinemann, 10s. n.), fills a gap. The greater part of the book is taken up with records of Sandhurst cricket, football, and athletic sports, and with the official regulations telling young men how they can get into Sandhurst and how they will be expected to behave when they have got there. There are some good stories, however, of the Sandhurst rows that were so numerous in the good old days; and the following story seems worth quoting:—

> Almost the last occasion on which the manager of the theatre complained of the behaviour of the cadets was when Gilbert and Sullivan's *Iolanthe* was being performed, and the offenders were some dozen G.C.'s, all belonging to B Company. The Assistant-Commandant investigated the case prior to the prisoner being brought before the governor for severer forms of punishment, and, picking out the man most likely to have been the ringleader, he said, "Now, Mr.—— , I suppose you were at the bottom of it; what was it?"
>
> "Well, sir," was the reply, "it was all the sentry. He was a perfect disgrace. We put him through the manual exercise by numbers, and into the special squad, and that was all right; but when he said that his name was Williams, and that he belonged to B Company, why, we took him off the stage, we simply couldn't help it."
>
> No defence could have been of more avail; in the eyes of the Assistant-Commander the offence was almost pardonable, and even the ringleader got no more than three weeks' restriction.

Mr. A. F. Leach is the editor and in part the author of BRADFIELD COLLEGE (Froude, 10s. 6d. n.). It is a short history, as the college was only founded in 1850, and in parts it is rather a sordid story of financial squabbles, the masters on several occasions having had great trouble in getting their salaries paid. The school has not yet had many notable *alumni* though Colonel Kitchener was educated there. The most interesting chapters are those which relate the history of the Greek Play performances. In the first performance, which took place in 1880, the cast was very distinguished, Mr. F. R. Benson being the manager and the actors including Mr. G. B. C. Lawrence, Mr. W. L. Courtney, and the Headmaster himself.

We have received Vol. XII. of the topical section of the GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE LIBRARY (Elliot Stock, 7s. 6d.). It reprints matters of topographical interest dealing with the counties of Surrey and Sussex, informing us, for example, that "at Ashstead Charles II. visited Sir Robert Howard, the dramatic poet"; that "at Barnes, Tonson, the bookseller, and secretary to the Kit-Kat Club, had a house"; that "at Chertsey, on St. Anne's Hill, resided the celebrated Charles James Fox"; and that "Reigate suffered by the plague in 1665." The account of Brighton in 1736 is perhaps the most interesting to quote:—

> Brighthelmstone, in the county of Sussex, is distant from London 57 miles, is a small, ill-built town, situate on the sea coast, at present greatly resorted to in the summer time by persons labouring under various disorders for the benefit of bathing and drinking sea water, and by the gay and polite on account of the company which frequent it at that season. Until within a few years it was no better than a mere fishing town, inhabited by fishermen and sailors, but through the recommendation of Dr. Russel and by the means of his writings in favour of sea water it is become one of the principal places in the kingdom for the resort of the idle and dissipated as well as of the diseased and infirm.

To the average well-informed person Silvertown merely suggests gutta-percha. The neighbourhood, however, has a history going back to the time of the Romans, who reclaimed the marshes, and a tower in which Anne Boleyn once lived. These matters, together with other matters, are duly related in SILVERTOWN AND NEIGHBOURHOOD (Burleigh, 1s.), by Arthur Philip Crouch.

The volume on SCOTTISH MARKET CROSSES, by Mr. John W. Small, F.S.A., Scot. (Stirling, Aeneas Mackay), is a most interesting work of its kind, and will be warmly welcomed by antiquarians and others. Details are given of a large number of crosses, and there are over a hundred drawings of market crosses in position. Mr. Alexander Hutcheson, F.S.A., Scot., supplies an introduction, which is all too short.

NUMMITS AND T'RUMMITS, by Sarah Hewett (Burleigh), is a miscellaneous bundle of Devonshire songs, stories, and superstitions jotted down at random. It is not exactly a book for the folk-lorist, and the authorities quoted for some of the songs are a little odd. Thus for "Lord Lovel" we have "Sung by Mr. Ted Ward at a harvest supper, September, 1893," and for "Barbara Allen" "Sung by John Snow, of Tiverton, at a supper party, A.D. 1869." We wonder whether Mr. Ted Ward's date was B.C. or A.D.? We should like, by-the-by, to have found "Tom Pearce's Grey Mare" among these Devonshire idylls.

OTHER NEW BOOKS.

The Westminster Biographies.

Biography, as a department of literature, seems to be passing through a phase illustrated by the first volume of "the Westminster Biographies," Mr. Arthur Waugh's ROBERT BROWNING (Kegan Paul, 2s. n.)—which, it may be hoped, will result in a clearer perception of its proper aims and its necessary limitations. It is a subject which has great attractions for a large class of readers, and for years they have grumbled at but endured the unnecessary and voluminous chronicles of the lives of second-rate worthies. The "Dictionary of National Biography" may be said to some extent to have codified the laws of biography, and to have shown that, in the vast number of cases, an accurate, careful, and exhaustive record of facts may fulfil every requirement that the most exacting student could demand. And, what is more, it has proved that a compact and unvarnished story if

written with sense and intelligence is not less but sometimes more interesting than diffuse pages of trivialities or of extravagant eulogy. There are instances of course in which special interest, literary or historical, attaches to the publication of a man's private diaries and correspondence. But these are few and they have generally been overdone. Not the least evil of the disproportionate length claimed for the lives of those who really deserve not to be forgotten is that they are not read, and injustice is therefore done to their memory. The "Dictionary of National Biography" is available only for a limited class; books which are intended to kindle and sustain an interest in the lives of the great men of our own time often fail, either from their size, their expense, or the style in which they are compiled to achieve their purpose. Hence the brief inexpensive biography, in a handy form, the idea of which, we think, was first conceived in America. We are very glad that Messrs. Kegan Paul have adopted it, and are prepared to test its success with the English public. The one essential to success is that the author of such a biography should not only be a competent critic but an attractive writer, and Mr. Arthur Waugh here proves himself to be both. The combination is by no means common. How often have we to regret that our most admired critics have not learnt the one thing which their studies should have taught them—style! Mr. Waugh's English is not crabbed or laboured: it is not "smart," or irritatingly allusive; it is not self-conscious and superior. The good taste of the style and treatment is what has struck us most in reading this book. The intricacies revealed in the Browning Letters are glanced at with sympathy but with restraint. The real merits of Browning as a man are shown at their right value. Browning as a man and not as a writer is, of course, the main subject of the volume, and we need not discuss closely Mr. Waugh's estimate, which is certainly not indiscriminate in its eulogy, of Browning's poetry. We should have liked a rather fuller bibliography, and in particular the Browning Primer of Mrs. Clement Parsons (Miss F. M. Wilson), which has, we believe, established itself as a University Extension text-book, should not have been omitted.

THE GARDEN AT HUNTERCOMBE.

From "Seven Gardens and a Palace" (Lane).

In the Garden.

"A Garden! The word is in itself a picture, and what pictures it reveals! All through the days of childhood the garden is our fairy-ground of sweet enchantment and innocent wonder. From the first dawn of thought, when we learned our simple lessons of Eden and its loss, and seemed to see the thornless garden, watered with clear streams, beautiful with spreading trees, and the train of unnamed beasts and birds meekly passing before their spotless lord; and then beyond, far onward to that other garden beloved by the Man of Sorrows, Gethsemane, where we could never picture the blossoming of roses or murmurous hum of summer bees, but only the sombre garden walks, and One kneeling among the olives, and dark, heavy drops upon the grass. And [illegible] this, the garden of the Sepulchre—[illegible] haunted. These were our Gardens of the Soul. In later years the mists of those older, holier spots wear away to wreaths in the vivid brilliance of the Gardens of Fancy. . . . . They are all beautiful, these Gardens of Poesy. And through the midst of them flows the [illegible] of Memory, piled with fair lilied [illegible], fringed with [illegible] forests and whispering reeds. And not less beautiful than these ideal shades are the gardens which live unchanged and unchanging in many a painted picture within the heart. Real, and not less ideal, is the [illegible] of gardens we have seen: seen once, it may be, and never since forgotten.

> "Un souvenir heureux est parfois sur terre
> Plus vrai que le bonheur."

The quotation is from the "Proem" to SEVEN GARDENS AND A PALACE (Lane, 5s. n.), by "E.V.B.," a writer who does little to veil her identity with the mistress of Hunter[illegible] Manor. The Proem appeared first in Mr. A. F. Sc[illegible] "In Praise of Gardens." The other pages which Mrs. Boyle here gives us are reprinted from various periodicals, and are worth collecting for the pleasure of those who love the atmosphere of old gardens and old houses. The Seven Gardens lie in England and in Scotland, and include Drayton, the magnificent creation of Lord Grosvenor's, and Hunter[illegible], the old manor, with literary memories of Addison and of Miss Jane Porter, the [illegible] of "Thaddeus of Warsaw" and "The Scottish Chiefs." Warter Herald, and with many valuable suggestions which have not been neglected in the replanting of the gardens by the present owners. The Palace, to which the last chapter is devoted, is Hampton Court, where Mrs. Boyle's grandfather lived to the age of ninety two. As we read the really beautiful description of Maryculter, by the Scotch Dee, our critical conscience bids us remind Mrs. Boyle that the bird which darts up the river and gambols on its stones is not the "ring ouzel or dipper," for these are very different birds, both in form and habitat. But it is a pleasant volume, which we are glad to possess, and reminds us of the old romance of gardening, at a time when so much is written about its technical and practical side. The illustrations, though one or two are a little blurred and confused, are well conceived and harmonize with the spirit of the book.

THE BOOK OF GARDENING (Putnam, 10s. n.) is ambitious in its aims, and comprehensive in its treatment. It assumed Gardening for its province, and aims at providing gardeners with all the information they require. In its compilation, the editor has wisely adopted the principle of division of labour, entrusting each portion of the wide field it covers to a writer who has made a special study of that department. The results are quite

satisfactory on the whole, and special mention may be made of the chapters on Florists' Flowers, Trees and Shrubs, Orchids, and Aquatic Plants. But, as is almost inevitable, the book is incomplete in some directions, and redundant in others. For example, Chrysanthemums are enthusiastically taken in hand, and some hundreds of the florists' varieties are described, while the lovers of Lilies and Daffodils will search in vain for assistance in the cultivation of their favourite flowers. And though there are a few hints for the building of a Conservatory, scarcely any help is given to those wishing to build Peach-houses or Vineries. There are a great number of excellent illustrations, and in a future edition it will be well worth while to make the Index really representative of the body of the work.

Tchaikovsky.

In TCHAIKOVSKY: HIS LIFE AND WORKS (Grant Richards, 6s.), Mrs. Newmarch offers to the general public a collection of articles already known to the specifically musical public, through the medium of the musical papers, together with some other matter. The whole makes an extremely interesting book. Tchaikovsky was one of the pioneers of music in Russia, one of the first professional musicians in his country. The Russians used to content themselves in the towns with Italian and German music; and in the villages with the untutored performances of the peasantry. In this century arose a race of serious amateurs—soldiers, chemists, doctors, and *chinovniks*—who devoted their leisure to composition. And last of all came the Rubinsteins and Tchaikovskys, who held that Mistress Music, like Mistress Common Law in the proverbial philosophy of the Temple, "must lie alone." The outward events of a musician's life are unexciting—he struggles, hopes, gives lessons, goes on a continental tour, and dies peacefully. A Boswell would find a musician a sorry prey; his thoughts are his own, unspeakable except in his works. Rival composers do not quarrel wittily over supper tables; they do not argue their differences of opinion to a tangible *minimum*; they shake hands politely and part. Brahms, "aware that I did not belong to his camp, made no effort to become intimate." "Brahms confided to Tchaikovsky with quiet sincerity that he did not like his symphony at all. Tchaikovsky was encouraged to speak out with the same uncompromising sincerity his own convictions about the work of the great German master." As Tchaikovsky tells us elsewhere—in spite of all efforts, "I never could and never can admire Brahms' music." The candour of Tchaikovsky's criticisms of all the great and respected composers is refreshing in contrast to the timorous insincerity of our everyday critics, who are ready to admire the most pitiful efforts of famous musicians. Bach's choral works he pronounces "great classical bores"; Handel he found "intolerable"; Wagner he regarded as something between a quack and a Quixote; he would allow Schubert and Chopin no more than an "inventive faculty," unsupported by "imagination," and with all his reverence for Beethoven "he sometimes resented the general tendency to an indiscriminate Beethoven worship." The foreign tour, usually one of the dullest episodes in a great musician's life, is made gay by the vagaries of a certain Herr N., a mysterious amateur *impresario*, half man, half sprite, appearing suddenly from the void, and leading his victim to confusion.

> "I cannot," says Tchaikovsky, "form any just opinion upon this singular man, who remains altogether an enigma to me. I am equally puzzled as to his nationality—he called himself Russian, but spoke the language atrociously—his position in the world, and more especially as to the motive which guided his conduct towards me, now persecuting me with hostile proceedings, now rendering me the most valuable service. In any case, I must acknowledge that it was entirely due to his initiative that I owed my invitations to Leipzig, Prague, and Copenhagen. . . . The concert at Dresden never came off, in consequence of Herr N.'s strange and unpractical management. Nor was it my luck to make the Viennese acquainted with my music, because the day fixed for the concert in Vienna was identical with the date on which I had to be in Paris."

Combatant Politics.

AN INTRODUCTION TO ENGLISH POLITICS, by John M. Robertson (Grant Richards, 10s. 6d.), is pervaded by a spirit which is not so much critical as combative. The writer neatly defines politics as the strife of wills, sympathies, and interests for adjustment in the sphere of legislation and government. Travelling rapidly over the course of history he sketches the general results of this changeful process in Greece, Rome, Italy, Holland, Switzerland, and Portugal, by way of introduction to the story of English political struggles, which he intends to embody in a series of biographical studies dealing with eminent English statesmen. The book shows wide and diligent reading, and is, on the whole, interesting and suggestive. It is by no means free from faults, and those of more than one kind. Too often Mr. Robertson, obedient to the militant instinct which is in him, goes out of his way to criticize authorities with whom he does not agree, the result, of course, being that he mars the effect of his own argument. His attack on Oxford strikes us as singularly injudicious. He is horrified at learning that in a certain Oxford college young men have been advised to read Mr. Kidd's "Social Evolution" and Mr. Mallock's "Social Progress" as a preparation for writing essays on the question "What support does Socialism receive from the Doctrine of Evolution?" One of these books, he considers, is a mere plea for customary irrationalism in religion, the other for commercialist conservatism in politics, and both, he adds, are "paralogisms at that." Mr. Robertson ought to know that a book can no more be a paralogism than it can be a syllogism. "In no Continental or American University probably could two such books be so founded on." Probably not. For all that we do not anticipate a rush to Continental and American Universities, in preference to Balliol, as a result of this alarming disclosure. Such methods, Mr. Robertson gravely adds, "go some little way to explain the singular judgments on modern politics disclosed to us in some of the collected letters of the late Professor Jowett, so perspicacious a mind in the field of his special scholarship." Yet Balliol in Jowett's time sent forth into the world a fair number of men who have attained more or less eminence in political life. One source of the strength of Oxford is that it knows how to teach by indirect methods as well as by direct ones. We are not concerned to defend either the "perspicacity" of Jowett's political judgments and forecasts, contained in his private correspondence, or the wisdom of those who are responsible for giving them to the world. But we must say that we prefer our recollections of his lectures on Thucydides to the wretchedly inadequate pages in which Mr. Robertson purports to sum up and account for the "culture-progress" of ancient Greece.

Surgeon-General Sir Joseph Fayrer's RECOLLECTIONS OF MY LIFE (Blackwood, 21s.) is too long, and less interesting than one would have expected. The autobiographer has no sense of proportion, and has not learnt to eliminate the unessential. Moreover, many of the subjects which he treats at great length—the Prince of Wales' visit to India, for instance—have already been treated at sufficient length in other books. His diary of the defence of Lucknow, however, has the interest which belongs to all personal reminiscences of that memorable feat of arms, though it is written with as little emotion as though it were an official report on hospital management. We assume that Sir Joseph Fayrer's recollections of India are more accurate than his recollections of his tours in Switzerland. In an account of one of these he speaks of the Gorner Grat as "penetrating into the very heart of Monte Rosa," whereas a glance at a map would have shown him that it does nothing of the kind.

A SPORTSWOMAN IN INDIA, by Isabella Savory (Hutchinson, 16s.), is an account of the adventures of a lady who went in for pig-sticking, bear hunting, and tiger shooting with some success. There is a certain amount of mountaineering in the book, and there are also some very fine stories about snakes, elephants, and crocodiles, more particularly the story of a subaltern who for a wager jumped on a crocodile's back and made it take him for a ride, forcing it to go quickly by prodding it in the neck

with a carving fork. Still more interesting is the report which Mrs. Savory gives of the life of women in India. She shows us that the Mem Sahib of the nineteenth century is not a languid lady lying on a sofa, but an "energetic tennis, Badminton, calling and riding, sometimes sporting, creation." Among the views of life entertained by the natives of India the following is very characteristic :—

> Natives are exceedingly practical. A sahib accidentally shot a boy one day when he was out in the jungle. The next morning he received a deputation from the man's relatives, who handed him a written document in the form of a valuation of the deceased's life, soliciting payment for the same, to which was appended a receipt for the amount demanded. It ran in this form :—
>
> To Captain F.
> To one bloody murder committed. Five rupees.
> Contents received on the day of 18 .

Mrs. Savory makes a curious mistake in confusing Mr. Rudyard Kipling with his father, Mr. Lockwood Kipling, and crediting the novelist with the designing of the Lahore Law Courts—"great, airy, massive buildings."

Conversations with Prince Bismarck (Harper, 6s.) is a selection made by Mr. Sidney Whitman from Herr Heinrich von Poschinger's vast collection of Press cuttings relating to the great German Chancellor. In virtue of his position as Privy Councillor in the *Reichsamt des Innern*, with free access to Prussian official records, Herr von Poschinger was presumably better qualified than most people to distinguish "fake" from authentic record. He gives, as it were, the seal of authoritative sanction to such statements as that "good mutton and brisket of beef were amongst the favourite dishes of the Prince's table," that he was "very fond of hard boiled eggs," and was once "able to eat eleven at one time," and that Count Moltke was "not only a great general but also a talented inventor of new drinks." A great portion of the book is taken up with the Chancellor's sayings and doings during the Franco-German War, though there is nothing to quote, as there is nothing that was not already pretty well known. Nor are many of the anecdotes new—though it will be a convenience to those who crave for crumbs of Bismarckian table talk to find so many of them collected between the covers of a single volume.

The Dual Land (Elliot Stock, 10s. 6d.) is a collection of poems bearing on death and the future state, compiled for "the consolation of the mourner." The verses are drawn from an immense variety of sources. Its success will depend, of course, rather on the mood and temperament of the reader than on his literary taste, so that one need not perhaps regard so well-meaning and industrious a work in too critical a spirit. But surely that gem of religious aspiration, Tennyson's "Eve of St. Agnes," might have found a place.

The Reclamation of Land from Tidal Waters, by Alexander Beazeley (Crosby Lockwood, 10s. 6d. n.), is a handbook for engineers, landed proprietors, and others interested in such works. To a certain extent it is founded on the work of the late Mr. John Wiggins, now out of print, but it is thoroughly well brought into line with present knowledge and practice, there are plenty of diagrams, and there is a chapter on the legal aspects of reclamation.

The address delivered by Mr. Charles Dudley Warner as President of the American Social Science Association last May has been published under the title The Education of the Negro, and forms a remarkable indictment of the accepted system of imposing the "higher education" on the negro. Mr. Warner, a highly competent observer, is of opinion that the system has given the negro a veneer of intellectual training for which he is not prepared, instead of teaching him the thrift and industry and steadiness of character of which he is really in need.

FICTION.

For the War.

The profits on the sale of The Ladysmith Treasury (Sands, 6s.), edited by J. Evelyn Nash, will be devoted to relieving sufferers in the town. The book is a collection of short stories by various authors, arranged alphabetically, from "F. Anstey" to "Zack," and including Messrs. Edgar Fawcett, Francis Gribble, Frankfort Moore, W. E. Norris, Morley Roberts, and Percy White. It has not often happened that so many different styles of workmanship have been brought together between the covers of a single book, and the volume will probably be sought after by collectors in the time to come. In the meanwhile any one who wishes to contribute his mite to a good cause may buy a copy with confidence that he will get good value for his money. All the contributors have supplied their best work, and we will not draw invidious distinctions, or suggest that any one of them has done better than any other.

African Nights.

Morocco and the West Coast alternately supply the local colour for Mr. A. J. Dawson's African Nights' Entertainments (Heinemann, 6s.)—a collection of short stories of more than average merit. They are evidently the work of a man who knows his subject, and they are written always with literary skill, and sometimes with true dramatic power. The adventure seems real in them. We make the acquaintance of strange types and are persuaded that they exist. Yet *habent sua fata libelli*, and we shall watch the fate of this book with interest, to see whether or not it will support its publisher's [illegible] view, proclaimed in our columns, that the success of a work of fiction in no way depends upon the fashion. It deserves more success than most books, and it may get it despite the fact that the fashion is against short stories, and that North African local colour has not yet "caught on."

A "Feuilleton."

Should She Have Spoken? by Esther Miller (Ward, Lock, 3s. 6d.), is a story which we fancy has already served to whet the appetites of the readers of a morning paper. Doubtless they would go on buying that paper until they found out who had really murdered Julian Cromwell's supposed first wife at the Rhone Glacier Hotel. Even if they divined who it was, as it is not difficult to do, there still remained the question why he murdered her, and the unravelling of the [illegible] with a skill of which nothing is wasted in the delineation of character. We are not quite clear who ought to [illegible] to have spoken. If Bertha, whom Julian had married just before the murder, had not spoken as she did at his trial, Miss Esther Miller would have had no story to tell; and on the supposition that the question in the title refers to Bertha, we think well enough of the story to affirm that she certainly should have spoken.

A Religious Novel.

It is no new thing to write a novel dealing with religion, but to carry out the intention with so complete and manful an air as does Mr. John Strange in The Quest of Mr. East (Constable, 6s.) is at least unusual. The problem which absorbed the interest of Mr. Edward St. John, the earnest hero, "was the religious history of our Western world, the solution of which might lead to the practical endeavour towards the restoration of the spiritual unity of that world." With such a problem before him St. John attempts the quest of Mr. East who may aid his spiritual adventures. Mary oneself is concerned. It is "about it, and about it all the time." But the author of "The Quest of Mr. East" writes well, and is only just a little too insistent on the "teaching" he wishes to convey.

A Story of an Estancia (Fisher Unwin, 3s. 6d.), by George Crampton, is a Montagu and Capulet story, with much talk about sheep and cattle farming, the scene being laid in the Argentine Republic. Mr. Crampton evidently knows a little more about sheep-farming than about the construction of a novel. The book is indifferently written, and it is hardly worth speaking about the plot or the characters; but the sheep-farming part is instructive.

Correspondence.

THE ALLEGED DECAY OF FABLE WRITING.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Mr. Story will not think me unappreciative of his graceful article in your issue of July 7 if I disagree with him where he says "the fable . . . seems nowadays to be quite despised."

This kind of moral Euclid does not readily pan out—to use a vulgar phrase—to book-form, and I have in my mind's eye a book of modern fables, by a living writer, the figure of which is so slim that it might easily escape notice if sandwiched between good editions of Æsop and La Fontaine.

The author to whom I refer shall not be named in this place lest I stand accused of log-rolling, but I will cite two examples of his work:—

Oblivion.

"We write beautiful things that men may forget them," quoth a poet.

"Yet who keeps count of all the roses?" quoth another.

And again:—

Defect.

A wise man looked at the world and laughed.

And an altruist offered him reproof, saying "There is occasion for tears, one would think!"

"Tears of blood are not to be compassed by all of us," answered the wise man.

It will be obvious that I like my key to be D major, as Beethoven would have said, and to some a lighter manner were preferable. Suffice it to say that my fabulist has an intellectual jocosity of style quite his own, but I surrender to the pleasure of quoting my pet pieces.

Faithfully yours,

W. H. CHESSON.

GRAMMAR v. IDIOM.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—To my mind the phrase on which I challenged Mr. Rouse simply means "it is not good to have too many Cæsars." The distinction between this sentence and "too many Cæsars are not good" is a distinction without a difference. If Mr. Rouse's general contention be sound, I cannot understand how an author of such high repute as Sir Thomas More could have written "gold and silver are no part of ourselves." But if I can support myself by a quotation from More, I can also support Mr. Rouse—"Yet thereof is no words made at all"; for these old authors lack one quality needful to make them good witnesses on his behalf—the quality, namely, of consistency. They do not prefer ungrammatical to grammatical forms, but use both indiscriminately. I heartily agree with Mr. Rouse in regretting that many of the words they employed have dropped out of use; but I cannot admit that a true feeling for the meaning of words displays itself in their ungrammatical arrangement. In condemning modern prose, Mr. Rouse generalizes on a single particular quoted from a newspaper. I could have given him a dozen such slip-shod newspaper phrases; with which, however, I think he would have failed to prove that authors like Arnold, Ruskin, Mill, and many more I could mention were unable to write their own language with clearness and vigour. In the matter of poetry, his allusion to Herrick's "Cheat of Cupid" strikes me as peculiarly unhappy. If Mr. Rouse's critic called attention to the bad rhyme while doing justice to the general excellence of the poet his position would be perfectly reasonable; but to deny the poet's merit because of the false rhyme would be as unreasonable as to assert that it was due to the false rhyme. In fact, the critic would, in this case, be in much the same position as Mr. Rouse himself. Mr. Rouse says that modern verse is "polished up to the extreme," that "false sentiment or triviality may pass, but an inexact rhyme never." The "Lamentations" in which "memory" is made to rhyme with "infancy" passes very well; so does "In Memoriam" in spite of "curse" and "horse"; while, for rugged metre, I will pit Browning against any old poet. I think, on the other hand, there would be some difficulty in finding, within the whole range of English poetry, more polished verse than is to be found in, let us say, Ben Jonson's "Hymn to Diana," or the song which is sung to the poisoned Emperor in Beaumont and Fletcher's "Valentinian." Polish and ruggedness, good rhymes and bad, false sentiment and true, are incident to every age: and in dividing our own age from a former one, Mr. Rouse, treating of poetry, has used, for his differentia, properties which are common to both. Again, when he reasons from the proposition that I am ready to sacrifice vigour of thought and expression to mere correctness, I can only say, in reply, that if he will grant to me this same privilege of assuming false premisses from which to deduce conclusions suitable for my own argument I will undertake to prove anything.

I yield to no one in my admiration for our old English classics. At the same time, I still fail to see that great writers (whether old or modern) are great because of their faults rather than in spite of them, even as I fail to see that the force of Mr. Rouse's reasoning is enhanced by the fact of its being logically unsound.

Yours faithfully,

WILLIAM CAIRNS.

East Putney, S.W., July 9th, 1900.

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

It scarcely looks as if the experiment of sixpenny books was unsuccessful. Seeing how long a time it took to bring the publishers down from 31s. 6d. to 6s., the unlooked-for descent to 6d. seemed too precipitate to be likely to be permanent. Yet the sixpenny edition increases and multiplies. Last week we had a sixpenny "School for Saints" (Unwin); this week we have a sixpenny "Aylwin" (Hurst and Blackett), and next week we are to have a sixpenny "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" (Harpers), while Mr. Heinemann is giving us Stephen Crane's "Red Badge of Courage." We now have in this form not only the uncopyright classic, not only the new and untried book, which might try cheapness as a means to success, but books both copyright and successful, of which the above afford excellent examples. Perhaps the most interesting thing is the rapidity with which the successful novel published at six shillings is being followed by the sixpenny reprint. Mr. Egerton Castle's "Young April" was only published last year, yet Messrs. Macmillan are about to include it in their sixpenny series. "Aylwin," in its new form, will contain a portrait of the author and some introductory remarks upon Sindi Lovell and other characters of the story. It will be interesting to see how the sixpenny public takes to Mr. Hardy; the publishers have limited the edition to 50,000 copies. It was Mr. Hardy's "Far From the Madding Crowd," it may be remembered, with which Messrs. Harper started their half-crown series last autumn. Experienced observers in the trade have argued that the modern "boom" is apt to lose in length what it has gained in breadth, and that a book which is a great success one season is dead beyond resurrection the next. Can this be the explanation of these disproportionately cheap editions of copyright books so recently in large demand? At all events, it was a happy thought to prepare the way for "Robert Orange" with so cheap a reprint of "The School for Saints," since some readers probably of the earlier book have memories that need refreshing. Messrs. White and Co. have joined the sixpenny publishers this season with a copyright series, which so far has gone well. Three of the books in the series are already out of print—"The Induna's Wife," by Bertram Mitford; "A Valuable Life," by Adeline Sergeant; and "The Bushranger's Sweetheart," by Hume Nisbet.

The list of twenty-five volumes which Messrs. Macmillan pledged themselves to bring out in their new Library of English

Classics is nearing completion, but we understand that the publishers have not yet decided whether they will extend the series or not. The volumes are so handsome and inexpensive, and the texts so complete and accurate, that it would be a pity to let the series drop. This month's volumes are "Mandeville's Travels" and White's "Selborne," the remaining works to be included in the library being Walton's "Lives" and "Complete Angler" in one volume; the De Quincey volume, and Lockhart's "Life of Scott," in five volumes. The text of Mandeville's is that of the Cotton manuscript, now for the first time printed in its entirety. The "illustrative narratives from Hakluyt," which are printed as a supplement, are those of Carpini, Rubruk, and Odoric. The new edition of "Selborne" is reprinted—it is believed for the first time—from the text of the first edition without diminution or "additional notes."

We are promised an English version of the Memoirs of Madame Louise Michel, the well-known French socialist, who, it is said, was converted from a crusade in England by the sight of our English workhouses and the homely efforts of the English poor law. This, it is true, did not satisfy the socialism of Dickens a generation back. But the novelist has to draw a different picture now of workhouse life, and Mr. Pett Ridge does it in the "Son of the State" which we reviewed on August 26, 1899, when it appeared in Messrs. Methuen's Sixpenny Novelist Series, and which is now, we notice, published by the same house at 3s. 6d. Stepniak, Prince Kropotkin, and Madame Louise Michel will help the historian of the future to write a difficult chapter of modern history, that of underground Europe, which has rarely emerged into public view, as it did at the time of the career of the Paris Commune. About that emergence Madame Louise Michel has much to tell at first hand.

Speaking at the Carlyle celebration in December, 1895, Mr. John Morley ventured to doubt whether any one now living had read the whole of "Frederick the Great." Some of his hearers, indeed, appeared astounded at this expression of scepticism, but the mass of the public who care anything about literature long ago came to the conclusion that the work is far too big. As originally issued it was contained in six large volumes (the first two of which appeared almost exactly forty-two years ago), and in cheaper form it has run into ten. Now it is being compressed into three, each costing half-a-crown, and it will be interesting to note whether the public will take more enthusiastically to it as a whole when it looks smaller and costs less. "Frederick" cost the author a multitude of troubles; and Mrs. Carlyle, in one of her moods of dejection, termed it "that tremendous book [which] made prolonged and entire devastation of any satisfactory semblance of home life or home happiness." But it was remarkably successful, pecuniarily and otherwise, and probably no greater compliment could have been paid to its accuracy than the fact that German military students were set to study Frederick's battles in the pages of Carlyle's work.

In the preface to his edition of the "Letters of Samuel Johnson" Dr. Birkbeck Hill spoke of the hope he entertained that he should live to complete the main work of his life as a scholar by a new edition of the "Lives of the Poets." He was turned away from his purpose for the time by a letter from Mr. Leslie Stephen asking him to edit all those writings which have been included under the general title of "Johnsoniana." The task proposed, Dr. Hill has told us, seemed pleasant in itself, and even if it had been irksome he would have hesitated much before he declined a request coming from a man to whom every student of our country was so deeply indebted. The accomplishment of the work Mr. Leslie Stephen suggested was delayed by ill-health, but accomplished it was, and Dr. Hill gave us his two volumes of "Johnsonian Miscellanies" three years ago. And now it is satisfactory to know that life and health have been granted to him to return to his original purpose, and that his edition of the "Lives of the Poets" which is to crown his life-work is well in progress.

Mr. George Moore's forthcoming "Sister Teresa" is not strictly a sequel to "Evelyn Innes," but chiefly the second half of that opus magnum as originally conceived. The book was cut thus into two halves by the publisher, who took fright at the five-hundredth page, and judged that that was enough all Mr. Moore at one mouthful. Perhaps the publisher was right. Even when George Sand was the mode, her readers found it difficult to follow Consuelo into her transformation as the Countess de Rudolstadt, and it is no disrespect to Mr. Moore's painstaking talent to say that his Consuelo is not extraordinarily more interesting than George Sand's. Evelyn Innes becomes not a Countess, nor even her unspeakable Herbert's "Lady," but Sister Teresa; and the second half of her career contains a study of convent life. Mr. Moore is no longer, it must be remembered, a realist, with the realist's methods of becoming curious about "human documents." He has been converted by his Celtic friends, and is now, as we have been told, a mystic, though not "a mystic," it will be understood in the etymological sense of that word, who shuts his mouth. But the veridical attitude of his convent picture is guaranteed by high testimony. When Mr. Moore has finished "Saint Teresa" he means to rewrite "Evelyn Innes." A pious wish may, perhaps, be expressed that the Baronet may be remodelled into some semblance of an English gentleman. The whole work may be ready by next spring, and will contain three hundred thousand words.

Mr. Heinemann is issuing a volume on the Afrikander Bond and its responsibility for the War. The author, Mr. F. W. Reitz, has lived in South Africa for many years. He tells us "The South African Conspiracy, or The Aims of Afrikanderdom."

"Climbing and Exploration in the Bolivian Andes" is the title and subject of Sir W. M. Conway's book for publication this autumn.

The book trade, notwithstanding the depression of the last six or eight months, is more active than it generally is at this season. War books continue to come and go; the Chinese crisis has put a little life into the trade; while the publication of what might be termed normal literature has by no means stopped. Within the next week or so Messrs. Methuen, who have virtually entered upon their new season, will have several volumes ready. One is Mr. Baring Gould's "Devonshire: A Descriptive and Historical Sketch," uniform with his books on Devon and Cornwall, both of which have been popular. Another is a new volume of stories by Mr. Henry James, bearing the enigmatic title of "The Soft Side." About the same time Methuen's series of Little Guides, which so far comprises Oxford, Cambridge, and Shakespeare's country, will receive an addition in a volume on Westminster Abbey by Miss Tomkinson, daughter of the late Canon Tomkinson.

Under the title of "The Early History of [illegible]," an interesting pamphlet of about twenty pages has been printed for private circulation. As a supplement to Mrs. Oliphant's volumes on the House of Blackwood it gives a rough sketch of the history of the ancestors of the publishers. The first known of the family goes back to a certain "Robert Blackwood, a native of Scotland," who had been a prisoner of war in England, and was discharged by the Lord Mayor of London in 1781.

"A Review of Irish History in Relation to the Social Development of Ireland," by John P. Gavan, will shortly be published by Mr. Fisher Unwin. The author's object is to explain historically some Irish difficulties. Irish outrages he considers are usually given "without regard to historical perspective, not to speak of historical charity." His contention is that, given the circumstances, the actual development of Irish society has been much what one might have expected.

Another book which Mr. Unwin will shortly issue is entitled "My Afterdream," by "Julian West," and is described as a sequel to the late Mr. Edward Bellamy's "Looking Backward." "That the facts I communicated to Mr. Bellamy," writes the ingenious "Julian West" in his preface, "did not embrace the whole story must often have occurred to a large proportion of readers. . . . I was not content to take the world into my further confidence, and, since the hand of death has unhappily stricken down the Chronicler to whom I am indebted for celebrity, to continue this narrative myself."

Messrs. Macmillan, besides acquiring from Mr. Nimmo the rights in his illustrated Border edition of the Waverley Novels, have taken over from the same publishers the Lives of Michael Angelo Buonarotti and Benvenuto Cellini, both by the late John Addington Symonds.

Another book referring to the forthcoming Presidential Election in America is being published by Messrs. Harper and Brothers. It is called "Our Presidents and How We Make Them," and is by Colonel A. K. McClure. It contains an illustrated history of the quadrennial struggle for the American throne from the day of George Washington, in 1789, down to the McKinley-Bryan contest in 1896.

The Putnams announce that the first two volumes of their new Top Round Series will appear in the autumn, a series which is to include sketches of the careers of "prominent men and women who have achieved more than ordinary fame in the various walks of life." "Twelve Great Actors" and "Twelve Great Actresses," by Mr. Edward Robins, author of "Echoes of the Playhouse," will be the first two volumes.

There is to be published in the United States this autumn a further series of "Famous Homes of Great Britain"—"Raby," by the Duchess of Cleveland; "Gloddaeth," by Miss Constance Sutcliffe; "Glamis," by Lady Glamis; "Knole," by Lord Sackville; "Blickling," by Rev. A. H. Malan; "Rufford Abbey," by Lord Savile; "Compton Wynyates," by Miss Alice Dryden; and several others. A limited edition of the first series, which was published in the United States last year, will be brought out in London by Messrs. Putnam in the early autumn.

A volume by Mr. W. L. Manson treating of the bagpipe in its relations to Scottish and Highland life is at present in the press, and will be published by Mr. Alexander Gardner, of Paisley. Like a true Scot, Mr. Manson declines to accept the theory that the bagpipe was imported into Scotland from abroad. He holds that the instrument was evolved, from a rude state to its present condition, within the Highlands. The volume will contain traditions as to various pipe tunes, and is to be of a "popular" character.

The firm of Bruckmann in Munich has published a very useful little work on the different methods of art reproduction; the house holds one of the first positions in the whole world for the excellence of its illustrated work. The title of the publication is "Eine moderne Werkstätte für Buchgewerbe und graphische Reproduktion."

Prebendary Harry Jones is about to issue a volume of addresses on current topics entitled "The Tides of To-day." Mr. Elliot Stock will be the publisher.

FICTION.—A good list of new novels for the autumn has been prepared by Messrs. Macmillan. It includes "Richard Yea and Nay," by Maurice Hewlett; "In the Palace of the King," by F. Marion Crawford; "Modern Broods," by Charlotte M. Yonge; "In Bad Company," by Rolf Boldrewood; "Foes in Law," by Rhoda Broughton; "Rue with a Difference," by Rosa N. Carey; and new volumes by Winston Churchill and Egerton Castle.

Mr. William Dudley Foulke, the author of "Slav or Saxon," has abandoned economic questions for historical romance in a new book which the Putnams have in hand. It is a story of the mysterious ruins of Yucatan in Central America, the heroine, Princess Maya, being the last of the kingly line which built the now crumbling palaces. Another announcement in Messrs. Putnam's new list is to the effect that "Love Letters of a Musician," by Myrtle Reed (now in a third edition) is to be followed by a volume of "Later Love Letters," with musical quotations to suit the sentiment of the correspondence.

Mr. Paul Leicester Ford will be represented in the autumn by a new story entitled "Wanted, A Watchmaker."

Tolstoi is said to be engaged on a new book entitled "A New Kind of Slavery," dealing with the wretched lives of the railway employés.

A new sixpenny illustrated weekly, entirely devoted to the great business of Modern Travel and Touring for Health and Pleasure, is announced by George Newnes, Limited. It is to be called *The Traveller* with the sub-title "For Whom the World is a Playground."

Yet another Clerical Directory is to come into existence in the winter—viz., "The Church Directory and Almanack," to be published from 21, Berners-street, Oxford-street, W. Besides the customary lists it will contain a variety of information (including a series of homiletical hints), and will be published at 2s. net.

Books to look out for at once.

POLITICAL HISTORY—
"A History of Political Parties in the United States." By James H. Hopkins. Putnams. 10s. 6d.
"World Politics at the End of the Nineteenth Century." By Professor Paul S. Reinsch. Macmillan. 5s.

ART—
"The Representative Significance of Form." By Professor George L. Raymond. Putnams. 9s.

FICTION—
"The Descent of the Duchess." By Morley Roberts. Sands. 2s. 6d.
"The Shield of His Honor." By Richard Henry Savage. White. 6s.
"For Britain's Soldiers" (in aid of the War Funds). Methuen. 6s.
"The Soft Side." By Henry James. Methuen. 6s.
"The Crimson Cryptogram." By Fergus Hume, John Long. 3s. 6d.

REPRINTS—
"Young April." By Egerton Castle. Macmillan. 6d.
"Tess of the D'Urbervilles." By Thomas Hardy. Harper. 6d.
"Aylwin." By Theodore Watts-Dunton. Hurst and Blackett. 6d.
"Red Badge of Courage." By Stephen Crane. Heinemann. 6d.

MISCELLANEOUS—
"The Tides of To-day." By Prebendary Harry Jones. Elliot Stock.
"Westminster Abbey." By Miss Troutbeck. Methuen. 3s. and 3s. 6d. n.
"Dartmoor: A Descriptive and Historical Sketch." By the Rev. S. Baring Gould. Methuen. 6s.
"Stable Management and Exercise." By Captain M. Horace Hayes. Hurst and Blackett. 12s. net.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

BIOGRAPHY.

The Last of the Climbing Boys. An Autobiography. By *George Elson*. With a Preface by the [illegible] of Hereford. 8×5¼in., 288 pp. J. Long. 6s.

People You Know. Being Intimate Portraits of some of the Men and Women of To-day. Ed. by *Percy A. Hurd*. 7½×5in., 317 pp. Bristol. Arrowsmith.

DRAMA.

Nebo, the Merchant of Susa. A Drama. By *A. J. Ferrant*. 7×4½in., 97 pp. Greening. 2s. 6d. n.

Les Théâtres de la Foire. [illegible] 17[illegible]. Par *Maurice Albert*. 7½×5in., 368 pp. Hachette.

EDUCATIONAL.

Etudes sur l'Antiquité Grecque. Par *Henri Weil*. 7½×[illegible]in., 37 pp. Hachette.

Ovid: Metamorphoses. Selections. Black[illegible] Classical Texts). By *J. H. Lees*. 7×4½in., 110 pp. 1s. 6d.

FICTION.

Robert Orange. By *John Oliver Hobbes*. 8×5in., 419 pp. Unwin. 6s.

The Father Confessor. By *Dora Sigerson Shorter*. 8×5in., [illegible] pp. Ward, Lock. 3s. 6d.

The Strong Arm. By *Robert Barr*. [illegible] pp. Methuen. 6s.

The Married Miss Binks. By *John Strange Winter*. 8×5in., [illegible] pp. White. 3s. 6d.

Miss'ess Joy. By *John Le Breton*. [illegible] pp. Methuen.

Weighed in the Balance. By *Charles Reade*. [illegible] pp. [illegible]. Merlin, Caxton.

On Alien Shores. By *Leslie Keith*. 8×5in., 340 pp. Hurst & Blackett. 6s.

The Gates of Temptation. By *Mrs. A. S. Bradshaw*. 7½×5in., 263 pp. Greening. 1s.

An Uncanny Girl. By *Marie M. Sadler*. 7½×5in., 295 pp. Greening. 2s. 6d.

The Autobiography of a Charwoman. By *Annie Wakeman*. 8×5in., 303 pp. Macqueen.

The Monk and the Dancer. By *A. S. Smith*. 8×5in., 240 pp. Downey. 3s. 6d.

Les Amies de Nos Amis. By *Richard O'Monroy*. 7½×[illegible]in., 328 pp. Paris, 1900. Calmann Levy. Fr.3.50.

HISTORY.

A History of Greece. By *Prof. J. B. Bury*. 7½×5in., 883 pp. Macmillan. 9s. 6d.

Ancient Britain In the Light of Modern Archæological Discoveries. By *Alex Del Mar*. 9×6in., 190 pp. New York. Cambridge Encyclopædia Co.

LITERARY.

Pascal. (Les Grands Ecrivains Français). By *Emile Boutroux*. 7½×4½in., 205 pp. Paris, 1900. Hachette. Fr.2.50.

MILITARY.

Volunteer Soldiers. By *Capt. M. H. Hale*. 2nd Ed. 7×5in., 138 pp. Kegan Paul.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Seven Gardens and a Palace. By *L. F. L.* 8×5in., 232 pp. Lane. 5s. n.

The English Dialect Dictionary. Ed. by *Dr. Joseph Wright*. Vol. II. D.-G. 12×9½in., 772 pp. Frowde.

Index to Periodicals of 1899. 10×8in., 245 pp. "Review of Reviews" Office. 10s.

Notes on a Century of Typography at the University Press. 13×10in., 172 pp. Oxford. The University Press.

How to Regain Health and Live 100 Years. By One Who Did It. Translated from the Italian of Lewis Cornaro. 6×5in., 44 pp. Burleigh. 1s.

The Human Frame and the Laws of Health. (Temple Primers.) By *Drs. Rehmann and Seiler*. Translated from the German by F. W. Keeble. 6×4in., 140 pp. Dent.

PHILOSOPHY.

Problèmes de Philosophie Positive. By *Guillaume de Greef*. 7½×4½in., 169 pp. Schleicher.

POETRY.

Translations and other Verses. By *C. K. Pooler*. 7×4½in., 140 pp. Longmans. 3s. n.

De l'Aube au Soir. By *Georges Benoist*. 7½×4½in., 137 pp. Paris, 1900. Lemerre. Fr.3.

POLITICAL.

La Demi-République. Notes et Reflexions sur l'Etat Politique de la France. By *C. Louzon le Duc*. 7½×4½in., 312 pp. Plon. Fr.3.50.

REPRINTS.

Byron's Works. Vol. IV. Letters and Journals. Ed. by *R. E. Prothero*. 8×5¼in., 500 pp. Murray. 6s.

Lavengro. By *George Borrow*. 8×5in., 491 pp. Ward, Lock. 2s.

SCIENCE.

Examen Psychologique des Animaux. By *Pierre Hachet-Souplet*. 7½×4½in., 160 pp. Schleicher.

Text-Book of Zoology. Part I. Mammals. By *Otto Schmeil*. Translated from the German by H. Rosenstock. Ed. by J. Cunningham. 9×6in., 138 pp. A. & C. Black. 3s. 6d.

Year-Book of the Scientific and Learned Societies of Great Britain and Ireland. 9×5½in., 280 pp. Griffin. 7s. 6d.

SOCIOLOGY.

American's Working People. By *C. H. Spahr*. 8×5in., 261 pp. Longmans. 5s. n.

The Distribution of Wealth. By *J. B. Clark*. 9×6in., 412 pp. The Macmillan Co. 12s. n.

La Femme Catholique et la Démocratie Française. By the *Vicomtesse Adhémar*. 7½×4½in., 317 pp. Perrin. Fr.3.50.

TRAVEL.

Scrambles in the Eastern Gralans. (1878-1897.) By *George Yeld*. 8½×6in., 275 pp. Unwin. 7s. 6d.

Literature

Published by The Times.

No. 111. SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1900.

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NOTES OF THE DAY.

We publish elsewhere a bibliography of modern books bearing on China which are now available. The crisis bids fair to produce almost as many books as did the outbreak of war in South Africa. Messrs. Sampson Low, who have just issued their work on "European Settlements in the Far East" announce "China and the Present Crisis," by Mr. Joseph Walton, the Liberal member for South Leeds, who recently returned from an eight months' journey in the extreme East. Though there has never been anything to compare with the Peking massacre, history has been repeating itself with strange fidelity in the present crisis. This has induced Mr. Murray to announce a reissue of the late Lord Loch's "Personal Narrative of Occurrences during Lord Elgin's Second Embassy to China in 1860" (which has been long out of print), and the book will be ready before the end of the month.

* * * *

Lord Loch (then Mr. Loch) was attached to the headquarters of the army engaged in China during the war in 1860, and shared with Mr. (afterwards Sir Harry) Parkes the perilous duty of negotiating the surrender of the Taku Forts to the combined French and British forces. During the subsequent march on Peking from Tien-tsin, Loch and Parkes, with a party of Sikhs and a few Europeans (including Mr. Bowlby, *The Times* correspondent), were treacherously captured by the Chinese and brutally maltreated in Peking. Loch and Parkes were the sole survivors, and in his book the former gives a vivid account of his experiences. Lord Wolseley (then Lieutenant-Colonel), who accompanied the expedition, also wrote a book about the war, which is now out of print, but we understand that there is no present intention of reissuing it.

A melancholy coincidence in connexion with the article is that the death of Mr. Bowlby in 1900 has been followed in the present case by the equally tragic fate of another correspondent of *The Times*, Dr. Morrison, the brilliant Australian journalist whose telegrams from Peking repeatedly arrived ahead of official information. The number of newspaper correspondents who have fallen at the post of duty within the last twelve months is probably unprecedented, but not since the death of Mr. [illegible] at Ladysmith has such a serious gap been made in the front rank of British journalists. Dr. Morrison's life was full of romance and adventure. He was something of a traveller even in his student days at Melbourne, and was barely of age when after voyages to the South Sea Islands and New Guinea, he undertook his famous journey, on foot and unarmed, across the Australian continent. Then he went again to New Guinea and narrowly escaped death from a spear wound in his side. After taking his M.B. at Edinburgh in 1887, he visited Jamaica, Spain, and Morocco (where he played the part of Court physician), returned to Australia, and allowed another wandering fit to take him overland across China to Burma. In Chinese dress and pigtail, but alone, unarmed, and knowing very little of the language. The sequels to this remarkable journey were his book "An Australian in China," and his first engagement as special correspondent of *The Times*.

* * * *

Major Pond has, we understand, secured Mr. Winston Spencer Churchill to deliver a series of lectures this autumn in the United States. It is said that Major Pond proposes to get the American Winston Churchill to introduce the lecturer on his first appearance, which will probably be in New York.

* * * *

At a moment when half London is travelling [illegible] and the other half is wishing it could do so, there comes from Messrs. Newnes a new periodical called the *Traveller*. It seems, on a perusal of its contents, to be so obvious and necessary a publication that one wonders it has never been done before, though one must not forget that the indefatigable Dr. Lunn has already produced something of the kind under the title "Travel." The *Traveller* merits a warm welcome, even if in its first number there is just a suggestion of the gleefiel rail and steamboat circular. The photographs are reproduced in a manner worthy of the highest praise—there are among them many of those smudgy amateur snapshots by which articles of travel are too often illustrated—and other resorts besides the Alpine ones are dealt with.

* * * *

We trust, however, that the editor will see his way to expand his scheme. There are, at least, two ways in which he might do so. In the first place, he would [illegible] he would collect information and pictures about the far remaining districts of interest [illegible] experienced travellers are, as a rule, ignorant. The Caucasus, the Sierra Nevada, the Cantabrian Highlands are regions one would recommend to his attention. There is much that is new to be said about them, whereas there is little that is new to be said about Ober-Ammergau and Aix-les-Bains.

It would be good, too, in a publication of this kind, to find popular articles dealing with literary, artistic, and historical associations. There is an attempt in this direction in an article on Barbizon, but it is too short to be satisfactory. And there are many other "reminiscent" articles which cultivated travellers would be glad to read if they were properly written by those who know. The history of the English colony at Boulogne, for instance, should make good reading. The early ascents of the Gross Glockner would be worth writing up, as there is no full account of them in English. And one could suggest as other subjects the Republic of Andorra; a paper on the Tyrol with reference to the peasants' war; the Martin Luther country; the associations of Ferney, of Coppet, of Chambéry. On all these subjects there is much that is interesting to be said, and a magazine devoted to the entertainment of travellers seems the place in which to say it. But everything, of course, cannot be got into a first number, and the editor of the *Traveller* seems to have enterprise enough to rise to the occasion.

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Why is Mr. Augustine Birrell like Lord Macaulay? This is not a conundrum, but a question prompted by the description of Mr. Birrell by the headmaster of the Blackheath School for the Sons of Missionaries as "a modern Macaulay." Both, it is true, are or were members of Parliament, both have contributed to our literature, both are or were Liberals, and enthusiasm for Disestablishment is also a common possession. Most of these things are true also of Mr. Gladstone and of Mr. John Morley. Yet the headmaster of the Blackheath School for the Sons of Missionaries would hardly, one supposes, call either of these "a modern Macaulay." This comparison is surely inept. As well might Charles Lamb be bracketed with Gibbon, or any literary light-weight with any other literary heavy-weight. There might be excuse for pointing out some similarities between Lamb and Mr. Birrell. But between Macaulay, the complete exponent of machine-made English, and Mr. Birrell, with his genial whimsies and irresponsible somersaults, are not the differences too wide and deep to need emphasis? The headmaster was doubtless led away by the occasion. Mr. Birrell's "Obiter Dicta" was one of his prize volumes, and so, no doubt, was Macaulay's "Lays," perhaps the Essays, and as Macaulay's books and Mr. Birrell's looked much alike in red and gilt, with mottled edges, the headmaster was moved to his Gilbertian jest.

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Mr. Birrell's address to the boys was in his familiar happy vein. A good deal of it was not (if we may adopt the phraseology of the Latin grammar) so much "to or for the boys" as "to or for" their elders. But once or twice he "rang the bell" as he seldom fails to do. No doubt the boys greatly relished his allusion to the "sort of stout gentleman who used to come down to his school and give away the prizes. He could remember the contempt with which they listened to him, and how glad they were when he sat down." And both boys—who are not without an appreciation of irony—and elders probably enjoyed his *obiter dictum* that "for his part he had never yet met the boy, however clever, who could not learn something or other from his teacher." It demands an uncommon equipment to deliver a successful prize distribution address. If it chances to be one's own old school, the atmosphere of awe is a serious handicap. No Englishman is perfectly at his ease in the presence of his old headmaster. Mr. Birrell was not in this distressing situation, and he, therefore, spoke his mind with freedom; and one of his opinions, which is worth recording and with which we are rather inclined to agree, was that the reaction against examinations is in danger of going too far.

It is an old complaint of men of letters that a portion of the Civil List Pensions intended for their benefit is given to persons whose claims on the Royal beneficence by no means rest upon literary, scientific, or artistic services. This year they have not, perhaps, so much as usual to complain of; "other persons," in the shape of the widows of explorers, colonial governors, &c., only getting £201 out of the £1,200. We should, of course, be most reluctant to deny that the services of Sir Henry Barkly, Lieutenant-Colonel Ellis, and Captain John Biscoe merit this kind of recognition; but at the same time we are strongly of opinion that the Civil List is not the fund from which the recompenses for such services should be derived. The fund was not instituted for such purposes, and it ought not to be diverted to them on the strength of an oversight in the drafting of an Act of Parliament.

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We are indebted to the *Daily News* for recalling a curious little item of Stevensonian history. It is apropos of the sale at Sotheby's of the MS. of a short story written by Stevenson for the *Pall Mall Gazette* fifteen years ago. Asked for a blood-curdling Christmas story he supplied "Markheim." This afterwards appeared elsewhere, but did not satisfy the flesh-creeping instincts of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Stevenson then sent "The Bodysnatcher," a story which, he averred, would "freeze the heart of a Grenadier." It dealt with an episode of the Burke and Hare period, and was just the thing for a genial Christmas fire-side. The *Pall Mall Gazette* set to work to secure a good advertisement for the sensation of its Christmas number:—

> Six plaster skulls were made by a theatrical property man. Six pairs of coffin lids, painted dead black, with white skulls and crossbones in the centre for relief, were supplied by a carpenter. Six long white surplices were purchased from a funeral establishment. Six sandwichmen were hired at double rates. One quiet morning, when all was ready, they were duly attired. With some difficulty they made their way up to Piccadilly, along Regent-street, down Bond-street, everywhere attracting profound and universal interest. The one subject of conversation in the Clubs and the West-end was the mysterious and appalling phenomenon which had suddenly appeared in the metropolis. Amongst those who had been startled in Bond-street was the late Lord Londesborough, who took the usual course of shocked and angry Englishmen—he wrote to the newspapers. The next day every newspaper in the Kingdom had a description, vivid, scathing, denunciatory, according to the humour of the writer. But the objects of this wrath had already been paid off. Scotland Yard and the Law had stepped in. The "Pall Mall" phantoms were certainly the most remarkable advertisements that ever appeared on the London streets. We wonder what Stevenson himself thought about it all. "The Bodysnatcher" went like wildfire.

Stevenson, adds the *Daily News*, returned part of the honorarium sent him for the story because he thought it excessive. We doubt whether such a proceeding is, as our contemporary suggests, unheard of in the history of letters; but it is certainly exceptional.

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In the reprint of "Lavengro" which Messrs. Ward, Lock have added to their Minerva Library Mr. Watts-Dunton gives some very interesting personal notes on Borrow. He raises the question whether Borrow was a "literary amateur," but does not answer it very definitely. His amateurishness shows itself, as it seems to us, now and then in his style in a certain sententiousness and artificiality. Surely it is an amateur who writes—to take an instance from the second chapter of "Lavengro"—"Spirit of old, what a skull was you!" But Mr. Watts-Dunton means that he was an amateur in the sense that he was a man first and a writer afterwards, and that therefore no one criticizes him adequately who did not know him personally. Perhaps Dr. Knapp has done something to equip the critic of the future who

will not have had this advantage. Mr. Watts-Dunton gives a delightful account of his first meeting with Borrow. He also foresees a growing interest in "Lavengro" and "The Romany Rye," to which the issue of reprints—for Mr. Murray has also just reissued "Lavengro," with other books of Borrow—seems to testify.

The more the features of our "Beautiful England," to use his own phrase, are changed by the multitudinous effects of the railway system, the more attraction will readers find in books which depict her before her beauty was marred—books which depict her in those antediluvian days when there was such a thing as space in the island—when in England there was a sense of distance, that sense without which there can be no romance—when the stage-coach was in its glory—when the only magician who could convey man and his belongings at any rate of speed beyond man's own walking rate was the horse—the beloved horse whose praises Borrow loved to sing, and whose ideal was reached in the mighty "Shales"—when the great high roads were alive, not merely with the bustle of business, but with real adventure for the traveller—days and scenes which Borrow better than any one else could paint. A time will come, I say, when not only books full of descriptive genius like "Lavengro," but even such comparatively tame descriptions of England as the "Gleanings in England and Wales" of the now forgotten East Midlander, Samuel Jackson Pratt, will be read with a new interest.

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A committee has been formed in Paris to erect a monument to Arthur Rimbaud, whose strange career both as symbolist poet and explorer, the friend of Verlaine and of Menelek, has been told by M. Paterne Berrichon. The relations of Rimbaud with Verlaine have also been described recently with new details in the "Verlaine Intime" of M. Ch. Donos. Rimbaud was born in 1854 and died in 1891. M. Anatole France is on the committee which is to honour Rimbaud's memory. Times have changed since M. France, as critic of *Le Temps*, found no epithets too ironic in which to ridicule the utterances of the symbolists. Yet the famous "Sonnet of the Vowels" was the beginning of a school of poetic expression which, now that it has survived M. Anatole France's raillery, he perhaps thinks it generous to recognize. The reader of the following lines will perhaps be able to understand both these attitudes:

VOYELLES.

A noir, E blanc, I rouge, U vert, O bleu, voyelles,
Je dirai quelque jour vos naissances latentes.
A, noir corset velu des mouches éclatantes
Qui bombillent autour des puanteurs cruelles,

Golfe d'ombre; E, candeur des vapeurs et des tentes,
Lance des glaciers froids, rois blancs, frissons d'ombelles;
I, pourpres, sang craché, rire des lèvres belles
Dans la colère ou les ivresses pénitentes;

U, cycles, vibrements divins des mers virides,
Paix des pâtis semés d'animaux, paix des rides
Que l'alchimie imprime aux grands fronts studieux:

O, suprême Clairon plein de strideurs étranges,
Silences traversés des Mondes et des Anges:
—O l'Oméga, rayon violet de Ses Yeux!

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Our Paris Correspondent writes:

Professor Joseph Texte, of Lyons, whose name *Literature* has so often had occasion to mention, had obtained in England and Germany a reputation second to none as a student of comparative literature. His fine book "Jean-Jacques Rousseau et le Cosmopolitisme Littéraire," which Mr. Mathews translated into English, gave both his name and his method a vogue, and placed him immediately among the few critics who attempt a scientific system free from the prejudices of nationalism. M. Texte was to have been present this month in Paris at the Congress of Comparative Literature, and to take the lead in its proceedings. Indeed, it was chiefly to him that the original idea of this congress was due. But for a year now he had been gradually failing. On May 6 he was strong enough, however, to write to me as follows: "... Je suis tellement [illegible] de l'humanité depuis [illegible] d'écrire. Figurez-vous que depuis le 1er Janvier j'ai eu deux nouvelles et graves opérations chirurgicales, et je ne sais si j'en ai fini avec le bistouri! Je suis en ce pays, très loin encore d'être rétabli, et incapable d'aucun travail. Il me sera impossible d'aller à notre congrès dont je vous adresse le programme. J'aurais eu ..." M. Joseph Texte died at the very outset of his career. By his death critical studies have lost one of their most conscientious, exact, and talented devotees. Besides the famous book already quoted he had published "Etudes de Littérature Européenne," and numerous monographs, such as "Les Origines de l'Influence d'Alexandre dans la Littérature Française du XIX. Siècle," "Un Montaigne Anglais: La Vie et l'Œuvre de Sir Thomas Browne" (readers of *Literature* will recall his essay on Sir Thomas Browne in our columns on May 27 last year). Texte looked forward to the day when, in opposition to the narrow-minded nationalist philosophy of so many of his contemporaries, all Europe would have a clearer notion of the intellectual solidarity of the nations, "of the necessity," to use his own words, "for any nation which would obtain a hearing to remain in contact with the thought of all the great nations." In this sense his death is a loss to Europe.

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The Shakespeare-loving Germans and Austrians are constantly holding up their hands in pitying amazement at the degeneration of our stage. Prof. Fischer, of Innsbruck, in a leading German periodical, declares that the condition of the modern English theatre is as bad as it can be, but slightly because of its intrinsic badness it is interesting and worthy of study. In all London theatres, we are told, the people in the auditorium are of more significance than the people behind the footlights. Nowhere are manager, dramatists and actors such slaves of the public as in London.

There are about twenty-five theatres, says Prof. Fischer, huddled in or near the Strand, and other theatres in the suburbs where the *bourgeoisie* witness the "drawing-room" successes of the town. But out of those fifty theatres only one is conserated to opera or to pure tragedy. It is true that opera enjoys an episodical existence in Covent Garden, but it is not an indigenous fruit of British culture, only an exotic importation, a luxury beyond the reach of any but the rich and extravagant, and recent Wagner in London does not imply that there is any real following of Wagner there, but means merely the belated manifestation of English respect for Wagner's conquest of the Continent. Opposed on the other hand, of *The Belle of New York* type, with its crudities of plot, vulgar absurdities, and light jingling music, agreeable to the native ear and heart, for the Englishman, essentially unmusical though he be, dearly loves music provided it has a tune in it. The mounting of these operettas is gorgeous, but misses in *ensemble* the *chic* of Paris and the Viennese individualizing of detail.

English melodrama is "Chauvinistic, brutal, and banal," while the salon-historical play with its pseudo-ideations seems to Fischer for contemptuous comment. That in London, the cradle of romantic tragedy, the happy hunting-ground of its youthful eccentricities, culminating in the masterpieces of Shakespeare, unadulterated Shakespeare should now be caviare to the public draws a cry of anguish from Prof. Fischer. "In no town in the world," he concludes, "are there more theatres than in London, and the public pays more for its theatres than for anything else, and yet aesthetic results are nil. The repertoire is varied. Scenic effects have reached the highest degree of technical perfection. The public loves the theatre, but nevertheless art cuts a beggarly figure on the English stage. A curious sort of decadence is rampant there. For all that it is more interesting for German contemplation than the French. *Le Parisien fühlt sich der alten Europäer auch in Theater nur zu Hause, in London kommt er aus den Staunen nicht heraus.*"

The Novel with a Purpose.

We mentioned last week Mr. W. H. Mallock's article in the *Anglo-Saxon Review* on "The Limitations of Art." The title does not very accurately describe the real gist of the article. It is an attempt to arrive at some clear notion with regard to the "novel with a purpose," what it means, and how far it is legitimate. The view here put forward deserves careful consideration, because Mr. Mallock, though he is by no means always convincing, is, at any rate where literary subjects are concerned, one of the few critics who sincerely try to think a subject out, and to state their conclusions in a simple and lucid manner. He finds a curious contradiction emerging more and more definitely in the world of present day fiction. On the one hand the novel is growing daily in importance as a vehicle of serious thought. Yet in many quarters the novel with a purpose meets with the utmost obloquy as a form of art. Mr. Mallock discusses in detail one important and obvious qualification to the theory that there can be nothing in a true work of art but the presentation of artistic truth—viz., that in every literary creation the individuality, the tastes, and the moral judgments of the author inevitably find expression. Hence the presence of a purpose—even of that bugbear of the critic, a moral purpose—is to some extent a question of degree. But it is worth while considering whether Mr. Mallock could not go a good deal further than he does in admitting the novel with a purpose into the Temple of Art. He excludes from the inner sanctuary any work of fiction in which "men's lives appear in the light of a presupposed theory of life," or in which we have "the adventures of some theory that is in dispute illustrated by the lives of men which are manipulated for that special end." The writer of such a work of fiction "uses art for an end, and he achieves a result which is essentially not artistic." How about "The Pilgrim's Progress," or "Don Quixote"? Surely this critical and suspicious analysis of the end the artist has in view is a very fallible method of proceeding. We, rightly or wrongly, certainly estimate a work of art much more on a consideration of its style and treatment than of its object. A man's motives are always complex when he engages in any undertaking, and they do not become more simple when he undertakes to write a book. How many books are produced from a pure and single-hearted desire to produce a work of artistic truth and beauty? And if the conscious purpose is to raise and spiritualize the mind, even though that purpose run within the groove of a particular theory, does this necessarily poison the whole? It is often forgotten that the moral sense has its æsthetic side, a fact realized by some of our earlier English moralists whom nobody reads at the present day. Moral degradation displeases because it is ugly; self-sacrifice, on the other hand, provides us with a real æsthetic pleasure. This kind of moral sense is independent of any particular moral code, and must be taken account of in the eternal controversy as to the relation of art and morality. At any rate the whole history of religious art and poetry goes to show that purpose is not essentially destructive of art. The real test of artistic greatness is to be found in the expression of the individual mind—in the power, the tact, the sense of beauty, which shows itself in the way the subject is handled. The artist need not necessarily be devoid of opinions or even of the desire to promulgate them; if he is so, it makes him not a greater, but a lesser man. But whatever he writes, and for whatever purpose, he produces by the law of his being a work of art. The very sincerity of his purpose, the unconsciousness of the artistic quality of the work he is producing, may add immensely to its beauty. Among poets we see it in Milton, or on a lower plane in Keble, both of them true poets writing with a distinct and conscious aim. No one can have more definite an ulterior object than the orator or the pamphleteer, whether his method be the purely rhetorical, the pictorial, or the narrative, yet we do not deny him the art of eloquence. And it is possible that as the novel occupies more and more widely the field of thought we may be too severe in passing an unhesitating condemnation on any work of fiction in which some trace of a purpose is discoverable.

Personal Views.

IBSEN AS IDEALIST.

At a dinner given in celebration of his return to Norway, in 1892, the rare and dreaded emergency of a public speech extorted from Ibsen one of those pregnant bits of self-confession which the less formidable crises of ordinary conversation fail to extract from men of his resolute taciturnity. Previous speakers—warm-hearted old friends and enthusiastic young disciples—had celebrated the definitive triumph of his work, the European fame which had crowned his long up-hill struggle with antagonists and detractors at home and abroad—more particularly at home. The little square-built spectacled figure stood nervously grasping his chair as he uttered the incisive sentences:—"Every field of victory is strewn with corpses. On the field of *my* triumph lies the corpse of my happiness!"

However we may interpret these words (which I had from the lips of the friend at whose table they were spoken), their Ibsenian flavour is unmistakable. Triumph, in the world's sense, is always, with Ibsen, attended by something sinister and disastrous, some fulfilment of a tragic omen, or some omen to be tragically fulfilled. If there is any sound and well-omened exultation to be found in Ibsen, it is among the people whose success is, in the world's eyes, unmitigated disaster.

It is clear that this recurring burden of the Ibsenian drama—this *ewige Gesang* continually resounding through the troubled air—is due less to any definite teaching of experience than to a fundamental psychical bent, an inner core of asceticism and idealism, which has shaped all his thinking, and of which all that presents itself to him as experience has taken the hue. Ibsen has dealt so largely with ugly and sordid materials, with the sensual dross and the soulless *débris* of humanity, that such terms as idealism and asceticism, applied to him, will seem to many readers, even now, strangely out of place. But he is not the first in whom an iron grip upon actuality has gone along with a no less inflexible disparagement of it. It is the paradox of Ibsen's nature that, while impelled by his own fanatical criticism into a fierce estrangement from the phenomenal world, he has yet been held to it by bonds which grew only more rigid and despotic with years; so that while his criticism of society has remained as implacable as ever, his solutions and remedies have grown vaguer and more hesitating, and the famous "Third Kingdom" itself, in which the author of "Cæsar and Galilean" saw the future crown and culmination of Paganism and Christianity, has become a forlorn and discredited myth.

It is, of course, to the earlier plays, and, above all, to the early poems, that we have to turn if we would appreciate the idealism and the asceticism of Ibsen at their full value. One remembers the subtle significance which attaches, in this early verse, to the ideas of light and darkness. Helena Alving, in *Ghosts*, complains that the world, haunted by the phantoms of the past, is yet "afraid of the light," before which they would vanish. Twenty years earlier his charge against the mass of men was that they were "afraid of darkness." The two complaints, under different symbols, meant much the same thing—the aversion to the realm of ideal truth which the light of common day, the glamour of current conventions and easy self-content, obscures or obliterates. "When I was a boy," he tells us in the verses called "Afraid of the Light" (*Lysrædd*), "I shuddered when the sun went down behind the crags, and trembled all night before imaginary goblins." But with manhood there came a change:—

Now it is Noonday's goblins,
Now it is Life's unrest,
That dart the freezing horror
Into my beating breast.

I hide me under the cover
Of Darkness's sable train,
And my soul puts on her armour
Of eagle-boldness again.

Then, fearless of flames or of surges,
Like a falcon I cleave the sky,
Forgetting my anguish of terror—
Till the morrow's dawn I descry.

But when Night denies her mantle,
I drift on a rudderless bark;
If ever I win me glory,
'Twill be by a deed of the dark!

The "Darkness" whose raven plumes exercised so strong a spell upon Ibsen was obviously not that which appeals to the self-protective instincts of obscurants and ostriches. It was rather (to use another fine image of his own) the darkness of the mine, where the dazzling delusions of day are unknown, and precious ores are laid up, to be had only by the lonely toil of the delver's hammer. It was the darkness which shrouds the fearless explorer, seeking the answer to life's endless enigmas in the deep, "where alone is peace, peace and desolation from everlasting." From the standpoint of ordinary biography Ibsen cannot by any means be said to have led a lonely or friendless life; but no more lonely nature ever existed, nor one that drew richer inspiration from loneliness. The glory of friendship and of love begins for him when the faces of friend and lover are transfigured in the soul-light of memory. The glory of the hero begins when his last ally deserts him.

Had this romantic estrangement from society exhausted the possibilities of Ibsen's nature, he might have been remembered as a poignant lyric poet, but certainly not as a dramatist. He might have reminded us, more often than he does, of Shelley—a Norwegian Shelley, uttering a like passion for freedom with the hard and rigorous temper of the North. But Shelley's repudiation of the despotisms of society remained lyric—a radiant bubble of eloquent anger against kings and priests. Of the actual processes by which society exercised its despotic sway, he had but the most elementary idea. His animus never transformed itself into vision. Ibsen, on the other hand, has, almost from the first, showed an extraordinary insight into the facts which bore out his elementary hostilities. The vague platitudes which satisfy most of us about the contagion of the moral atmosphere, the constraining influence of environment, he translates into concrete living example delineated with the analytic precision of a medical illustrator. A whole world of facts, on the other hand, for which his elementary bias suggested no interpretation escape him altogether. His environment is habitually insidious and corrupting; the subtle filaments of society transmit an influence which is only malign, its parts work together only for ill. That the life of a community can be healthy, and can stimulate the healthy energies of those who conform to its usages and share its life, Ibsen would probably not deny. But these are not for him the normal conditions; he fastens rather upon the diseased organism, the corrupt community, the hollow marriage, and shows us the moral malaria which such an organism diffuses among its healthy members, if they submit to it, and the disabilities which they suffer if they do not.

It is easy to understand the mood in which a mind with such preoccupations as these approached the problems of tragedy. The conflict of the individual with [illegible], which he in some sense the standing topic of tragedy, was not, for him, a *motif* which as a dramatic [illegible] he might take or leave, but the form which any dramatic [illegible] of life by him must inevitably assume. Personality, full of [illegible], is perpetually threatened by the drooping grip of circumstance; this traditional antithesis of the tragic stage is how Ibsen the pervading problem of life. No doubt in his later plays this problem is no longer [illegible] with the same simplicity as before. Personality is less vividly distinguished from its environment; a man cannot free himself, like Brand, by sheer force of will from the obsession of circumstance; the past claims its part in him, and its ghosts struggle with the pageantry of his brain. But the more composite men and women of the later plays are not less clearly individualized, their mental profiles are more intricate and subtle, but not less precise; they compel us to face the same problems of psychology and ethics, though the solution is no longer written in Roman letters on the page. Ibsen may be called a poet of revolution, if we will; but it is this revolutionary poet beyond all others, who has taught us in art the power of the past, and its [illegible]. If any man may claim to have [illegible] to modern [illegible] the essential tragedy of *Œdipus the King* it is the author of *Ghosts*. And he may be called, if we will, a poet of "Naturalism"; but it is this "Naturalistic" poet who has done more than any other to rescue the European theatre from the worst abuses of what goes by that name, to redeem it from the spiritual and moral insignificance which is often, in ethics as well as in art, a graver crime than indecorum, to restore under formal conditions by the severest realism the inner play of thought, the [illegible] of ideas, the mortal struggle of wills affirming opposite [illegible] of life and of good. Ibsen has been called a "Symbolist"; and so he is in the sense that he habitually [illegible] what he says; but he differs from the school of M. Maeterlinck in using as "symbol" not the most fantastic and visionary, but the most human and vernacular, element of his thought. M. Maeterlinck brings Poetry visible and fully arrayed, upon the stage, and we cannot be too grateful; but from such [illegible] domesticities to which Ibsen [illegible] confines us the interpreting mind has glimpses into the [illegible] of Nature, and becomes aware of the Titan [illegible] at the whirring loom of Time, and of the [illegible] of which the most trivial human story is the [illegible].

C. H. HERFORD.

Foreign Letter.

FRANCE.

THE NEW SCHOOL OF FRENCH FICTION.

During the last twenty years [illegible] and strong school of fiction has arisen in France. One cannot help wondering if the group of writers which includes Anatole France, Marcel Prévost, Pierre Loti, Bourget, Lavedan, and Hervieu will live in French literature as do those of their predecessors who flourished in the thirties and forties, and among whom will stand out for all time Châteaubriand, Balzac, George Sand, and de Musset—to say nothing of the two Dumas. The younger of whom may be said to have introduced Marcel Prévost to the French reading world by means of the preface written by him to one of Marcel Prévost's first novels, "La Confession d'un Amant." Brilliant as is the modern group, we look in vain for a Balzac, and even more for a George Sand. Indeed, considering the great interest which the woman movement has aroused among French

writers, it is surprising that there should be no modern French woman writer able to claim even an equal place with the sounder minor novelists and essayists who form, as it were, a solid background to their more brilliant *confrères*. Zola and Daudet occupied a place apart. At one time the critics hailed a coming Balzac in the youthful Zola, but, monumental as has been the task he has achieved, he cannot be said to have justified the promise of the earlier volumes of the Rougon-Macquart series. This at all events is what one feels on turning from "La Faute de l'Abbé Mouret" to "Dr. Pascal." The books on which Daudet's legitimate fame was based all came out between the year 1868, when "Le Petit Chose" was published, and 1885, when "Sapho" appeared. During the last ten years of his life the state of his health compelled him to leave the field almost entirely to his younger rivals, who found in him even to the end their most ardent admirer and their shrewdest critic.

The dominant note of modern French fiction is the direct appeal to the intelligence, with as little dependence as possible on that love of story-telling and story-hearing which is as old as humanity itself. It would be hard to say who was the first to set up this new method; but, whoever he was, his example was quickly followed. Anatole France has more than once admitted that he originally began writing fiction in order that he might place certain philosophical ideas and theories before the widest reading public. Himself the son of a publisher, he was aware that for one reader of a brilliant philosophical treatise a thousand will be found for even a poor novel. What he would perhaps be less frank in admitting is the fact that, through the medium of fiction, he has been able to make use of some of his extraordinary erudition. There are pages in "Thaïs" and in "La Rôtisserie de la Reine Pedauque" which must delight and instruct even those who have made a life-long study of the two widely different historical periods with which these wonderful stories deal. The world owes Anatole France the story-teller, as contrasted with Anatole France the poet, the historian, and the scholar, to Renan, who persuaded him to make his first attempt in fiction, and who actually suggested to him the plot of "Le Procurateur de Judée." He has in a literary sense travelled far since "Le Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard" was crowned by the Academy as being not only a work of art, but peculiarly fitted for family reading. M. France might well exclaim "Le style, c'est moi!" It is to his style and to his erudition combined that he owes his seat in the French Academy. But his style, remarkable as it is, would not attract much attention in the land of style were it not that he possesses also in a rare degree the power of telling a story. Of him a fellow writer once observed, "His work is full of genuine surprises, and that without his desiring in any sense to produce any but legitimate effects. As a writer he is innocent and perverted, ironical and sentimental, infinitely credulous while full of scepticism." In one matter M. France is singularly fortunate—he has no imitators, and but few disciples. The realists naturally fear him, for, while producing, as few of them can do, an atmosphere of reality, he deprecates any attempt really to reconstitute even fragments of real life, his only aim being that of giving a poetical *aperçu* of what has been or might be. He is, according to his own account, a follower of Pascal; it is his aim to preach tolerance and charity; and, while admiring asceticism, and having a certain sympathy with it, he has a horror of the cruel virtues—above all, of a distorted "justice."

Marcel Prevost and his work should attract special attention in England and in America, if only because his methods and ideals are curiously English. He frankly sets out to write problem novels, and, as time goes on, he becomes more and more of a teacher, eager to bring the world round to his way of thinking. Although his first novel appeared as recently as 1887, he published seven volumes before he made his first popular success with "Demi-Vierges"; and his experience certainly shows that the wider reading public is much the same all the world over. Though "Scorpion" attracted instant attention from the critics, and is in point of style, in the opinion of many, by far the best book he has ever written; and, though he published successively "La Confession d'un Amant," "L'Automne d'une Femme," and that astounding literary *tour de force*, "Lettres de Femmes," it was not till "Demi-Vierges" made its appearance that M. Prévost could call himself successful. Of this book—said by the author to be written in the interests of French mothers, though the title alone banished it from most ordinary French libraries, and still more from the average French drawing-room—50,000 copies were sold in a few months. To M. Prévost's honour, be it said, he did not follow up this *succès de scandale* with another book of the same type. Probably to the disappointment of those who had appreciated "Demi-Vierges," he turned the whole of his attention to the feminist movement. His first book dealing with the subject, though in a tentative and hardly definite fashion, was the volume entitled "Notre Compagne," and having the sub-title of "Provinciales et Parisiennes." In "Frédérique" he shows his strong sympathy with the advocates of women's rights, and the fact that he has chosen to place the action of his story in London shows that M. Prévost has made a thorough study of the subject. Of the innumerable writers who have attempted to describe London under its many aspects few have succeeded in interpreting the gloomy middle-class working life of the city as M. Prévost has done; and this is the more remarkable when it is considered that M. Prévost's three heroines—Romaine Pernitz, the ardent mystical Slav, and the two French girls, sisters, whom she completely dominates by her ardent love of humanity—only mix with London life, as it were, from the outside. "Frédérique" is to be followed by a continuation and conclusion, "Léa," now on the eve of publication. One asks oneself with some wonder how far M. Prévost's studies in *féminisme* will lead him. An account of the French beginnings of a movement which has made the publication of such a paper as *La Fronde* not only possible but financially successful would be welcome from many points of view.

Of M. Lavedan, in some ways perhaps the most brilliant and the least cosmopolitan of the younger writers of French fiction, foreign critics have as yet made little account. Perhaps his literary style and methods of work may be best explained by saying that he has completely routed "Gyp" on her own ground—"Gyp," that is, at her best, the Gyp of "P'tit Bob" and of "Autour du Mariage." "Nouveau Jeu," M. Lavedan's most popular volume, is likely to remain for a long time to come the most pitiless indictment of that frivolous irresponsible section of society which has its counterpart in every European capital. Unfortunately he has found play writing preferable to novel writing. "Le Prince d'Aurec" proved that the last word concerning modern comedy had not been said by Dumas *fils*, still less by any of his clever disciples. The dramatization by the author of "Nouveau Jeu" was also, though a very different, revelation of what could be achieved in this way of literary farce, and the great success of "Le Vieux Marcheur" is not likely to deter the inventor of this novel *genre* from offering the most critical audience in the world—that gathered from the many-tongued world of the boulevards—the lure of which they seem incapable of palling. But while M. Lavedan is apparently absorbed in turning out the most *risqué* as well as the most polished dramatic work ever seen in the boulevards theatres he is being rapidly overtaken, if not distanced, by a comparatively new writer, Paul Hervieu, perhaps best known till now as the author of two stories of modern French life, "Peints par Eux-mêmes" and "L'Armature." Doubtless because he takes so seriously to heart the vices and follies of his fashionable fellow countrymen and countrywomen, his writing is almost entirely unrelieved by humour, and he completely lacks the sharp and sometimes almost impish satire which seems to inspire much of what is written by M. Lavedan. M. Hervieu is grimly conscious of what underlies the irresponsible lives he sets himself out to analyse and describe. He never leaves his reader in any doubt as to how he himself

regards his characters, he has no sympathy with their foibles, and his understanding is not of the type that begets pity. His meaning is always clear, and "L'Armature" might well have served as a writing on the wall to those who, in the one camp and in the other, made social, financial, and racial capital out of the Dreyfus case, caring little for the honour, and even less for the prestige, of their unfortunate country. M. B.

A MODERN BIBLIOGRAPHY OF CHINA.

[Compiled by E. A. REYNOLDS-BALL.]

The following popular bibliography of China is mainly confined to topographical, historical, and political works on China published in England and France within the last two years. For convenience of reference some of the standard works also are appended.

The impossibility of giving anything like a complete bibliography, even of recent works on the Chinese Empire within the limits of an article, may be better understood when it is remembered that the standard French bibliography of works relating to China (published in 1885) consists of over 700 octavo pages of small type.

Beresford, Lord Charles.—"The Break-Up of China." Maps. 12s. Harper. 1899. A study of China mainly from a commercial point of view.

Bishop, Mrs. (Isabella L. Bird).—"The Yangtse Valley and Beyond." 574pp. 116 illust. Maps. 21s. net. Murray. 1899. Still a standard book of travel, though an account of exploration in 1896. The remote provinces of China are so unchanging that the record is almost as valuable as if it described present-day travel.

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Colquhoun, A. R.—"The 'Overland' to China." 478 pp. Illust. Maps. 16s. Harper. 1900. Written by one of the leading authorities on China. Contains an enormous amount of political information.

Colquhoun, A. R.—"China in Transformation." Maps. 16s. Harper. 1899. A standard authority. Till recently the last word on the China problem.

Cumming, C. F. Gordon.—"Wanderings in China." Illust. 6s. New edition. Blackwood. 1900. One of the most informing books on China ever written.

Douglas, R. K.—"China." 470 pp. Illust. 5s. Fisher Unwin. 1900. One of the "Story of the Nations" Series. Gives an admirable outline of the history of China.

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Halcombe, C. J. H.—"The Mystic Flowery Land." 238 pp. 7s. 6d. Luzac. 1899. A revised edition of a popular book of travel.

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Johnston, J.—"China and its Future." 192 pp. 3s. 6d. E. Stock. 1900. A well-digested study of the political, social, and religious conditions of the Chinese Empire.

Krausse, Alexis.—"China in Decay." 412 pp. 6 maps. 21 illust. 12s. net. Chapman. 1899. A useful contribution to the problem of the Far East.

Little, Archibald.—"Through the Yangtse Gorges." 310 pp. Map. 32 illust. 6s. New edition. 1900. Low. A cheap edition of a well-known book of travel with the topographical information carefully brought up to date.

Little, Archibald.—"The Far East." Maps. One of "The World in 1900" Series. Heinemann. 1900.

Little, Mrs. Archibald.—"Intimate China: The Chinese as I have seen them." Hutchinson. 1899.

Martin, W. A. P.—"A Cycle of Cathay." Illust. Map. 7s. 6d. Oliphant. 1900.

Morrison, G. E.—"An Australian in China." 300 pp. 30 illust. 10s. 6d. Horace Cox. 1895.

Norman, Henry.—"Peoples and Politics of the Far East." 624 pp. 63 illust. 4 maps. 7s. 6d. New edition. 1900. Fisher Unwin. A well-known work of reference of considerable value.

Orleans, Prince Henry of.—"From Tonkin to India." 420 pp. 92 illust. Maps. Methuen. 1900.

Plaschut, E.—"China and the Chinese." 282 pp. 38 illust. 2s. 6d. Trans. by Mrs. Arthur Bell. New edition. 1900. Hurst.

Sedgwick, Miss E. R.—"China: The Long-Lived Empire." 350 Illust. 8s. 6d. net. Macmillan. 1900. His most remarkable chapters on the decadence of the alien rulers, the Manchus.

Smith, A. H.—"Village Life in China: A Study in Sociology." 390 pp. 31 illust. 7s. 6d. 2nd edition. Oliphant. 1900. A truthful and well-written account of the inner life of the lower caste Chinese.

Smith, A. H.—"Chinese Characteristics." 16 Illust. 5s. 5th edition. Oliphant.

Stott, Grace.—"Twenty-Six Years of Missionary Work in China." 374 pp. 8 illust. 3rd edition. Hodder. 1898.

Thomson, J.—"Through China with a Camera." 290 pp. 100 illust. 21s. net. Constable, 1898; 2nd edition. Harper. 7s. 6d.

Walton, Joseph, M.P.—"China and the Present Crisis." Sampson Low.

Warren-Smith, D.—"European Settlements in the Far East." 32 Illust. Map. 7s. 6d. Low. 1900. Intended mainly for traders, but of much interest to general readers.

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Williams, S. W.—"The Middle Kingdom." 1,050 pp. Illust. New Map. 2 Vols. £2 2s. Revised edition. 1900. W. H. Allen. An exhaustive study of the topography, history, political and social conditions of China. Has held its own as the classical work on China for a quarter of a century.

Vladimir.—"Russia on the Pacific and the Siberian Railway." Illust. Maps. 14s. S. Low. 1900. Instructive to compare this work with Mr. Colquhoun's "Overland to China" (see above).

Younghusband, F. E.—"Among the Celestials." 274 pp. Illust. Map. 7s. 6d. Murray, 1898. Abridged from "The Heart of a Continent" (see below).

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Barcl, E.—"Les Chinois chez Eux." 300 pp. 12 Illust. 3fr. 50c. Colin, Paris. 1898.

Cottlat, E.—"Un Touriste dans l'Extrême Orient (1894-5)." 3 Maps. 38 illust. 4th edition. 4fr. Hachette, Paris.

Leroy-Beaulieu, Pierre.—"La Rénovation de l'Asie: Chine-Japon." 4fr. Colin, Paris. 1900. An exhaustive study of the decrepit Empire—the sick man of the Far East—the results of two years' conscientious travel.

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Rousset, L.—"A Travers la Chine." Map. 28 illust. 3rd edition. 4fr. Hachette, Paris.

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Boulger, D. C.—"History of China." 1,578 pp. Maps. 2 Vols. New edition. 1900. Thacker.

Chavannes, Edouard.—"Les Mémoires Historiques de Se-Ma Ts'ien." 3 Vols. already appeared. 52fr. The 4th Vol. to be published in October. Leroux, Paris. 1900. Serious students of Chinese history will find this admirable translation of one of the "five principal classics of the Empire" invaluable. The history is to some extent a revised edition of Confucius' "Book of History," compiled from portions which were rescued from the Emperor Shih Hwang-ti's (a Chinese

prototype of the Caliph Omar) holocaust in the third century B.C. This monumental history is now placed within the reach of English readers for the first time.

CURZON, LORD.—"Problems of the Far East." 444 pp. Illust. Maps. 7s. 6d. Constable, 1896. A solid political treatise which deservedly ranks as a classic.

DAVIS, J. F.—"The Chinese." 2 Vols. Last edition. 1857. London. An encyclopædic work full of solid information.

DOUGLAS, R. K. "Society in China." Illust. 6s. Innes, 1894.

DE ROSE, REV. H. C.—"The Religions of China." 468 pp. 8l. Richmond, Virginia, U.S.A. A useful introduction to the "three religions" of China—Buddhism, Confucianism, and Taoism.

GRAY, J. H.—"China: A History of the Laws, Manners, &c." 2 Vols. Last edition. 1878. London. Indispensable for the student.

HOSIE, A.—"Three Years in Western China." 6s. New edition. 1897. G. Philip.

HUC, L'ABBÉ.—"L'Empire Chinois." 2 Vols. 4th edition. 1862. Paris.

LANSDELL, H.—"Chinese Central Asia." 2 Vols. Illust. £1 16s. S. Low, 1893.

LOCH, LORD.—"Personal Narrative of Lord Elgin's Embassy to China in 1860." Portraits. Illust. 2s. 6d. net. New edition. 1900. Murray. Of peculiar interest at the present moment.

LUZAC, C. G.—"Bibliographical List of Books on the East (1892-4)." 1s. Luzac.

VLADIMIR.—"The China-Japanese War." 400 pp. Maps. Illust. 16s. S. Low, 1898.

YOUNGHUSBAND, F. E.—"The Heart of a Continent: Travels in Manchuria." 330 pp. £1 1s. Murray, 1896. A work of sterling merit. One of the best travel books on China.

The Foreign Office Correspondence, Parliamentary Blue-books, and the various Consular Reports will, of course, be consulted by all those requiring official information on our political relations with the Chinese Empire and the development of trade and commerce, but these need not be here enumerated. They can all be procured at Messrs. Spottiswoode's.

RECENT EXCAVATIONS IN CRETE.

"Creta rediviva" is in a special sense becoming a reality of great interest to the growing world which loves Hellenism and all its ways. Mr. Arthur Evans, the Keeper of the new Ashmolean at Oxford, has recently described to the Hellenic Society his recent excavations in that now tranquil island. Not the least remarkable feature of his discoveries lies in the vivid colouring displayed on the walls and reliefs which he has rescued from the dust of perhaps some thirty-three centuries. This valuable addition to the evidence demonstrating the colour-treatment of Greek architecture even in its origins received a pointed emphasis from Sir W. Richmond, R.A., who at once offered his personal services upon the island for next autumn. The Society is generously subsidizing Mr. Evans' own zealous and generous labours, and their work, apart from accomplished facts, may prove of prime value in this branch of science.

Mr. Evans, partly no doubt by reason of the security brought to unhappy Crete by Britain and the other Powers, has been able to succeed where Schliemann and Dr. Dorpfeld have failed. Anxious to dig out the civilization to which certain gems he had found could be attributed, he attacked the hill of Kephala, lying to the south of the historic town of Knossos, while Mr. Hogarth, of the British School of Archæology in Athens, made parallel excavations under Mount Dicte. Put shortly, the result has been to lay bare a "Mycenæan" Palace, the site probably of the court of "King Minos"; the extensive and highly decorated suite of buildings at present uncovered belong clearly to the "Mycenæan" age (say 1800-1100 B.C.). The frescoes are as vigorous and, in parts, as fresh as those of Pompeii which they may anticipate by fourteen centuries. Mr. Evans described a large paved area ("*perhaps* the original dancing ground of Ariadne!"), girt with vast gypsum blocks, and entered by a double doorway. Here, as well as in a great corridor running round the edge of the terrace excavated, were found well-kept fragments of fresco work—*e.g.*, pieces of a great bull (the Minotaur?) and of life-sized human figures; one of the latter wears an armlet in which was set an agate gem like those previously found. Those interested in classical architecture and its early forms will (when plans and photographs are published) notice with interest a large system of magazines and galleries which fill a great part of the plateau, and which everywhere show signs of some vast catastrophe, since the date of which the site has evidently been undisturbed.

But wonder will be chiefly roused at the building in the north-east corner, which Mr. Evans styled "The Throne Room." Here the frescoes have been found particularly brilliant; a river with fish, water-plants, decorative griffins and the like are to be seen, but also crowds, literally, of men and women; the latter, who are seen in animated conversation, are gaily dressed and exhibit the most elaborate *coiffures* of one uniform and therefore presumably fashionable kind! These paintings appear also in an ante-room and in the women's quarters, which Mr. Evans felt justified in styling "harem," by reason of the fair white complexions of the ladies in contrast with those of the men. In the throne room itself were found part of a shrine, like one found by Schliemann at Mycenæ, and a remarkable carved throne of gypsum, exhibiting "crockets" and other "gothic" detail! In the "harem," too, there came to light the head and other pieces of a great bull of painted *gesso duro*, decorative work of this kind having evidently formed a feature of the palace.

These remains in themselves will prove an admirable illustration of the social life of the early Greek world described in the Homeric poems; but much new light, we may well guess, will be thrown by the interpretation of the new "alphabet" of seventy different characters or syllables, a copious supply of which has been found in the course of the excavations. They are likely to spell out an indigenous and primitive form of Cretan Greek and should tell us news of this civilization of thirty and more centuries ago, of the relative height of which the buildings alone are sufficient indications. Both Mr. Evans and his fellow-workers and the Society are to be congratulated upon the present results of their labours, which redound greatly to the credit of British archæological research.

THE DRAMA.

"LES THÉATRES DE LA FOIRE."

Meeting Mr. H. D. Traill only a week or two before his death I complained to him that books of theatrical gossip, of which a particularly tiresome specimen had just then appeared, were as dull as entomological records. He replied, with a sly smile, "Are they not very often the same thing?" The remark was just. When Johnson was asked to compare the merits of two minor poets, he said, "Sir, I cannot pretend to distinguish between a louse and a flea." The distinction between this and that small actor of a past generation seems equally minute and futile. Whether it was Hart or Mohun, Quin or Mossop, who played this or that part in this or that way, who cares? What does it matter to "the great mundane movement?" Yet questions of that sort are the staple of our theatrical memoirs. We have no history on anything like a scientific basis of the stage as an organism, showing the causal relationships of things, giving a rational account of its growth, determining the law of its evolution. And the history of the literary drama is studied in the printed page, without reference to the variations in the mechanical conditions of the playhouse which have influenced its form; that is to say, it is wrongly studied. Thus a recent editor of Congreve accounted for the *décousu* of his plots and other peculiarities upon some fantastic theory of a purely literary kind, without apparently the slightest suspicion that the explanation was really to be sought in the mechanical disposition of the Restoration Theatre. I have seen a book, used, I believe, by innocent schoolmasters, wherein Shakespeare's plots are dealt with in the same misleading way, with

their structural peculiarities explained by the text alone. Not a hint that the arrangements of the Elizabethan playhouse were concerned in the matter. If we had given to our own scenic history one tithe of the study bestowed by German scholars on the structural peculiarities of the Greek theatre absurdities of this kind would have been impossible.

The French are far ahead of us here. They have produced innumerable monographs dealing intelligently with their various dramatic species as conditioned by the varying circumstances of their presentation. Such a monograph is "Les Théâtres de la Foire," by M. Maurice Albert (Paris, Hachette), a compact little book giving the history of the theatres which, between 1660 and the Revolution, grew up outside the orthodox Comédie Française and Académie de Musique, successfully fought their privileged rivals, and in the course of the fight developed new forms of theatrical art. Never was necessity a more prolific mother of invention. The tumblers, rope-dancers, "strong men," conjurers, ballad singers, and drolls who had long entertained the crowd at the two great Paris fairs—that of St. Germain on the left hand of the Seine, and that of St. Laurent on the right—found in mid-seventeenth century their entertainment more popular when thrown into a dramatic framework. Gradually the dramatic came to preponderate over what we should now call the "variety" element, till the entertainments at the fairs were to all intents and purposes stage-plays. This development, as a barefaced infringement of the exclusive privilege held by the "Comédiens du Roi," led to protest and for a time to the closure of the unlicensed booths. But the demand for drama, for a connected story more or less an imitation of life, proved in the end too strong for privilege. If the Court had its theatre, the crowd insisted on having its theatre, too. And the history of the century (say, 1680 to 1780) is a history of the ingenious devices by which the prohibitions against stage-plays outside the Court were evaded and ultimately set at naught. A play is in essence continuous action carried on by dialogue. Dialogue being forbidden to the unlicensed players they adopted monologue, and for continuous action they substituted a series of scenes, each purporting to be complete in itself. Deprived of "cumulative interest," they were driven to give each scene an interest of its own by amplifying the stage "business" and spectacle. Hence the birth of a freer, more flexible, more various form of drama than that of orthodox comedy, tragedy, and farce; vaudeville, burlesque, pantomime, "revue," came into being. As to the monologues, they were only dialogues under another name. The speaking actor addressed mute figures, and then delivered their replies for them. Or speaking actor A would leave the stage, to be succeeded by another speaking actor B; A and B being thus in reality interlocutors. Thereupon outraged authority condemned the actors to silence. Not to be beaten, the players took to miming their parts, while scrolls of dialogue, in rapid succession, were held above their heads. And they had the luck to enlist some peculiarly able writers on their side—notably, Lesage, Piron and Favart. They had many ups and downs—all to be found meticulously but not tediously recorded by M. Albert—and in the end they triumphantly vindicated their right to play what they pleased, where they pleased, and how they pleased. The vindication of their right is an interesting historical fact; what is more important is their invention, in the course of this vindication, of new forms of theatrical art.

Something of the sort might be traced by the curious in the history of the English stage. We, too, had our unlicensed players fighting and ultimately overcoming the privileges of the old Patent Houses. But with us the story is not so significant; partly, no doubt, because our unlicensed players never had their Lesage, and so never produced anything which could count as literature, but still more, I think, because, if I may speak like the electricians, our dramatic "potential" was lower. Nothing is more remarkable in the story of these French booth-theatres than the persistent energy of the dramatic idea, the tendency of every kind of entertainment to take on, as far as it could, the form of a play, a story in dialogue. It seems to us that drama were the necessity of a Frenchman's being. We English were more content to take over tumblers and merry-andrews merely for what they were. It is significant on this point to note that, while France has provided the rest of the world with actors, England has on the other hand provided the spectator. And that has been true for at least two centuries. M. Albert points out that "it is not only the political ideas of England and her philosophers and Shakespeare which prepare us in the eighteenth century, it is also her popular singers for vaudeville and clowns." Another contrast: the history of the "théâtres de la foire" is, roughly, the story of "[illegible] taking to the regular stage; whereas the interesting thing about the London stage to-day is the frequency with which regular dramatic artists are taking to the music-halls.

A. B. WALKLEY.

Reviews.

WATERLOO.

THE CAMPAIGN OF 1815. By W. O'Connor Morris. (Grant Richards, 12s. 6d. n.)

The Literature of Waterloo still continues to grow; four or five good English and French narratives of action on the [illegible] have come to light during the last two years, of which Fitz's long-suppressed diary is the most important. And in adhering to original authorities, the military reader has just before him the best French commentary on the campaign which has ever appeared—the "1815" of M. Henri Houssaye, a work which, if it does not attain to complete impartiality, makes a far nearer approach to that ideal than any earlier book written beyond the Channel. We have now to notice an English history which endeavours to sum up the results of the researches of the last ten years very much on the same lines that M. Houssaye has followed. Judge O'Connor Morris is to be congratulated on his production; it is clear, readable, and interesting. He has used all the important English sources, and has turned to excellent use French authorities than any of his predecessors who wrote from our side. M. Houssaye's [illegible] have undoubtedly helped him in this point; a considerable number of valuable materials for history have become public property since their author discovered them. The reader, therefore, who wishes to acquaint himself with the main lines of the Waterloo campaign by reading a single book will for the future have to go to Judge Morris for his instruction; he is distinctly to be preferred to Ropes, Dorsey Gardner, Hooper, Houssaye, or any other English narrator of the present generation. There are, of course, points upon which some critics will differ from him, and we are inclined to think that, on the whole, he is a little given to underestimating Wellington's and overestimating Napoleon's strategy. But every writer is entitled to his own views when he has fully mastered all the available evidence, and this it cannot be denied that Judge Morris has done.

The main objection which is made to Wellington's strategy is founded on his dispositions made on the 15th of June—the eve of Quatre Bras and Ligny—for the concentration of his army. Following M. Houssaye, Judge Morris holds that the English commander erred gravely in not drawing his centre more eastward the moment that the French crossed the frontier in the direction of Charleroi. The whole question turns on a matter of hours. Wellington, it is alleged, might have given, in the early morning of June 15, the orders to concentrate on Nivelles and Quatre Bras, which, as a matter of fact, he did not issue till after midnight. A careful examination of the facts enables us to think that his delay was justifiable. A general is dependent on the reports sent to him from his outposts; he is like the Kriegsspiel player waiting for the information dealt out to him by the umpire. Till he has a clear indication of the state of affairs he must act so as to be able to face any one of the possible developments of the game. Now on June 15 it was known that the

French were not far from the frontier in the direction of the Sambre. There were two fronts on either (or both) of which Napoleon's attack might be delivered. On the English front Dornberg with one German and four Belgian cavalry regiments was watching the frontier from Tournay to Binche: on the Prussian the division of Steinmetz lay touching Dornberg's left, and extending as far as Marchiennes; beyond him, eastward, lay another Prussian division—that of Pirch, from Charleroi to Châtelet. Till Wellington knew which of these three sections of the Belgian frontier was assailed he could not make a decisive move. Unfortunately for him, he was very badly served, both by his own brigadier and by his allies. Early in the day both the Prussian divisions were furiously attacked by numerous French columns advancing on every available road. Dornberg's front, on the other hand, was not the least molested. But Wellington received no news till 3 in the afternoon, when he got a single despatch from Ziethen, to whom Steinmetz's and Pirch's divisions belonged, to the effect that he was heavily assailed by the enemy. The English commander refused to move his whole army till he had more information, and more especially till he should have heard from Dornberg what was going on in front of Mons. It was not till 9 at night that he learnt from that officer that all was quiet in his direction; about the same hour he received a second Prussian despatch, in which Blücher told him how Ziethen's corps had been chased and harried all day by the advancing columns of Napoleon. Having at last the necessary *data* in his hands, Wellington issued orders for the march at dawn on Quatre Bras—the correct move, but one which would have been more effective if it had been made before noon on the 15th instead of at 4 a.m. on the 16th June. With our present knowledge of what had been happening all through the long summer day we can see that the whole French plan of campaign would have been frustrated if the Anglo-Dutch army had begun to concentrate eighteen hours earlier. But Wellington was dependent on his informants, and they had failed him. Ziethen should have sent him not one tardy aide-de-camp, but a string of messengers with hourly news. Dornberg, as the direct subordinate of the Duke, was even more to blame. The moment that he heard the cannonade beginning a mile or two to the east of his flank he should have commenced to hurry off news to his commander. But Ziethen's despatch did not arrive till 4 in the afternoon, nor Dornberg's till 9 at night. Wellington had been ill-treated by the chance of war and the stupidity of the generals at the outposts, and lost a day's march thereby. Now, when Napoleon suffered in a similar way, as he did more than once during the campaign, all the blame is laid on his subordinate—Ney, D'Erlon, Grouchy, Soult, or whoever it may be. It seems to us only fair that Wellington should be treated in the same fashion. His adversary certainly committed one fault far more serious than any made on the English side—the inexplicable halt of eight hours which he made on the morning of June 17, during which he lost all the advantages that he had won at Ligny. Nor can this halt be ascribed entirely to physical ill-health, as Judge Morris would wish; the Emperor was well enough to ride all round the field of Ligny, and to engage in a long and unnecessary conversation on Parisian politics with his staff when he should have been marching hard on Quatre Bras with all his reserves at his back.

In his criticism of the details of the actual fighting Judge Morris seems to us very sound. He exposes several mistakes of M. Houssaye, notably his overstatement of the effect on the English squares of Ney's great cavalry charges at Quatre Bras and his allegation that Napoleon pressed hard on the retreating English between Quatre Bras and Genappe on the 17th. The list of casualties—under 130 men—shows that the pursuit can not have been very desperate. We have only found one point where we should prefer to accept M. Houssaye's statement rather than Judge Morris' correction of it—viz., the view that La Haye Sainte fell into the hands of the French at 6 rather than at 4 o'clock on the afternoon of the 18th of June. The balance of evidence, we think, is clearly in favour of the later hour. A more undoubted slip is the assertion, on p. 83, that the General Steinmetz who commanded one of Ziethen's divisions was the same officer who served at Speicheren and Gravelotte in 1870. They were, we believe, uncle and nephew; the divisional general of 1815 would have been 102 if he had survived till 1870; the Steinmetz of Speicheren was only seventy-four.

SANSKRIT LITERATURE.

A History of Sanskrit Literature, by Arthur A. Macdonell, Boden Professor of Sanskrit and Fellow of Balliol. (Heinemann, 6s.)

Before this volume was published there existed no history of Sanskrit literature as a whole in English. Professor Max Müller dealt only with the Vedic period, and his book has long been out of print. Considering the intense interest belonging to the oldest Aryan poetry, and remembering the indefatigable labours of Max Müller himself in introducing Sanskrit research to English readers, this deficiency is not a little surprising. But one is apt to forget how very modern the study of Sanskrit really is. The beginning of the systematic study of ancient Indian literature dates very little further back than Champollion's first discoveries in Egyptian hieroglyphics. Warren Hastings, whose prodigious services to India are only now beginning to be adequately appreciated, gave the first impulse by ordering a digest of ancient Indian law to be drawn up by certain Brahmans and to be translated into Persian and English. This was in 1776. That extraordinarily brilliant Orientalist Sir William Jones, who crowded such original and prolific energy into a life that did not attain fifty years, printed a Sanskrit text for the first time in 1792. Then came the solid, judicious, comprehensive works of H. T. Colebrooke, and after him Sanskrit became the study not of Englishmen only, but of Continental scholars. Schlegel introduced the comparative method, followed up by Bopp, Kuhn, and Max Müller; and Roth, after publishing his inspiring essay on the "Literature and History of the Veda" in 1846, combined with Böhtlingk to produce their monumental Sanskrit-German dictionary (7 vols., 1852-75), which is perhaps the most perfect lexicon hitherto completed of any language. It is seen how very modern the development of Sanskrit interpretation is. And when we remember that the bulk of these ancient Indian writings exceeds that of classical Greece and Rome put together, that the language is difficult enough to daunt all but resolute students, and that, in spite of the wide range, the difficulty, and the small number of Sanskrit scholars, almost the whole of this large literature has been edited, and the greater part translated, by competent authorities, we must admit that there is no ground for complaining of the energy or the perseverance of Sanskrit students.

The work of the pioneer, editor, and collector is now almost completed, and the task of the encyclopædist and synthesist begins. A comprehensive view of the results of all Sanskrit research is now being presented by about thirty specialists of various nations in the great "Encyclopedia of Indo-Aryan Research," edited first by the late Dr. Bühler and now by Professor Kielhorn. And in a more limited field Professor Macdonell, of Oxford, has just collected in a convenient volume the chief results of a century's investigation of the history and characteristics of Sanskrit literature. So clear and thorough an exposition of the subject should attract more students to what is one of the most fascinating studies in the world. Professor Macdonell maintains rightly that "among all the ancient literatures that of India is undoubtedly in intrinsic value and æsthetic merit second only to that of Greece." Indeed, as a document in the history of human evolution,

Its earliest period, being much older than any product of Greek literature, presents a more primitive form of belief, and therefore gives a clearer picture of the development of religious ideas than any other literary monument of the world. Hence it comes that, just as the discovery of the Sanskrit language led to the foundation of the science of Comparative Philology, an

acquaintance with the literature of the Vedas resulted in the foundation of the science of Comparative Mythology.

As every one knows, religion and philosophy have always exercised a supreme attraction for the Indian mind. Meditation, so hard to attain in our modern busy life, was the main occupation and delight of hundreds of thousands of the dwellers in the vast forest solitudes of India, where the struggle for life was simplified by frugal habits and the bounty of nature. Hence Indian literature is dominantly religious and philosophical, and to what heights and depths of speculation these ancient philosophers attained those who read Professor Max Müller's sketches of the "Six Systems" are aware. Science, mathematics, law, medicine, grammar, all have their place in Sanskrit writings—the greatest lack is in history—but none can compare in importance or originality of treatment with the evolution of religion and metaphysics.

Originality is the first characteristic of ancient (we wish we could add modern) Indian thought.

Naturally isolated by its gigantic mountain barrier in the north, the Indian peninsula has ever since the Aryan invasion formed a world apart, over which a unique form of Aryan civilization rapidly spread and has ever since prevailed. When the Greeks, towards the end of the fourth century B.C., invaded the North-West, the Indians had already fully worked out a national culture of their own, unaffected by foreign influences. And, in spite of successive waves of invasion and conquest by Persians, Greeks, Scythians, Mahomedans, the national development of the life and literature of the Indo-Aryan race remained practically unchecked and unmodified from without down to the era of British occupation. No other branch of the Indo-European stock has experienced an isolated evolution like this. No other country, except China, can trace back its language and literature, its religious beliefs and rites, its domestic and social customs, through an uninterrupted development of more than three thousand years.

This is, of course, perfectly true. Sanskrit is still the tongue of the learned Brahmans as it was in the days of Alexander the Great. The Vedas are still committed to memory as they were at the epoch of the Trojan War. The same Vishnu who was worshipped a thousand—or perhaps two thousand—years before Christ is still adored all over India. The modern Hindu is married with the same ceremonies as his ancestor of the age of Pericles. Never was there so continuous and unchanged a national life. The history and growth of the writings which embody this life—the thought and civilization of India—are set forth with much perspicacity in Professor Macdonell's valuable work. It is a book for the student rather than the general reader, who will find it somewhat technical, though even the uninitiated cannot fail to be interested in the chapters on the Vedic Age, the Rigveda, the Epics, and Fairy Tales. These are subjects already familiar to all readers of popular books on mythology and early religion, though the writer is able in many cases to cast fresh light or put old ideas in new and instructive forms. To the systematic student the book will be of the greatest use, first as a comprehensive and consecutive survey of the whole subject of Sanskrit literature, and, secondly, as an invaluable guide to the bibliography. What he cannot fully understand in the text he will be able to follow up in the ample bibliographical notes which form an important and meritorious feature in the series to which the volume belongs. We congratulate the Boden Professor on a very real service to Indian studies, performed with learning, skill, and commendable fairness to others' labours.

OTHER NEW BOOKS.

Side Lights on Old France.

Side Lights on the Reign of Terror, being the Memoirs of Mademoiselle des Echerolles, translated from the French by Marie Clothilde Balfour (Lane, 12s. 6d.), are authentic memoirs, admirably translated, and handsomely brought out. Their author, Mlle. des Echerolles, was but fourteen when the Revolution burst, and was living at Moulins with her [illegible] took the place of mother to her. Her father, [illegible] the populace as an "aristocrat," also [illegible] he managed to evade the sentence of [illegible] less fortunate, was seized, thrown into prison, and promptly guillotined in spite of the desperate and courageous efforts which the child made to obtain justice for her. This book, that deals with the old story of hateful vengeance for memories of wrong, wreaked usually on the innocent, where no harm could be done before, and yet which is of eternal interest. But there are many side lights, as the title promises, both humorous and grim.

Very humorous is the whole account of the old lady, a cousin of des Echerolles, who offered the young girl a home after the execution of her aunt, and while her future was still in hiding. Mlle. Melon was over eighty, and in her youth, her fortune, and her habits was essentially a member of the *ancien régime*. She refused to move to any way with the times, and endeavoured, indeed, to make time itself move only in accordance with her caprice, [illegible] in order that she alone should set the [illegible] in the house in order that she alone should set the hour. She was not a beautiful old lady, despite very white [illegible] crimped and dressed high on the top of her head; but she had a large forehead, round and red-lined eyes, a big nose with wide open nostrils, enormous hands and feet, and a figure a little askew. However, such as she was, life, and her hands and her money, appeared highly desirable possessions to a certain peasant, who, calling one day when [illegible] asked to see her without delay:

Mlle. Melon sent word that she could receive him, but once in her presence the man, whether through embarrassment or stupidity, could not very clearly explain the object of his visit. After being repeatedly told to speak out, he at last took courage: "Now that we are all equal," he said, "I have come to 'requisition' you." "What do you mean?" returned Mlle. Melon, who did not understand. "I say that now we are all free to exercise our rights, I put you in requisition." "And what does that mean?" she asked, somewhat impatiently. "Why, it means that you must marry me!" (The translator tells us in a note that in several departments the Jacobins forced [illegible] such marriages.) To hear this, to rise from her chair, to seize her cane and let fall a rain of blows upon this astonishing (and astonished) suitor was the work of a moment. He stepped back, but she followed him saying: "Ah, you want to marry me? Ah, ah! here is a wedding for you—here, for this, and this, and this. . . ." The [illegible] downwards, utterly stupefied by this reception. "But, Citoyenne! I thought—" "Ah, I am a Citoyenne, am I? Wait a little, wait a little. *That's* for the Citoyenne." . . . Here he fairly took to his heels. "Citoyenne is a fine [illegible] simple hen." Mlle. Melon took a long while to come [illegible].

But what a delightful scene, straight from Millet—the dull-witted peasant, full of cupidity, but more stupid than the ox he drove, and the ugly, proud, little, old aristocratic lady, who, doubtless, in her youth had often known of noble to be being flogged to death for trifling offences or displacements to warm his seigneur's chilled feet. The whole history of the Revolution lies in a proper appreciation of the difference between these two.

Two Epoch-makers.

Mr. F. J. Snell's contribution to "The World's Epoch Makers"—Wesley and Methodism (T. and T. Clark, 7s.)—gives a picture, ably drawn, of the man John Wesley. It is not a full life, for it skips rather lightly over Wesley's outgoing travels and over the details of his organisation. Mr. Snell writes rather as the psychologist than as the religious historian, and would have done well, we think, to have entered a little more fully into the comparative study of the Puritan spirit and its previous history in the Brownists, the Quakers, and others. He gives us instead a good deal of analysis of the Wesleyan temperament in which ingenuity is sometimes strained to breaking point,

as in the discussion of the Methodist view of earthly pleasures. Mr. Snell illustrates this by a long quotation from M. Max O'Rell's account of Renan's philosophy of life, and commits himself to the statement that though there yawns a gulf between Wesley and Renan, yet between Renan and the Methodism of to-day "there exists no antagonism—outside theology." Mr. Snell's research is not commended to us by his account of the connexion between the Wesleys and the Wellesleys. He tells us that a Mr. Garrett Wesley, of the Irish family, was willing to adopt Charles Wesley, who declined the offer. Afterwards Mr. Wesley "chose in his stead a scion of the house of Colley and a maternal relation of his own," who afterwards became "Barron Mornington." As a matter of fact Lord Mornington succeeded to the estates of Garrett Wesley, who was his cousin, and died without issue. In his old age Charles Wesley became a friend of the second Lord Mornington. There is not much in the way of relationship in all this, though Mr. Snell says "even this coincidence does not exhaust the network of relationships," and further adds a reference to the correspondence between John Wesley and "a Mrs. Delany," who was Lord Mornington's godmother. The real coincidences were quite different. There seems to have been no original connexion between the Devonshire family of Westley from which sprang John Wesley, and the Irish family of Wellesley or Wesley, of Dangan, which in the early part of the eighteenth century merged into the family of Colley, of Carbury. The first Colley-Wellesley was the Duke of Wellington's grandfather. By a curious coincidence, however, the Devonshire Westleys intermarried between 1550 and 1620, first with the Wellesleys, and then with the Colleys, so that there was a link between the two families of Wesley—both of them spelt it so at various times—but not one that accounts for the similarity of name. We may add that Mr. Snell's book deserves praise for the knowledge it shows of Wesley's character and writings, and also for its style, which is thoughtful and interesting.

It might well be thought that there is nothing new to be said about Luther, especially in a little book such as LUTHER AND THE GERMAN REFORMATION, by Thomas M. Lindsay, D.D. (T. and T. Clark, 3s.), which belongs to the same series as Mr. Snell's book. But Dr. Lindsay, by addressing himself particularly to the task of showing the great Reformer as he lived among the people of his day, has succeeded in writing a most interesting, fresh, and to some extent, original book. He writes from a strongly Protestant point of view, and in his discussion of doctrinal questions—notably, the history of the doctrine of indulgences and the Eucharistic controversy between Luther and Zwingli—he will certainly not win the approval of the majority of professed theologians. He is a little inclined, too, to go out of the way to express his own opinions on doctrinal points as if they were final, even when they differ from the accredited interpretations of schools of which he is writing—thus in his chronological summary he states that in the English XXXIX. Articles the doctrines of Predestination and of the Lord's Supper are Calvinist—a view hard to reconcile with the teaching of Anglican divines or of Calvin himself. He is also frankly and quaintly Scots, and seems to write entirely for a northern audience. Certainly English folk, and foreigners, will be puzzled, if not by Mohra being translated "Muirtown," at least by Hapsburg being rendered "Gled's Tower," and by Luther's being made to say "My conscience is thirled to the Word of God." More curious still is the contrast that Dr. Lindsay is fond of drawing between "the Medieval Church" and the Church of other days. He repeatedly speaks strangely of the men of those times as recognizing that they belonged to the "Medieval Church"—as though one wrote of the Greeks rejoicing in the consciousness of living in such or such a century B.C. He dwells at length on the monastic life, forgetting that Luther cannot accurately be described as a monk at all. But with all these curiosities the book is very pleasant reading, and it is clearly a work of genuine labour, and, on the whole, of accuracy and of vivid portraiture.

Cromwell.

Mr. Firth's OLIVER CROMWELL AND THE RULE OF THE PURITANS IN ENGLAND (Heroes of the Nations, Putnam, 5s.), though the last, is assuredly not the least of the series of biographies called forth by the recent tercentenary. The author possesses so exhaustive an acquaintance with the history of the period that his latest contribution to it has been waited for with much interest. He may be congratulated on the restraint and dispassionateness which he has shown in this review of his hero's career. Without attempting to disguise his sympathy with the Puritan cause and its leader, he has avoided the biographer's besetting sin of indiscriminate eulogy; and if his narrative in some particulars, as in the account of Strafford's trial, is not exactly impartial, he is never bitter or deliberately unfair in judging the defeated party.

Perhaps the most disputable thesis maintained in the book is that Cromwell deserves to be honoured not only as a great soldier, but also as a great statesman. In proof of this Mr. Firth cites the many ordinances of the Protector, which were nearly all confirmed by his second Parliament, and adds that "if Cromwell's reforming zeal has left no trace on the statute book the reason is that all the laws passed during the Protectorate were annulled at the Restoration." We may freely accept this explanation of the lack of permanence in Cromwell's work, and yet hesitate to credit him with any higher merit than that of a capable administrator. Even Mr. J. R. Green, as fervent an admirer as Mr. Firth, denies Cromwell's title to statesmanship. It has been well said of Cromwell that "he was a successful governor prospectively and hypothetically, not actually; he mastered the mechanism of government, but he could not get possession of men's hearts and minds." This, it might be urged, was his misfortune, not his fault; but the excuse will not serve. Had he been a statesman, and not a fanatic, he would not have regarded himself as the minister of divine vengeance in the execution of the King, and in the massacres of the rebel Irish. At the time, as indeed ever since, he was regarded as mainly responsible for the first of these grievous errors of policy; and Mr. Firth's suggestions that even in December, 1648, he "doubted the policy" of it and that he was "one of the last of his party to believe in its necessity" stand in much need of proof. As to the second error, it is curious that Mr. Firth is entirely at issue with Mr. John Morley in his article in the June "Century." Mr. Firth says that the massacres succeeded for a time "as Cromwell hoped, in saving further effusion of blood"; Mr. Morley, we think with good reason, points to the rest of the campaign as absolutely disproving this view. Cromwell could crush men; he could not win them; and it is surely the first quality of statesmanship to lead men's wills and not to force them. In the very able characterization of his hero in the "Epilogue" Mr. Firth himself supplies the reason for Cromwell's failure, viz., that he lacked patience; he wanted to go too fast, and would not stop to weigh the results of his own action. A statesman would have foreseen that by allowing the army to wreak its vengeance on the King he would ruin "the Cause" in the eyes of all moderate men, and leave no room for any but a personal government founded on militarism. Cromwell's enemies have not seldom averred that he foresaw the consequences to himself of getting the King out of the way; his friends should remember that, in denying him this foresight, they thereby impeach his title to the higher statesmanship.

Mr. Firth has given much attention to military questions connected with the Civil War; and in this work he publishes plans of the fights at Marston Moor, Naseby, Preston, Dunbar, and Worcester, which, together with his own admirable descriptions, will be of the utmost help to students of the campaigns. There are also a number of excellent illustrations, including one of the much-discussed statue at Westminster.

Byzantium.

A discursive essay on BYZANTINE HISTORY IN THE EARLY MIDDLE AGES (Macmillan, 2s. 6d. n.), wide in scope, furnished with references to the more obvious modern books on the subject, is Mr. Frederic Harrison's contribution to the dis-

tinguished series of Rede lectures. It may serve excellently for its purpose, which is to direct English scholars towards some detailed work at the fruitful history of the new Rome. Perhaps intentionally, Mr. Harrison seems to undervalue the work that has been done; in architecture, for instance, he hardly does justice to the investigations of English writers, and he seems, indeed, still to be under the rule of Ferguson, beyond whom we have travelled far. But he is certainly fully justified in calling attention to the fact that "the learning on the Greeco-Roman law between Justinian and the School of Bologna is entirely confined to foreign scholars . . . It is a virgin soil that lies open to the plough of any inquiring student of law." The codes of Leo III. and Constantine V. and the great legal work of the Basilian dynasty would fully repay that elaborate investigation which they demand at the hands of English scholars. In points such as these Mr. Harrison's index finger will do useful service. There are passages in his lecture which are very eloquently expressed, and the general idea (which is that long ago emphasized by Mr. Freeman) is happily illustrated. But the sketch is necessarily too slight to be of service to any but beginners in historical investigation, and the notes will be chiefly useful because they should lead to further research. In the treatment of the subject, which shows Mr. Harrison's familiar ease and literary skill, two points only strike us as unsatisfactory. While the excellence of the administration is dwelt on with the necessary force, hardly enough attention, we think, is paid to the power of individual achievement in the maintenance of the Empire; and thus there is a loss of proportion in the historical presentment as well as in picturesqueness. Again the curious contrast that Mr. Harrison seems to desire to make between the Eastern Churches and the rest of Europe in religious matters is expressed in the title which he always gives to the Western Church, as it seems by contradistinction, of "the Church Catholic," a phrase which obscures the historical relation between East and West, and unduly magnifies the earlier history of the great Western patriarchate.

Mr. Harrison in his conclusion does not doubt that the civilization of the new Rome as compared with that of the West from the times of Charles and Otto was "a lower type," and "that neither in State nor in Church, neither in policy nor in arms, in morals, in literature, or in art, did it in the sum equal or even approach the Catholic Feudalism of the West." We confess that we think that in his own eloquent lecture he has himself refuted this view.

Guide-books.

Week-Ends in Holland (Homeland Association, 1s.) is the title of the first of a new series of guide-books intended apparently to instruct bicyclists who run out of town from Saturday to Monday. It deals with the road to Tunbridge, and is small, and rounded at the corners so that it can readily be slipped into the pocket. The text is satisfactory and so are the pictures, though we do not know whether they were specially drawn for the book.

A new and extensively revised edition has been sent to us of Bradshaw's Directory of Bathing Places, Climatical Health Resorts, Mineral Waters, Sea Baths, and Hydropathic Establishments (2s. 6d.). It directs our attention to a large number of places, but the information given is in many instances too scanty to be of much use. In particular we should like to know more about the nature of the accommodation at the out-of-the-way bathing establishments in such countries as Spain. Nor is the book quite free from mistakes. The statement, for example, that Martigny is 5,000 feet above the level of the sea is incorrect. According to Baedeker the altitude of Martigny is only 1,560 feet.

Messrs. Black have sent us a new 11th edition of their guide-book to Manchester (1s.), a useful little volume.

Volunteer Soldiers (Kegan Paul, 1s.), by Captain M. H. Hale, is a new and revised edition of a book published some fourteen years ago under the title of "Amateur Soldiers." It includes an historical sketch of the Volunteer Movement, an account of the organization of the force, and some general remarks on various aspects of the subject. We shall be glad if it stimulates recruiting; but we are not sanguine that it will.

The Handbook of Jamaica (Stanford, 7s. 6d.) naturally confines for the most part of financial information such subjects as the conditions of education in the Jamaican Civil Service, the Debt of Jamaica, its education, agriculture, and industries, but it might also be used to serve many of the purposes of a guide book. It contains, for example, lists of hotels, railway time-tables, particulars of coach and steam services, and a description of the itinerary to the summit of Blue Mountain Peak. This excursion, we gather, takes two days; a pony for the purpose can be hired for £1, and it is owing to the generosity of Sir Henry Norman, who paid for the making of a road, that the ascent can now be accomplished without discomfort.

EDUCATIONAL.

Side by side with the Oxford Text of Xenophon, which we noticed on July 7, comes A Commentary on the Hellenica of Xenophon, with Introduction and appendix, by G. E. Underhill (Clarendon Press, 7s. 6d.). Mr. Underhill has studied the textual problems of Xenophon at first hand, and has earned a hearing on the criticism of his author; but this book is mainly exegetical. We can cordially recommend it; the book seems to us the very thing a historical student would want. The introduction deals with the composition of the work, its chronology and MSS., and the author's life; there are 300 pages of notes; and finally, a series of excursus on more important historical points, with full indices. The difficult questions of Xenophon's object in writing the book, its divisions, omissions, peculiarities, are treated with admirable lucidity and sense. We are never in doubt what Mr. Underhill is driving at, and he is not too ready to call a case proven. In citing authorities he uses great care, and he has checked and illustrated the historians by the inscriptions. There is an essay on the state of Sparta in this period, which is new in treatment if not in matter, and the Athenian attempt to recover a maritime empire during the Corinthian war is brought into clearer light by two of inscriptions recently discovered.

The Rector of Lincoln publishes another play in his school edition of Aristophanes, the Peace (by W. W. Merry; Clarendon Press, 3s. 6d.). The editor's manner is sufficiently well known to teachers, and the *Peace* has been edited with the same taste, humour, and good sense as the others. The translations are often racy, if they do smack of slang a trifle too much. This edition gives, we think, overmuch help for a school-book, but indeed the *Peace* is not altogether suited for school work. There is one illustration, a vase-painting of *cottabos* (p. 79); it is a pity there are no more. Do people read Don Quixote nowadays? It would have been worth while to compare Trygaeus's aerial flight with Sancho Panza's.

The Andromache of Euripides, edited by Mr. A. E. F. Hyslop, added to Macmillan's Classical Series (2s. 6d.), comes not long after Mr. G. Murray's interesting sketch-play on the same subject which we lately reviewed in these columns. Mr. Hyslop has not made many alterations in the received text. His introduction frankly points out the faults of the play (which is indeed not first-rate), but insists on its pathos and human feeling; it also contains a few judicious remarks on the characters. A few stage-directions are interspersed, which will be a help to schoolboys. The notes are scholarly, and not too long.

Mr. W. J. Woodhouse, author of an able work on Aetolia, has produced a capital edition of Isocrates ad Nicoclem (Clive, 2s. 6d.), in the University Tutorial Series. There is no other edition of this speech with English notes, so far as we are aware, and the speech will be a novelty for schools. The style of Isocrates has something of the obviousness of the Latin classics, and it may help the schoolboy to understand what is meant by literary form. The introduction gives a sketch of Isocrates' life, works, and influence, and of Athenian and of the circumstances which are assumed by the speech. The notes are just what they should be. The Epitaphios and Against Eratosthenes of Lysias are edited in the same series by Mr. J. Thompson and Mr. T. R. Mills. Lysias is well suited for school reading by his simplicity and dramatic interest. We think that more might have been made of the latter point in the introduction; the ethos which is so characteristic of him might have been brought out by a few examples. Otherwise the introduction is clear and

good; it deals with the history of the period, the life of Lysias, Attic oratory and law procedure, and the speeches in hand. The notes are too elementary, and chances are missed of setting intelligent minds at work; the word ὅσιον is one instance (iii. 1)—why should it mean both "holy" and "profane?"

The Satires of Horace, edited by H. J. Hayes and F. G. Plaistowe, does not differ from most others of the University Tutorial Series (Clive, 4s. 6d.). There is the usual introduction, with a very short sketch of Horace's life, a page or two on philosophical sects, and metrical notes which will be useful for reference. The best part of it is a few paragraphs on Lucilius, with specimens of his remains (translated), and on the satire as treated by Horace. The notes, as usual, give elementary help; where there is a real difficulty, as in i. 3, 120, the discussion is not adequate.

Mr. A. F. Hort has added yet another to the editions of Livy, Book V., in Rivington's Middle Form Classics (2s.). There is nothing to note in it save the brevity of the introduction and the simplicity of the notes. We think an introduction ought to contain something about Livy's sources and his value as a historian; and the notes seem to give too much help. They are, however, quite good in themselves, and the translations are idiomatic.

An edition of Cicero in Catilinam, I.-IV. (Blackwood's Classical Texts, 1s. 6d., illustrated), is an odd production. Mr. H. W. Auden, the editor, is consumed with a desire for clearness, which leads him to number, tabulate, compress, and summarize, until his paragraphs look like jottings from a note-book. There is no sense of literary style in the introductory part, which contains a large number of notes which are not even complete sentences. This does not inspire us with confidence when we are offered "Six Hints on Translating," one of which is to "avoid the word *thing*," and substitute various flowery paraphrases. Mr. Auden's ideal of sentence-structure seems to be Macaulay's pop-gun style; we cannot admit that "Clearness is everything," though it is certainly the chief thing. The editor's own example may, we fear, lead boys to drop out their definite articles and verbs. The sections of the introduction are not properly arranged. The notes, however, are good, and there are some useful hints in an appendix for the practice of "*précis*-prose" in middle forms. The book contains a number of interesting pictures and plans—Cicero, the Forum, the Appian Way, and (a novelty) Prof. Maccari's vigorous fresco of Catiline in the Senate. Catiline's figure is repeated on a larger scale opposite p. xx., and is a fine study, which will certainly help readers to realize his character. The restoration of the Forum (p. 32) has the Arx and the Temple of Jupiter on the wrong peaks of the Capitoline.

We can recommend an edition of Eutropius, I.-II., by W. C. Luming (Blackie's Latin Series, 1s. 6d.), as well suited to young boys, except that it has no vocabulary (we believe an edition with vocabulary is procurable). It is printed in large clear type, and has a number of effective pictures and plans. Most of these are from monuments, but some are imaginary; and we should like to learn more about the School of the Vestals (frontispiece), which contains a round dozen of novices.

Bell's Illustrated Classics has been increased by Ovid, Tristia, III. (H. R. Woolrych), Cæsar, Gallic War, Book V. (A. Reynolds), and Selections from Virgil's Æneid, VII.-XII. (W. G. Coast), 1s. 6d. each, with introductions, notes, and vocabularies. We have already called attention to the chief fault of this series, its small page and somewhat small print. It would be a great improvement even to double the margin. Otherwise they are nice books; the editing is well done, and the pictures are really illustrative. The "Tristia" has a number of outline cuts, and several good process plates—Theatre of Marcellus, the Forum, the House of the Vestals, and Dædalus with Icarus. Mr. Woolrych does his editing with taste and skill; but he might have said something about the elegiac metre. The "Cæsar" contains a bust of the Dictator, a number of cuts illustrating things warlike, and a very clear map of Gaul, which, however, is no help towards understanding the natural features of the country. Here Mr. Liddell's account of the Roman army is reprinted. Mr. Coast has provided a series of extracts which tell the latter half of the story of the "Æneid" with the help of interspersed summaries. It would have been convenient had the lines of the whole selection been numbered continuously. Extracts are given in the preface from the translations of Dryden, Conington, Rowen, and Mackail, which will certainly be useful as models. A fine statue of Juno is the frontispiece.

FICTION.

Mrs. Craigie's New Book.

In Robert Orange, by John Oliver Hobbes (Unwin, 6s.), we have the sequel to "The School for Saints," and the further history of Orange and Brigit. As one of the characters in the book observes, Orange was born to be a Roman Catholic ecclesiastic, and, although some four hundred pages are devoted to putting obstacles in his way, although he is driven to commit bigamy—of course, unintentionally—and murder—in the form of the duel—as he goes along, nevertheless he reaches the goal at last, and we leave him at peace and a Monsignore. For as an *addendum* omitted from the concluding chapter remarks "The passion of love invariably drives men and women to an extreme step in one direction or another. It will send some to the cloister, some to the tribune, some to the stage, some to heroism, some to crime, and all to their natural calling." And their natural calling seems, if we may judge from the story of Orange and of Brigit, to be that which is marked out for them by our old friend heredity. Mrs. Craigie devotes immense pains to the painting of Orange; she admires and loves him, and seeks diligently to make the reader love and admire him too. Admirable he certainly is, since he possesses every virtue, and most of the talents, but as the French proverb has it: "Ce n'est rien d'être admiré, le fait est de se faire aimé." We cannot say that we felt any particular affection for Orange, it is difficult even to keep up an interest in him; and one wonders why Brigit was so immensely in love with him, until one remembers that Brigit was but seventeen. Hers is the best drawn of the characters. Her curious beauty, her indefinable charm are conveyed to the reader subtly as they should be, without too much analysis. There is too much analysis of the minds and motives of everybody else; of the tiresome but carefully drawn young peer Reckage, who is engaged to Agnes Carillon, but is in love with Lady Sara; of Agnes, who is in love with the painter Rennes, with whom she presently elopes; of Pensée, the friend of all, and still the sweetest figure in the entourage of the two books; and of Lady Sara herself, the red and brown gipsy beauty, who is in love with Orange, and becomes a Carmelite nun after he has joined the priesthood. Nevertheless, it is a thoroughly able book, full of careful characterization and fine touches of comedy. The real ability of Mrs. Craigie's earlier work was somewhat lost sight of perhaps in its brilliancy. Brilliancy no longer predominates, although there are epigrammatic phrases which stick in the mind. There is also a French phrase which we wish did not stick in the mind, as it is the French of Stratford-atte-Bowe. "A l'outrance," says Castrillon, the wicked young French nobleman, whom Robert kills for the crime of having acted in private theatricals with Brigit; and "A l'outrance" assents Robert, although he is half French at least, and representative of one of the finest families in France. It seems impossible to teach the characters of fiction either to avoid foreign tongues, or to use them correctly, but this solecism is the one and only blot upon the otherwise adorable impeccability of Robert Orange's career. Mrs. Craigie introduces Disraeli. She gives two letters from the great man, one to Orange concerning his unfortunate position as bigamist, and one about him which serves as epilogue to the book. Both are felicitous and full of admirably characteristic touches, but we can hardly "see" Disraeli in Charles Wyndham's favourite part, and it is difficult to shake off a feeling of unreality as we listen to Mrs. Craigie speaking in the guise of the Conservative Premier.

For the War.

For Britain's Soldiers (Methuen, 6s.) is on the same lines as "The Ladysmith Treasury," which we reviewed last week. That is to say, it is a collection of short stories by various authors, the financial proceeds of which will be given to the War Fund. We shall not institute invidious comparisons between two meritorious productions, but will recommend every one to buy them both. The editor, in this case, is Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne,

who also contributes a story entitled "The Renegade." The other contributors are Sir Walter Besant, and Messrs. W. L. Alden, S. R. Crockett, B. M. Croker, E. W. Hornung, Rudyard Kipling, A. E. W. Mason, Frankfort Moore, Max Pemberton, Pett Ridge, Morley Roberts, H. G. Wells, Percy White, and Walter Wood. It should be added that it is not only the authors but also the publishers who contribute their profits to the good cause, and that the booksellers are cordially invited in the preface to do the same. How, in the circumstances, can a mere member of the outside public do less than buy the book?

An Historical Novel.

You should be somewhat versed in *venerie*, and not unacquainted with the days of King Edward I., to taste the full flavour of Sir Herbert Maxwell's new book THE CHEVALIER OF THE SELENDIB CHRIST (Blackwood, 6s.). And, in parenthesis, you should never have read Dumas, for the historical novels of that wonderful man spoil your palate for the historical novels of everybody else. To be sure, "The Chevalier" is one of the best of its kind, and does not disappoint the expectations naturally raised when so skilful a writer as Sir Herbert Maxwell diverges into the fields of fiction. We hardly think, though, that the spirit of illusion is helped by constant assurances that this is true, that the other is drawn from authentic documents, by frequent foot-notes, and by the insertion of maps.

Good Novels for the Holidays.

In BLACK HEART AND WHITE HEART (Longmans, 6s.), Mr. Rider Haggard mounts once more those trusty steeds of his, the nobility of the savage and the rascality of the civilized white. He rides, too, with all his old dexterity, and the three stories concerning Zulus, witches, battles, sacrifices, and traitors, of which this volume consists, will give the old pleasure to his friends.

Although THE CHICAMON STONE (Smith, 6s.) is simply an old story retold—that of the search for gold, this time up in Alaska—it takes on, at the hands of Mr. Clive Phillips-Wolley, an entirely new dress. For the author, a Canadian, knows thoroughly the country of which he writes; he knows the Indian, and he knows the Uitlander, and he uses his knowledge to give an air of reality to the sensational incidents which he recounts. The result is a book which even the reviewer was unable to read without delightful thrills and a sense of fearful joy.

ENOCH WILLOUGHBY (Downey, 6s.), by Mr. James A. Wickersham, is a rather curious novel of unfamiliar American life. The history of the Quaker Willoughbys and of their spirituality and spiritualism will not we fancy be very generally popular, but it is a carefully and cleverly written book, and will well repay perusal.

THE COMPLEAT BACHELOR, by Oliver Onions (Murray, 2s. 6d.), belongs to the same literary category as the "Dolly Dialogues," to which work it is not visibly inferior. The episodes are in the main plausible and entertaining, and readers of the fair sex will be relieved to learn that the bachelor meets with the common fate of bachelors, and is safely and painlessly trapped on the last page.

Mr. Morgan Robertson's SPUN YARN (Grant Richards, 6s.) is a collection of stories of sea life. He knows the life of the mercantile marine and Navy, and he has, we think, dipped three times in Robert Louis Stevenson—much to the advantage of his readers. For those who like a book to taste of brine "Spun-Yarn" will serve to mitigate the *longueurs* of the South-Eastern Railway.

The secrets of THE PRISON-HOUSE (Blackwood, 6s.) which are divulged to us by Miss Jane Jones are not all agreeable, but they are interesting. We do not recollect the name of the authoress of this book as that of a novelist, but her characterisation of men and women is clear and convincing, her descriptions of manners show intuition, but lack something of observation. The hero who inherits a large fortune, and is a man of exquisite taste, constantly smokes "cheroots," and on the occasion when he does light a cigar he at once goes to sleep under a tree in Regent's-park—a thing a gentleman of fashion does so rarely as to be rather too much for a story. Much is made of incident in it. Nevertheless, the humour, the subdued tragedy, the clever development of the plot in "The Prison-House," will keep the reader interested throughout the 340 pages, and if this be a first book Miss Jones is to be congratulated.

> Pleasant the trade of carriages, supposing the moment and carriage;
> But the colt who is wise will shrink from the terrible thought of marriage

quotes Miss Dorothea Conyers, but it is not all the pleasures and snaffle but of THE THORN BIT (Hutchinson, 6s.) that she writes in an unusually interesting and vivid fashion. Mr. Dene Grey and his cousin Nancy are well-drawn studies of character.

THE PHYLOSOPHIES OF PASSING THINGS, by Lilias Rowlands, is one of the little three-and-sixpenny novels brought out by the New Century Press. It is a handy volume as to size and print for carrying about on a journey, and in this case the story is worth reading. The peasant folk, with their sordid little tragedies and quaint views, are sympathetically done. Martha, with her illegitimate child, is terribly true to her type. "Did yur love him, Mahal? Do yur yase in yur hart fur him yet?" asks her idealistic old deluded father. "No," she answers, "I canna say as I heeds him noo." It is depressing, perhaps, but good, sincere work from first to last.

At the time when Miss Annie Thomas (Mrs. Pender Cudlip) opens her story, COMRADES TRUE (Chatto, 6s.), the characters are thus described: "They were all young, handsome, healthy, happy, and poor. Two of them were clerks in the Admiralty, and the third was a fine fox terrier." When an agreeable dog plays a leading part in a novel you may be sure there will be a breezy simplicity about the other actors, and you will not be disappointed here. Such clerks in the Admiralty as we happen to know are quite unlike Miss Thomas' friends, but she tells a very good tale ending on the note of "All's Well" with the weddings of the right people.

The author of "Twixt the Devil and the Deep Sea" gives the rather flippant title THE DERELICT AND TOMMY (Greening, 2s.) to a short story which tells, lightly enough, an affair of tragic issues. Her pictures of life at Sea Reach (for, though it is anonymous, the book solves for itself the "sex problem" which so often puzzles the critic) and her sketch of the lassie in love with the derelict show no small skill. The heroine is prepared, we are told, to forgive anything in the man she loves, and, as far as the super-subtlety of the author permits us to judge, she would have to forgive a great deal.

Major Arthur Griffiths.

FAST AND LOOSE (Macqueen, 6s.) is one of a couple of those pleasant, rather exciting, rather old-fashioned books that Major Arthur Griffiths puts together with so much skill and apparent facility. We begin with an elaborate bank robbery and end with a simple marriage. But many and strange are the adventures which lie between. The author's official connection with criminal life has shown him that melodrama is nearer akin to every-day affairs than many novel readers suppose, and in "Fast and Loose" he does not hesitate to give us full measure of clues and French complications and the general tangled skein of crime. The story is exciting, but the characters rather wooden. The Major's other book is IN TIGHT PLACES (Jarrold, 6s.), which contains sixteen detective stories of a well-known type—e.g., that of the Yankee card-swindler, who takes a big house in London, to hold the bank and swindle at baccarat; that of the wonderful Indian jewel, worn by a fair young English girl, for the sake of which Kam Das commits a murder; and that of the tracking-down of the victim of a Russian secret society.

If it had not been for Mr. Anthony Hope's imaginary kingdom stories Mr. F. M. Allen would never have written MR. BOYTON (Downey, 3s. 6d.). In this case a certain Patrick Caesar Boyton, of Chicago, becomes King of Poland. The imitation is not very happy, as, indeed, few imitations are. The author has not displayed his humour so well as in his former stories, and the absence of all love interest will prevent the book from being popular with women.

LIBRARY NOTES.

The Shakespeare Memorial Library in the reference department of the Birmingham Free Libraries is perhaps the most important collection of Shakespeariana extant. The first part of an index to it has just been issued, giving the English editions of the plays, selections, separate editions of single plays, and the poems, sonnets, and songs. This index, when completed, will have considerable literary value.

From West Ham we have a novel and useful publication issued at an appropriate time—viz., a hand-list of books in the public libraries which relate to holiday resorts, arranged alphabetically under names of places. The separate cataloguing of topographical works will doubtless suggest the provision of later editions of some of the guide-books for present-day tourists.

We have received annual reports from the Cambridge University Library and the Richmond (Surrey) Public Library. An appendix to the Cambridge report gives an account of the valuable work done in deciphering the Taylor-Schechter collection of Hebrew documents and manuscripts discovered in Cairo. The late Dr. Wright's catalogue of Syriac manuscripts has been completed under the supervision of Professor Bevan, while Mr. Sayle's catalogue of English books printed not later than 1640 makes good progress. Mr. H. G. Aldis was chosen as Secretary to the Library last June, and Mr. E. G. Browne, M.A., was appointed Curator in Oriental Literature, to hold office for one year.

The provision of books for the blind, and the want of such works in the ordinary public library, has recently attracted attention. It would be a truly philanthropic work if some provision could be made, but the two great drawbacks are cost and bulk. Few libraries could afford the space which the Braille volumes require or lightly incur the expense of a large stock. A good plan would be the establishment in London of a central library for the blind, combined with branches or delivery stations if necessary. Such an institution could deal with the question of selecting a better and more entertaining kind of literature than has hitherto been provided for those whose affliction has not quenched a love for good reading.

The recent Stuckey-Lean bequest of £50,000 for the establishment of a central reference library at Bristol is to be augmented by a gift of about one thousand volumes, many of them valuable and all interesting, from Mr. Stuckey-Lean's own library, which, with the exception of certain books diverted by will to the British Museum, the executors have decided to present to the Bristol Corporation to be "enshrined" in the new library.

Some strictures passed by the editor of the *Library Association Record* on "the criminal side of book-plate collecting" have raised quite a storm. An editorial in the *Ex-Libris Journal* attacks him in uncompromising fashion for his assertion that book-plate collecting was a pernicious craze and the threat that possession of the Rylands Library book-plate would be regarded as criminal. Many people are of the opinion once expressed by Mr. Edmund Gosse that the only proper place for a book-plate is in the owner's books. But it is not often such thefts take place as the one at Harvard. Each public institution possessing a book-plate offers some temptation to thief and forger, but there are thousands of opportunities for dishonesty to be met with elsewhere every day, and no one would suggest that all business and professional life should be abandoned on that account.

Visitors to Lynton will shortly find another attraction added to that charming village. Sir George Newnes has presented it with a town-hall combined with a public library at a cost of several thousand pounds. Almost every week is chronicled an instance of this form of philanthropy. Mr. Andrew Carnegie is rapidly reducing the benighted parishes of his native land, and his latest promised gift is a sum of £2,000 to erect a public library to Lockerbie, where the Acts have been adopted.

Too great thoroughness may sometimes be a drawback. The catalogue of books in the reference department of the Wigan Public Library promises to be an almost monumental work. The latest part issued deals with the letter L, and reaches page 1,758 of the catalogue. A quarto with much small type, it is evidence of great care and labour on the part of the compiler. Yet as Mr. Folkard, the librarian, is presumably issuing his catalogue less for future bibliographers than for present readers, the work suffers from *trop de zèle*. The library has existed for more than twenty years, and, at the present rate, probably another ten or fifteen will pass before it is provided with a complete list of books. Is this delay in the interests of readers? The volumes added during the time in which the printing has "dragged its slow length along" will be numerous enough to demand a supplement, and the catalogue will necessarily be always much behind the accessions. To give an instance of the abundance of detail more than three pages are devoted to the contents of Walter Savage Landor's works. Eight volumes—three quarto pages!—a glance over the books themselves would just as readily convey the information. A reference library so rich and important demands a good catalogue, and, except for its over elaboration, it is pleasing to recognize the many excellent features of the Wigan catalogue.

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

Messrs. George Newnes announce a new work on China to be completed in several sixpenny weekly parts. The work will depict China as it is to-day, and give photographs of the Chinese leaders as well as of the commanders of the British and Allied Forces, and of scenes in Peking and Hong-Kong, Shanghai, &c. There will also be a concise history of the present revolution in China, with a map.

Mr. Walter Scott's announcement of a reissue of his series of translations of Ibsen's Prose Dramas may serve as a reminder how definite a hold Ibsen, about whom Professor Herford writes in another column, has now got on English readers. Nor is England before, but rather behind, the rest of literary Europe in the matter. There has been the usual battle "with confused noise" between the Ibsenites and anti-Ibsenites, but the upshot is that, for the time at all events, Ibsen is part of the stock intellectual furniture of contemporary Europe. The result is remarkable when it is considered how few writers are really widely read and familiar in translations. The ancient classics must be left out of consideration because they have been the text-books of European education. There is Shakespeare, of course, but Molière, in spite of a few too hackneyed quotations, has never been familiar in English. Besides Shakespeare, the other possible English instances that occur to one are Byron and Scott and Dickens. Of the French writers Rabelais, Montaigne, Hugo, and Dumas are world classics. The Spanish Don Quixote is another instance. Goethe's "Faust" is perhaps an instance, though the Faust of popular knowledge is the Faust of opera, and that is really not Goethe's "Faust." Dante has now established this position, and Tasso and Ariosto once enjoyed it. Whether Ibsen will hold Dante's position when he is of Dante's antiquity is another question. Mr. Archer is revising the translations for the reissue and will contribute an introduction to the plays. Each play will have a volume to itself.

Although in the course of his career, Mr. Leonard Courtney has written extensively for the Press, the little volume on the English Constitution, which he has in hand for Messrs. Dent's "Temple Cyclopædic Primers," is, we believe, his first book in the strict sense of the term. This honour should properly have fallen to another work. About twenty years ago the announcement was made that Mr. Courtney had in preparation a monograph on Adam Smith for the "English Men of Letters" Series. As it has never appeared we suppose it must be relegated to the ever-lengthening list of books projected but never written.

Mr. Courtney, however, is not the only member of the present House of Commons who has thus disappointed the student's expectations. The like default is to be imputed to the leader of the House, Mr. A. J. Balfour, who, also about twenty years ago, was stated to have in preparation a volume on Mill for Messrs. Blackwood's series of "Philosophical Classics," but it, too, has never appeared, and we suppose never will. A complete catalogue of such "books" would be interesting.

Messrs. Macmillan announce an "edition de luxe" of Pater's works, similar in style to the Tennyson, Lamb, and Kipling published by the same house. The current editions of the works were uniform and satisfactory, but this additional honour is well deserved, and is quite appropriate. Not that with Pater form is everything. The heresy still seems to obtain that Pater is to be read for his manner and not for his matter. The manner, about which he took infinite pains, was not faultless; and his trick of long clauses in parentheses and apposition grew on him, partly from an almost painfully conscientious effort to limit and qualify his propositions to the point of personal psychological accuracy. Nevertheless, his style at his best (and the rhetorical passages, which alone Mr. Stephen Gwynn admires, were not quite his best) was curiously well adapted to convey his delicate æsthetic impressions and subtle interpretative ideas. But always, or nearly always, behind the style there was knowledge and thought—"fundamental brain work"; and Mr. Mallock, whose caricature in the "New Republic" in spite of its one-sided cleverness was a cruel libel, was at least right in selecting Pater as one of the distinct influences of his epoch. Pater's readers may not have been numerous, but they influenced a wider circle. Writing on subjects in which scholarship has recently made rapid advances, Pater did not escape mistakes. With Shelley he still accepted the Medusa of the Uffizi for a genuine work of Leonardo, and he based much of his fine reading of the lessons of Giorgione upon a picture now generally held to be an early Titian. But it is possible to make too much of new ascriptions in art. Scholarship cumbered with much serving sometimes misses a gift more needful. In the coming edition "Gaston Latour" will be included in the volume of "Imaginary Portraits." The edition will be limited to 775 copies, 250 of which have been subscribed for an American house. The first volume—there will be eight in all—will appear in September, and the publication will continue at the rate of one volume a month in the following order:—Vol. I., "Studies in the History of the Renaissance"; II. and III., "Marius the Epicurean"; IV., "Imaginary Portraits and Gaston de Latour"; V., "Appreciations"; VI., "Plato and Platonism"; VII., "Greek Studies"; VIII., "Miscellaneous Studies."

"White" and "Selborne" will ever be profitable names to conjure with. The first classic of its kind, it is still being constantly reprinted, notwithstanding the fact that it has already appeared in more editions than any other book on natural history. At the present moment, besides the second volume of Dr. Bowdler Sharpe's library edition (due in September), we are receiving the work as one of the volumes of Macmillan's Library of English Classics, reprinted, as stated in *Literature* last week, from the text of the original edition. Messrs. Constable have also promised to publish in full the daily diary kept by White for more than twenty-five years; and now Mr. Murray announces a life of the naturalist by the present head of the White family, Mr. Rashleigh Holt-White. The biography will include much unpublished matter in the shape of letters, journals, and other documents in the possession of the family, and a journal kept during a visit to Selborne in the summer of 1763, by one of the "Miss Batties," to whom the verses on "Selborne Hanger—a Winterpiece" were addressed by Gilbert White in the autumn of that year.

Sociologists have now at their disposal the third annual volume entitled "L'Année Sociologique," which Professor Durkheim, of Bordeaux, assisted by Professors Ratzel, of Leipzig, Sigel, of Versoix, Steinmetz, of Utrecht, Lapie, of Rennes, Levy, of Aix, &c., edits regularly for M. Alcan. The work represents the best critical product of Europe in this particular sphere. The "Année Sociologique" is divided into two divisions. The first part contains original memoirs by specialists. Thus this year's volume includes three memoirs—one by the geographer Herr Ratzel, on the relations of the soil with society, family, and the State; a second by M. Richard, on the connexion between social crises and criminality; and a third, by M. Steinmetz, on the classification of social types. In the second portion of this work we have a critical bibliography of all the important sociological books of the year.

Mr. Murray is evidently sanguine as to the prospects of the book trade. His new list of forthcoming works is, perhaps, the most important that he has ever issued at this time of year. South Africa is represented by only one item, but the prominent translation of Yves Guyot's "Boer Politics: An Answer to Some Pro-Boer Statements, based on Facts and Documents," marks an interesting development of the literature of the war. We have had pamphlets by Swiss champions of England's policy; now we have a benediction by the editor of *Le Siècle*. The translation will be ready early next month. Another Imperialist book is "The Growth of the Empire," and is written by A. W. Jose. Two books about Afghanistan are also included in Mr. Murray's list, both by writers who have been intimately associated with the Ameer. "The Constitution and Laws of Afghanistan" (to be published next month) is by the Ameer's private Secretary of State, Mir Munshi, Sultan Mahammad Khan, barrister and advanced student at Christ's College, Cambridge. The other book is a study of Afghan life in story form entitled "A Vizier's Daughter," by Lillias Hamilton, M.D., for several years medical adviser to the Ameer. It is no secret that the Ameer was dangerously ill when Miss Hamilton was sent for, and she virtually took her life in her hand when she journeyed to Kabul. Every character in the story is said to be drawn from life, and, as Dr. Hamilton explains in her preface, "should, therefore, so far as it goes, give an accurate description of one phase at any rate of Afghan life."

Since the completion of his history of the Hudson Bay Company, Mr. Beckles Willson has been engaged upon a somewhat similar work dealing with its great Oriental rival, the East India Company. Much hitherto unused material has been placed in Mr. Willson's hands; and the letters and diaries of the Company's servants will be largely drawn upon. "The period of the first hundred years in the life of the Company," says Mr. Cawston, in his review of the Old Chartered Companies, "is generally neglected, or dealt with in a very summary way, by Indian historians, so that no clear idea is conveyed to the reader of the early growth and development of this great association." This omission Mr. Willson undertakes to rectify. It is hoped that Lord Curzon of Kedleston will contribute an introduction.

Messrs. Longmans announce a number of important new books and new editions. An eighth and cheaper and revised edition of Canon MacColl's volume on "The Reformation Settlement" is in preparation. Sir Wm. Harcourt's introductory letter has been omitted, but two additional chapters have been added, one containing an exhaustive examination of the Lambeth decisions on Incense and Reservation, and of Mr. Dibdin's speeches, the other a reply to the criticism of Professor Maitland in the *Fortnightly Review* of last December. "The Things Beyond the Tomb, in a Catholic Light," by the Rev. T. H. Passmore, "Religion, a Plain Essay," by R. Russell, and "Holy Matrimony," by Canon Knox Little, are among the other theological announcements. Three biographies are included in the list—"Sir James Nicholas Douglass," formerly engineer-in-chief to the Trinity House, by Thomas Williams; "James Martineau," by A. W. Williams, and "Father Goreh," by the Rev. Richard Meux Benson. There will be volumes on "Sport and Travel, East and West," by Mr. F. C. Selous, and "The Forward Policy, and its Results," by Mr. Richard Bosworth Smith, C.I.E., who gives his experiences of thirty-five years' work as Commissioner and Political Agent among the tribes on our

North-West Frontier of India. Messrs. Longmans also have in the press a new and cheaper edition of the Life of Queen Victoria, by the Queen's librarian, Mr. Richard Holmes, with a supplementary chapter bringing the narrative to her Majesty's recent visit to Ireland.

The chaplain of Greenwich Hospital and of the Royal Hospital School, the Rev. G. Goodenough, R.N., has written a volume on "The Handy Man Afloat and Ashore," which Mr. Fisher Unwin will publish in the autumn. Besides describing the life of our marines and bluejackets the book includes naval yarns and songs, ancient and modern. The same publisher has a work in hand on "The Canadian Contingent," written by W. Sanford Evans. This book shows the sacrifices which Canada is making in the cause of Empire (only this week the son of the Canadian Minister of Defence was killed in action), and deals with the recruiting and despatching of the soldiers to the front, the distinguished services of the contingent in the field, and the effect of the war in Canada.

Two important travel books are also announced by Mr. Unwin. One is an account of two seasons passed "In the Ice World of Himalaya," by Fanny Bullock Workman and William Hunter Workman, two adventurous travellers who are already known by their books on Algiers and Spain. Mrs. Bullock Workman, who is said to be the first woman to undertake a long mountaineering expedition in high Asia, made three "pioneer world record" ascents of peaks varying from 18,600 to 21,000 feet in height. The second book "Among the Berbers of Algeria," by Anthony Wilkin, records and illustrates the wanderings of two anthropologists among the Berber tribes of modern Algeria—the Chawia and the Kabyles. The purely scientific results of the journey are to be published elsewhere, but the life of the Berbers, their arts and crafts, are described by Mr. Wilkin in the present volume. A few words have been added on the subject of the Algerian Jews and Anti-Semitism. Another author has written for Mr. Unwin a book on "The Jew in London," especially touching on recent immigrations from Eastern Europe, Germany, Poland, and Russia. The book will contain an introduction by Canon Barnett and a preface by Mr. James Bryce.

The new editor of the *Argosy*, Mr. Herbert Morrah, is improving that magazine. The summer number has a short and somewhat lurid sketch from the pen of the late Mr. Stephen Crane, a paper by Mr. George Gissing, an illustrated article on Siena by Mr. Augustus Hare, and other contributions of interest. In the future, pictures and drawings will be reproduced in preference to photographs, and, being published by Messrs. Allen, the *Argosy* should do well in the matter of illustration.

Messrs. Putnam have a book coming out shortly entitled "The Representative Significance of Form; An Essay in Comparative Æsthetics," by George Lansing Raymond, Professor of Æsthetics in Princetown University. Professor Raymond is the author of several volumes on art subjects, including "Art in Theory," and "Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture as Representative Arts." His new book is illustrated with quotations from poetry and references to masterpieces in all the other arts.

FICTION.—Mr. Heinemann is publishing a volume of stories by General Baden-Powell, entitled "Sport in War." The stories appeared originally in the *Badminton Magazine*. The General is his own illustrator.

Messrs. Ward, Lock, and Co. are publishing the new novel by Anna Katharine Green (Mrs. Charles Rohlfs), entitled "Agatha Webb," which Messrs. Putnams recently brought out in America. It is worth noting that there is still a steady demand for Mrs. Rohlfs' "Leavenworth Case"—though hundreds of other detective stories must have been published since it originally appeared in 1878—and the Putnams are preparing a special edition, from new plates, bringing the total number printed up to one hundred thousand. Two other novels are now being published by Messrs. Ward, Lock—"A Prince of Swindlers," by Guy Boothby, and "Between Two Fires; a Story of the Boer War," both of which have appeared in serial form. Within the next month the same publishers will add Emerson's complete Prose Works to their Minerva Library, and "The Queen's Maries" to their uniform edition of Whyte-Melville's works. There will also be new novels by Florence Warden ("The Love that Lasts"), C. J. Wills ("The Dean's Apron," and Evelyn Everett-Green ("Monica"). "Monica" was published some ten or twelve years ago by Ward and Downey in three volumes, but it has been entirely revised and virtually amounts to a new novel in its present form.

Mr. Clement Scott is about to become an editor. It is announced that he is preparing a new weekly society paper, the first number of which is expected in September. Messrs. Greening will be the publishers.

Mr. Frank T. Addyman, of St. George's Hospital, has in hand for publication a volume on "Practical X-Ray Work," to be issued by Messrs. Scott, Greenwood, and Co.

Books to look out for at once.

THE FAR EAST—

"China and the Present Crisis." By Joseph Walton, M.P. Sampson Low.

"A Personal Narrative of Occurrences during Lord Elgin's Second Embassy to China in 1860. By the late Lord Loch. Third Edition. Murray. 2s. 6d. net.

"Sir Stamford Raffles: England in the Far East." ("Builders of Greater Britain" Series.) By Hugh Egerton. Fisher Unwin. 5s.

HISTORY—

"Pictures of the Old French Court." By Catherine A. Bearne. Unwin. 10s. 6d.

"A Review of Irish History in Relation to the Social Development of Ireland." By J. P. Gannon. Fisher Unwin. 6s.

FICTION—

"Between Two Fires: A Story of the Boer War." By H. Golding. Ward, Lock. 3s. 6d.

"A Prince of Swindlers." By Guy Boothby. Ward, Lock. 5s.

"My Afterdream: A Sequel to Mr. Bellamy's 'Looking Backward.'" By "Julian West." Fisher Unwin. 4s.

"A Gift from the Grave." By Edith Wharton. Murray. 2s. 6d. net.

"Pitzjames." By Lilian Street. Methuen. 3s. 6d.

MISCELLANEOUS—

"Russia against England." By Archibald Colquhoun. Harpers. 5s.

"Our Forest and Woodlands." By Dr. John Nisbet. "Hunting." By J. Otho Paget. "Haddon Hall Library." Dent. 7s. 6d. net each.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

BIOGRAPHY.

Elisabeth de Bavière, Impératrice d'Autriche. By *Constantin Christomanos*. Translated by Gabriel Syveton. 7¼×4¾in., 273 pp. Paris. Mercure de France. Fr.3.50.

Historical Characters. By *Sir H. L. Bulwer*. 7¼×5in., 591 pp. Macmillan. 3s. 6d.

Essai sur Laurent de Médicis dit le Magnifique. By *Andre Lebey*. 7½×4¾in., 317 pp. Paris. Perrin. Fr.3.50.

DRAMA.

Two Stage Plays. Dewgill's and Herbert's Atonement and Bondage. By *Lucy Snowe*. 6¾×5in., 245 pp. Brimley Johnson. 3s. n.

The Princess. A Play in Two Acts for the Use of Schools. From Lord Tennyson's Poem. By *L. Rossi*. 6¾×4¾in., 32 pp. Dent. 1s. n.

EDUCATIONAL.

Le Songe d'Or, and other Stories. A Reader for Middle and Upper Forms. Ed. by *E. Weekley*. 7¼×5in., 119 pp. Blackie. 1s. 6d.

The Æneid of Virgil. Book III. Ed. by *P. Sandford*. 7¼×5in., 139 pp. Blackie. 1s. 6d.

Johnson: Lives of Milton and Addison. (The English Classics.) Ed. by *J. Wight Duff*. 7×4¾in., lxxiii.+209 pp. Blackwood. 2s. 6d.

Scott: The Lady of the Lake. (The English Classics.) Ed. by *W. E. W. Collins*. 7×4¾in., xlix.+265pp. Blackwood. 1s. 6d.

Dryden's Essay of Dramatic Poesy. Ed. by *D. N. Smith*. 7¼×5in., 148 pp. Blackie. 2s.

The German Empire. An Historical Reader. By *J. Langhaus*. 7¼×5in., 151 pp. Sonnenschein. 2s. 6d.

FICTION.

For Britain's Soldiers. By *Rudyard Kipling, S. R. Crockett* and Others. Ed. by C. J. Cutcliffe Hyne. 7¼×5¾in., 315 pp. Methuen. 6s.

The Compleat Bachelor. By *Oliver Onions*. 7¼×5in., 196 pp. Murray. 2s. 6d. n.

Our Cove. Stories from a Cornish Fisher Village. By *J. H. Harris*. 8×5in., 211 pp. Truro: Pollard. London: Simpkin, Marshall. 2s.

The Uttermost Farthing. By *B. P. Neuman*. 8×5in., 305 pp. Blackwood. 6s.

The Crimson Cryptogram. 8×5in., 255 pp. J. Long. 3s. 6d.

La Fleur de Jole. By *Daniel Lesueur*. 7½×4¾in., 332 pp. Paris. Lemerre. Fr.3.50.

GEOGRAPHY.

Fort St. George, Madras. by *Mrs. F. Penny*. 9×5¾in., 240 pp. Sonnenschein. 10s. 6d. n.

A School Geography of the World. By *L. W. Lyde*. 7×4¾in., 382 pp. Black. 2s 6d. n.

LITERARY.

Judgment in Literature. (The Temple Primers.) By *W. Basil Worsfold*. 6×4in., 92 pp. Dent. 1s. n.

MILITARY.

Mechanical Traction in War. By *Lieut.-Col. O. Layriz*. Translated by R. B. Marston. 10×6in., 102 pp. Sampson, Low. 5s. n.

MISCELLANEOUS.

People You Know. Ed. by *Percy A. Hurd*. 7½×5in., 317 pp. Arrowsmith. 3s. 6d.

Economics of Modern Cookery. By *H. M. Mallock*. 7×5in., 373 pp. Macmillan. 3s. 6d.

Some Oxford Pets. By Their Friends. Collected by *Mrs. Wallace*. 8×5¼in., 130 pp. Oxford. Blackwell. 3s. n.

POETRY.

The Soliloquy of a Shadow Shape on a Holiday from Hades. By *A. H. Scaife*. 7½×5in. Kendal. 1s. 6d. n.

POLITICAL.

Open Letters to Lord Curzon on Famines and Land Assessments in India. By *R. C. Dutt*, C.I.E. 7½×5¼in., 322 pp. Kegan Paul. 7s. 6d.

Britain and Boer Independence. Translated from the French of *E. Naville*. 7½×4¾in., 64 pp. Blackwood. 6d.

China—The Long-Lived Empire. By *Eliza R. Scidmore*. 8½×5¾in., 466 pp. Macmillan. 3s. 6d. n.

REPRINTS.

Twelfth Night and **King Richard II.** (The Chiswick Shakespeare.) Ed. by *J. Dennis*. 6×4in. Bell. 1s. 6d. n. each.

Henry V. (Swan Ed.) Ed. by *I. Ferguson*. 7½×5in., 161 pp. Longmans. 1s.

The Natural History of Selborne. By *Gilbert White*. (The Library of English Classics.) 9×6in., 469 pp. Macmillan. 3s. 6d. n.

TOPOGRAPHY.

Gossipy Guide to Swanage and District. By *Clive Holland*. 7½×4¾in., 81 pp. Pearson. 6d

Literature

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NOTES OF THE DAY.

Colonel Schiel, the well-known German officer of the Boer army, now an exile with Cronje at St. Helena, has written a book giving his experiences both as a Boer officer and a prisoner in British hands. Messrs. Methuen are his publishers.

* * * *

The announcement suggests all manner of interesting possibilities. Cronje's reminiscences would make a fascinating volume, and there must be many other Boer prisoners who have thrilling stories to tell. Colonel Schiel, it will be remembered, was captured at Elandslaagte in the first stage of the war, and has evidently written his book in the leisure moments snatched from his fruitless attempts to devise some means of escape. He was a lieutenant of Prussian hussars about thirty years, and quitted the service to seek employment in South Africa. The Transvaal Government engaged his services shortly after the London Convention was signed, and subsequently sent him to Berlin to learn the latest gunnery improvements, buy artillery, and draw plans for forts. The results of that mission have been severely felt by us in the present campaign.

* * * *

Visitors to the Lake District have now a fresh place of pilgrimage provided for them in the Ruskin Exhibition at Coniston. Both the artistic and the literary sides of the master's career are well represented there. Among the books are his first published writing in *London's Magazine of Natural History*, 1831; his first published poem, 1835; his Newdigate prize poem; first editions of "The Seven Lamps of Architecture," "The Stones of Venice," "Modern Painters," "Time and Tide," and "Elements of Drawing"; and there are also the manuscripts of some of his unpublished writings, a Greek Psalter of 1396, which Ruskin annotated, the original MS. of Sir Walter Scott's "The Black Dwarf," and a presentation copy of the first edition of Rogers' "Italy." The exhibition will be interesting to all, and useful to students of Ruskiniana, as all the relics are trustworthily dated.

* * * *

Once again the cry of "Ireland for the Irish" has arisen and a new weekly review, to be called the *Leader*, is to appear in Dublin on Saturday, 1st September, having for its aim "the de-Anglicization of Ireland." Every newspaper in Ireland is avowedly political, being either Nationalist or Unionist; but the *Leader* is to preach the doctrine that out of politics no good can come for Ireland. "It will face facts as they are, however humiliating; and the actual Ireland, and not the Ireland of dreamers and romancers, will be always kept in view. Though convinced that no real Ireland can exist until Irish is reinstated as the national language, this review, being practical, will be almost wholly written in English, for the promoters recognise the fact that Ireland has allowed herself to become almost completely English, and must proceed from what is to what ought to be." The editor is to be Mr. D. P. Moran, a journalist who, during the past two years, has been contributing to the *New Ireland Review* a series of scathing attacks on phases of the nationalist agitation, the Irish literary movement, the Irish theatre, and what is called "the Celtic note" in Irish literature, all of which he thinks are huge shams. The price of the *Leader* will be one penny.

* * * *

It is interesting to learn that Mr. Tree proposes, like Salvini, to represent Othello not as a black Moor, but as a copper-coloured Moor. That this was not Shakespeare's intention seems clear from the text. "I am black," says Othello himself: and another personage in the play speaks derisively of his "thick lips." Against a "black man," however, there is a prejudice, as was made abundantly clear on the memorable occasion when Lord Salisbury applied the words to a fellow-citizen of Parsee origin.

* * * *

The announcements made by Mr. Tree on Saturday night as to his future plans at Her Majesty's Theatre contained a surprise. This was the fact that he had just purchased a poetic play by Mr. Stephen Phillips. It is called *The King of the Jews*, and the King in question is Herod the Great. The subject offers material for many tragedies. Which one of the dark episodes of the Idumean tyrant has Mr. Phillips chosen? In all probability that which ended in the death of the beautiful Mariamne. Soon after he married Mariamne, Herod slew her brother, fearing his popularity. For this he was summoned, through the efforts of the young man's mother, aided by Cleopatra, to appear before Antony. Before he started on his journey he committed Mariamne to the charge of a trusted friend, ordering that, if any evil fate befel himself, she should also be put to death. He came back safely, but shortly afterwards he had to visit Antony once more, and made the same arrangement. This time Mariamne heard of his savage injunction, and on his return she taxed him with cruelty and declared her hatred of him. Herod, beside himself with rage, ordered her to be killed. The shock was

great that his mind lost its balance. Byron in one of his "Hebrew melodies" made Herod lament for Mariamne.

> Oh! Mariamne! now for thee
> The heart for which thou bleed'st is bleeding;
> Revenge is lost in agony
> And wild remorse to rage succeeding.

Herod's relations with Rome might also furnish a drama of stirring possibilities; the crafty manner in which he played with the Roman generals—Cæsar, Antony, Augustus, were each his good friends—the contrast between the outward success of his life and the inward remorse of his old age. Mr. Phillips has certainly selected a fine protagonist for his tragedy. The only wonder is that no great play has ever been written upon Herod's career. *Salome* was a remarkable effort of imagination, but hardly a great drama. Let us hope we shall not have to wait as long for *The King of the Jews* as we seem likely to wait for *Paolo and Francesca*.

* * * *

It appears that the booksellers are memorialising the publishers in the hope of getting more books published at net prices. Their point is that, in the case of net books, they can make a profit by ordering a single copy at a time, whereas in the case of other books their profit is only appreciable when they are able to pay for twelve and get thirteen. Whether this argument will appeal to the publishers remains to be seen. They may reasonably hold that, as the bookseller is under no statutory or other obligation to allow his customers twenty-five per cent. discount on his goods, his business is so to fix his prices that profit will result; and we believe that this is how a good many publishers do argue. On the face of it there certainly does not seem to be any reason to expect that enduring advantage will result from interference with the competitive tendencies of human nature in the book trade any more than in the trade in bicycles, or boots, or patent medicines, or any other commodities.

* * * *

An appreciation of Samuel Richardson written on the actual day of his death, and evidently by a friend, possesses real interest. On the opening leaves of a copy of the first of the seven volumes which form the *editio princeps* of "Clarissa," the following unpublished note appears. It is in the handwriting of a man, and suggests, one is bound to confess, that Richardson, as here represented, might well be stuffed and canonized because his good qualities have no complementary shadows. It was Paine who held that Sir Charles Grandison, with his wearisome superiorities, should be so lifted out of the human pale.

> July 4, 1761. This morning died in the 72nd year of his age, at his house in Salisbury Court, Fleet Street, Mr. Samuel Richardson, an eminent printer, and the celebrated author of the Histories of Pamela, Clarissa, and Sir Charles Grandison—as these excellent Performances, which do honour to our country, will be a lasting proof of his original, extensive, and lively genius: so many of his friends and acquaintances, among whom are some of the most reputable characters of the age, will deeply regret his loss and long remember him for the amiable and engaging good qualities by which his private life was adorned. Indefatigable in business, his unwearied application found means to perform in the literary way what might well be supposed to be the sole employment of his life; and amidst the cares of providing for a numerous family his humane and compassionate disposition was constantly displayed in various acts of benevolence and uncommon generosity. Having been afflicted with a nervous disorder, he was obliged to live not only with temperance but abstemiously; yet did not the infirm state of his health, which was such as commonly incapacitates the sufferer from going through the ordinary duties of his life, in the least abate the flow of his genius, the liveliness of his fancy, or the ardour of his industry—a rare example how much may be performed by a single person when a large share of natural sagacity, joined to an active, well-disposed mind, is exerted to the utmost.

When allowance be made for the formal phraseology of the day, the sincerity of the writer cannot be questioned. One of the quaintest touches is the assurance that the novelist had as friend or acquaintance some of the most "reputable characters" of his day; its very superfluity is its charm.

* * *

By the way, Richardson is commonly held to have died, not in Salisbury Court, but in Parson's Green, whither he removed from North End in 1755. Can it be that his biographers are in error, and that the stroke of apoplexy to which he succumbed found him in Salisbury Court, in the house of which years before Mrs. Richardson had disapproved? A person writing on the day of his death would not be likely to confuse the vicinity of Fleet Street with Parson's Green, then practically a country place. Those who visit on Sunday afternoons the late Sir Edward Burne-Jones' studio at North End may be reminded that in a little summer-house or grotto in the middle of the garden, Richardson wrote much of "Pamela," "Clarissa," and "Sir Charles Grandison." It was here "he lived in a kind of flower-garden of ladies," and after his death Mrs. Barbauld kissed the ink horn in which the novelist was wont to dip his pen.

* * * *

If it be true that we are to see further journals of Marie Bashkirtseff, lovers of the morbid may look forward to some interesting pages in the autumn. This neurotic young woman's diaries caused a sensation among all kinds of people when they appeared some ten years ago. Mr. Gladstone was drawn into discussing them, and Marie Bashkirtseff at once became a decadent classic. Her egoism had a certain fascination about it, and the pathos of her brilliant young life, cut short by consumption, added perhaps a sentimental interest to her views of the world and art and her place in both. The new journals are said to be those of her last year, and to include a romantic correspondence which she kept up with Guy de Maupassant.

* * * *

A setting of Milton's "Blest Pair of Sirens" is one of the most popular compositions of the new Professor of Music at Oxford, and no one is more enamoured of these two sirens, literature and song, than the Professor himself. His "Evolution of the Art of Music" ranks high in musical literature, and he was an assiduous contributor to Grove's Dictionary. Poets, too, owe him a debt of gratitude. He is a pioneer in the movement for showing greater respect for metre than the song-writers of old. As fine examples of his tact in finding the musical equivalents for verse rhythms we can recommend our more songful readers to attempt Sir Hubert's setting of Tennyson's "The Poet," Suckling's "Why so pale and wan, fond lover," or the Anacreontic ode, "Fill me, boy, as deep a draught." It is natural that the Professor, who lays so much stress on the artistic fitness of music to its end, should have chosen "Style in Musical Art" for the subject of his inaugural lecture, which has reached us from the Clarendon Press. A musician, as he says, must keep rigidly to the form and character of the particular style of composition he has selected. The same holds good in literature. The writer who pens a lyric in the spirit of "Paradise Lost" is as demented as the composer who writes operatic music for the Church. Sir Hubert has an eye for style everywhere, even in nature—*e.g.*, the style of an apple-tree, the style of an orange-tree—as different as an opera from a sonata. The poets of the "orange-tree" and the "apple-tree"!—what an opportunity for a critic weary of the "languorous South," the "virile North," and the other well-worn *clichés* of the historians of poetry!

It is not wholly to the credit of French publishers that Sienkiewicz's "Quo Vadis," so popular in all English-speaking countries, as well as in Germany and Italy, has only just appeared in Paris. But for the *Revue Blanche* and the *Mercure de France* most of the best that is thought and said outside of France would have little chance of appearing in a French dress. The French version of "Quo Vadis," which we owe to two Poles, is published by the *Revue Blanche*, and forms a volume of 645 pages, as bulky as the biggest of M. Zola's novels. The form and manner are not such as to recommend the book to the French. But it comes out so well advertised with reports of the prodigious figures representing the sale in other languages—1,000,000 copies in the United States, 40,000 in Italy, 150,000 in Germany—that the boulevard bookshops are noting a "run" on the book. The religious reviews, moreover, are now taking Sienkiewicz up. The *Quinzaine* publishes a curious study of American life by him, entitled "The Comedy of Errors," remarking that if this tale has never before been translated into French it has appeared in volapuk! It may be stated, by the way, that the popular subscription organized in Poland to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of Sienkiewicz's literary *début* has been so successful that he is to receive from his admirers the gift of an ancestral château belonging to his family, with an immense parkland surrounding it. This is the domain of Oblegorek at Kielce, where the novelist spent his childhood, and which passed out of his family during the reverses of fortune. The *fête* at Warsaw in the autumn, when the château will formally be offered to Sienkiewicz, will be in every sense of the word national.

* * * *

The suggestion that Oliver Goldsmith was a "married citizen" and that some of his descendants are living in the United States is so persistently made from time to time that it becomes almost a matter of necessity to trace the origin of the legend. That Goldsmith was never married—at least not to the knowledge of his most intimate friends—is evident, since the Letters of Administration, to be seen at Somerset House, describe him as "Bachelor," and were granted to Maurice Goldsmith, "the natural and lawful brother and next-of-kin of the said deceased." Notwithstanding this word "Bachelor," it is stated and believed in many quarters even yet that one Mary Olivia Goldsmith, whose name is found in the parish books of Islington, was none other than the poet's daughter, and that she lived with him in the turret of Canonbury-house when he went there to lodge in 1767.

* * * *

This, however, is merely an incident affecting the story and not the origin of it. In 1834 one Oliver Goldsmith published at St. John, New Brunswick, a small volume of verse called "The Rising Village, and other Poems," a copy of which was sold the other day in a "parcel" by auction in London. This Oliver Goldsmith used to say that he was related to his greater namesake, and so it happens that whenever the book appears in a dealer's catalogue the author is invariably described as "Goldsmith (Oliver, a descendant of the author of 'The Deserted Village')." It was the publication of this book, combined with its author's assertion at the time, that gave currency to an improbable, if not impossible, story, and the booksellers' "common form" of description has perpetuated it to our own day.

* * * *

Messrs. Sotheby's sale last week included some good copies of notable English books, the principal being a long Shakespeare series, comprising the Second Folio, a very poor copy—£31; the Third Folio, imperfect—£20 10s.; the Fourth Folio, a fine copy in excellent condition—£18 10s.; and the rare quartos, *Love's Labour's Lost*, 1631—£41; *Pericles*, 1635—£21 10s.; *Romeo and Juliet*, 1637—£30; *Henry the Fourth*, 1639—£20 10s.; *Othello*, 1655—£20. Johnson.—"The Vanity of Human Wishes," first edition, in original paper covers—£16 5s.; "Dictionary of the English Language," first edition, in exceptionally fine condition—£13. Spenser.—"The Faerie Queene," first three books, 1590, [illegible] copy—£26. Turberville—"Epitaphs, Epigrams," &c., 1570—£10. Wordsworth.—"Lyrical Ballads," first edition, 1798, [illegible]—£4. Prior.—"Poems on Several Occasions," 1707—£17 10s. Scott.—"The Cenci," first edition, presentation copy—£11; "St. Irvyne," first edition—£10 5s. Tennyson.—"[illegible]," the privately-printed edition of 1887—£20. Swinburne.—"Atalanta in Calydon," first edition—£2 18s. Stevenson.—Original MS. of "The Body Snatcher"—£11 10s. FitzGerald.—"Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyam," the rare 1859 edition—£[illegible], and a presentation copy of the Kelmscott "Chaucer"—£72.

The Irish Language.

There is something pathetically naïve, if not absolutely disingenuous, in the outcry raised by Irish patriots in the House of Commons and [illegible] letters in the columns of *The Times* for the organized teaching of the Erse language in Irish schools. That their clamour represents any deeply felt desire on the part of the Irish people is incredible, for the number of them who know more than a few words of Irish is very small and is steadily diminishing, and the natural desire of the average man—to say nothing of the average boy—is not to transform his educational curriculum into an obstacle race. Nor can the talk be believed to express any really profound sentiment in the breasts of the agitators. Otherwise, Mr. George Moore, and Mr. T. P. O'Connor, and those who think with them, would have taken the trouble to learn the language themselves instead of seeking a vicarious satisfaction by trying to compel others to do so. The sentiment, in short, which keeps alive such languages as Flemish, Wallon, Welsh, and Breton does not exist in the case of Erse; and the arguments for preserving it artificially by Act of Parliament are the purely baneful arguments of literary men who have nothing in common with the unfortunate children who would have the trouble of passing examinations in a subject which would be of no practical use to them in after life. "Our desire," says Mr. Moore, "is to use English as a universal language and to save our own as a medium for some future literature." But, surely, Mr. Moore, whose books have sometimes circulated by tens of thousands, must sometimes feel the advantage of being able to express himself through a medium as nearly universal as possible, and does not always wish to be in the position of a painter exhibiting pictures to the colour-blind, or a musician playing to the deaf. The most that could conceivably be done by teaching Erse in Irish schools would be to give the language a vogue [illegible] to, but probably rather less than, that of Wallon, Flemish, Breton, or Welsh. And what is the literary position in the countries in which these languages are spoken by the common people, and known by the educated, and could be used as literary media if necessary? The fact is that, with very few exceptions, they are not used as literary media at all; but that their men of letters prefer to interpret the genius of their nationality through the medium of some language that is more widely understood. The chief exception is furnished by the case of Mistral, the Provençal poet; but the case is balanced by that of Daudet, who, for no other reason than that he wrote in French, has done far more than Mistral to interpret Provence to the rest of the world. In the case of Flemish, French is also the language in which the greatest writers—such writers as Maeterlinck and the author of "Bruges-la-Morte"—have given literary expression to the characteristic genius of Flanders. The great Russians, again, write in French, and the great Welshmen write in English; and an even more startling instance of the tendency is found in the case of the great Dutch novelist, Maarten Maartens, who, though he writes of Dutch subjects and from the Dutch point of view, prefers the language of Milton to the language of Vondel, because, in that language he can address a wider audience. Whence it seems to follow that Mr. Moore's idea of teaching the Irish language in the National Schools in order that works of genius may be written in it is even more chimerical than most of the ideas that Mr. Moore propounds from time to time.

Personal Views.

THE MODERN NOVEL.

No other artistic or would-be artistic product gets such scant courtesy of treatment as the novel. We go to a play and give it our attention, without any further distraction than the interludes; and even these we spend largely in discussion of the play. The author has not to contend with half-a-dozen conflicting atmospheres when he tries to impress us. He holds us to the end of his effort, and then, and not till then, abides by our verdict. The same with the musician. We hear the song through; we sit out the symphony to the end—the first in silence, for fear of offence, the second in comparative silence, for fear of detection as a person of poor taste, one who will "roar bestial loud complaints against the music of the spheres." But the novel, the work perhaps of patient years, the pitiful "sustained effort" that has taken a man's best energies out of him, and exhausted him as the bee is exhausted by putting forth its sting—how do we treat it? First of all, we read it with shame and apology and a sense of waste of time. We talk over its head of wars and rumours of wars, of gossip and of plans for the day. We leave it for hours at a time, just when its atmosphere was beginning to make itself felt. Some of us begin it at the end, which is like holding a picture upside down. Others break into it with a course of half-a-dozen rival books, calculated between them to kill its effect. Others avowedly take it as a sleeping-draught, avoiding it with their clear brain and insulting it by their fuddled one. And all these will give you their seathing opinion of it with all the grace in the world. Yet another class will read it attentively, devouringly, propping it against the milk-jug at breakfast, and the soup-tureen at dinner, never looking up from it until the last page; and then putting it down with a heart-felt "*Well!* Of all the dreary twaddle I ever came across. . . . !"

Having put in a word for the most cruelly treated product of the age, I admit that it sometimes has uncommonly ludicrous features. First it was perhaps silly of our great-aunts to make Angelina as beautiful as the day, with golden hair down to her feet, though for my own part I liked it. It gave me a pleasing sense of what young decadent writers, I believe, call "volupey." It probably was foolish. But why, in the name of all that is funny, do we prefer Angelina nowadays so portentously repulsive? Thus:—"The dun hair lay in wisps, each side of her haggard face. The slightly gross lips protruded, showing the characteristic, uneven teeth. All her being suggested allurement. Oswald felt the strange, penetrating charm that she exhaled. It was palpable, like a vapour. He shuddered. . . ." And we shuddered with him—at first. Then we perceived the subtle flattery that lies in giving the reader a particularly loathsome young person to adore. It implies that his imagination is so powerful and ingenious that it needs no coarse, material aids. He will listen and reflect and swallow his loathing, and say, "I see what you mean."

When the golden-haired angel left the ordinary novel, the effusively manly hero left it too, and took refuge in the historical one. Ah, the historical one, what a visitation for sin it can be! How well we know its dialogue! This is the way it is done. First the author writes, "Do you know that Mrs. Brown, the draper's wife, has broken her arm?" Now, this will not do at all. But only put it "Wot ye that Mistress Brown, the mercer's lady, hath fractured a limb?" There you have it—historical!

Then the strength of the hero! The ease with which he picks up the five-foot-eight heroine "like an infant!" "She resisted a while, but then, methinks, it pleased her well to be thus held against my heart." The swordsmanship of him, when he disarms, one after another, a roomful of "the best blades in Europe!" Except in some half-a-dozen cases which do not need quoting, I give up the historical novel. It is only in its artless pages that the ferociously virile being is met with. In the casual novel of genuinely "modern" type the hero has more often the *personnel* of the average City clerk. He is anæmic, spectacled, round-shouldered. He appeals to every subtle sense and disdains the coalheaver's recommendation of brute force. The lady makes up for him. She is a modest and muscular type of young gentlemanhood. She is usually a little affronted at the notion of marriage with the hero, but regards him as a field for delicate experiment, finally leaving him a sadder and a wiser man, after marrying somebody else and beating him in a cricket match and the London Tripos. All of which shows a sound grasp of the tendency of the age.

There are sides to the modern novel which I have no room to touch on here. But the particular crimes alleged against it by veterans of both sexes, who read no fiction but popular biography and the newspapers, are all to be found to this day. Only you must look for them in the yearly output of certain men and women (more frequently the latter) who once delighted the world with the mild love-affairs of some preposterous but engaging young people, and go on, year after year, trading on an ancient "name," in pathetic oblivion of the facts that the marriage begins the misunderstandings now, instead of ending them; that Angelina should be a lecturer on biology and a little repulsive-looking, if she is to attract; that the feudal peasant, with his "the squire's little lady—bless her kind heart! She never forgets old Giles," has given place to the slightly indelicate humorous rustic as comic relief—and many other facts. In short, these writers can hardly be called "modern" at all.

To every age its own folly and a little more accuracy—especially in criticism.

ALICE HERBERT.

WALTER PATER.

At last we are to have an *édition de luxe* of Walter Pater. The six years which have passed since his too early death have not been careful of his memory. He stands outside the ordinary categories of classification. A critic, yes; but not in the deliberate, didactic fashion in which Matthew Arnold instructed the children of this world in the counsels of the children of light. He forbore Arnold's privilege of judgment. He was less judge than interpreter. His was the faculty of disengaging the evidence till the witnesses expressed themselves in the logical order of their thought. He brought elusive facts to utterance, labouring at them, detail by detail, point after point. One after another they emerged from the mists, shining in their divers colours, but harmoniously informed with the common light that reveals them.

It follows that Pater can never be a popular critic. The current jargon of criticism offended his fastidious taste. His vocabulary was full of curiously arresting words, terms which stretch into the distance, and awake a feeling of perspective. He mixed his palette with half-shades, a purple at once red and blue, a grey in preference to black or white, a primrose neither green nor yellow. And in token of this suspended judgment and subtle extension of phrase, Pater especially chose for study the periods indicating transition. The dawn of Christianity in Pagan Rome, the birth of Giordano Bruno in medieval Europe, the speculations of Plato—so Attic, yet so Pauline—the links

between classicism and romanticism, these mark the affinities of Pater's mind, which dwelt in less arduous hours on kindred tasks of interpretation—the poems of Coleridge or Rossetti, the myths of Dionysus or Demeter.

Pater, then, is hard to read. Page after page may be turned, and nothing gained by the exercise. He has "atmosphere"—that not definable quantity which Macaulay, for instance, eliminated from his model tenements kind of style—each sentence a compact receptacle for the sentiment it contained. Pater was not compact. The rich cadence of his meaning swells through his pages like valse-music, till the reader is mazed with melody, and loses the time in the tune. Yet this sensitive faculty for the shifting hues of the thing seen, this power to express—or, rather, to impress—the shadows of the field and sea, as the sun and wind and clouds pass over them, which Pater possessed so eminently, has dowered literature with a treasure-house of phrases. Well nigh a new language was coined by Pater in his careful selection of epithets. The "discreet and scrupulous simplicity" of Aurelius; the "wistful tolerance" of Montaigne; the "gracious unction" of medieval Latin psalmody; the "tumultuous richness" of Goethe's culture; the "great meekness of the graceful, wild creature, tamed at last," of Shakespeare's Richard II.; Lamb's readiness "to teach the little arts of happiness"; Coleridge, with his "passion for the absolute, his faintness, his broken memory, his intellectual disquiet"; Ronsard's poetry, in which things become at once "more deeply sensuous and more deeply ideal"; Wordsworth's "sudden passage from lowly thoughts and places to the majestic forms of philosophical imagination, the play of those forms over a world so different, enlarging so strangely the bounds of its humble churchyards, and breaking such a wild light on the graves of christened children"—there is an individuality, an unconventionality, in those descriptive passages which stamps Pater's criticism as unique. The critic's supreme function—to help us to read well—is fulfilled.

Add to this skilful impressionism Pater's use of imaginative language. We read of Gaston de Latour:

> In the sudden tremor of an aged voice, the handling of a forgotten toy, a childish drawing, in the tacit observance of a day, he became aware suddenly of the great stream of human tears falling always through the shadows of the world.

We are told of Botticelli that his character was the

> result of a blending in him of a sympathy for humanity in its uncertain condition, its attractiveness, its investiture at rarer moments in a character of loveliness and energy, with his consciousness of the shadow upon it of the great things from which it shrinks.

Or, as a last random illustration, take this sentence from the essay on Sir Thomas Browne—

> The really stirring poetry of science is not in guesses or facile divinations about it, but in its large ascertained truths—the order of infinite space, the slow methods and vast results of infinite time.

Is there not in these phrases a trace of what Pater defined as the perfection of lyrical style, depending, in part, on "a certain suppression or vagueness of mere subject, so that the meaning reaches us through ways not distinctly traceable by the understanding"?

Pater, the imaginative impressionist, has many explicit precepts for the guidance of inquirers. A few of them may be collected here:—

> To discriminate schools of art, of literature, is, of course, part of the obvious business of literary criticism; but . . . in truth, the legitimate contention is, not of one age or school of literary art against another, but of all successive schools alike against the stupidity which is dead to the substance, and the vulgarity which is dead to the form.

> The basis of all artistic genius lies in the power of conceiving humanity in a new and striking way, of putting a happy world of its own creation in place of the meaner world of our common days . . . selecting, transposing, recombining the images it transmits.

> Not to discriminate every moment some passionate attitude in those about us is, in this short day of frost and sun, to sleep before evening.

This review of Pater's claims on our gratitude may be concluded by a brief examination of his method. His essay on Wordsworth, in the "Appreciations," will be found best suited to this purpose. Pater opens by mentioning Wordsworth's essential distinction between Fancy and Imagination, but, discarding the metaphysical cant, he identifies it directly with the distinction "between higher and lower moods of intensity in the poet's perception of his subject, and in his concentrating of himself upon his work." A couple of pages are then devoted to "the duality between higher and lower moods, and the work done in them," of which Wordsworth was so shining an example. Thus Pater struck on the very threshold of his task the epitome of Wordsworth's influence. Those who undergo it, he tells us, "are like people who have passed through some initiation, a *disciplina arcani*, by submitting to which they become constantly able to distinguish in art, speech, feeling, manners that which is organic, animated, expressive from that which is only derivative, conventional, inexpressive." Next come the subtleties of Wordsworth's mind and art. There was in his character, we are told, in the flawless Pateresque style, "a certain contentment, a sort of inborn religious placidity," which, combined with the "somewhat monotonous spaces" of his life to nurture a "quite unusual sensibility, really innate in him, to the sights and sounds of the natural world—the flower and its shadow on the stone, the cuckoo and its echo." Through nature, the critic went on, Wordsworth approached the spectacle of human life: "by raising nature to the level of human thought, he gives it power and expression; he subdues man to the level of nature, and gives him thereby a certain breadth, and coolness, and solemnity." The last six words will again be recognised as, characteristically, Pater's. They are pictorial, allusive, scholarly, recalling to a full mind the greeting pleasances of literature from Virgil's "latis otia fundis" to Tennyson's "English home . . . a haunt of ancient peace." Pater's method is of no use for "cram." His students must bring to their task a sympathetic comprehension. Like the disciples of Socrates they must be willing *την λογικωτέραν πορεύεσθαι*, to take the longer road in the pursuit of the idea. And, taking it under Pater's guidance, we reach the tablelands of purpose. Who that has not stood on the critics' Pisgah could have written the following words:

> Contemplation—impassioned contemplation—that is with Wordsworth the end in itself, the perfect end. We see the majority of mankind going most often to definite ends, lower or higher ends, as their own instincts may determine. . . . Meantime . . . they move too often with something of a sad countenance . . . it being possible for people, in the pursuit of even great ends, to become themselves thin and impoverished in spirit and temper, thus diminishing the sum of perfection in the world, at its very sources. . . . Against this predominance of machinery in our existence, Wordsworth's poetry . . . is a continued protest. Justify rather the end by the means, it seems to say; whatever may become of the fruit, make sure of the flowers and the leaves. . . . That the end of life is not action but contemplation, being as distinct from *doing*, a certain disposition of the mind, is, in some shape or other, the principle of all the higher morality. . . . To treat life in the spirit of art is to make life a thing in which means and ends are identified; to encourage such treatment, the true moral significance of art and poetry.

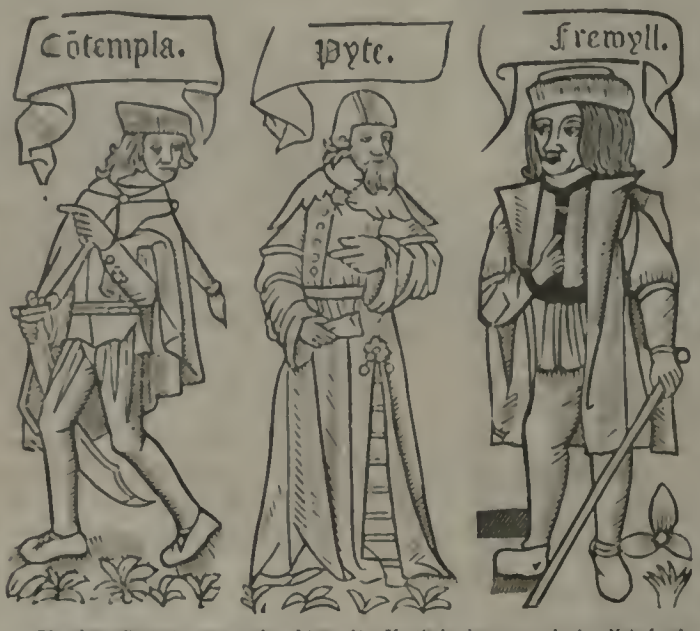
Five-and-twenty years or more have passed since the first appearance of this essay. Wordsworth has been edited, reviewed, epitomized, patronized, and taught. Studies as illuminating as M. Legouis' volume on the "Prelude," labours as tireless as Mr. Knight's, have been expended on the poet. Yet, I venture to doubt, writing from no mean acquaintance with the literature of the subject, if anything quite as subtle and complete has been published as this holiday task of the Brasenose recluse.

The "Wordsworth" is but one essay in a volume of eleven "Appreciations"; the "Appreciations" but one of five volumes of equally valuable criticism, and to these are to be added the two romances of the beginning and the end of Pater's life. Surely it is now full time that the welcome *édition de luxe* should be followed by a handy volume of selections.

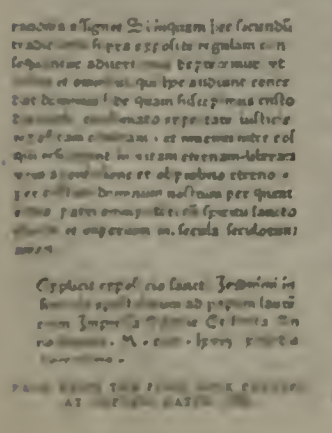
LAURIE MAGNUS.

THE STORY OF THE CLARENDON PRESS.

A SERVICE has been rendered to the student of typography, as well as to Oxford University, by Mr. Horace Hart's industrious researches among the records of the Clarendon Press, and the compilation of his catalogue of the ancient printing material belonging to that institution. When, in 1883, Mr. Hart was appointed printer to the University—or architypographus, as he would have been called in earlier days—he found the old types, matrices, and punches resting from their labours in a melancholy condition of rust and confusion. He took them in hand, arranged, classified, and cleansed every part, and adopted means to preserve them from further damage, the result being that the most interesting typographical collection we possess is now kept in a manner worthy alike of the University and the oldest foundry of which the country can boast. To put the collection in order much research was necessary and some record desirable. "The record having been made," writes Mr. Hart, "it seemed a pity to leave it in a rough state, partly manuscript and partly print"; and so, in the end, he prepared a volume of "Notes on a Century of Typography at the University Press, Oxford, 1693-1794," which he has just produced with annotations and appendixes. In many cases the old types themselves have been used to reproduce the Press "Specimens" issued during the period under review, and a rare assortment of devices and ornaments, ancient music types and initial letters, is included among the illustrations. The reason why the "Century of Oxford Printing" begins at 1693 and ends at 1794 is that no printed Specimen was issued by the Oxford Press before the earlier, and none, apparently, after the later date. In those days, as in these (explains Mr. Hart in his prefatory notes), a printing house issued type specimens in order that authors might be able to choose suitable characters in which their works could be printed; while a type foundry issued impressions from types to show what characters it had to sell. The Oxford Press has been from early times both printing house and type foundry, but its specimens were probably printed for the first reason only.



The large illustration reproduced from Mr. Hart's book was made for Vol. I. of "The Origin of the English Drama," by Thomas Hawkins, printed at the Clarendon Press in 1773. In Hawkins volumes three full pages were printed from wood blocks; only two blocks remain in the Press to-day. They are copies of those found on the verso of the title of Wynkyn de Worde's edition of the play of *Hyckescorner*.



"1468."

The Press began its work at Oxford, however, more than two centuries before the earliest date of Mr. Hart's record. The story is extremely interesting. Oxford, with a press from Cologne, was Caxton's first typographical rival in England, and, indeed, produced a book bearing a date, which, on the face of it, was printed nine years before Caxton's "Dictes of the Philosophers." The battle which has been waged about the date of the "1468" volume (the treatise of Tyrannius Rufinus on the Apostles' Creed, here ascribed to St. Jerome) is an oft-told tale, and has led to almost as many arguments as have been put forward in the older controversy as to whether printing was "invented" in Holland or Germany. The opinion of most authorities, including Bradshaw and Blades, is that 1468 is an error for 1478 (an X having dropped out of "MCCCCLXXVIII."). M. Madan, writing in 1895, sums up the position as follows:—

> Caxton, who began to print in England in 1477, nowhere claims to have introduced printing into England. Is it still conceivable that Oxford preceded Westminster by nine years? The answer is that it is still conceivable, but not probable. The ground has been slowly and surely giving way beneath the defenders of the Oxford date, in proportion to the advance of our knowledge of early printing, and all that can be said is that it has not yet entirely slipped away.

Caxton's Oxford rival did not trouble him long, for the Press in the University town suddenly ceased operations in 1486, about the same time that the printing by the mysterious schoolmaster at St. Alban's came to an end.

Leicester, Laud, and Fell.

Twenty-one years ensued and then, for a period of about fourteen months, printers from abroad were again at work at Oxford, though the fact is virtually ignored by the registers of the University. The suppression of the Oxford Press by Wolsey led to another long interval of inactivity; it was not until 1585 that the Press was permanently established. "Late in the reign of Elizabeth," writes Ingram in his "Memorials of Oxford," "the Earl of Leicester, being then Chancellor of the University, had the good sense and spirit to revive and reorganize its typography. Its sole expense, a new press, was erected; a fit person was specially appointed printer to the University; and in 1585 came forth [in Latin] the first fruits of the establishment, 'Moral Questions upon Aristotle's Ethics,' by John Case, Fellow of St. John's; dedicated, with great propriety, to the Chancellor." From that date the press was kept in constant work, and before the close of the sixteenth century Joseph Barnes, the "fit person" referred to, had published between seventy and eighty books, "many of them of high character and most of them respectable in their style of execution." The charter of privileges in 1632 gave the University direct control of the printing, but as yet there are few signs of actual academical interest or interference, and the various printers were still left to exercise their trade in hired buildings. The great patron of the Press at this period was Archbishop Laud, who was virtually the first to encourage the University to raise the establishment into a great national institution. With the downfall of Laud came the Rebellion, with its numbing influence upon learning; and the Oxford Press had some difficulty in holding its ground. Then Bishop Fell, the hero of the immortal epigram, came to the rescue, and, taking up the work begun by Laud, checked every attempt which was made by its rivals to reduce its importance. In the Civil Wars

Dr. Fell bore arms for the King in the garrison of Oxford, and, receiving ecclesiastical promotion after the Restoration, became Vice-Chancellor of the University in 1666. It was in 1668 that he presented some of the sets of types which, with the generous gifts of Junius, laid the foundation of the Oxford University Foundry as it exists to-day. Fell worked hard and gave large sums of money for the development of the Press, both in improving its mechanical resources and providing it with scholarly editions of classical and other works. The business prospered, and after being carried on for some years in the old House of Congregation in St. Mary's Church was removed to the floor of the Sheldonian, where it had its home until 1713.

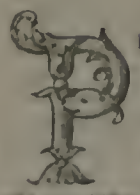
Mr. Hart's Book.

This brings us to the period dealt with by Mr. Horace Hart in his "Century of Typography." It is well known that the earliest Oxford printing was executed from characters brought from Cologne, and when Fell and Junius were seeking for types in the seventeenth century they sent, according to Fell's own statement, to Germany, France, and Holland for them. By a happy discovery Mr. Hart is able to dispose of all conjectures as to where most of the Fell types were purchased. He has recently had his attention directed to a number of letters and other documents in the Rawlinson collection in the Bodleian Library bearing directly on the subject. For the most part the correspondence consists of letters written by Dr. Marshall, then preacher to the English merchants in Holland (afterwards Dean of Gloucester), whom Dr. Fell entrusted with a special commission to buy punches—or "punctions," as Marshall calls them—matrices, and type for the University. The letters are written to his "worthily-honoured" master, and bound up with them are certain drafts which appear to be rough outlines of Dr. Fell's own letters in reply. The correspondence describes Marshall's troubles with the Dutch punch-cutters and type-founders, and the Dean's efforts to induce a letter-founder and several compositors to come to Oxford. In one letter he declares that it it would hasten matters he "would take up with the Dutch height." This, as Mr. Hart observes, accounts for the un-English "height" of the Clarendon Press type, which has been a source of trouble ever since its introduction. Several letters to Samuel Clarke, the first Architypographus to the University, are added to illustrate the difficulties which Fell experienced regarding type bought in London. The punches and matrices remaining in the Oxford Type Foundry are for the most part kept in the original oak boxes, forty-six of which were "discreetly" repaired in 1891. Mr. Hart undertook a formidable task when he decided to put the whole collection of the foundry in order. He tells us that in addition to tracing, classifying, and arranging alphabetically (so far as was practicable) more than 7,000 matrices, all the corresponding punches still in existence have been identified by fitting them into the matrices. Everybody will echo Mr. Hart's sentiments in hoping that these relics of early Oxford benefactors, or survivals of University purchases in past centuries, "will never again be degraded by neglect to the deplorable condition from which they have at length been rescued." In all there are 7,632 matrices and 2,906 punches. What their original cost was is not known with certainty, but Dr. Fell gives some idea of the amount when he says that, between 1672 and 1679 the "imprimery" had been "furnisht at the expence of above four thousand pound."

DESIGN ON REVERSE SIDE OF ORIGINAL WOODCUT FOR ONE OF THE FLOWER'D LETTERS, 13 LINES PICA, USED AT LEAST AS EARLY AS 1700 IN OXFORD PRINTING.

"The engraving was possibly the work of an amateur. The artist, although he did not inscribe his name, may have intended to produce his portrait to be handed down to posterity. —Horace Hart.

The Clarendon Buildings.



ONE OF SEVERAL SMALL BLEMISHES (SEE INITIALS C BUTCH BLOOMSBURY) WILL BE FOUND IN EARLY BOOKS AT THE PRESS

PERHAPS the most important chapter in the story of the Oxford Press begins with Clarendon's gift of the copyright of his "History of the Rebellion." It was mainly with the profits arising from the sale of this classic that the University was provided with the first building erected for the specific purpose of carrying on its printing business, under the name of the Clarendon Press. The removal from the Sheldonian took place in 1713, and the new printing house began its operations in October of that year. The first Clarendon Building, in Broad-street, was designed by Vanbrugh; everybody familiar with Oxford knows it by sight. Another period of stagnation settled upon the institution in the eighteenth century, and it was left to the administrative zeal and judgment of Sir William Blackstone to put fresh life into the work. The eighteenth century is little but progress and prosperity to record, and in 1830, the business increasing beyond the capacities of the Broad-street house, a move was made to the present fine building in Walton-street.

THE OLD CLARENDON PRESS

Oxford Bibles and India Paper.

The name of the Oxford Press is, of course, inseparably connected with the trade in Bibles. As most people are aware, the Revised Version is the joint property of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, which vested £20,000 to the expenses of publication, but the copyrights of the Authorized Version and of the Book of Common Prayer are vested in the Crown, authority to print them in England being granted by charter to Oxford and Cambridge Universities and by licence to the Queen's printer. The statistics of the trade in Oxford Bibles alone are remarkable. The output now averages about a million complete copies a year, besides large numbers of New Testaments, separate portions, and Welsh Bibles. There is a shipment of between five and six tons every week to the United States, where privateering publishers show their appreciation of the Oxford edition by bringing out copies reproduced page by page by photo-lithography. A few weeks ago, however, the University obtained an injunction to prevent the publication of these pirated editions under the name of Oxford Bibles. So proud are the authorities of the accuracy of their printing that they give a guinea to the first person who points out a printer's error in any edition of the Authorized Version of the Oxford Bible. The bill for these errors only amounts to four or five guineas a year, though there are over seventy editions of the Oxford Bible altogether, and the mistakes are rarely more serious than a dropped letter. The archaisms, "bewray" and "entendeth," have involved world-wide correspondence with applicants who seek in vain for the guinea reward. The Oxford India paper has

revolutionised the Bible and Prayer-book trade, and is the special pride of the Clarendon Press. The story of its discovery is just now of topical interest, as on August 21 the mysterious paper will be a quarter of a century old. Sixty odd years ago an Oxford graduate returned from India with a small fold of paper, remarkably thin, but at the same time opaque and tough. He presented the paper to the University Press, and a few Bibles, half the usual thickness, were printed from it. As much as £20 each was offered for them, but no copies were sold. One was presented to the Queen. Futile efforts were made to trace the paper to its source. Even Mr. Gladstone was asked if he could throw any light on the matter, and he suggested a search in Japan; but though a paper thin and tough enough was found there, it was too transparent to permit of printing on both sides. The search was gradually abandoned and the paper lost sight of until a copy of the book reached the hands of Mr. Frowde. This was in 1874; Mr. Frowde had only taken over the management of the London business of the Clarendon Press at the close of the preceding year; and experiments were at once started at the Wolvercote Mills, two miles away on the river from Oxford, with the object of manufacturing a similar paper. After several failures came success, and on August 25th, 1875, an edition of the Bible was published similar in every respect to the two dozen copies printed in 1842. A quarter of a million copies were sold within a few weeks. No workman at the Wolvercote Mills is allowed to understand more than one stage of the process of manufacture. The paper remains a mechanical mystery. The mills themselves, it should be added, have a history. They date back to the period of Dr. Fell, who encouraged the fitting up of the place by Mr. George Edwards, a "cutter in wood of the great letters, who engraved many other things made use of in the printing of books, and had a talent in maps, although done with his left hand." "Some of the best paper made in England is made at Wolvercote Mill," wrote Hearne, as far back as 1728; and its reputation stands higher than ever to-day.

THE PRESENT BUILDING IN WALTON STREET, OXFORD.

THE WOLVERCOTE PAPER MILL.

A Self-Contained Institution.

Besides being the University Press and mindful of its dignity as such, the house is a vast business concern which easily succeeds in keeping itself abreast of the times. It rivals the Imprimerie Nationale of Paris and the Reichsdruckerei of Berlin, without having their support from Government. Apart from employing its own binders, engravers, and the like, and manufacturing its paper, the Oxford Press does its own ink-making, type-founding, electrotyping, lithographic, and all kinds of "fancy printing and bookbinding." In other words it makes its books from the raw material; and it prints them in something like sixty different tongues—each requiring a separate kind of type—without reckoning the countless languages and dialects for which Roman type serves. In London the publishing business is conducted by Mr. Frowde, who also controls the bindery in Aldersgate-street, where the skins of upwards of 100,000 animals are used every year to cover Oxford Bibles alone. To letter the backs of the volumes 400,000 sheets of gold-leaf are needed, and a much larger quantity is used in gilding the edges. Mr. Frowde was appointed "Publisher to the University" in 1880, when the Delegates of the Press transferred their classical and learned publications—before that date issued by Messrs. Macmillan—to their own warehouse in London. The following official note in the "Literary Year Book" is worth quoting:—"The curious in bibliographical matters are often struck by the three different imprints under which the different works of the Press appear: 'Oxford: Printed at the University Press,' 'London: Henry Frowde,' and 'London: Henry Frowde, Oxford University Press Warehouse,' and again, 'Oxford: At the Clarendon Press Warehouse.' The first imprint is that found on the title pages of Bibles, Prayer-books, and other works issued and authorized by the delegates; the second marks all such works (the 'Imitatio' for instance) issued by Mr. Frowde with the sanction but not necessarily with the authorization of the delegates; and the third comprises specially erudite works, such as Skeat's 'Etymological Dictionary'; Skeat's 'Chaucer'; the 'Oxford English Dictionary'; and the 'Sacred Books of the East,' edited by Max Müller, &c." At the last Paris Exhibition the Oxford Press received the Grand Prix, and on the present occasion it has three separate exhibits, besides sharing in the collective display made by the British Publishers' Association. Some of the bindings exhibited have cost as much as £60 each, and it has been announced that important purchases have been made by representatives of a considerable number of science and art museums to add to their collections.

The Delegates and the Dictionary.

The present delegates of the Press with their official descriptions are as follows:—Dr. Thomas Fowler, President of Corpus (Vice-Chancellor); Ingram Bywater, Student of Christ Church; Sir William Markby, D.C.L., Fellow of All Souls and Balliol; William Stubbs, D.D., Lord Bishop of Oxford; David B. Monro, Provost of Oriel; and F. York Powell, Fellow of Oriel (perpetual delegates); Henry P. Gerrans, Fellow of Worcester; William Sanday, D.D., Canon of Christ Church; John R. Magrath, D.D., Provost of Queen's; Charles L. Shadwell, D.C.L., Hon. Fellow of Oriel (appointed for seven years). The secretary is Mr. Charles Cannan, Trinity. It is to the lasting credit of the delegates that

they publish, for the benefit of the language and literature of the country, many books which cannot possibly prove remunerative; where profits occur the surplus is contributed to the University chest for the general purposes of the University. The "New English Dictionary," the last volume of which Dr. Murray hopes to publish in 1908, is undoubtedly the greatest enterprise ever undertaken by the Clarendon Press; and, in conclusion, we cannot do better than quote the following passage from the leading article which *The Times* devoted to the Dictionary Dinner given at Oxford in 1897:

> Such a work could not, indeed, have been well undertaken by any private individual, however long his purse or however ardent his zeal. . . . But this is just the service which a great University can and, we think, ought to do for science and learning. It has the requisite prestige in the world of letters; it can command, as in this case it has commanded, the services of willing and qualified workers, who ask for little reward beyond the honour of taking part in a great work. And when it has also at command, as the University of Oxford has in the Clarendon Press, a highly-equipped and well-managed printing and publishing establishment, it is master of the situation. The liberal and enlightened management, with an eye to the best interests of learning as well as to commercial profit, that has now for many years marked the administration of the Clarendon Press, is signally illustrated by the encouragement given and the facilities provided for carrying out the work of compiling this great dictionary. . . . The apologists of Universities are entitled, we think, to point to such a work as the "Oxford English Dictionary" in answer to the question, What are you doing to encourage learning and research? . . . Such encouragement of solid labour and genuine research as the University can give by subsidizing the production of unremunerative works of permanent value may after all be, not perhaps the only, but at present the more excellent way.

UNIVERSITY ARMS AS TAIL PIECE [illegible] Specimen
[From Mr. Hart's Book.]

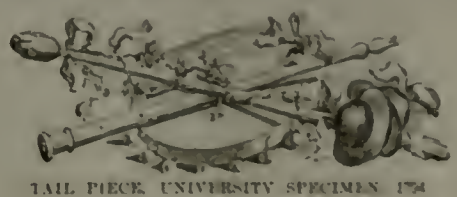
THACKERAY AND THE STAGE.

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT.]

Mrs. Fiske, the American actress, has been playing Becky Sharp, and it is stated that there is some probability of Miss Marie Tempest following her example. Thackeray, so far, has not made the fortune of any theatrical managers. Mr. J. M. Barrie's one-act setting of "Vanity Fair" was produced some years ago, but is now forgotten. "Esmond" has been seen on the stage, and Mr. F. C. Burnand has put "Mr. Jeames de la Pluche" on the boards and a version of "The Rose and the Ring" ran for about a month at the Prince of Wales' some years ago. But the works of Thackeray, unlike those of Dickens, do not apparently lend themselves to this form of adaptation. Although the stage, with its environment, is not unfrequently introduced in his stories, Thackeray's dramatic instinct was not strongly developed, though he himself believed that proof would be found in his posthumous works that he could write tragedy. Dickens has to his credit some half-dozen plays (farcical in character), which met with a certain degree of success, while Thackeray's attempts in this direction were even more limited. The little one-act burlesque *King Glumpus* was reproduced in facsimile in 1898 by Mr. W. T. Spencer. Mr. Melville, in his life of Thackeray, records the discovery made by Mr. C. P. Johnson of a little sketch called *Reading a Play*, which appeared in the *Britannia* for May, 1841, and which was reproduced in 1891. Thackeray's only serious dramatic effort was *The Wolves and the Lamb*. A writer in these columns (June 4, 1898) records the interesting fact that on a particular occasion when, as a boy, he accompanied Thackeray and Herman C. Merivale to the Bower Saloon and other transpontine theatres, he expressed to Thackeray his surprise that he had never written a play, to which the Novelist replied that he *had* written one at the special request of Webster, who, after reading it, refused to have anything to do with it, and no other manager to whom he offered it would put it on the stage. The writer (Mr. Herbert A. Hill) imagined this play must have been the comedy of *The Wolves and the Lamb*, to which he refers as being an adaptation of "Lovel the Widower"; the late Dutton Cook, however, asserted that *The Wolves and The Lamb* was "the foundation and first cause" of the novel of "Lovel the Widower," in which case it resembles Dickens' unacted farce *The Lamplighter*, afterwards converted by him into "The Lamplighter's Story" for "The Pic Nic Papers." Dutton Cook, who refers to Thackeray's little comedy as the Novelist's "only contribution to the literature of the Stage," states that it was written presumably about the year 1851, and posthumously published; it contained allusions to the Crimean War and to Mrs. Gaskell's novel of "Ruth," then recently issued. *The Wolves and the Lamb* was several times played by amateurs in London. It is perhaps unnecessary to add that "Lovel the Widower" appeared as a serial in the first six numbers of the *Cornhill Magazine*, 1860.

While the adaptations of Thackeray's novels may be counted on the fingers of one hand, those of Dickens' are exceedingly numerous, the late Mr. W. R. Hughes' collection of Dickensiana including no less than fifty-seven. That Thackeray's interest in the Drama, if not so pronounced as that of his famous contemporary, was at least unmistakable is indicated not only by the numerous references to theatrical matters in his novels, but also by the fact that many of his drawings and caricatures bear upon the subject, while a number of dramatic criticisms came from his pen. His first attempt at independent authorship consisted of a series of eight lithographic plates, published in 1836 under the title of "Flore et Zephyr"—a mythological ballet; four years later he wrote a chapter on "French Drama and Melodrama" for the second volume of "The Paris Sketch Book," and in *Punch*, March 3, 1849, we discover a critical article by him on "Two or Three Theatres in Paris." Perhaps his most interesting essay in this direction is the paper in *Fraser's Magazine*, March, 1842, entitled "Dickens in France," where he unmercifully ridicules a French rendering of "Nicholas Nickleby" as performed at the Ambigu Theatre, Paris. It was the friendly tone adopted by Thackeray in his allusions here to Dickens and his novel that undoubtedly inspired the parenthetical portion of the inscription written by Dickens in the copy of "A Christmas Carol" presented by him to the author of "Vanity Fair," which reads as follows: "W. M. Thackeray, from Charles Dickens (whom he made very happy once a long way from home). Seventeenth December, 1843." Dickens, it will be remembered, was in the United States when Thackeray's article appeared in *Fraser's*.

A recently-discovered pamphlet recording the "Proceedings at the Thirteenth Anniversary Festival of the Royal General Theatrical Fund," held at the Freemasons' Tavern, March 29, 1838, discloses the fact that Thackeray occupied the chair and made a long speech on that occasion, thus proving his interest in the theatrical profession. Until this pamphlet was unearthed it was not known that he ever attended a festival at Freemasons' Tavern in any public capacity.



TAIL PIECE, UNIVERSITY SPECIMENS, 1794
[From Mr. Hart's Book.]

Reviews.

A BOOK FOR THE CRISIS.

When the writer of a new book upon China begins by saying that the Rev. Arthur Smith's "Chinese Characteristics" is the keenest study of the Chinese human being yet made, we may be fairly sure that the writer's own book will be a good one. In Miss Scidmore's case (CHINA, THE LONG-LIVED EMPIRE. New York: the Century Co.) this is certainly so; she has not, of course, the profound personal knowledge of China possessed by Mr. Smith, but she has seen not a little of the Chinese, and she evidently has that most important gift of a travelling student—a judicial ability to weigh evidence and accept information from the right person. In this respect she differs widely from one or two other lady writers upon China. And she shows welcome wisdom, too, in offering us no careful and exact analysis of the Chinese character. We make no apology for a long quotation from the concluding chapter, for on the one hand it is a fair specimen of Miss Scidmore's frank and convincing method, and on the other it contains opinions which cannot be too often read by the British public to-day:—

> When I asked one long in Government employ if his thirty years in their midst led him to believe that the Chinese could be regenerated, awakened, or galvanized to some semblance of modern life, he exclaimed:—"No, never! It is not possible to regenerate China as China. It cannot be effected from within by the Chinese. The motive power is not there. They do not want to be regenerated. They do not see that there is anything the matter. It would not disturb the Pekingese to have France seize all Kwangtung, nor excite the Cantonese to have Russia seize all north of the Yangtsze. They are indifferent to it all. They do not realize that China the nation was whipped by Japan. It was only Li Hung Chang and those Manchus up north who 'lost face.'" . . . A *taipan*, the head of a great foreign firm, owned to weariness at his colleagues' eternal conventional laudations of the high standard of Chinese commercial honesty, the cut-and-dried "never-knew-a-Chinaman-to-break-his-word" panegyrics. . . . Chinese sense of responsibility is strong, the saving virtue of the race, all that holds the rotten old empire together; but all of commercial honour and morality is not centred here any more than in England or America—it only averages up. As there is no official honesty, no standard there whatever, the merchant class shine by contrast. The Chinese are credited with the greatest intellectual capacity of any race, and what use do they make of it? For two thousand years the Chinese have only learned by heart, committed to memory, poetry and metaphysical essays, the mechanical education of a parrot. Look at their rulers in Peking throughout the whole nineteenth century! not a man among them. Look at the present Emperor! Every coolie grins at the way his step-mother locks him up and bullies him. . . . "Can China be regenerated?" repeated another old resident. "Only by immersion for forty days forty fathoms deep. The fresh start must be a clean start. Soap and carbolic will do more than diplomacy or gunpowder. They are the first necessary factors in any regeneration of this country. If they burn the classics and behead the *literati*, they might make some start without soap and water."
>
> All replies to such questions were equally discouraging, equally biased, vague, or flippant, and the Chinese in the present and the future remain problems more baffling and unsatisfactory each time one attempts them.

This is the exact truth. There is nothing whatever to be hoped for from "China." But what China is, so far as there is such a thing as "China" at all, what the Chinese do and say and think, and how they appear to clear and cool Western eyes, may be learned from Miss Scidmore's book as well as anywhere else we know. She covers a wide field, touching upon most of the aspects of Chinese life, and describing with a charming touch her own travel experiences. But at this moment one cannot but pay chief attention to anything throwing light upon the circumstances in which so many of our fellow countrymen and women have, in all human probability, lost their lives. Here, then, is a picture of the foreign diplomatists' position in Peking:—

> A little community of foreign diplomats, shut like rats in a trap in a double-walled city of an estimated million three hundred thousand fanatic, foreign-hating Chinese, with a more hostile and lawless army of sixty thousand vicious Chinese soldiers without the walls and scattered over the country towards Tien-tsin.

This was in 1898, but in 1900 it was worse. As for the official relations between the foreign Ministers and the Tsung-li Yamên, they are thus:—

> "I go to the Yamên by appointment at a certain hour," said one diplomat, "and while I am waiting my usual wait in those dirty, cold rooms the ash-shifter comes in and wants to know if I think there will be war between this and that European Power, because, mind you, some very peculiar telegrams have just arrived for those Legations. Every Legation telegram is read and discussed at the Yamên, you know, before it is delivered to us, and the cipher codes give them rare ideas."

We might fill pages with extracts as interesting as these, but we must send readers to the book itself, promising them that they will not only be entertained, but also told enough about China to enable them to form an intelligent opinion of the action of Europe in general, and their own country in particular, in that strange land now almost monopolizing the attention of civilized mankind.

FRENCH ANGLOPHOBIA AND ANGLOMANIA.*

The seven books mentioned at the foot are of unequal merit, but stand in amusing contrast. They show, now an intelligent sympathy for, now a startling hostility towards, the Anglo-Saxon world. One may find in them a microcosm, as it were, of France at the present moment.

With MM. Arnold and de la Poulaine, we are as far from M. Démolins' eulogistic, sometimes even naïve, enthusiasm as from M. Bazalgette's appreciation of Saxon individualism. The first book named is ushered into the world by M. de Mahy, whose dread of England is well known. It is said that Eugène Sue, the author of the "Wandering Jew," used every night to search for the Jesuit assassin concealed in his house. M. de Mahy must imitate him for the English spy, who he fancies is disguised as a Methodist missionary. He is convinced that the North African missions smuggle into Algiers and Tunis small arms and shot, to further an insurrection among the Arab population. He has also the proofs of a conspiracy between the said missionaries and the French Protestants, which conspiracy is hatched in the offices of the British and Foreign Bible Society, and as often as he offers to expose the culprits in the Chamber of Deputies, a feeble unit of which he is, he finds his colleagues disinclined to listen to his astounding revelations. Since irony, as Renan said, is the consolation of the just, the French Protestants can rest assured that their enemy's closest kin are of the same religious persuasion as themselves.

> Nous venons d'être encore pris en flagrant délit d'impuissance [prefaces M. de Mahy] pour n'avoir pas voulu nous

* "D'ou vient la Décadence Economique de la France?" By Baron Charles Mourre. Plon. Fr 3.50.
"A quoi tient l'Infériorité Française?" By Léon Bazalgette. Fischbacher. Fr.3.50.
"A quoi tient la Supériorité des Français sur les Anglo-Saxons." By Arnold. Fayard. Fr 3.50.
"Le Colosse aux Pieds d'Argile." By Jean de la Poulaine. Plon. Fr.3.50.
"Les Anglais aux Indes et en Egypte." By Eugene Aubin. Colin. Fr.3.50
"La Vie Americaine (l'Education et la Société)." By Paul de Rousiers. Firmin-Didot. Fr.3.50.
"La France au Point de Vue Moral." By M. Fouillée. Alcan. Fr.7 50.]

avouer à nous-mêmes les menées du parti anglais organisé chez nous depuis plus longtemps et plus fortement que le parti prussien.

Nous savons (echoes M. Anold) que, sous le manteau de la réligion, sous le couvert d'idées philosophiques et humanitaires, le protestant britannique a envahi la France. Fort de son alliance politico-religieuse avec le protestant de Germanie, fort de son or et de son audace, il dirige, du siège social de la Société Biblique à Londres, les nombreux agents qui vont porter à travers la France la bonne parole, . . . "anglo-saxonne."

A conclusion in praise of the now obsolete "Ligue de la Patrie Française" shows in the interests of what political party the author of this book is working. The book is, however, sufficiently entertaining. There is a spirited answer to M. Démolins' rather superficial theories of social science, which in its vulgar *argot* style, in its calm ignorance of facts, and flaunting of paradoxes mistaken for truths, is amusing. As an antidote for this sort of "literature" Frenchmen might well study M. Bazalgette's and Baron Charles Mourre's philosophic pages. These books form the most instructive analyses which we have met with of the age-long battle on French soil between the rights of man and *raison d'état*. Foreigners forget that France has tended by the accidents of history to suppress individualism in the supposed interests of the community. The exigencies of the French monarchy inspired by religious fanaticism have twice crushed the *élite* of the nation. The liking for hierarchic subordination has engendered a spirit of distrust of the individualism which is well known to be the hall mark of Protestantism, and the essential note, therefore, of civilization in England, America, and even in Germany, in spite of the Empire and the Prussian hegemony. Hence the Anglophobia of our time and the absurd antics of the nationalists. M. Bazalgette is not sanguine as to the capacity of his compatriots to seeure a liberty worthy of the legends on the façades of their public buildings. The Latin ideal of solidarity does not concern itself with the cell but only with the organism. To know the nature of the trouble is, however, the beginning of wisdom and recovery. M. Bazalgette knows it, and he should be read. Baron Mourre's discussion of the problem is more optimistic and broad-minded.

M. Jean de la Poulaine's contribution to social and ethnological studies will better be understood by extracts, which may serve to define the state of mind of a contemporary French Anglophobe. As the author's name is not sufficiently known to his fellow countrymen, he has taken care to begin by a short account of himself. He "speaks English like his own tongue and with an accent that has never made any one take him for a foreigner, although some have often thought him a Scotchman." Also "he has been writing for many years in the English press, which pays for his prose very generously; and has lectured in London on English literature."

Here are some appreciations on the English:—

> L'Anglais n'est pas belliqueux, loin de cela, sauf en temps de paix (p. 31). L'honneur et la honte sont deux choses dont il parle assez volontiers, mais qu'il ne comprend guère (p. 35). L'hypocrisie y fleurit mieux (en Angleterre) que dans n'importe quel autre pays, parce que plus que partout ailleurs on attache plus d'importance à l'apparence de la vertu elle-même (p. 72). L'hypocrisie forme une partie essentielle de l'éducation anglaise. Cette hypocrisie est un vernis très utile qui cache la lèpre affreuse d'immoralité qui existe en Angleterre (p. 73).

Further on there is a chapter on the "absurd customs of the English Parliament," and the "gouvernement qui est un des pires de l'Europe en ce qui concerne les travailleurs, pour lesquels il ne fait absolument rien," and "la politique"; "Jamais le gouvernement anglais n'a hésité à commettre des actions peu dignes d'un grand peuple lorsqu'il a cru de son interet de s'écarter des lois de la droiture et de l'honneur." Then follow similar appreciations on Education, Trade, the Army, &c. This is the conclusion:—

> Malgré ces qualités réelles, l'Angleterre n'a jamais été aimée, et elle ne le sera jamais, parce que dans sa marche à travers le monde elle a trop souvent [illegible] a toujours été le mobile de ses actions, et que jamais une pensée généreuse n'a germé dans son sein, sans y être [illegible] par l'égoïsme le plus révoltant et le plus cynique qui se montre ait jamais vu l'exemple.

A proof of the superiority of the French, according to M. Arnold, is their literary merit. This we are ready to admit, but our critical faculty, however imperfectly developed it be, cannot help deploring in those Anglophobe authors the absence of all that makes the style of the least among French prose-writers incomparable. M. de Mahy's denunciations of "les menées anglaises" would be far more favable lored of the time-honoured metaphors with which they are invested. Such a sentence as the following:

> Notre habitat, notre pays . . . ne font que [illegible] vices originels *intellectuellement indélébiles*,

is perhaps very effective at a meeting of a provincial Conseil General; it is scarcely worthy of a League which numbers on its roll of membership Lemaître, Bourget, and Barrès. Arnold writes like his patron, plus a flavour of *argot*, which recalls the sallies of Fort Chabrol, Guérin and his accomplices before the High Court. As to M. de la Poulaine, he has so far succeeded in mastering the English language that Anglicisms abound under his patriotic pen: "Ils etaient arrivés de faire cesser un état de choses" is a perilously literal translation from the hated language of an hereditary enemy. On the whole, the prose-style of these three Anglophobes, so sure of their literary superiority, would be perhaps acceptable to the ordinary reader of the *Petit Journal*.

M. Eugène Aubin writes in a different spirit and without the least desire of displaying any superiority. A member of the little colony of Frenchmen in Egypt, he recounts the progress of the English in that country, the gradual disappearance of French influence, and concludes with some gloomy apprehensions for the future. These observations are in a very scientific manner prefaced by a survey of the condition of India in 1897, when the author visited Bombay. The book is written throughout in an impartial spirit and without any excessive recrimination for past mistakes. As an opinion of a Frenchman residing abroad the following statement is worth quoting:—

> La perte de notre situation dans la vallée du Nil est la conséquence indirecte de nos désastres de 1870, et une conséquence directe du régime flottant sous lequel la France a vécu depuis lors. . . . Un rapprochement avec l'Allemagne pouvait sauver la position de la France en Egypte; la mentalité nationale ne l'a point permis.

The idea of a *revanche* seems more sentiment to a Colonial Frenchman; and it is, perhaps, to this fatal pre-occupation et hobe that France owes her lack of expansion abroad. M. Aubin then mentions the Oriental fatalism of the Egyptian Frenchman. The lack of energy in the colonist unsupported by the mother-country and left to himself is another cause of weakness. The book purports to be a guide to prevent mistakes similar to those of the Third Republic in the Egyptian question, and, although criticizing with the utmost severity the improvidence of the Indian Government at the time of the famine, it acknowledges the importance of the reforms already secured in Egypt.

> Une nation aussi civilisée, en possession d'une tradition coloniale aussi sure que l'Angleterre, ne pouvait passer sur l'Egypte sans y laisser de traces bienfaitrices. Rien ne serait plus maladroit que de nier le tact et le soin avec lesquels ont été poursuivis, depuis l'occupation, le rétablissement des finances, l'organisation judiciaire, le plan d'irrigation, conformément au programme primitivement tracé.

The first part of the book, on India, it will be interesting to compare with the articles published by M. Filon in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* on Education in India.

M. Paul de Rousiers, whose connexion with the *Musée Social* is well known, pursues his studies on the New World in a temper of sympathetic appreciation. After a survey of the outward activity of the Americans he studies the American in him-

self; in his home, his life, his dress; in his new-budding aristocracy, his politicians, his authors, his religious guides. There is a chapter on the Roman Church in America, which, although written by an avowed Roman Catholic, is infinitely better-informed and more scientific than the rhetoric of either M. Brunetière or M. Bourget. The concluding pages are a pæan to individuality, individual effort and energy. It is a pity, however, that some of Whitman's vigorous lines are not quoted instead of Longfellow's *Psalm of Life*. The latter is after all only an Old World poet accidentally born in the New.

Let us finally note the extremely sincere and suggestive book which M. Fouillée (already well known for his "Psychologie du Peuple Français") has written under the title La France au Point de Vue Moral. There are here 150 pages on the religious crisis in France, the *rôles* of Catholicism and Protestantism, and on the power as well as the licence of the modern French Press. M. Fouillée believes with the foreigner that France, after all, represents the great principles of the Revolution—the principles of the rights of man and of human solidarity. He insists that the triumph of *raison d'état* would be to destroy the *raison d'être* of France. To our mind, as we have pointed out *à propos* of M. Bazalgette and Baron Monnre, the real France is this double France, and the keynote to its history is a sense of the age-long struggle between these two instinctive forces. From this point of view M. Hanotaux, in his preface to his history of Richelieu, has a profounder sense of the drift of French social development than Michelet or M. Fouillée.

A CENTURY OF GERMAN LITERATURE.

A little over a year ago we discussed at some length the first of a series of ten volumes which are in course of publication by Bondi, of Berlin, on German in the nineteenth century. That volume dealt with intellectual and social tendencies. Another volume now before us takes literature for its province and is called Die Deutsche Litteratur des Neunzehnten Jahrhunderts, by R. M. Meyer (10m.). It has been out some months, but the appearance of a second edition reminds us that the book has at least won the favour of the German reading public, and gives, therefore, an opportunity of bringing it to the notice of English readers of German. In the course of the last few years, however, there have appeared so many ephemeral books on modern German literature that one is naturally a little wary of recommending off-hand to a foreign public a new work on this subject. It must be confessed too, that Dr. R. M. Meyer's book awakens suspicion. He has laid himself open to the accusation of wishing "der Mitwelt Spass zu machen," for he has placed the chief weight of his book on the discussion of the literature of the last few decades, in other words, of those contemporary writers about whom the public of the moment has naturally most curiosity. The last twenty years of the nineteenth century receive more pages allotted to them than the first thirty. Theodor Fontane gets more space than the whole Romantic School, and Hauptmann is discussed at more length than Grillparzer. Dr. Meyer, it is true, defends this unfair distribution of space on the ground that the older periods have already been so much written about that they do not make the same call for a detailed criticism. But none the less, this lack of proportion is detrimental to the work as a lasting contribution to literary history.

Since the first appearance of Dr. Meyer's book, however, we have not only re-read it, but have compared it with a number of other works of more or less similar scope, and we are bound to confess that it is much the best history of modern German literature at present in the field. Not that it is in any respect a final book; Dr. Meyer recognizes himself that it is not the business of a contemporary to write final literary criticism; it is enough if he writes helpful criticism. We cannot always agree with Dr. Meyer's views, but their originality and suggestiveness are not to be disputed. The book suffers from an artificial division into decades, each chapter covering ten years. Such artificial dissections of literature suggest Linnæus' classification of the vegetable world. Neither in literature nor science can such a method be carried out without straining, if not actually running counter to, the laws of natural development. The plan has the disadvantage of dividing up periods and movements which can only be properly studied as wholes. In the examination of the first Romantic School, of the singers of the war of Liberation, of the Revolutionary lyric, there may be little reason for cavilling at the arrangement. But if we wish to get an idea of the part played, say, by Young Germany in the literature of the century, or of the activity of the Munich group of writers at a later period, we are obliged to piece it together out of several chapters.

The great merit of the book, however, and the reason which induces us to recommend it warmly to the English public, is the fact that it is the first book on modern German literature which is cosmopolitan in its judgment. Much has been said and written recently against "Das Berlinertum in der Litteratur," but "Berlinertum," or, in other words, metropolitan standards, whatever effect they may have on poetic production, are helpful to literary criticism; and here lies the hope of German criticism losing that provincial, narrowly "German" point of view which is often disagreeably in evidence. Not that Dr. Meyer, his Berlin standpoint notwithstanding, can be entirely acquitted of expressing opinions which are obviously not for us non-Germans, but on the whole he has written a cosmopolitan book. The writers to whom he devotes most attention, such as Grillparzer, Hebbel, Anzengruber, Hauptmann in drama, Heine, Droste-Hülshoff, Lenau in the lyric, Keller, Storm, Fontane in the novel are all writers whom a critic, placing himself at a general European standpoint, would also regard as the leading literary men of modern Germany. Our chief regret is that at least half of the very minor deities of the moment had not been dropped out of the book to make room for a fuller, more incisive criticism of the great innovators of the beginning of the century, those men who with their aphorisms and fragmentary novels, their exaggerated lyric feeling and their hopelessly undramatic dramas, succeeded nevertheless in revolutionizing the literature of their own land and of Europe. Such criticism none of the younger German critics is better able to write than Dr. Meyer. Perhaps in a future edition he will, even at the risk of making two volumes out of one, give his work that proportion the want of which seems to us at present its most serious flaw.

SHAKESPEARE REVISED.

We have never risen from any work on Shakespeare, even the most fantastic commentary on the Sonnets or the wildest "Baconian" *apologia*, with such a sense of nightmare upon us as from the perusal of William Shakespeare: Prosody and Text, by B. A. P. Van Dam, M.D., with the assistance of C. Stoffel (Williams and Norgate). Dr. Van Dam and Mr. Stoffel are new names to us among Shakespearian students, but with a serene self-confidence they batter down the whole edifice of metrical and textual criticism built up by the labours of generations of scholars and substitute a brand-new erection of their own. And they choose the very worst way to gain sympathy in their venturesome undertaking. For to a "cocksure" belief in their own infallibility they unite the loftiest contempt for all who have preceded them. The Cambridge editors are their favourite objects of ridicule, but Dr. Guest, Dr. Furnivall, and others come in turn under their lash. They would have, therefore, no right to complain if similar measure were dealt out to them and their whole laboured system of textual reconstruction brushed indignantly aside. But it is only fair to recognize that, absurd as are their main theories, the authors have gone through much patient investigation of the Shakespearian Folios and Quartos and of other Elizabethan texts. Hence the earlier chapters of the work,

taken by themselves, have a certain value. They deal with the pronunciation of words in Elizabethan verse, and the consequent loss or addition of syllables, as contrasted with the normal Victorian standard. A good deal of this section has been anticipated by writers like König, but it is more fully worked out here, and the illustrations from contemporary authors are often interesting. Had, therefore, Dr. Van Dam and his colleague contented themselves with developing this point, they might have been credited with a useful piece of investigation. But on the basis of these differences between Elizabethan and Victorian pronunciation they found the theory, which is the key to their whole system, that "the rhythm of the heroic line consists in a regular sequence of unstressed and stressed syllables, which rhythm . . . is interfered with . . . by every omission and by every interpolation of a syllable." Thus, say they, when we glorify Marlowe and Shakespeare for having transformed the monotonous blank verse of *Gorboduc* by (*inter alia*) varying the number of syllables in the line, we are merely the victims of a delusion due to the printing of words without the abbreviations or expansions customary in Elizabethan speech.

We contend that the praise lavished on this so-called blank verse of Marlowe and Shakespeare is nothing more or less than the glorification of prose at the expense of the claims of poetry. What certain critics of our time are pleased to style blank verse and to laud to the skies as such is merely the prose into which the numerous form-alterations introduced by the printers and editors have converted the original blank verse intended by the poets.

This revolutionary thesis is developed in the chapters that follow, which lead up to the statement (for again we must quote the *ipsissima verba*) that "the old texts of Shakespeare's plays may with complete justice be described as the veriest Augean stables of printed literature." From these stables "a certain number of skilful critical scavengers have here and there carted away small heaps of accumulated dirt," but it has been left to the present writers to thoroughly cleanse them. The only adequate way of illustrating this process is to show these successors of Hercules at work. Thus in *Richard II.*, Act V., 2, the Quarto reads :—

Yor. Bring me my bootes, I will unto the King.
(*His man enters with his boots.*)
Du. Strike him Aumerle, poore boy thou art amazd.
Hence vilaine never more come in my sight.
Yor. Give me my bootes I say.
Du. Why Yorke what wilt thou doe ?

On this our authors comment, "We must say that we can find no earthly reason why Aumerle should by his mother be called upon to 'strike' the servant. We might, when hard pressed, admit the possibility of the Duchess's telling Aumerle to snatch the boots from him, but the text as it stands is unmitigated nonsense. To set it right we propose to read the passage as follows :—

York Bring me my boots. I will
Unto the King. (*His man enters with his boots.*)
Duch. (*Stroking Aumerle*). Poor boy, thou art amaz'd.
York Hence villain ! ne'r more come in my sight. Gi' m'
My boots, I say.
Duch. Why, York, what wilt thou do ? "

"The humour of this capital scene," they add, "has not always been duly appreciated." We can assure them that in its revised form they need have no fear of its failing to provoke mirth.

But even the most consecrated of Shakespearian passages is not safe from violation. In Hamlet's exclamation, "O my prophetic soul ! My uncle ! " the last two words form a short line, which, on Dr. Van Dam's theory, is inadmissible. Hence they are expunged as being merely an "elucidatory addition" by the "editor" of the Quarto. And the same fate befalls the last five words of Lady Macbeth's reproach to her husband, "A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight." And if after such instances of the working of the "new method" in textual criticism any reader is anxious to see it exemplified on a broader scale we would refer him to the astounding "blank verse" reconstructions of the opening prose scene in the *Tempest*, and of the last scene of Act 5 of *2 Henry IV*. Here the authors find it convenient to have recourse to some "elucidatory additions" of their own. Thus in the *Tempest* they eke out a line by introducing the expletive *Shioud*, which they justify thus. "When we learn from l. 35 that the 'Boson' is a 'blasphemous dog,' we think there can be no harm in putting somewhat stronger language in his lips than the rather tame phrase *I plague* in l. 30. . . . The logic of the context requires at least one cutting oath from the boatswain's mouth, and there is exactly room for it in l. 10." Did space permit, we could quote other equally remarkable new readings from this "Essay in Criticism." It is deplorable that so much labour and learning, of a kind, should have resulted in this monumental piece of folly.

AN ITALIAN ON ENGLISH LOCAL GOVERNMENT.

It is not often that the Continental politicians and writers who talk of English local government, or, as it is currently but inexactly styled, "Self-government," show true understanding of the subject. A work remarkable both for its learning and its lucidity, has, however, been written by Signor Pietro Bertolini, formerly Italian Under-Secretary of State for Finance and until recently Under-Secretary of State for the Interior. IL GOVERNO LOCALE INGLESE E LE SUE RELAZIONI CON LA VITA NAZIONALE (2 vols., Rome, Bocca, 12 lire) is a product of three years' patient study and is unquestionably the completest account of the development of local government in England, from the Saxon period to the Local Government Act in 1891, which exists in any foreign language, if not, indeed, in the English language itself.

We need not follow the writer through his minute description of the feudal system, the evolution of local authorities, the growth of rates, the development of the functions of Justices of the Peace, and of the manifold organs of local government. For English students the chief interest of this work lies in the incidental criticisms and in the copious generalizations scattered throughout his pages. Signor Bertolini is no theorist, no lover of the brilliant half-truths which kill appetite for research. His method is severely historical except where, for instance, he incidentally notes the influence of the popular constitution of Anglo-Saxon Courts of Justice in developing the guarantees of liberty contained in English common law ; or where he emphasizes the value of strong local organization in preventing monarchical institutions from becoming absolute, as on the Continent, after the collapse of the feudal system ; or where he points out the influence of protestantism in spreading liberal ideas. One of the chief weaknesses of the Commonwealth was, in Signor Bertolini's opinion, its lack of firm basis in local government ; while that same local government, after the Restoration, acted as a check upon the demoralizing influence of the Stuart *régime*.

Special attention is paid by the author to the Poor Law. He is anxious in particular about the effect of the Parish Councils Act of 1894, and fears lest it should undo the great work accomplished by the Poor Law Reform of 1834. Again and again he insists upon the necessity of salutary rigour in the administration of the Poor Law. Such rigour, he recognizes, has, on the whole, been shown since the appointment of the Poor Law Commissioners in 1834 ; but he doubts the ability of district councillors, acting as guardians, to resist the pressure of unskilled electors—who in times of distress will naturally press for a lavish distribution of charity. He fears, in fact, lest the pauperism of the lower classes become as disastrously rapid as during the closing years of the eighteenth century.

Signor Bertolini writes as an acute Conservative acquainted by years of Parliamentary experience with the practical defects of a democratic *régime*. Like all moderate Italian politicians he

accepts frankly the democratic idea, but seeks guarantees against its evils. "Much may be said in favour of a democratic form of government," he writes, "but not that it is cheap"; and he criticizes those flaws in English legislation in regard to local government which seem to leave a loophole for making democratic government still dearer. "Though the total indebtedness of any one local body must be limited to a certain ratio of the rateable value of the district, there is no Act," he says, "fixing a limit to the total indebtedness which may be contracted by all the local authorities of that district taken together." He sharply criticizes, moreover, the looseness of control which has enabled Parliament by special Acts to sanction local loans, sometimes for indefinite amounts, without the approval of the Local Government Board and without stringent obligations for the extinction of the debt within a certain time. Other perils which Signor Bertolini points out are the tendency towards excessive municipalization of public services—although he commends municipalization of services which are practically industrial monopolies—such as water and gas supply, sewers, electric lighting, and in some cases trams; and the possibility that the upper classes may gradually withdraw from the business of local administration. Possibly, he suggests, public spirit and past experience of the value of exercising a predominant influence over local affairs will prevent the English upper classes from ever withdrawing entirely from the Bench and from the local councils, where their continued presence cannot fail to be beneficial. Their presence and their gratuitous performance of public services are necessary to prevent local government in England from degenerating, as on the Continent, into an arid bureaucratic machine.

Some idea of the care bestowed upon the material side of the work may be gathered from the circumstance that in the course of 1,000 pages, on some of which occur as many as forty English names and words, only five misprints occur, and those of never more than one letter. The bibliography of the works consulted comprises every important English, French, and German authority, besides all the Parliamentary reports and returns bearing upon the subject from 1831 to 1838. The index of Laws and Acts of Parliament quoted covers twelve closely-printed pages.

OTHER NEW BOOKS.

The Far East.

European Settlements in the Far East (Sampson Low, 7s. 6d.) is something like a guide-book, something like a gazetteer, and something like a series of extracts from Consular reports. Supposing, for instance, that we turn up Tien-tsin, we begin with the latitude and longitude, and proceed to a summarized account of Tien-tsin's place in history, with special references to the massacre of the Sisters of Mercy, and the long satrapy of Li Hung Chang. Then comes descriptive matter:—

> Very extensive building operations are going on throughout the concessions, which have excellent roads, with police, oil, gas-lamps, &c. The British Municipality has a handsome town hall, completed in 1889; adjoining there is a well-kept public garden opened in the year of Jubilee, and styled Victoria Park. An excellent recreation ground of ten acres . . . .

And so forth. Similar information is given about all the other European settlements, not only in China, but also in Japan, Corea, Indo-China, the Straits Settlements, the Malay States, Siam, the Dutch Indies, Borneo, and the Philippines. The book will be invaluable in newspaper offices, and useful to newspaper readers. It contains some very good photographs.

Most of the volumes in the "Builders of Greater Britain Series" (Unwin) have been more remarkable for diligent research than for literary merit, and Mr. Hugh Edward Egerton's Sir Stamford Raffles (5s.) is no exception to the rule. The author has ransacked through an immense number of papers in the India Office Library, and has had access to other important manuscript material, and the result is a book which is not less tedious than instructive. Some idea of Mr. Egerton's prose style may be gathered from the fact that he regularly speaks of Sir Stamford as "our hero"—the *cliché* of the early Victorian novelists. The book may satisfy a thirst for information, but it certainly will not create one.

The Book and its Reader.

The "Temple Primers," which we have noticed from time to time as they appeared, have provided for the general reader a number of wonderfully compact and judicious handbooks on numerous branches of knowledge. In the latest published of them the author, Mr. Basil Worsfold, has been assigned a theme much more abstruse and controversial than those dealt with by his colleagues. The Exercise of Judgment in Literature is a promising title, for it is in this particular kind of judgment that the general reader needs special enlightenment. Mr. Worsfold has, we are afraid, lost an opportunity. The general reader will not be attracted by his style, which is rather professorial; and if he surmounts this difficulty he will not find that the instruction he gains is, as a rule, worth the trouble. After a somewhat laborious analysis of the different arts, Mr. Worsfold sketches the history of criticism and endeavours to establish certain rules for the guidance of literary judgment. Art he defines as "the presentation of the real in its mental aspect," a definition which requires considerable qualification and leads to such misleading expressions as "all creative literature and all literature that is not merely science—that is, all literature in which the writer adds the work of his own mind to the facts which he presents," as if the scientific man did not apply to facts the work of his own mind. The dominant aspects of creative literature are discovered to be, by a not very logical analysis, matter, manner, and—a third aspect which is really inherent in the other two—the capacity to produce pleasure. These correspond to the essential tests of good literature—truth, symmetry, and idealization, or the appeal to the imagination. Of the conditions of legitimate idealization we have the vaguest account, and Mr. Worsfold, for some reason or other, assumes that "realism" must always be repugnant to the moral sense. This reveals a very inadequate conception of modern literary developments, and it is curious that the word "impressionism" does not, we think, occur in the book; certainly there is no explanation of the kind of literature which the word denotes. Nor perhaps is it quite consistent with the very questionable statement that the drama in modern times "has advanced by virtue of an enlightened realism which is manifested in the assimilation of its literary medium to the language of everyday life," by better acting, and "by virtue of a higher regard for historic accuracy and a more complete command of mechanical contrivances." Alas for Mr. Sidney Lee and for the champions of a "literary drama"! The history of criticism is traced with no mention of Johnson, and Mr. Worsfold would seem never to have heard of the controversies which have raged as to the meaning of criticism, of the method of history and analysis as opposed to the method of personal appreciation, of Sainte Beuve on the one hand, and of Anatole France on the other. Under the heading History and Biography the writer has nothing but the barest platitudes to say as to biographical methods or of the claims of the "scientific" historian, both of them topics of immediate interest at the present day. And we have seldom read a more superficial explanation than he gives us of those words which are such a puzzle to many a literary student—"classic" and "romantic." Mr. Worsfold's space was, of course, very limited; but for the sake of putting before his readers some more definite instruction in literary matters and some clearer ideas as to the conditions of criticism as they exist at the present day he might well have been satisfied with a terser account of the ideas of Plato and of Aristotle, and have sacrificed much of his rather elementary exposition of first principles.

Africa.

The South African Conspiracy, by Fred W. Bell (Heinemann, 5s. n.), is one of the South African books that matter. Its

purpose is to muster the evidence that Afrikanderdom spells disloyalty, and to bring the charge of disloyalty home not only to those who openly glory in it, but also to Mr. Schreiner. The opinion generally held of Mr. Schreiner at the present time is that he steered an adroit course, and avoided too loud expressions of loyalty for fear of provoking the disloyalty of others. Mr. Bell's view is that he sat very adroitly on a narrow fence, and that the side of the fence on which he ultimately descended is not that on which, when the Transvaal trouble began, he hoped and expected to descend. He points out that "Mr. Schreiner allowed large quantities of arms and ammunition to be delivered to the Orange Free State," at a time when the object of their importation was so clear that the Portuguese Government stopped war stores at Delagoa Bay; that, owing to Mr. Schreiner's inaction, "in the early stages of the war, the colonial forces, as regards equipment, were utterly unfit to take the field"; and that he instructed the Civil servants at Kimberley "to hold aloof from warlike preparations as it was the desire of the Cape Government to remain neutral in any struggle that might take place." And when he records Mr. Schreiner's subsequent co-operation with the High Commissioner in the punishment of rebels, he sums up thus:

> The number of British troops under arms in South Africa exceeds the total of male civilian inhabitants, and Mr. Schreiner's is not the only apparent conversion. I think it can be fairly said that when the issue was dark and uncertain no acts of Mr. Schreiner's could have justly prevented the Afrikander party, had it achieved its aims, from still claiming him as its own, just in the same way as now it may be urged his acts entitle him to the support of the side which undoubtedly must be predominant.

The book, in short, is as vigorous an attack on Mr. Schreiner as any one need wish to read; and Mr. Schreiner's reply will be looked for with interest.

M. Edouard Naville, of Geneva, like M. Yves Guyot, of Paris, stands up for us on the Continent against brother Boer. His pamphlet entitled Britain and Boer Independence (Blackwood, 6d.) is pleasant reading, and should do good. To our German censors, in particular, the following historical parallel may be recommended:—

> The first act which raised Prussia from the position of inferiority in which the Peace of Olmütz had left her was the crushing of Denmark. On this little country Prussia tried her army, reorganized by Von Moltke and Roon, yet this trial blow was made in concert with Austria. Two years later Hanover, Hesse, Nassau, and other States lost their independence, and were annexed to Prussia. And yet the historical traditions of these countries, the rights acquired by a past illuminated with glorious episodes, were quite different to those of the Boers. To take part with the Boers would have been to follow a policy directly opposed to that which contributed to make Prussia first and then Germany the Power she is to-day.

It does, indeed, look like a case of the mote and the beam.

Those who desire to read the early history of Natal, and prefer short histories to long ones, may as well read it in Natal and the Boers, by T. Rowell (Dent, 2s. 6d. n.). The author has drawn on the usual sources of information, and boiled them down in a conscientious and painstaking manner. The facts are duly set forth, though the style is without distinction. The story is only carried down to the year 1847.

Mr. John B. Purvis' Handbook to British East Africa and Uganda (Swan Sonnenschein, 2s. 6d.) is the work of a man who, as director of Technical Instruction in Uganda, had the opportunity of getting to know all that was worth knowing about the country. He sets forth his facts in a concise and business-like manner, and his book should be useful to travellers, settlers, and missionaries.

India.

Famines in India (Kegan Paul, 7s. 6d.) is a series of five open letters to Lord Curzon by Mr. Romesh Dutt, formerly of the Indian Civil Service, and now lecturer in Indian History at University College, London. The thesis which Mr. Dutt sets out to prove is thus lucidly stated at the outset:—

> There is no doubt that these famines are directly caused by the failure of the annual rains over which man has no control; but it is equally certain that their intensity and their disastrous effects can be to a great extent mitigated by moderating the land tax, by the construction of irrigation works, and by the reduction of the public debt and the expenditure of India.

These points, especially those relating to the land tax, are carefully argued, with a generous provision of statistics. Even those who do not see their way to accept all Mr. Dutt's conclusions will find his book a useful manual on the subject of Indian land tenure. His view that it is inequitable to make India pay for the maintenance of a large army to be used for the general purposes of the Empire has the support of many high authorities who are by no means to be described as little Englanders. But his contention that one of the remedies called for is the employment of more Indians in high appointments introduces a fresh order of ideas, and he does wisely in not insisting upon it with undue emphasis.

In Fort St. George, Madras, by Mrs. Frank Penny (Sonnenschein, 10s. 6d. n.), we have a history of our first possession in India. As the book is big and the subject not so big, there is room in it for many interesting, if trivial details, as to the peccadilloes of the servants of the East India Company, and their methods of maintaining discipline among their soldiers. There are also anecdotes, some of which are more familiar than others, about such divers celebrities as Clive, Elihu Yale, and Captain Kidd. The history is only carried down to the beginning of the century, and the book ends with alphabetical lists of monuments in cemeteries. The book owes its interest to the subject rather than to the treatment. It contains some tolerable pen and ink sketches by the author, and some footnotes on obscure points of history by Mr. J. Kelsall, formerly of the Madras Civil Service.

"Matériaux pour servir."

Many a student will be grateful for the Index to the Charters and Rolls in the Department of Manuscripts, British Museum (published at the Museum), the first volume of which has been edited by Mr. Henry J. Ellis and Mr. Francis B. Bickley, the Senior Assistants in the Department. This volume is an *Index locorum*, personal names, subjects, and religious houses, together with foreign documents, being reserved for future ones. Despite these limitations the unwearied compilers have filled nearly a thousand double-columned pages with this splendid list of deeds. It is, of course, not quite the first publication of the kind. The calendar of the Stowe MSS. has already been printed; so has the calendar of Charters before the Norman Conquest. The value of this first instalment of all the deeds in the Department of Manuscripts is that it extends from the eleventh century to the early part of the present, and includes every document of that description which had been acquired down to 1882. The limitation of date is not explained—the Index can hardly have been under way for seventeen years. To the topographer and the local historian the book will be of the utmost value, since it will inform him at a glance of every bit of manuscript material in the British Museum, outside the Stowe collection, relating to his subject. When the *Index nominum* is added, research will be made easy for many to whom distance and lack of time have hitherto rendered it difficult. No mere list of documents, however useful it may be, can be enthralling in itself; but here and there we notice suggestions of matters of historical or social interest, or which throw some fresh light upon details of local history. Thus, under date of 1418, there is a deed of manumission of a *nativus* of Battersea by Westminster Abbey, while many villages, now of small importance, have the

or three pages allotted to their records. Of such, for instance, are Goudhurst in Kent, and Denham in Bucks, to name only two instances. To ascend from small things to great, we find the cities of London and Westminster occupying five-and-twenty pages. It is, of course, almost impossible to test the completeness and accuracy of a compilation of this kind; but we chance to have before us a copy of a document which should apparently have been included, but does not appear to be indexed. It consists of extracts from the Court Rolls of the Manor of Broadhurst, in Sussex—it was in the manorial house there that Archbishop Leighton died. The reference is Adol. MSS. 5701, fol. 168. One or two omissions in so extensive and laborious a piece of work would neither be surprising nor inexcusable, and this particular one—if omission it be—may possibly be explained by the limitations of the scheme. However this may be, there can be no question of the value of the book to students, or of the minute care, especially in the tracing of the relations between old and new forms of place-names, which has been bestowed upon it.

The Art of War.

Mr. R. B. Marston's translation of MECHANICAL TRACTION IN WAR, by Lieutenant-Colonel Layriz of the German army (Sampson Low, 5s. n.), appears opportunely. It deals with the past, the present, and the future of the traction engine, discusses the merits of different motors, and gives an account of the various experiments conducted with them in France, Russia, Italy, Switzerland, England, and elsewhere. The steam road-locomotive was successfully used in war as far back as the Crimean campaign, and afterwards by the Germans in 1870, and the Russians in 1878, and even then it was demonstrated that steep ascents, bad roads, and narrow streets presented no insurmountable difficulties. What has been the result of the recent experiments with them in South Africa the author does not tell us for the excellent reason that he does not know: but he quotes an expression of opinion favourable to them from the war-correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*. His book will be valuable to students of the subject.

Mr. Clive Holland may be congratulated on his GOSSIPY GUIDE TO SWANAGE AND DISTRICT (Pearson, 6d.), the district including Corfe Castle, Wareham, Wimborne, and Poole. Swanage is Knollsea in Mr. Thomas Hardy's Wessex, and a good many other Wessex sites are duly identified in the guide, which is written in better English than most books of the sort. Particular praise is due to the photographs. There is hardly a smudgy picture among them, and the best of them, such as that of the old mill, are quite works of art.

FICTION.

Sienkiewicz.

The first thing that strikes the reader about Henryk Sienkiewicz and his KNIGHTS OF THE CROSS (Dent, 2 vols., 4s. 6d. per vol.) is his industry and the terrific length of the book. It looks like a task of weeks, the reading of these two great volumes, with their small print and their 757 pages. The "period" of the tale, too, looks formidable. Few novel-readers know much about Poles and Lithuanians in the early fifteenth century. But the book once begun will be read through to the end. The warriors are living men, breathing, fighting, and making love, and Sienkiewicz gives us time to become intimate with them. Young Zbyshko is the best of them, with his hand that could squeeze the sap from the young trees and his heart that can love one maiden truly and beat fast at the sight of many another. They are truly human, those Poles of old, mighty men with soft hearts, and a royal contempt for death. Zbyshko's uncle, a glorious old wolf, untameable, and of prodigious strength, loves his nephew like a woman. But when Zbyshko, through a boyish imprudence, is condemned to death, this is how the two take it:—

> Matsko could not sleep, and some time after they had lain down he called to his nephew—
>
> "Zbyshko!"
>
> "But what?"
>
> "Well, taking everything into account, I think that they will cut off thy head."
>
> "Do you think so?" asked Zbyshko, with a drowsy voice. And turning to the wall he fell asleep sweetly, for he was wearied by the road.

This is before the sentence is certain. Later on, when it has been passed, Matsko consoles the boy:—

> "Be not troubled. Thy bones will not be seeking one another at the day of resurrection. I will have an oaken coffin made for thee of such kind that the canonesses of the Church of the Virgin Mary have not a better. Thou wilt not die like a peasant, or like a nobleman created by patent. Nay! I will not even permit that thou be beheaded on the same cloth on which they behead citizens. I have agreed already with Amyley for entirely new stuff, from which a king's coat might be made. And I shall not spare masses on thee—never fear!"

This reminds one of "snug lying in the Abbey," but Zbyshko is "delighted" and repeats "God reward you!" His two love affairs are delicate and beautiful. His little bride and her tragic end evoke all the tenderness of his nature; but the splendid young Yagenka, whom he marries after Danusia's death, is the true mate for him. Brutality is not so rampant in "The Knights of the Cross" as in "Quo Vadis," though there are hard blows struck, and the description of Matsko's fight in the hall is as thrilling as the picture of his torture is horrible. Mr. Jeremiah Curtin's work as translator is conscientiously and sympathetically done: though the English reader is a little startled at an occasional rampant Americanism at a serious moment.

Sensational.

REVENGEFUL FANGS, by F. W. Bamford (Elliot Stock, 6s.), is full to the brim of horrors and snakes—literal snakes, with literal fangs. It is the tale of a feud and an Indian temple, and an interprising Englishman. The reader sympathizes with one of the characters when he says "I shall not be the least surprised if I dream about snakes, extra-fingered men, and fakers to-night."

Mrs. Meade's SANCTUARY CLUB (Ward, Lock, 5s.) were better described as an asylum for criminal lunatics. For the inmates (it was a residential club at Hampstead) were all criminals of the most desperate kind, and the two feeble-minded medical men who ran the show were certainly lunatics, since only lunatics could have exhibited the blindness of Doctors Cato and Chetwynd to the nefarious doings of the patients under their care.

For those who revel in stark melodrama Mr. Headon Hill provides lavishly in CAGED! (Ward, Lock, 6s.) a romance of a lunatic asylum and many other strange things. It is a somewhat careless piece of work, but few readers who are under the spell of the wild excitement with which each chapter is packed will care to consider questions of style. Mr. Hill knows his clients, and criticism must stand aside, and merely wish so energetic a writer good fortune.

Lovers of uncanny, gruesome stories may find some satisfaction in reading Mr. E. E. Kellett's A CORNER IN SLEEP AND OTHER IMPOSSIBILITIES (Jarrold, 3s. 6d.). But the author has nothing new to tell us. Many of his stories are rather obscure, and even the best of them, "The New Frankenstein," is not very well done.

Mr. Morley Roberts.

In THE DESCENT OF THE DUCHESS (Sands, 3s. 6d.) Mr. Morley Roberts essays farcical extravaganza. The Duchess was travelling by rail in Western America. She fell off the car as the train was crossing the Mississippi, but happened to be caught in the canvas awning of a flat-bottomed boat that was passing under the bridge at the time. The crew of the boat—typical Westerners—took her to their homes and took care of her till

her friends could come to fetch her. One of the lads fell in love with her, but cherished no illusions. That is all the story, and the merit lies almost entirely in the treatment, which is admirable. Whether the humour will appeal to wide audiences, as does the humour of Mr. Jerome, we do not feel quite sure. There are some jokes in it of which imbeciles and uneducated people might fail to see the point. But we, at any rate, found it very amusing, and welcome it as evidence that Mr. Morley Roberts possesses literary gifts with which those who only know him by his psychological studies and his British Empire books do not credit him.

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

The programme for the autumn season is gradually taking shape, especially in the department of fiction. A few of the novels we have already announced, but it is now possible to give a list of some of the more important books which will probably be ready within the next few months.

Gertrude Atherton	...	"Senator North."
Amelia E. Barr	...	"Trinity Bells: A Tale of Old New York."
William Barry ...	...	"The Wizard's Knot."
Louis Becke ...	...	"Edward Barry: South Sea Pearler."
Sir Walter Besant	...	"The Fourth Generation."
Marie Corelli ...	...	"The Master Christian."
Stephen Crane ...	...	"Wounds in the Rain: War Stories," and a novel.
F. Marion Crawford	...	"In the Palace of the King."
Paul Leicester Ford	...	"Wanted, a Watchmaker."
Maurice Hewlett	...	"Richard Yea and Nay."
R. S. Hichens ...	...	"Tongues of Conscience."
Anthony Hope ...	...	"Quisante."
Henry James ...	...	"The Soft Side."
Lucas Malet ...	...	"The Gateless Barrier."
Leonard Merrick	...	"The Worldlings."
George Moore ...	...	"Sister Théresa."
Arthur Morrison	...	"Cunning Murrell."
Max Pemberton	..	"The Footsteps of a Throne."
Eden Phillpotts	...	"Sons of the Morning."
Una L. Silberrad	...	"The Lady of Dreams."
Mary E. Wilkins	...	"The Heart's Highway."
Charlotte M. Yonge	...	"Modern Broods."
John Buchan ...	...	"The Half-Hearted."
Anna K. Green...	...	"The Circular Study."
Charles Lee ...	...	"Cynthia of the West."
Richard Pryce ...	...	"Jezebel."

There will also be new novels—the titles of which have not been announced—by Egerton Castle and Winston Churchill; a volume of short stories by Bret Harte, and "The Wisdom of the Wise," John Oliver Hobbes' comedy in three acts, which we understand will wait for the stage production till the autumn. Next week, too, there will be a new novel by Mr. Baring Gould, entitled "Winifred." The beginning of next year brings the first number of Mr. Hall Caine's novel "The Eternal City," which is to appear serially in Messrs. Pearson's new lady's magazine. Mr. Richard Whiteing's next novel may be ready before then, but the author is still feeling the effects of his long illness, and it is impossible to speak with certainty on the subject of his book. Another volume of stories by Mr. Thomas Hardy has been talked of for some time.

Publishers, at all events, are not forgetting the Indian frontier and its neighbourhood in the worry of South African and Chinese affairs. Besides Mr. Bruce's book on "The Forward Policy and its Results," announced by Messrs. Longmans last week, and the Afghanistan volumes to come from Mr. Murray, Messrs. Methuen promise a personal record, by Sir Thomas Holdich, of twenty years' service on "The Indian Borderland." The work is described as a personal history of trans-frontier surveys and boundary demarcations, beginning with Penjdeh and ending with the Pamirs, Chitral, and Tirah. It also includes an account of some of the minor frontier expeditions which have taken us into hitherto untrapped districts and added to our topographical and ethnographical knowledge of the trans-Indus frontier from Karachi to Kafiristan. Besides these minor expeditions Sir Thomas Holdich served in the Afghan war, 1878-80 (as well as the Bhootan and Abyssinian expeditions), and was frequently mentioned in despatches.

Commenting more than a month ago on the statement that the question of an "authorized biography" of Ruskin was occupying the attention of his literary executors, we remarked on the difficulty the biographer would have to face in competing with "Præterita," and also mentioned Mr. Collingwood's Life. It is now stated by "A Man of Kent" in the *British Weekly*, on the authority of Professor Norton himself, that no biography of Ruskin will be prepared with the consent or aid of the literary executors on the very ground that "Præterita" and Mr. Collingwood's biography sufficiently cover the field. This, however, we imagine, does not preclude the publication of Ruskin's diaries, notes, and autobiographic fragments, and of a selection of the correspondence under proper editorial supervision.

Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton are publishing "The Origin of the Anglo-Boer War Revealed," a work which vindicates British policy, although it is written by a Transvaal burgher. The author is Mr. C. H. Thomas, formerly a prominent burgher of the Orange Free State and one of the best-known citizens of Belfast in the Transvaal. Mr. Thomas is intimately acquainted with all the leading Transvaal officials and generals, and he believes that the Boers have been betrayed and misled by the Hollander clique, and the object of his book is to "unmask the conspiracy of the nineteenth century."

According to the *Daily Chronicle*, Messrs. Chapman and Hall announce yet another edition of Dickens, the feature of which (it is stated) will be "the inclusion of all the illustrations which were made for the Dickens writings as they first appeared," printed from the original plates. Surely there is nothing distinctive about this. The recently-completed Gadshill edition, with Mr. Andrew Lang's introductions and notes (published by the same firm), was characterized by the same feature, and was thus announced in the prospectus:—"All the original etchings and woodcuts by Seymour, Hablot K. Browne, and Cruikshank, which appeared in the first editions of Dickens' works, and which are inseparably associated in the minds of the reading public with the characters created by Dickens, will be used in the Gadshill edition." The prospectus also states that "the publishers have in their possession unused duplicates in fine condition of many of the steel plates of the original illustrations, and the impressions will be taken from these plates." In what respect, therefore, the forthcoming edition will differ from the Gadshill edition it is difficult to imagine, and we can only surmise that the new issue will prove to be a cheaper reprint of the latter, printed from stereos, with possibly lithographic transfers of the etched plates.

Miss Cholmondeley's readers have been puzzling their inquiries into the origin and signification of the title of "Red Pottage," and have driven the publishers to have recourse to the author herself for authoritative information. The origin and the significance of this title might have been supposed to be sufficiently obvious, though many persons better read in fiction than in the Bible seem to have forgotten that the mess of pottage for which Esau sold his birthright is called "red pottage" in the Scripture. "And Esau said to Jacob, Feed me, I pray thee, with that same red pottage." Nor is the motto very obscure either—"After the red pottage the exceeding bitter cry." Esau's lapse led to Jacob's inheritance, and it was when Esau heard the words of his father, that the blessing had been already given to his younger brother, that "he cried with a great and exceeding bitter cry." Miss Cholmondeley, however, cannot remember where she got her motto from, and

suggests a search through the sermons of the Rev. John Hamilton Thom? One would scarcely have thought any authority were necessary for so simple a synthesis. So much for the origin. The significance such as it is is equally obvious. The young man sells his birthright of love and paternity and forfeits his blessing.

The fourth volume of poetry in the new edition of Byron will probably be ready in October. It includes "The Prisoner of Chillon," "Manfred," "Beppo," "Mazeppa," "Vision of Judgment," "Marino Faliero," &c., and will be followed by the fifth volume of the letters—1820 to 1822.

A volume of "Unpublished and Uncollected Poems of William Cowper," edited by Mr. Thomas Wright, is to be added to Mr. Fisher Unwin's Cameo Series. Of the twenty-eight poems, fragments, or couplets included in the volume some have never been published, some have been published only in part, some are passages which for various reasons were cancelled by Cowper, and some have appeared only in periodicals not now easily accessible. The next volume in Mr. Unwin's Library of Literary History will be "A Literary History of America," by Barrett Wendell, Professor of English at Harvard College.

In the list of some of Dr. Robertson Nicoll's literary *aliases* given in the last number of the *Review of the Week* (now to be numbered among the sixpenny weekly reviews) there is a misunderstanding which will be amusing to all who are familiar with the signature. "Claudius Clear." "Dr. Robertson Nicoll," it wrote, "otherwise Claudius, Clear Man of Kent, and other picturesque synonyms." The amusing part of it is that Dr. Robertson Nicoll is not by any means a "clear man of Kent." It is generally understood that, so far from being a native of one of the southernmost and most English of counties, Dr. Nicoll is one of the many able and industrious *littérateurs* who have come to us from across the Northern border. Among the other literary positions filled by him he was, we observe, the Friar of the Whitefriars Club chosen to speak in Mr. George Meredith's honour at the club meeting recently held in Mr. George Meredith's country. He found occasion to remind his audience that George Eliot was in her time too, like himself, a "pluralist reviewer." She reviewed "The Shaving of Shagpat" both in the *Leader* and the *Westminster Review*. George Eliot, in her reviews, compared the book to its advantage with Beckford's "Vathek," and said it might be called "The Thousand and Second Arabian Night."

Publishers, apparently, remain unmoved by Mr. Miller's prophecy that Omarism "is as certainly doomed to speedy extinction as the 'greenery-yallery, Grosvenor Gallery' cult which was in vogue a few years ago." Notwithstanding the number of editions of the Rubáiyát already in the market, Messrs. Methuen—grateful, perhaps, for the mild sensation caused by Mr. Miller's article and the correspondence which it created—announce another edition of the book, with a commentary by H. M. Batson and a biography of Omar by Professor Ross. FitzGerald's last text is given—by permission of Messrs. Macmillan—and there will be a full commentary. The biography by Professor Ross contains, it is said, many new and valuable facts.

It would be interesting to know how many copies of Darwin's "Origin of Species" have been printed since the book was first published, about forty years ago. Mr. Murray informs us that some hundreds of thousands of copies at least have been sold. The work will be out of copyright in a couple of years or so, and the publisher, taking time by the forelock, has decided to issue during the coming autumn an edition in large type, well bound and well printed, at a price which will bring it within the reach of all—half-a-crown.

Mr. Edward Arnold writes:—"In your interesting bibliography of books on China you do not mention Mr. Arnot Reid's work, "From Peking to Petersburg" (7s. 6d.), published in 1899, which ought not, I think, to be omitted."

Another series of brief biographies is announced, this time by Messrs. Methuen. The first two volumes of the "Little Biographies," as the new series is called, will be "The Life of Savonarola," by E. L. Horsburgh, and "The Life of Dante Alighieri," by Paget Toynbee.

The *Antiquary* for August will devote an article to "King Alfred as a Man of Letters," by Warwick H. Draper.

The demand for the revised edition of Alexis Krausse's "China in Decay," which was only published a fortnight ago, has been so great that the whole of the impression is already exhausted. Messrs. Chapman and Hall have a third edition in the press, which will be available in the course of a few days.

Books to look out for at once.

CHINA—

"China in Decay." (Third and revised edition). By Alexis Krausse. Chapman and Hall. 5s.

"China." (New and enlarged edition.) By Professor Douglas. Fisher Unwin. 5s.

FICTION—

"Monica Grey." By Lady Hely Hutchinson. Murray. 2s. 6d. n.

"The Goddess." By Richard Marsh. White. 6s.

"The Flick of Fortune." By Thomas Parkes. White. 6s.

"Winifred." By S. Baring Gould. Methuen. 6s.

"Path and Goal." By Ada Cambridge. Methuen. 6s.

"The Dean's Apron." By C. J. Wills and Godfrey Burchett. Ward, Lock. 3s. 6d.

"On Parole." By Mina Doyle. John Long. 3s. 6d.

CRICKET—

"The Walkers of Southgate: Being the Chronicles of a Cricketing Family." By W. A. Bettesworth. Methuen. 15s.

REPRINTS—

"The Queen's Maries." By Whyte Melville. Ward, Lock. 3s. 6d.

Mrs. Gaskell's "Cranford." ("Little Library.") Edited by E. V. Lucas. Methuen. 1s. 6d. n. and 2s. 6d. n.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

ART.

Landscape Painting in Water Colour. By *J. MacWhirter*, R.A. 7½×5in., 63 pp. Cassell. 5s.

BIOGRAPHY.

Sir Stamford Raffles. (Builders of Greater Britain.) By *H. E. Egerton*. 7½×5in., 250 pp. Unwin. 5s.

Sandro Botticelli. By *J. Streeter*. [illegible], 135 pp. Catholic Truth Soc. 6d. n.

Fra Angelico. By *Evelyn M. Cleveland*. 5×4in., 93 pp. Catholic Truth Soc. 6d. n.

CLASSICAL.

Xenophon: Anabasis. Book I. By *E. C. Marchant*. (Illustrated Classics.) 6×4in., 129 pp. Bell. 1s. 6d.

The Antigone of Sophocles. Ed. by *R. H. Webb*. (Illustrated Classics.) [illegible], 131 pp. Bell. 2s. 6d.

DRAMA.

Craven Park. A [illegible] By *R. Templemore*. [illegible] pp. Murray. Hooke. 3s. 6d. n.

ECONOMICS.

The Theory of International Trade. By *C. F. Bastable*, LL.D. 7½×5in., 197 pp. Macmillan. 5s. 6d.

FICTION.

The Descent of the Duchess. By *Morley Roberts*. 7½×5in., 320 pp. Sands. 3s. 6d.

A Prince of Swindlers. By *Guy Boothby*. 7½×5in., 292 pp. Ward, Lock. 3s.

The Pomp of the Lavilettes. By *Gilbert Parker*. (The Novelist, No. XIII. 8×6in., 124 pp. Methuen. 6d.

The Mystic Number Seven. By *Annabel Gray*. 7½×5in., 313 pp. Simpkin, Marshall. 3s. 6d.

The Banker and the Bear. By *H. K. Webster*. 6½×4in., 334 pp. The Macmillan Co. 6s.

My Afterdream. By *Julian West*. 7½×5in., 247 pp. Unwin. 6s.

Agatha Webb. By *Anna K. Green*. 7½×5in., 370 pp. Ward, Lock. 3s. 6d.

Vengeance. By *M. Bentzon*. 7½×4½in., 378 pp. Paris, Stock. Fr. 3.50.

GEOGRAPHY.

European Settlements in the Far East. 7½×5in., 331 pp. Sampson Low. 7s. 6d.

LITERARY.

Les Formes Littéraires de la Pensée Grecque. By *V. Cherbuliez*. 7½×5½in., 574 pp. Paris, Alcan. Fr. 10.

La Méthode Scientifique de l'Histoire Littéraire. By *G. Lanson*. 7½×4½in., 500 pp. Paris, Alcan. Fr. 10.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Day in the Cloister. By *Domm Bede Camm*, O.S.B. 7½×5½in., 201 pp. Sands. 6s.

The Way to be Well. By *Mrs. I. Smith*. 5½×3½in., 93 pp. Wells Gardner. 3d.

The Principles of Chess. By *J. Mason*. 3rd Ed. 7½×5in., 327 pp. Cox. 2s. 6d. n.

PHILOSOPHY.

La Tristesse et la Joie. By *George Dumas*. 9×5½in., 427 pp. Paris, Alcan. Fr. 7.50.

Esquisse d'une Psychologie Fondée sur l'Expérience. By *Dr. Harald Höffding*. Translated into French from the 4th Danish Ed. by Leon Poltevin. 9×5½in., 481 pp. Paris, Alcan. Fr. 7.50.

POETRY.

Passing Thoughts. By *Maria E. Buss*. 7×4½in., 53 pp. Stock.

POLITICAL.

Natal and the Boers. By *T. Russell*. 7½×5in., 208 pp. Dent. 2s. 6d. n.

The South African Conspiracy. By *F. W. Bell*, F.S.S. 9×5½in., 248 pp. Heinemann. 5s. n.

REPRINTS.

My Danish Sweetheart. By *W. Clark Russell*. (Sixpenny Library.) 9×6in., 136 pp. Methuen. 6d.

Old Mortality. (Pitt Press Series. Ed. by *J. A. Nicklin*. 7½×5½in., 552 pp. Cam. Univ. Press. 2s. 6d.

The Golden Legend. Vols. III & IV. As Englished by *William Caxton*. (Temple Classics.) 6×4in., 306+274 pp. Dent. 1s. 6d. n. each vol.

THEOLOGY.

The Atonement in Modern Religious Thought. By Various Authors. 7½×5½in., 376 pp. Clarke. 6s.

Christianity and Mythology. By *J. M. Robertson*. 9×5½in., 481 pp. Watts. 8s. 6d. n.

TOPOGRAPHY.

A Book of Dartmoor. By *S. Baring-Gould*. 7½×5½in., 283 pp. Methuen. 6s.

Fulham, Old and New. By *C. J. Feret*. 3 vols. 11×8½in., 303+349+311 pp. The Leadenhall Press. £3 3s.

TRAVEL.

South Africa. Personal Experiences, &c. By *J. Dickie*. 7×5in., 107 pp. Allenson. 1s. n.

Handbook to British East Africa and Uganda. By *J. R. Parcis*. 7½×5in., 94 pp. Sonnenschein. 2s. 6d.

Wanderings in China. By *C. F. Gordon Cumming*. Cheap Ed. 8×5½in., 523 pp. Blackwood. 6s.

Literature

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NOTES OF THE DAY.

The orders for "*The Times* History of the War in South Africa" are coming in so rapidly that there is some possibility that the list at the reduced price may be very suddenly closed. It is at present being kept open to allow of the replies from South Africa and the other colonies. It must be borne in mind that the continuation of the war may render a sixth volume necessary, and this may induce the publishers to raise the price to meet the extra expense. Mr. Chamberlain, Sir Alfred Milner, and Lord Wolseley have given sittings for special portraits. Among the contributors are Miss Flora Shaw, Mr. W. F. Monypeny, Mr. Arnold Forster, M.P., Mr. Lionel James, Mr. Percival Landon, Mr. Bron Herbert, Major A. W. Pollock, Major Hunter Weston, Captain Nathan, R.E., and General Sir W. Nicholson. The whole is edited by Mr. L. S. Amery, who has himself written the greater portion of the first volume. Mr. Amery is expected in London on August 17.

* * * *

Let us congratulate Mr. E. F. Knight on the complimentary dinner given to him by his colleagues of the Press at the Hotel Cecil. Not every war correspondent oversteps the boundary line which separates the reporter from the man of letters; but the tendency is in that direction, as those know who have followed the work not only of G. W. Steevens, but also of Mr. Winston Churchill, Mr. Julian Ralph, the ebullient Mr. Hales of the *Daily News*, and Mr. Knight himself. Mr. Knight, in fact, was already a well known writer before he became a war correspondent. His accounts of his cruises in the *Falcon* and the *Alerte* belong to literature, and he combines, like the great B.-P., the talents, seldom found together, of the man of action and the man of letters.

There has been a Press Congress this week at the Paris Exhibition, and we can only express our hope that the journalists of the different countries have mutually instructed each other, and that the interchange of suggestions may have done something towards the evolution of the ideal newspaper. At any rate, it is certain that the journalists of every nation have something to learn from the journalists of other nations. If France could learn from England the advantage of knowing something of the subject you are writing about, we should not find the French military experts advising the Boers to destroy lines of railway which do not exist; and if England could learn literary polish from France, some of our cheaper daily papers would be better written. Germany, again, might very well take lessons in sub-editing from America; while America might well take lessons in self-respect from Germany. But the probability is that nobody will learn anything from anybody, seeing that every country has the sort of Press, as it has the sort of police, that it deserves.

* * * *

When we wrote a few weeks ago of the forthcoming bicentenary celebration of James Thomson, the poet of "The Seasons," the weather scarcely befitted the summer of which the poet sang. Happily the season mended in time, and the celebration took place at Ednam, Thomson's birthplace, near Kelso, on Friday of last week, under a sky worthy of any summer poet's pen. It was, within its modest limits, completely successful. Visitors, under the guidance of the Edinburgh Border Counties Association, were driven to the places of interest in the neighbourhood, and speeches, some of undue length, in praise of the poet were delivered in a "haugh" or riverside meadow by Sir George Douglas, of Springwood-park, Kelso, whose cultivated interest in border life as well as in literature generally is well known; by Dr. Morel, of Paris, a biographer of the poet; and by Judge Willis. There was afterwards a dinner at the local hotel, where, if there was less Scotch whiskey and Scotch enthusiasm than at a typical "nicht wi' Burns," there was nevertheless whiskey and enthusiasm.

* * * *

William Morris was a great democrat, though he did not write the sort of books that the democracy delights in; and it is a graceful act on the part of the family of the late Mr. Edward Lloyd to hand over to the public "for ever" the house in which the idle singer of an empty day was born. Their action secures to the public not only a house but also an "open space"—a faint reminder of the "merrie England" in which Morris rejoiced beyond the majority of poets.

* * * *

We endorse Mr. Andrew Lang's complaint in *Longman's Magazine* against those who "pursue literature vicariously" by inviting him to inform them what were his experiences of collaboration, and whether he often had rows with his collaborator. But we may also congratulate Mr. Lang on the fact that his experience of this sort of thing has been small in comparison with that of some other men of letters. He might have been one of the men of letters invited by the editor of a popular magazine to plunge their feet into pudding basins full of gelatinous matter in order that the public might guess their

stiffen from their soles. We exposed this conspiracy some time ago, and it never came to anything—probably in consequence of the exposure and the chorus of derisive comment which it aroused. But it was a very real conspiracy; and we know, though we do not mention, the name of a prominent canon of the Church of England who actually yielded to the editorial blandishments and stamped in the offensive mixture.

* * * *

There is criticism for all tastes nowadays, and also for no taste at all. Mr. Henley and Mrs. Meynell, for example, have both been having their say about Ruskin's criticism; and neither deliverance is much to the taste of Mr. Lang, who writes about it in *Longman's Magazine* in his usual agreeable vein of raillery. Mrs. Meynell thinks that Ruskin's work may be likened to a sidereal sky beheld from an earth upon the wing. Mr. Henley, on the other hand, holds that Ruskin uplifted his voice and throned nonsense—tonsense all the time for many years and through interminable volumes. Mr. Henley, by the way, has been giving vent to some equally downright views in the last few numbers of the *Pall Mall Magazine*. Shelley, Wordsworth, Tennyson, Browning, Ruskin, Rossetti, and Mr. Swinburne lie now for Mr. Henley in a crumpled heap, with Byron standing erect at the beginning of the century and Mr. R. A. M. Stevenson at the end. It is quite a comfort to think that poor Matthew Arnold's ear is closed in death; these critical violences used to vex him.

* * * *

What would Sir Henry Irving or any theatrical manager say to *Manfred* if it were submitted as the work of a writer of to-day? They would say that it was unactable, and they would be quite right. What can have made Sir Henry Irving say that he had thoughts of producing Lord Byron's gloomy and verbose drama? Of course it has been acted. Phelps appeared in it in 1863, and Charles Dillon played Manfred so lately as 1873. But there is no dramatic power or interest in the play. The enormously long speeches of which Manfred delivers himself on every possible occasion are not easy to read for long. On the stage they would very soon become tedious. Of course there would be plenty of scope for elaborate scenery and theatrical device. Alpine castles and singing spirits and chamois hunters would give the costumier and the scene painter and the chorus master a good opportunity.

* * * *

Mr. Stephen Phillips and Mr. Tree seem to have realized that *The King of the Jews* would be an unsuitable name for the poetic play which the former has written and the latter purchased. It is now stated that the piece will be called *Herod the King*.

* * * *

Miss Lucy Snowe's "Two Stage Plays" (Brimley Johnson) are the kind of amateur attempts at writing for the theatre of which most theatrical managers' cupboards are full. They are quite unstageable—that is to say, they would have very little effect on the stage and they are not very interesting from the merely literary point of view. Of the two *Bondage* is the better. It is modelled more or less on Ibsen lines, and it also suggests Strindberg. It may be gathered from this that humour is not Miss Snowe's strong quality. Her talent is for scenes of gloom, not for society. In the other play there are scenes meant to be satirical, but the satire is of the obvious kind. The neat little volume, one of the first to issue with Mr. Brimley Johnson's imprint, is a disappointment. But it was unreasonable to expect to meet such another virginal surprise as Mr. Sutro's *Cage of Idlers*.

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In the preface to the sixpenny edition of "Aylwin" Mr. Watts-Dunton tells us the origin of his gipsy heroine, Sinfi Lovell. She is a real person—"the gipsy girl described in the introduction to 'Lavengro,'" written by Mr. Dunton some eight years ago.

"On that occasion," says Mr. Dunton, "I gave a slight sketch of the most remarkable 'Romany Chi' that had ever been met with in the part of East Anglia known to Borrow and myself. Sinfi Lovell. I described her playing on the erwth; I discussed her exploits as a boxer, and I contrasted her in many ways with the glorious Anglo-Saxon road-girl, Isopel Berners."

Many correspondents have written to Mr. Watts-Dunton to inquire whether the two gipsy girls are identical; and now their curiosity is gratified.

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In the *People's Friend* Mr. A. H. Millar, famous for his daring views about Omar Khayyam, maintains the thesis that "The Fudge Family in Edinburgh," usually attributed to Thomas Moore, was really written by John Gibson Lockhart. The first part of the case, at any rate, seems to be pretty clearly made out. Moore was living in Paris when it was published; he had never been to Scotland; it was exceedingly unlikely that he would have dealings with an Edinburgh publisher, or possess the intimate knowledge which the poem displays of "the leading society people and the notable places in Edinburgh and Glasgow in 1820." Moreover, Moore's regular pseudonym for poems of the "Fudge" class was "Thomas Brown the Younger," and one fails to understand why he should have adopted the pseudonym of "Nehemiah Nettlebottom" for this single *jeu d'esprit*.

* * * *

On the other hand the presumption of Lockhart's authorship is only arrived at by a process of exhaustion in seeking an answer to the question, "Who was the literary man of the period most likely to write such a series?" Lockhart, at any rate, had the local knowledge, the talent, and the satirical habit; but there is no direct evidence of his authorship. Mr. Millar sums up the probabilities as follows:—

> Lockhart travelled on the Continent in 1816-17, and may have thought of imitating Moore's Paris book (The "Fudge Family in Paris"), boldly appending Moore's pseudonym; but afterwards he probably altered his plan and transferred the Fudges to more familiar ground. While there is no definite proof that Lockhart wrote this volume of poetical epistles, the cumulative evidence is very striking.

This would not be an absolutely unique instance of the appropriation by an author of another author's characters. We remember a pseudo-Pickwick who distinguished himself by Continental travel.

* * * *

Though naturally disappointed that the second reading of the Copyright Bill has been postponed, the promoters of the measure are fairly sanguine that in another Session it will become law. A general election would not be likely to affect its prospects, as all the Parliamentary supporters of the Bill would in all probability be re-elected. Meantime, the Bill has reached the hands of the members, and there are those who expect that it will be one of the first matters settled when the next Session begins.

* * * *

The new edition of Mr. Herbert Spencer's "First Principles" contains the announcement that Mr. Herbert Spencer is no less sure that he is right in his view of the universe now than he was when he began to formulate his philosophy, forty years ago.

> Neither the objections made by others [he says] nor further considerations of my own have caused me to recede from the general principles set forth. Contrariwise.

And that, of course, is as it should be. It would, indeed, be a tragic occurrence if a philosopher, who had embarked upon the exposition of a system on the scale of Mr. Herbert Spencer's, and was having the plates stereotyped, were to be converted to Neo Kantianism (like the man in the story that Mr. W. L. Courtney wrote for the *Oxford Magazine*) when his task was uncompleted. But this is a calamity by which philosophers, being careful people who think before they speak, are not very often overtaken. Philosophy, in fact, is more a matter of temperament than of research; and we have good authority for the statement that every man is born either a Platonist or an Aristotelian. Read Evolutionist for Aristotelian, and Neo Kantian for Platonist, and the statement is still true to-day.

An interesting feature of the edition is the advertisement of the numbers sold of Mr. Herbert Spencer's other philosophical works. "First Principles" is in its tenth thousand, "Principles of Biology" in its sixth thousand, "Principles of Psychology" in its fifth thousand, and "Principles of Ethics" only in its second thousand. Evidently of the many contagious readers who attack Mr. Herbert Spencer's system, only 20 per cent. have sufficient staying power to master it. The others drop out of the race like the sportsmen in the first canto of "The Lady of the Lake":—

And when the Brigg of Turk was won,
The headmost horseman rode alone.

One notices further that Mr. Herbert Spencer's books sell most widely when they do not form an integral part of the synthetic system. "Education" is in its 19th thousand, "The Study of Sociology" in its 21st thousand, and "The Man and the State" in its 11th thousand. These, at any rate, are figures which many more frivolous writers will envy.

* * * *

The Bishop of London has been advising a body of schoolgirls to read three books written before 1800 for each one written after that date. This is going further than the familiar counsel of perfection that, whenever a new book is proffered, you should read an old one. As a general recommendation of the classics in preference to the ephemeral literature of the day, especially during the years of education, when taste is being formed, the Bishop's advice may pass as not only true, but trite. Taken for anything more than that it will not do at all, unless the counsellor will condescend to particulars. He would hesitate, we are sure, to recommend to the young ladies in place of "Pickwick" the perusal of "Roderick Random," "Peregrine Pickle," and "Humphrey Clinker." Perhaps after all it was his Lordship's little ruse. Guessing that the girls would not altogether, even on his advice, abandon their modern romances, he calculated that by this simple rule of three they would in time consume the whole course of the classics.

* * * *

Last year a delegation of Bretons paid a visit to Wales in recognition of the common ancestry of the Welsh and Breton race. More than sixty thousand Welsh were present at the Cardiff fêtes, when many of the old Celtic rites and ceremonies were revived. Amongst the Bretons were the Marquis de l'Estourbeillon, Comte Le Gonidec de Tressan, Charles Le Goffic, Anatole le Braz, the well-known author whose books have been translated into English, Jean le Fustec, the Breton novelist, and the poet Durocher. A return visit to France has just been made by the Welsh, and a concert was given at the Paris Exhibition by two hundred members of the Welsh united choirs, conducted by Mrs. Clara Novello Davies, Mr. Stephens, and Mr. Farr. The Welsh songs were given in that language, the audience applauding enthusiastically, and the Marseillaise was sung at the end of the concert.

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Prices generally ruled very low at Messrs. Sotheby's sale last week, but the most marked falling off was in the value of the Kiplings. The following were among the more important books sold:—"Chronicon Nurembergense," fine copy, 1493, £6 15s.; "Rudimentum Novitiorum," Lubeck, 1475, the first book printed at that town, fine copy, £15; Manning and Bray, "History of Surrey," 1804-14, £16; Boydell, "Shakespeare Gallery," 1803, £15; Richardson, "Clarissa," first edition, 1748, £5; White, "Natural History of Selborne," fine copy of the first edition, 1789, £9; Ruskin, "Stones of Venice," first edition, £11 10s.; Stevenson, "The Pentland Rising," the rare little print of 1866, £5 5s.; Thackeray, "Vanity Fair," first edition, an excellent copy, £2; Swinburne, "Grace Darling," the privately printed edition of 1893, £1; Kipling, "The United Services College Chronicle," Nos. 1 to 58, £5 7s. 6d.; "Departmental Ditties," first edition, a perfect copy, £1 1s.; "School Boy Lyrics," first edition, a soiled copy, £3 5s.; Kelmscott Books, "Keats," £27 10s.; "Gothic Architecture," a copy on vellum, £8. Shakespeare, "First Folio," much cut down, and repaired in places, but otherwise in very good condition, £252.

An interesting guide-book has upon our table by Mary Cholmondeley Jones, "European Travel for Women," published in America by the Macmillan Company, and to *Travelling* much interest has it the writer's recognition that *and Reading*. American travellers still make holiday, to "read up" the countries and cities which they propose to visit. This is certainly the period which to set out upon a journey; and there is evidently much of that spirit in the United States than in any other civilized country. The typical English impression of the American tourist is of a man in a hurry, who, having arrived at a show-place, whether it be the Great Cow at the Lucerne, does not wait to admire the snow peaks or the pasture, but merely notes to himself that they are there, checking the statements of the guide-book in the same manner in which he would check the items in an invoice of goods delivered. There is, however, another, and a very large, class of Americans towards whom this tour is seriously and expect other people to do the same. We have heard such an American reproved in England for leaving with levity in the Castle of Chillon. "You will pardon me, sir," he said in accents of mingled pain and indignation, "but you do not seem to be aware that your Byron [illegible] a considerable point about this publicity." The speech was in the American language, but it was in the spirit of the eighteenth century; it kept alive, while it modified and brought up-to-date, the point of view of the dean of the grand tour. Not all the travellers of those days, of course, were men of culture and refinement who regarded travel as a part of education to which a knowledge of books was a desirable preliminary. There were exceptions to the rule furnished, among other instances, by the Scotsman who had nothing to report of a visit to Voltaire except that he did not like the way in which Voltaire carved a pheasant, and by Lullow the recluse who thought the Royal stables the only things worth going to see in Paris, and whose account of his travels only rises to real eloquence when he records the discovery of a Stabat Mater in which rests to himself. As a rule, however, the travellers of the age of the grand tour did get up their subjects before they started on their travels. One sees from the writings of Addison, Bishop Burnet, Archdeacon Coxe, and others, how much better they enjoyed their travels for having done so; and one congratulates American upon preserving the tradition. In England it is now to some extent following Macaulay's example of reading up a subject for one by his hands on shelves a city before he goes to it. In the United States, as the publishers know to their cost, those who are about to travel often buy up quite a small library and study it before they take their tickets. It is necessary, no doubt, the habit is the result of their comparatively recent European travel is such a much bigger enterprise for them than for us that they naturally like it more seriously, desiring to accumulate in the course of a spring and summer memory-pictures that will last them for the remainder of their lives. But the practice is a good one—everybody should read up a subject for pleasure, in moderation, and not to the extent of mind-cramming preparing to satisfy examiners. Publishers have been doing something of late to encourage the practice by the publication of what is called the pictorial guide-book. We are obliged to them, and we hope the experience has proved profitable; but we are not sure that the pictorial guide-book is all that is wanted. What we want is more attempts at the vivifying process of historical interest to which Sir Walter Besant refers, whether by full historians or learned antiquarians, but by writers who really have the gift of style, and the power of painting the past. We suggest, and we are inclined to think that [illegible] historical novelists—would be the best people to write them. At all events, remembering what Sir Walter Besant has done by bringing the talents of the novelist to bear on the history of London, we should like to see other novelists whom we could name trying what they could do for Rome, for Florence, for the old cities of Flanders and Provence, and for Geneva.

A DIRGE.

I.

Wind and rain at the break of day,
Wind and rain from the sea ;
Mist on the mountains far away,
And a broken heart for me :
Blow wind, blow up from the weeping West,
Blow wind and rain from the sea ;
For the soul I love in the wide world best
Can never return to me.

II.

Foam and spray for evermore,
Foam and spray from the sea ;
Wreck-wood strewn on the wind-swept shore,
Wreck-wood strewn for me :
Sweep on O clouds, from the stormy West,
Sweep onward over the sea ;
For the soul I love in the wide world best
Can never return to me.

III.

Wail of waves on the moaning strand,
Wail of waves from the sea ;
And a lifeless form on the cruel sand,
And a loveless life for me :
Cry out O bird to the troubled West,
Cry out to the angry sea ;
For the soul I love in the wide world best
Can never return to me.

IV.

Silent grave and lonely Cross
Lonely Cross by the sea,
Emblem alike of gain and loss,
Anchor of hope to me :
Blow, wind, blow up from the weeping West,
Blow wind and rain from the sea ;
Till the soul I love in the wide world best,
Is given again to me.

H. J. S.

Personal Views.

PLEASURES OF MEMORY.

In spite of Sheridan's remark about easy reading and hard writing, it is probably true that we read with most pleasure what gave most pleasure in writing. I am using the word pleasure in a somewhat restricted sense. Nobody who picked his phrases would say that he read with pleasure, for example, the scene of Lear's madness, any more than he would call the *Agamemnon* a pleasant play. The emotion of the audience must have some kinship to the emotion of the artist, and what is composed under a violent stress of feeling, or painfully elaborated in thought, cannot play lightly and agreeably on the chords of our nature. And the things in literature that we value most—or since this is a personal view let me say, that I value most—have separated themselves not without bitter travail from the labouring brain of their creator. These were never the pleasant writing that makes pleasant reading. And yet there are certain works, among the most beautiful in all literature, which come by a special grace easily into life, all the nature of things working with the artist rather than impeding him. Who would care to decide which is the finer of the two great passages in "Richard Feverel"—the idyll of the lovers' first meeting, or the drama of Richard's return and Lucy's forgiveness? And yet the one comes evidently like iron from the anvil, shaped through fire; the other grows like a flower, if a flower could be imperishable. The reason of the difference is plain enough. In the later scene the artist works single-handed; characters, setting, action, words are all born out of his own brain; but where Richard meets Lucy, nature makes her lavish contribution. There the background, the surrounding circumstance of summer beauty, with its ripeness of wild fruit, coolness of shade and water, heat of earth and air, is really more important than the human action. In such a landscape Richard and Lucy are merely figures inevitably drawn together; and in painting the landscape Mr. Meredith is evidently enough concerned only to revive and reconstitute nature's achievement. Memory rather than imagination is at work in him and his appeal is to our memory. Down those pleasant loitering byways he easily leads us, for our memories too are willing helpers in the re-construction of the scene. If that passage, however retouched and embellished, was not written at first in a rapture of enjoyment, my theory must go by the board; but, for the moment, my personal view is that it was so written and for that cause is perfectly enjoyable, entirely pleasurable.

And there are many things in literature, more particularly in prose fiction, which affect one, not indeed so powerfully but in the same way—passages where the writer gives the rein not to imagination but to memory. They are written in the spirit of a man who talks on his favourite sport—and, perhaps, the best of them are about sport. Trollope in his Autobiography owns that it was a grief to him if a story could not be so managed as to include a hunting chapter; he even ingenuously confesses that perhaps he indulged himself too much in this particular shape of reminiscent imagination. But the apology was little needed, for these chapters are always among the best in his books, and the pleasure of the stout gentleman who pounds laboriously but not ingloriously after the hounds in memory (as he did in the flesh) never fails to communicate itself. Charles Kingsley, too, was a wise man when he began "Yeast" with a meet of hounds and a hard run across country, for that stirring piece of narrative appeals alike to the literary and the unliterary by the writer's contagious enthusiasm. Yet far more attractive to me were the fishing episodes in that same book—contributions to one of the most fruitful among secondary literatures. You will find that the chalk stream runs all through "Yeast," and when Kingsley is tired of his Socialism, his game-laws, his theology, and all the other thorny subjects, he flies for rest in memory to the beloved banks of his river; and it is those passages, breathing the revived delight in the varying yet constant face of running water, the happy exercise of skill, and the excitement of a struggle in which man has very short odds against his game—it is those passages, I fear, that one remembers best in that stirring example of the novel with a purpose. Certainly in a kindred book (though of an infinitely inferior order), "Tom Brown at Oxford," there is nothing I read with pleasure except the tale of an evening's trout fishing and the swirling rise of a great fish that sucked down a bee. There, at all events, Tom Hughes was writing about an emotion which he could communicate to whoever has loved trout and trout streams with the curious affection that allies itself to the desire to kill.

Fishing must have some special quality apart from other sports that makes its delight peculiarly communicable on paper. One does not readily recall any special page that revives the charm of snipe shooting; cricket has often been treated in fiction, and by those who loved it, yet never, I think, with

such shores; whereas the fisherman has endless pages that may be relied on to awaken the pleasures of unpublished memory. The title Mr. William Black, who was perhaps not a very strenuous artist, nevertheless endeared himself to a large section of the kind in this way; one has killed many a fine salmon, many a sporting brilse in his pages, with a pleasure not unlike the reality. And the truth is that the charm of Mr. Black's books—which I maintain is a very real charm—lay just in the strength of his continual appeal to memory. The faculty was obviously very strong in him, and vivid effects, the spring of a boat on the waves, the enchanting brick of a running reel, the colour of heather and bracken, the shape of wind-warped pine trees, all haunted his fancy perpetually as if they were present, and this perception of things in themselves delightful was easily transmitted. What with Trollope or Kingsley were accidental episodes made with Black the main stuff of the narrative; it was all pleasant writing and at least for one who had the same fund of memory to draw on, who loved sea and heather, it was very pleasant reading. He had the art to make his personages picturesque—in some of the earlier novels, notably the "Daughter of Heth" they were quite extraordinarily effective—but they never became dramatic and predominant; the sailing or the fishing or the driving was always the essential thing. It is a lazy way to work, no doubt; but still it a man has the gift to call up to my mind pleasant things that he has seen or done, and set me thinking of pleasant things that I have done or seen, I do not grudge to write him down among my benefactors; and for the pleasures of memory as reflected in fiction I am most indebted to Mr. William Black next after Charles Kingsley.

STEPHEN GWYNN.

THE STORY OF ROMEO AND JULIET.

It is no wonder that Shakespeare should have chosen the story of Romeo and Juliet as the subject of one of his earliest plays, for no variant of the legend of hapless love is more widely diffused. Folklorists are often disposed to exaggerate the range of a particular fable; thus Herr Simrock in his remarks on Shakespeare's plays maintains that *Romeo and Juliet* is one of a series which includes Hero and Leander, Pyramus and Thisbe, and Tristram and Isolt, although these have nothing in common but the misery of the lovers. There is, indeed, a potion in Tristram, but it is not the narcotic draught which may be designated the distinctive sign of the *Romeo and Juliet* group. This wide sweep of the drag-net is apt to lead to confusion rather than comprehension, and a clearer notion of the inter-relation of the separate versions will be reached by dealing only with those which share the sign aforesaid.

Its earliest recorded appearance is the one in the romance by Xenophon Ephesius, "The Loves of Anthia and Abrocomas." When Xenophon lived, and how his story passed over into Italy, is uncertain; possibly it was first told by some fugitive Greek scholar, and thus came to the ears of the Italian novelist. The lovers are wedded and depart on a journey during which they are separated and suffer unspeakable woes. Anthia is rescued from robbers by the Governor of Cilicia, and drinks the drowsy potion to escape distasteful nuptials with her deliverer. Boccaccio probably took from this romance the idea of Decameron II., 7, but in his story the Princess of Babylon, in the course of her many trials, is displayed as a cunning amorous minx, as far removed as possible from the marble purity of Anthia, and Boccaccio, unlike Xenophon, tells the story end happily. The complete legend first appears in modern form in "Mariotto and Gianozza," the thirty-third novel of Masuccio's "Novellino" first printed in 1476. Like Xenophon's lovers these unhappy ones go wandering about the East and Egypt, but unlike them they meet no more and perish miserably. Masuccio, a person indebtful of Gothic form, and consequently ignorant [illegible] grossly facetious, seeks to be lethal [illegible] both the [illegible] and the opposite [illegible] author the gayer vein [illegible] of Shakespeare. No other version appeared till 1535, when "Le Ghiribizzi," by Luigi da Porto, one gentleman, [illegible] which [illegible] from the [illegible] of Verona, and laid the [illegible] [illegible] the family enmities of the Montagues and Capulets.

In 1591 Girolamo Della Corte wrote a history of Verona in which the Italian story is expanded to a real epopee, a romance which has provided the scaffolding that the modern poet has borrowed from the historian, whereas [illegible] the reality on the other side. No tradition of the tragedy appears in any earlier historic record, and Dalla Corte gives no authority, simply remarking that he does not [illegible] the poem of a poet to whom the lovers were [illegible]. Another witness is Bandello, who, in a book of travels published in 1729, relates that in Verona he saw an old tomb in which were two coffins "sealed by the inscription yet legible appeared to contain the bodies of young Counts that had come by their Death in a very Tragical manner about three centuries before."

At some date previous to 1573 was written a tragedy "di Hadriana," by Luigi da Porto, which follows closely upon the lines of "La Giulietta," the time being shifted back to the age of King Latinus. The author declares that the plot is founded on an episode in local history, and in this most [illegible] garrulous [illegible]. Da Porto having made Giulietta attended a young girl and her [illegible]. Bandello, in his "Novelle," printed in 1554, was [illegible] of having given it publishing a rendering of the story which [illegible] a paraphrase of Da Porto's, and [illegible] the [illegible] plagiarizing even the asserted origin thereof, [illegible] that the tale was told to him at the baths of Calmo by a certain Peregrino, Da Porto's account being that Peregrino, a Veronese captain, had told it as they journeyed together to Udine. The personality of the nurse is further developed by Bandello, as she appears as a good old woman and not as a girl. The legend passed into France by at least three different routes. It appears in the prologue to a French translation of Bandello's "Filicopo" (1573). Boaistuau's genial use [illegible] in the collection of "Histoires Tragiques" by Belleforest (1581); and in "Les Comptes du Monde Adventureux" (1555). Matteo's novel is [illegible] Brooke. From Belleforest Painter took the story—"Rhomeo and Julietta," in which the moral between the [illegible] and becomes in the tragic is completely changed. Painter, like Masuccio, puts the lovers [illegible] there is no mutual recognition at the last, as Romeo dies of poison before Juliet awakes [illegible]. But of the [illegible] controversy we have [illegible] the priority of Shakespeare gives one [illegible] from the confusion of an [illegible] is one [illegible] surpassing beauty and pathos in the *Romeo and Juliet* of the lyric drama. It is almost certain that Shakespeare drew more freely for the plot of his play upon Arthur Brooke's poem "Romeus and Juliet" (1562) than upon any other work. Brooke, as well as Painter, took most of Romeo and Juliet, though Boaistuau is [illegible], and of Masuccio with [illegible] hands. He has added [illegible] to the [illegible] scene, and Mercutio is [illegible] the more striking [illegible] and making of the [illegible] Juliet [illegible] through both Romeo and Paluria, [illegible] declare him to be "a gentle Dan, worthy [illegible] prise," and "a very [illegible]". Indeed, the [illegible] of Shakespeare's [illegible] Painter gave a [illegible] to Brooke's version in [illegible]. The closest [illegible], however, of Shakespeare's [illegible] Brooke may be found in the [illegible] of the [illegible] practically transferred entire from the poem to the play. The [illegible] and [illegible] verses are [illegible]. Brooke makes her second [illegible] from the inevitable "old gossiping" of the Italian Novelle, while Shakespeare leaves [illegible] in doubt, but in all essentials [illegible] the same.

The age of Juliet has always proved a tiresome crux to all the ladies who have essayed the part on the stage. It is well nigh an impossible task for a mature woman, however competent actress she may be, to mock the humours of a girl who had not seen "the change of fourteen years." In thus exaggerating her youth Shakespeare has outdone Brooke, who makes her two years older, while Painter and the Italians all speak of her as just under eighteen. Two Spanish dramatists have used the same plot, Lope de Vega in *Castelvines y Monteses*, and Francisco de Rojas in *Los Bandos de Verona*, and both bring their plays to a happy ending. The last named is much the finer piece of literary work. Many of the scenes are presented in beautiful and stately poetry, but in places—notably in the episode of the narcotic draught—the action is hopelessly confused. It is, however, the only rendering which fully elucidates the family feud. In both plays the father, when he beholds his reanimated daughter, takes her for a ghost, the *dénouement* in Lope's play being very ingeniously managed. The lovers fly together from the tomb, and seek shelter in an untenanted country house belonging to Juliet's father. But the father himself takes a second wife, and goes to spend the honeymoon there, whereupon the plot finds happy solution in forgiveness and reconciliation.

W. G. WATERS.

VICTOR HUGO.

There is still a public for Victor Hugo in England, if not in France. One may safely infer as much as that when one finds Mr. Dent publishing a new illustrated translation, in ever so many volumes (2s. 6d. net each), of his novels. It would not have occurred to Mr. Dent, or to any other publisher for that matter, to sink his capital in a similar reissue of the works of Paul de Kock, or Chateaubriand, though their popularity was hardly less than Victor Hugo's while it lasted. But the author of "Les Misérables" remains in favour, in spite of the shifting winds of literary fashion; and we are tempted to spend a little time in wondering why. Our impression—derived mainly from a recollection of the way in which the novels affected us when we read them uncritically, with other "yellowbacks," in our schooldays—is that they owed their great success to qualities quite different from those to which the novelist evidently attached most importance. We never knew with any certainty what they were about; we never followed the ramifications of the plots as we followed those of the Waverley novels; the characters were never real to us like the characters of Dickens and Thackeray; and as for the great moral ideas—we did not even know that they were there. In a way, indeed, and in places, we found the works of Victor Hugo as obscure as those of Persius or Mr. Meredith—no doubt because they embodied a symbolism to which we had not got the key. But we turned to his books, again and again, in search of one particular sensation which they could always be relied upon to provide. They made our flesh creep, as did the books of no other writer except Edgar Allan Poe; they seemed most real just when they were most appalling; for the sustained horror of such scenes as the fight with the octopus and the adventure in the quagmire of the sewers it was worth while to plough through many pages of apparently extraneous matter. To re-read the books now is to revive many memories of many nightmares, but no memory of any intelligible story or any lucid idea which the story symbolized.

At the same time one cannot re-read the stories without feeling quite sure that it was by no means in order to make our flesh creep that Victor Hugo wrote them. Such a purpose would imply the possession of a sense of humour, and in that sense Victor Hugo was conspicuously lacking. One might as plausibly say that God in order to make people's flesh creep that Ezekiel drew his famous picture of the valley of dry bones. Hugo was as absolutely serious as any Hebrew prophet, and as firmly convinced that he had a message to deliver. One perceives this from the tone of his books, which is always the tone of a man who believes himself to be, as Kepler put it, "rethinking the thoughts of God"; one also perceives it from the way in which he is known to have comported himself in his daily life. He was the sort of man who would get up at a literary dinner and salute the Future in the name of the Past, or both in the name of the Present, according to the exigencies of the hour. He said in his old age that it was nothing less than his duty to go on producing verse and prose, in spite of the possibility that his powers were failing and that a good deal of his work might not be of the highest merit. It would be the duty of Posterity, he added, to go through his voluminous productions and separate the wheat from the chaff. And Posterity, by a strange and bitter irony, has decided that the wheat is represented not by the passages which embody the great moral ideas—which, after all, are put more concisely in the copybooks—but by the passages which make the reader's flesh creep.

The influence of Victor Hugo does not seem to have been at all proportionate to his popularity. His name marks the end, not the beginning, of a literary movement. Even in his lifetime the hungry generations had begun to tread him down. The romantic school is nowadays represented in France by M. Georges Ohnet, a writer whose works have about as much to do with literature as those of Mrs. Henry Wood. There proved to be greater vitality in the school of Balzac, whose traditions were inherited by Flaubert, by Guy de Maupassant, by Zola. Such disciples count; the disciples of Victor Hugo do not count. In France, at any rate, his influence is, for all practical purposes, extinct. It is only in England that he has had a disciple who has made a noise in the world. Is it necessary to say that that disciple is Mr. Hall Caine?

We do not suggest, of course, that Mr. Hall Caine has the appalling self-consciousness of Victor Hugo—that he aspires to be regarded as a literary high priest or supposes himself to be "rethinking the thoughts of God" when he is engaged upon a piece of literary composition. All that we mean is that Mr. Hall Caine, like Victor Hugo, shines in melodrama, and that his most conspicuous melodramatic idea is also to be found in Victor Hugo. In any novel by Mr. Hall Caine there is one great scene that habit has taught us to look for. It is the scene in which a thoroughly respectable person—he is generally some one of importance in the Isle of Man—announces, with much pomp of circumstance, that he is not so respectable as he appears to be, but has a secret sin upon his soul. And what is that but the great scene in "Les Misérables" in which M. Madeleine explains that he is really Jean Valjean? Whether Mr. Hall Caine took the scene from "Les Misérables," or got it through the medium of Mr. John Coleman's melodrama, with its fine outburst, "Here, take the fetters off those honest hands and place them upon mine," or arrived at it by independent cogitation, we do not know, nor does it greatly matter. The main thing is that the resemblance is there, and that it entitles Mr. Hall Caine to rank as a disciple of Victor Hugo.

SARA COLERIDGE.

Among the many notable names which appeared in Mr. Ellis Yarnall's pleasant reminiscences, published last year, not the least interesting is that of Sara Coleridge, the only daughter of the poet. Those who are familiar with her letters will be glad that the world should be reminded of one whose memory is hardly so green as it deserves to be. Sara Coleridge represented an ideal of womanhood which can never be out of date. In days when "Higher Education" had not become a practical question for women, she was an accomplished linguist, well read in classical as well as modern literature, a keen theologian, a literary critic of considerable originality and acumen.

Yet those who knew her best testify that she was seen to the highest advantage in her home life. For literary distinction she had little or no ambition. Her earliest work, the translation from Latin into English of Dobrizhoffer's "Account of the Abipones," was undertaken with the view of

helping to defray her brother's college expenses. "Phantasmagorion" was written originally for the amusement of her own little son, and its publication was due to her husband's wish alone. It is strange now to turn over the pages of this well nigh forgotten fairy story, and try to imagine what the children must have been like who were thrilled by the adventures of the "slender princes," and "youthful maidens with braided tresses" whom the book describes in somewhat long-winded fashion. In later life Sara Coleridge's best intellectual powers were dedicated to the editing of her father's work, a task which devolved on her after the death of her husband and cousin, Henry Nelson Coleridge, to whom we owe the chronicle of the poet's delightful "Table Talk." Her life was not long enough for her to complete her labour of love, and the volume of Coleridge's poems, published in 1852, which bears on the title page her own and her brother Derwent's names as joint-editors, was completed by the latter alone. The labour involved in the collection and arrangement of Coleridge's scattered writings was very considerable, and Sara Coleridge threw into the work all that energy and enthusiasm of which she had so large a share. Deeply imbued as she was with admiration for her father's character and genius, she thought no trouble thrown away, if she might only vindicate his reputation as a thinker and teacher, and clear his name from the misconceptions and prejudices which had inevitably gathered round it. She aimed at being his interpreter no less than his editor.

Great as was Sara Coleridge's intellectual debt to her father, in her childhood she owed more to the influence of Wordsworth and Southey. In one of her latest letters, she speaks of the long walks she used to take with the former, about Rydal and Grasmere, and the conversations between him and her uncle Southey to which she would listen sometimes for hours. It was not so much any definite teaching that she received from either which left its impression on the girl's mind; but she was unconsciously and deeply influenced by the companionship of both. Of Southey she said that he was upon the whole the best man she had ever known.

Sara Coleridge was an ardent educationalist in the best sense of the word. She devoted herself heart and soul to the training of her children, and, to judge from the scattered references to the subject which appear in her letters, her opinions on it were well worth laying to heart. In those days, when education was hardly looked upon as a science, and no societies existed to teach parents how to bring up their offspring, she had to rely on experience and her native mother-wit rather than the counsels of authority. One is glad to know that her pains were not thrown away. Her son's career, though short, was brilliant, and full of promise for the future. It is probable that he owed much of his success to his mother, both directly and indirectly. They studied Homer, Pindar, Æschylus, and Plato together, and when absent, he would write to her for help and advice. His successes at Eton and Oxford strengthened the general impression that he was destined to add fresh honour to his distinguished name, but his early death prevented him from realizing the hopes centred on him.

Sara Coleridge's letters are perhaps more read nowadays than anything she published herself, but the touch of time is felt even upon them. The controversies with which they so often deal are mostly superseded. The literary criticisms they contain have been in some instances falsified, in others rendered superfluous, by the verdict of time. The events and persons with which they are concerned belong to a bygone day, and can no longer engross us. It is the personality of the writer which gives them their lasting charm. In her editorial work this necessarily occupies a subordinate place, nor would she have wished it otherwise for one moment:—

> Father, no amaranths ere shall wreathe my brow,
> Enough that round thy grave they flourish now!
> But love his roses mid my young locks braided,
> And what cared I for flowers of richer bloom?
> These, too, seemed deathless—here they never faded,
> But, drenched and shattered, drop into the tomb.

These lines of her own adequately express her feeling on this subject. But, in the letters, written with no thought of publication, we find the compliment to those portraits of Sara Coleridge which her friends have drawn for us. We can understand from them something of that personal charm of which these letters show her spoke so strongly, the almost masculine strength of her intellect, combined with perfect femininity of speech and thought, her sympathy, penetration, and depth of affection. Even those who only know her slightly recognise the beauty of her character. Mr. Yarnall writes of the gleam of genius in her face, a "radiant expression that gave one under a spell." Her nephew, the late Lord Coleridge, in his memorial notice of her son, Herbert, has endorsed the universal opinion. After enumerating her literary achievements, he adds, "And when to these endowments there is added great power of conversation, and remarkable personal beauty, it is easy to understand the striking impression she made on the society wherein her lot was cast. Those, however, who only saw her in society could not know how tender and feminine a nature lay under that bright and attractive exterior. Devoted to her husband and her children, full of warm family affection, and the greatest consideration for those whose interests and enjoyments were utterly unlike and inferior to her own, I can truly say of her that as I have never known any woman of learning and genius equal to hers, so I have very seldom known any one of a character in all things more noble and more beautiful." We owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Yarnall for restoring such a character to our minds. It is of too rare a type to be lightly forgotten.

M. E. HOBTE.

Reviews.

CHINA.

In his preface to China and the Present Crisis, with Notes on a Visit to Japan and Corea (Simpkin), Lieut.-Col. Mr. Joseph Walton, M.P., disclaims all "literary pretensions"; and his book certainly is very far from literary in form. It consists in the main of a series of paragraphs, mostly only a few lines in length, each covered by some sub-editorial heading such as "possibilities of trade," "Chinese testing," "missionary work," "pawn shops"; and a good many of the paragraphs look as if they had been gathered from Consular reports and other works of reference. Whenever Mr. Walton arrives anywhere he pours out the statistics which [illegible] "The trade of Hankow is enormous and rapidly increasing." "The railways of Ceylon are owned by the Government." "The staple products of Corea are rice and beans," &c.—until one is reminded of the letters which Mr. Bowyer wrote home with the assistance of the Oxford guide-book. Interspersed, however, with these bald statements of fact, which a writer of "literary pretensions" would have relegated to footnotes or an appendix, we have an occasional good story, and a fair number of shrewd observations. The remarks, for instance, on Colonel Brooke's Chinese regiment are interesting, and show that some of the qualities of the "foreign devil" can be appreciated by the children of the oldest civilization in the world.

> These soldiers are paid eight dollars (Mexican) a month, in addition to rations. At the end of the month, when they received their money in full, without anything being deducted by the paymaster for what is known in China as "squeeze," they were greatly astonished. As the news of this unusual treatment spread, the number of [illegible]

There is also a grim humour in the story of the sinking of the Eldorado, the British steamer that was conveying Chinese troops when the war broke out.

> The captain, knowing there was no escape, was prepared to surrender, but the Chinese soldiers on board would not allow it. They preferred that the ship should be sunk and their lives lost there and then, rather than be subjected to

the foreigners which they themselves are in the habit of inflicting upon prisoners, and which they imagined would be their fate if they fell alive into the hands of the Japanese. Capt. Tsuyama told us that the Kowshing was not torpedoed, as has been commonly reported, but sunk by shot and shell. The enemy knew that General Von Hanneken were the only European survivors. They saved their lives by plunging into the sea and swimming to the Japanese men-of-war. While they were thus endeavouring to escape, the Chinese soldiers on board their own steamer tried to shoot them, under the impression that their capture had been effected through the treachery of the British officers by the Japanese.

We come, at last, to a chapter in which Mr. Walton drops "to fact" and proceeds to generalize and to prescribe for the treatment of the crisis. His idea is, after restoring order, to rely upon the Viceroys, who have shown that they favour reform, and are willing to afford protection to foreigners.

These Viceroys, if in favour of reform, as I believe, should be included in the Government which must be formed under the protection of the Powers. To encourage them and to strengthen their hands, it should be distinctly intimated to the Viceroys that not only can they rely on receiving any assistance that may be necessary now, but that we will guarantee them the fullest protection hereafter should any attempt be made to inflict punishment upon them in consequence of their friendly action. The Chinese people could then, without fear of consequences, show their real views, and I am confident it would be found that the reformers are a not inconsiderable body.

It seems a plausible plan; but the questions remain whether the Powers can be brought into line about it, and whether a Chinese Government, bolstered up by the Powers, would prove to be stable. The general opinion is that such an arrangement would, at the best, only be temporary, and that, soon after the renewal of the policy of exploiting China in the interest of European trade, and the re-planting of unprotected European colonies in the interior of the country, other Boxers would arise, more formidable and better armed, and a fresh series of massacres be perpetrated. But all this, of course, is mere matter of conjecture. The optimistic and the pessimistic view are alike unsupported by any evidence that can reasonably be called conclusive. A good commercial map of China is bound up in Mr. Walton's book.

BYRON'S SINCERITY.

People are never tired of talking of Byron's pose, of Byron's Byronism, by which is meant his vanity, his affectations, his insincerities. Even Moore, his biographer and friend, fully equipped with all an Irishman's natural love of a lord, seems to have found it irritating that the lord should be an Adonis in looks, and a great poet as well. We cannot otherwise account for that vein of petty criticism, which Moore continually brought to bear on his benefactor and host. He never wearies of jotting down particulars as to Byron's temper, caprice, hysteria, parsimony, loss of beauty, and increase of girth. But, apart from this, Moore with all his genial Hibernianism, with all his sweet, pretty gifts, was about as capable of understanding the whole Byron as was Byron's servant Tita, say. Indeed, in the essential manly qualities, Tita was probably the better judge of the two. The critics, however, sheep-like, have trodden in Moore's footsteps, and Byron's Byronism has become an accepted fact.

And yet the truth is, that every succeeding volume of the Letters makes more clear the man's want of pose, his absolute sincerity. He was as sincere to all the world as all the world only dares to be when by itself. Every one of us is sincere when alone with our own soul, because then we have nothing to fear. But Byron never feared any one, or anything, and his birth, his position, and his genius coming to the aid of his unquestionably reckless courage rendered him perfectly independent of the opinion of others. Never does he take a pen in his hand but he expresses himself clearly, frankly, unalteringly, as men express themselves to each other in speech, but dare not write, and his brilliant, entertaining, gossiping letters are marvels of honesty and truth.

The fourth volume of the Letters, edited by Mr. Prothero for Byron's Works (Murray, 6s.), should not fail to win unprejudiced persons to this point of view. The letters begin with his arrival in Ravenna, November, 1816, after a summer spent with the Shelleys in Switzerland, and go down to March, 1820. They deal with the interesting period of his residence in Venice, with his notorious amours there, and with his introduction to and intimacy with La Guiccioli. On the side of his work they deal with the composition of "Manfred," of the last canto of "Childe Harold," and of the first four cantos of "Don Juan."

Incidentally, the letters present Byron in the character of a most solicitous and affectionate father, and these paternal qualities of his have scarcely been properly appreciated. They did not find much scope for development, as he was deprived of the society of Ada, his legitimate daughter, by his "moral Clytemnestra" (which is the phrase in which he usually refers to his wife); and Allegra, his natural child by Jane Clairmont, died in her sixth year. But all his references to both children are full of affection, and those to Allegra display a whimsical pride. The letter in which he informs his sister, the Hon. Mrs. Leigh, of Allegra's birth, has never been published before. We give a part of it:—

> (Florence, May 27, 1817.) . . . They tell me it [Allegra] is very pretty, with blue eyes and *dark* hair; and, although I never was attached nor pretended attachment to the mother, still in case of the eternal war and alienation which I foresee about my legitimate daughter, Ada, it may be as well to have something to repose a hope upon. I must love something in my old age, and probably circumstances will render this poor little creature a great, and perhaps my only comfort.

In another letter to his sister (Venice, August 3, 1817), he mentions her again:—

> My little girl, Allegra (the child I spoke to you of), has been with me these three months; she is very pretty, remarkably intelligent, and a great favourite with everybody; but, what is remarkable, much more like Lady Byron than her mother—so much so as to stupify the learned Fletcher and astonish me. Is it not odd? I suppose she must also resemble her sister, Ada; she has very blue eyes, and that singular forehead, fair curly hair, and a devil of a spirit—but that is Papa's.

The last paragraph in the volume also refers to Allegra, and occurs in a letter to Hoppner. We give it, although it has appeared before:—

> (Ravenna, March 31, 1820.) Allegra is prettier, I think, but as obstinate as a mule, and as ravenous as a vulture; health good, to judge of the complexion—temper tolerable, but for vanity and pertinacity. She thinks herself handsome, and will do as she pleases.

A whimsical account, surely, of a child only three years old, two months, and some days.

A good many passages in the letters which Moore thought advisable to omit are now restored, although we are still far from having the full text vouchsafed us. All the restored passages go to prove Byron's courage and candour. In Moore's Life there is a letter to Murray (Bologna, June 7, 1819), which concludes thus:—

> I never hear anything of Ada, the little Electra of my Mycenæ; the moral Clytemnestra is not very communicative of her tidings, but there will come a day of reckoning, even if I should not live to see it. . . . What a long letter I have scribbled!

But between the two last phrases is a passage concerning the suicide of Sir Samuel Romilly, whom Byron never forgave for the part he played in the drama of separation with Lady Byron, which is of interest:—

I have at last my [illegible] copy of [illegible]. When that [illegible] (take your choice, is not become and might be had) was doing the worst to upset everybody's [illegible], and blessing [illegible] also adding my readier, but [illegible] those [illegible] bringing desolation on my head, and destroying all my household gods, did I think that, in less than three years, a national event of [illegible] importance and [illegible] would [illegible] [illegible] coal, creating [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

the Latin, but with these are a large number of English compounds beginning with *to*. Amongst the most important English words in the G section is *great*, which with its compounds fills six pages. As with so many other important words, the derivation is quite uncertain. The use of *great* in numerals is curious; *great gross* means twelve gross, *great hundred*, a hundred and twenty. The *magnus annus* alluded to in the Fourth Eclogue of Virgil will be remembered. The word *grave* has at least three different origins, each with its series of historical examples. *Grange* has an interesting pedigree. To *gravel*, that is to bring to a nonplus, we find is as old as 1548: *gravelled* appears in a burial notice of 1582, but apparently the word was then used of an unmarried woman who lived as a married wife, or a mistress. Its use in a more innocent sense is quite modern, and began in India. If Dr. Murray is right, the word *gravy* is simply due to a misreading of Fr. *grane*, which is always used in the MS. cookery books for the same thing.

The I section contains several articles of importance for English thought or custom. Under *Influence* is much astrological lore, ranging from Chaucer to Ruskin. Would many sufferers from the dreaded scourge connect the word *influenza* with the stars? It is allied in popular thought with running at the nose and eyes, but the Italians used it for any "visitation" or epidemic. The relations of *ingenious* and *ingenuous*, *inhuman* and *inhumane*, deserve study. Several legal terms occur here also: *information*, *injunction*, *inmate*, *innuendo*, the last originally a parenthetic explanation. Farm lore may be found under *infield*. Besides *ingle*, the fire, there is another *ingle*, "to fondle," or a "fondling" used in a bad sense. The history of *inoculate* shows considerable changes of meaning, being used at first of engrafting or the like. *Ink* and *inn* are among the most remarkable words in this section. *Ink* is derived from *encaustum* (ἔγκαυστον), but coming from the O. Fr. *enque* it has never a longer form in English. An article of three columns on *inn* gives a good deal of new information on such matters as University hostels, Inns of Chancery and Inns of Court. As applied to a hostelry, the *inn* must be a place which gives lodging to travellers, not a mere tavern.

Amongst dead words which deserve to live we may note *inlaw*, the opposite of outlaw. There are fewer of those experiments in language which Dr. Murray calls nonce-words; but perhaps *inhearing* may be classed among them, invented by J. Wilson in 1828 and used by no other. This word, however, expresses a new idea idiomatically, and is different in principle from the would-be humorous compounds, formed by writers who lack the literary sense, some of which we have noted before as unworthy of a place in the Dictionary. We must not omit to mention some important grammatical articles on affixes, *-gram*, *-graph*, and especially *-ing*.

IBSEN'S "LOVE'S COMEDY."

LOVE'S COMEDY. By HENRIK IBSEN. Translated by C. H. HERFORD. (The Modern Plays Series.) (Duckworth, 3s. 6d.).

Ibsen is such a Titanic figure in modern literature that we are surprised some enterprising English publisher does not issue a complete and uniform edition of his works. Meanwhile we welcome this admirable rendering of *Kærlighedens Komedie* which is here for the first time rendered accessible to the general reader. The lapse of years since the play was written has a little impaired its vitality; its interest and value now rest to be found in the position it occupies in the long list of Ibsen's productions.

Love's Comedy was produced at Christiania in 1862. It was the first of Ibsen's purely polemical works. In the two dramas which preceded it you will, it is true, find traces of the writer with a message, but he is hidden deep in the cloak of historical romance. *Love's Comedy* is the introduction to all Ibsen's social plays. It was the first piece of work to arouse violent indignation, opposition, enthusiasm among his countrymen, the first to carry his fame beyond the sea. It was his first battle-cry of revolt. And it was *Love's Comedy* that moulded Ibsen's career for it drove him to take the "exile's staff and sorrow's pack," drove him from his compatriots who poured on him "in draughts unsparing"

> The wholesome, bitter tonic-drink wherethrough,
> Though sick to death, I nerved myself anew
> To face the fight of life with steadfast daring.

Curiously enough it does not strike one immediately as the work—even immature—of a great dramatist. With the possible exception of hero and heroine the *dramatis personæ* are stock puppets and the strings are wofully apparent. The action is meagre, the characterization ineffective. The style, too, differs entirely from that of Ibsen of our days. It is florid, abounding in clever conceits and windbag rhetoric. Its dialogue is fiery with metaphor, sparkling with wit—the dialogue of Brand accentuated by a thousand indiscretions. Is this the precursor of *Ghosts* and *The Master-Builder*? Well, it contains, three distinct prophecies which have been fulfilled in Ibsen's subsequent plays—the prophecy of contempt for commonplace humanity, of belief in the loneliness of greatness, of the author's obsession by the problem of marriage.

Love's Comedy is an attack on what we may term the usages of Norwegian polite Society. In this it is of local rather than of universal interest, for we are happily free from the nauseous business of the Continental *Verlobung* upon which are poured the vials of his wrath. But as Ibsen's view broadened he added daily to his store of ridicule for small creatures. The keynote of his pessimism in *Love's Comedy* is, as Dr. Brandes points out in reviewing his later works, not hatred but contempt. In the picture of the crowd of garrulous and stupid love-makers in *Love's Comedy* there is no shade of pity. Ibsen in 1862 wrote from a heart of stone—have the years softened it? Ibsen's text in almost every play is "He alone is strong who stands alone," and in *Love's Comedy* the theme is the strength of lonely love. In order to conserve their love in its power Falk and Svanhild parted to live alone that love might live for ever. It is a strange doctrine, this teaching of passionate idealism, but a doctrine which permeates Ibsen's creed and work, as Professor Herford made clear in his recent article in *Literature*. As the editor and translator of *Love's Comedy*, Professor Herford evidently hesitated to quote the work in proof of his theory, but of all his plays this is the most characteristic of Ibsen the idealist.

We have neither space nor inclination for a discussion of Ibsen's views on marriage here set forth. They but add to the Chinese puzzle of his later plays. Dr. Nordau has somewhere collected Ibsen's "advice to those about to marry," and it must be admitted that he succeeds in proving his case of grotesque contradictions. The moral of *Love's Comedy* is that marriage for love is a monstrous error, that ideal love cannot survive the taint of the realities of married life, that to love and lose is best of all. The play ends with a marriage of convenience between Svanhild and a middle-aged, pompous merchant, and we seek in vain for signs of the author's disgust. Well, not perhaps altogether in vain. *Love's Comedy* closes with the significant lines:—

> Most of the company "Hurrah!"

Mark the "most." It may be that Ibsen is among the small minority. It may be that we have no right to identify the creator with the creatures of his fancy. In reading anything from his pen it is necessary to keep before the mind his declaration of independence:

> "To ask is my vocation, not to answer."

APIS MATINA.

All who appreciate sound and graceful Latinity should be delighted with the collection of Latin verses, translated and original, which Canon Young has lately published under the Horatian title APIS MATINA (Macmillan and Bowes, Cambridge, 6s. n.) In selecting his passages for translation he has ranged rather widely in point of time, subject, and (though

lyrics predominate) metre, so that ample opportunity is afforded us of judging of his powers of adaptation. At the same time, the fact that the English originals are in most cases both familiar to all and also highly characteristic of the styles of their various authors tends to put the Latin versions printed opposite to a decidedly severe test. It is not too much to say that these very sturdily survive that shock of slight disappointment which almost inevitably accompanies the first reading of the translation of a favourite passage.

The lover of Tennyson, for instance, coming across this from the "Holy Grail":—

> Then flash'd a yellow gleam across the world,
> And where it smote the plowshare in the field,
> The plowman left his plowing, and fell down
> Before it; where it glittered on her pail,
> The milkmaid left her milking, and fell down
> Before it, and I knew not why, but thought
> "The sun is rising," tho' the sun had risen,—&c.,

will probably become so flooded with reminiscences of the melodies and the glamour of those wonderful Idylls as to be at first incapable of appreciating a translation. But let him allow a sufficient interval to elapse, and he will find that with his mind still attuned to Tennyson's note the following hexameters, retaining as they do something of that marvellously concentrated effect of mystery, are good and skilful enough to rekindle in him something of his emotion.

> . . . inde jubar sensi rutilare per orbem,
> quo simul atque ictus splendescit vomer, ibidem
> sistit opus, flexoque genu se sternit arator,
> sternit se supplex virgo, mulctralia linquens
> luce laecessita et distentas ubere vaccas.
> tunc ego—sed Phoebus dudum se moverat ortu—
> "sol oritur!" dixi mecum, nam causa latebat.

We should, however, naturally expect a still fuller measure of success in renderings of poetry written in the classic tradition, and may find it on turning to the admirably sympathetic version of the tender and majestic passage in the "Paradise Regained," descriptive of Christ's sojourn in the wilderness. Or here, again, in a different province, is a rendering of Amiens' song in *As You Like It*, which, if it lacks quite the same open-air freedom and the irresistible song-note, is yet very happy in its tunefulness and suggestion of the refrain.

> Qui sub fronde sub ilicis
> meeum vult recubans ludere fistula
> musam aptare avium modis
> si curat liquidis, hue ferat hue pedem;
> nullos hic nisi turbinis
> hostilesque hiemis sentiet impetus.
> quisquis, sorte petentium
> spreta, degere amat sub Jove simplices
> quaerens ipse sibi dapes
> contentusque datis, hue veniat comes;
> nullos hic nisi turbinis
> adversosque hiemis sentiet impetus.

A volume such as this invites a comparison of English and Latin lyric metres. We have only space here to suggest the almost illimitable variety of English measures, and the comparative fewness of Latin verse-schemes. Thus Hood's "Past and Present," Macaulay's "Battle of the Lake Regillus," "Rule Britannia," "Casabianca," Campbell's "Parrot," and many more are all turned by elegiacs. On the other hand, each of three passages from "In Memoriam" has a separate measure devoted to it. The rendering of its fourteenth poem by stanzas consisting of three choriambic lines and a fourth glyconic particularly appeals to us, but Canon Young has mastered all his metres and his selection almost always leaves us with the impression that no other would have been so fitting. Especially successful are the Alcaics which represent Shelley's "Arethusa"; the dance forward of the first two lines, the pause of the third, and the darting swoop of the fourth, conjuring up a vision of motion no less fascinating than that suggested by the breathless rush of Shelley's poem.

CHESS.

It is the privilege of a master in any department of human endeavour to have his life-work duly chronicled and handed down to posterity. In the case of Mr. Blackburne, the famous chess player, such a memorial needs no apology. For nearly 40 years he has held a foremost position among English players. Such a record as is contained in Mr. Bird-Gossage's Games at Chess, selected and annotated by himself and edited by Mr. F. A. Graham (Longmans, 7s. 6d. n.), is the fitting crown and consummation of a life devoted to the scientific exposition of the most intellectual of games.

Born and bred in Manchester, Mr. Blackburne found himself in his youth connected with the hosiery trade. But though more profitable and less precarious than professional chess, it failed to claim Mr. Blackburne for its own. Manchester lost a potential merchant prince, the country gained its greatest chess master. At the age of 19 the future champion had already discovered his peculiar avocation, and he is found in the local newspapers challenging all-comers to a blindfold against ten strong opponents. The success which attended this effort seems to have determined his future course, and his career from that date has been a series of triumphs. No better testimony to the position which he occupies in English chess circles can be adduced than the plain, unvarnished fact that in the three International Cable Matches against the chess-men of America he was selected on each occasion to do battle at the first board. Among the masters of the present day Mr. Blackburne may be said to hold a unique position. As a blindfold player he stands and has stood for many years supreme in this particular branch of his art. He has done more than any other player of his day to popularize the game in this country, and it has been his custom to devote some months of every year to touring among provincial clubs, and engaging their strongest members in simultaneous contests. Further, in the all-important department of end games, he is acknowledged by general consent to be second to none.

In this excellent edition of his games, full justice is done to all the prominent characteristics of his style. An admirable selection of his simultaneous and blindfold games is given, and for the benefit of the sceptical the ten games played at the London Tournament of 1862 are recorded in full. Universal, however, as this particular power of concentration may be, it cannot be expected to produce the finest work, and it is to the games that Mr. Blackburne has played on equal terms against foemen worthy of his steel that the chess-player will naturally turn. Of such games more than a hundred examples have been collected, arranged according to their openings, and annotated by the master himself. The chronological order which has been adopted will enable the student to follow intelligently the evolution of the various openings, and at the same time appears likely to lead to the realization of the hope expressed by the editor that the book will be found useful as a manual for chess players. In his prefatory remarks on the Ruy Lopez, that fleet-in-being of genius and mediocrity alike, Mr. Blackburne ingenuously mentions that he never adopts this opening in important tournaments unless he happens to be "a little off colour and content with a draw." This is surely the confession of an essentially attacking player. And the present compilation of games illustrates lucidly the fertility of resources, the brightness of conception, and the brilliance of combination which have invariably been characteristic of his play.

A word of congratulation is due to editor and publishers for the care that has been taken in the production of the book.

Mr. James Mason's Social Chess (Horace Cox, 2s. 6d. n.) will commend itself to players who enjoy the game but fear to give it too much of their time and attention. There are several kinds of chess, from match play, which is selective and yet always amusing, to skittle-chess, which may be amusing but cannot be scientific. Social chess, as Mr. Mason understands it, seems to hold a middle place between the two extremes. Of the 131 short games that he has collected, only two run to as many as thirty

moves. They are mostly by masters and well-known players, and for sure remarkable for brilliancy rather than for profundity. Of course, it must not be imagined that brilliancy and brevity always go together, seeing that in the best short game the brilliant victory of one player presupposes a rather marked degree of blindness in the other; yet, if a game is to be interesting, it must not be a mere scramble, as Dutch games often are, for minute advantages. From this point of view nothing could be better than Mr. Mason's book. It may be that his historical sketch leaves something to be desired, but his choice of games is excellent, and every game is illustrated by a diagram of the critical position, and is expressively annotated. The "immortal game" is here, wonderfully won by Anderssen and lost in an equally surprising way by Kieseritzky. Mr. Mason's note points out the one move by which it might have been, at least, drawn. It is virtually a gift. But all the notes are good and interesting, and all the games, as far as we have tested them, are studied with perfect accuracy. If the book is at all capable of improvement on its own special lines, perhaps a few brilliant endings might have been added with advantage. Horwitz's games, we should think, would supply some of them.

We have also received a revised and enlarged edition (3rd) of Mr. James Mason's PRINCIPLES OF TIMES IN THEORY AND PRACTICE (Horace Cox).

OTHER NEW BOOKS.

"Powell of Endless Fame."

SPORT IN WAR (Heinemann, 3s. 6d.) is a reprint of five articles contributed by General Baden-Powell to the *Britannia Magazine*. The first paper deals with lion-shooting in Rhodesia, the second with ostrich-hunting in Cape Colony, the third and fourth with elephant-hunting, and the fifth with snipe-shooting in Tunis, when the author had French officers for his companions. It is all lightly and graphically written; and General Baden-Powell's picturesque sketch of the Gallic warriors should certainly be quoted at a time when people tell us that they are likely to come out best on a rival:

> What curiosities to me my French companions were! . . . Their get up for snipe-shooting was their uniform képi and jacket, with baggy linen overalls, and capacious game bags and gun slung on their backs, and they rode their ugly half-bred stallions in regimental saddles. . . . As I jogged along with my two foreign companions, I seemed to be once more with my old Boer friends starting out on shooting horses for the veldt. But instead of the silent whiffing of Boer tobacco there came from my companions an incessant chatter, and a string of questions as to whether, in passing through Paris and Marseilles, I had seen this or that singer or dancer. . . . This seemed to be the only interest not only of this pair, but of half the officers one met in the colony.

Studies in the Occult.

M. Camille Flammarion is well known as an astronomer and a writer of various fascinating romances suggested by his astronomical studies. It is less well known that he is an ardent investigator in psychical research, and has been a member of the Parisian Society for the study of Spiritism since 1861. THE UNKNOWN (Harper, 7s. 6d.) contains a selection of the evidence which he has obtained in this pursuit, and is a volume infinitely more engrossing than a syndicate of novels. The author describes it as a book of observation only, but such modesty, he says, ought to shun not the real existing, but that our hopes of immortality are my chimera. Incidentally, M. Flammarion leads us down many interesting side-paths, gives examples of telepathy, for instance unexplained, phenomena, and holds out delightful possibilities for the future. That the primary point is that thought exists, has a real existence, imponderable, intangible, invisible though it be, and an existence apart from the brain, and outliving it. That mind acts upon mind, generally unconsciously, but sometimes consciously, both by suggestion for instance, is a truth which most people to-day admit; indeed, it is almost a truism. But M. Flammarion believes that we may one day be able to send our thoughts through space to some place, by the force of our own will-power. Does this sound incredible? Quite as incredible would it have seemed to our grandfathers that they could ride in the streets of London without horses, train go without engines, and telegraphic messages be sent without wire. We may suppose thought then to radiate out on all sides, and to travel with a swiftness which annihilates the conditions of space, making itself, necessarily, felt by that particular mind which is in absolute harmony with it and saying nothing to those other minds which have not this harmony: just as this is Flammarion's own instance if a certain note, b flat say, be sounded in a room, whether by the voice, the violin, or in any other manner, the string belonging to b flat on a piano near at hand will vibrate and resound, while all the other eighty-four notes will remain mute. In illustration he gives many examples of visions, presentiments, dreams of distant or of future events; and although all of these may not be convincingly authenticated, as some critics have complained, what does that signify? Surely no candid person, with an intelligence, a sensitiveness, above the brutes, but could, if he would, add his own quota of psychic experiences. Yet, because all life is one, even the brutes have their share of psychic power. Thus, Flammarion gives us the case of the dog, Lioune (No. XIII.), who, in the act of dying, appeared to her mistress in a dream (*i.e.*, the dog's thought, travelling out to that mistress's brain, prompted the dream); and we are reminded of the story of the second sight of St. Columb's white pony who came and wept over his master foreseeing the Saint's approaching death, as well as of the premonitory terror of the two oxen destined for slaughter, in one of Loti's incomparable sketches. Again, time having, metaphysically speaking, no real existence, being but the necessary condition of our thinking, we understand how it is that when the concentration of consciousness in the brain is temporarily abolished, as sometimes happens in dreams, as is always the case in the mesmeric sleep, in second sight, &c., we obtain the power of reconstructing a past in which individually we could have had no part, and of foreseeing the so-called future. From this point of view the prophets of Israel, the pythonesses of Greece, the mystics of the Middle Ages fall into line. All life is one; and perhaps the belief in our individual identity, as something apart from all other life, is the obstacle which stands in the way of man's knowledge of the true extent of his nature.

"Stepping Westward."

A BOOK OF DARTMOOR, by S. Baring Gould (Methuen, 6s.), is uniform with the same author's books on Devon and Cornwall. He has the advantage of knowing his subject intimately, and his knowledge has enabled him to write a book which is interesting in spite of its somewhat ecclesiastical style. Dartmoor is treated from every point of view. There are chapters on ponies, cattle, and deciduous remains; there are legends; there are stories of the convict establishment at Princetown; and there are descriptions of the natural features. One could have been glad of a little more about the Tors—more especially with reference to the position which the rock-climber can get on them if he likes to make any scramble up the granite piles on their summits—but the chapter on hors is thorough and thrilling. Mr. Baring Gould seems to have had some startling experiences to learn his skill; and novelists in quest of sensational situations will note for use the sober statement that "the only convict who really got away here Princetown, and was not recaptured, was last seen riding a bee line for Fox Tor Mire. The scrambling incident of the disguise of the prison authorities were mentioned for the season of the whole year by post."

Guide-Books.

HAMPSHIRE (Dent, 1s. 6d.), edited by Cosmo A. B. Dewar, belongs to the better class of guide-books. The first part consists of itineraries, and the second of essays on botany, colour, geology, history, literature, cycling, &c., while the third is

a general gazetteer of places of interest in the county. Literary associations are carefully and sympathetically dealt with; the great names being those of Charles Kingsley, Gilbert White, Lord Tennyson, Jane Austen, and Legh Richmond, whose "Little Jane" is buried at Brading in the Isle of Wight. Perhaps, however, the chapter heading "Charles Kingsley's Country" is a little misleading. To many of us Charles Kingsley's country is not Eversley, but the north of Devon. Let it be added that the guide is good to read as well as full of information, and that the pictures are artistic and the maps clear. We welcome the new series warmly, and shall look out for "Norfolk," which is to be the next volume in the series.

The fourth edition of the GUIDE TO SOUTH WALES in the Thorough Guide Series (Dulau, 3s. 6d. n.) has been revised with particular attention to the requirements of cyclists, who get a 16-page supplement on pink paper all to themselves.

An Autobiography.

THE LAST OF THE CLIMBING BOYS, an autobiography, by George Elson (John Long, 6s.), has a preface by the Dean of Hereford, who tells us what agreeable emotions come to him when he contemplates the career of men who have risen from small beginnings "possibly not to the summit of their ambitions (which is reserved for very few indeed), but at all events to a position of independence and respectability." Mr. Elson, in fact, began life as a "sweep-lad," and rose, by his talents, to occupy an office of importance and responsibility in the shampooing department of the Lemmington Turkish Bath. His reminiscences cover both periods of his life. They give us instructive information about the bad old times when boys had to climb chimneys to clean them, and they tell us what gratuities Mr. Elson received from Fred Archer, Abington Baird, and Mr. J. L. Toole, and other gentlemen whom he manipulated in the discharge of his hydro-therapeutic duties. Having ourselves, as it happens by a fortunate coincidence, "turked," as we called it in the days of our youth, in the establishment of which Mr. Elson was a pillar and an ornament, we are able to add our testimony to his professional and conversational abilities to that of these more distinguished witnesses; and we are delighted to learn from Mr. Elson that his merits have met with the reward which was their due. "When I arrived at a gentleman's mansion," we read, "I was not expected to go round to the back door as of old time. The front door was my right entrance, opened by the footman, who would take possession of my top coat and silk hat." It is, indeed, a happy picture on which to drop the curtain, and we quite share the emotions regarding it which the Dean of Hereford has expressed in such well-chosen phrases. Let us add—what we hope we have already succeeded in suggesting—that there is hardly a dull page in Mr. Elson's book.

"M. A. P."

PEOPLE YOU KNOW, edited by Percy Hurd (Arrowsmith, 3s. 6d.), is a collection of appreciations of notable contemporaries, reprinted from the *Outlook*. They are somewhat on the same lines as the "Modern Men" Series which used to figure in the *National Observer*, but less malicious, and not quite so brilliant. Moreover, one occasionally comes upon mistakes, indicating that the writer's acquaintance with the subject is but superficial. To speak of Zola's "sublime absence of humour" is to confess that one has not read "La Terre"; and to speak of it in connexion with the "J'accuse" letter is to show a singular failure to understand in what circumstances humour is superfluous if not inappropriate. And to say that Lord Curzon of Kedleston "won the Arnold essay with a portentous volume on Diocletian" is to say the thing that is not. Mr. Curzon, as he then was, did not win an essay but a prize; the subject was not Diocletian but Justinian; and the essay was not a portentous volume but a slim pamphlet of the usual character of prize essays.

ROBERT RAIKES, a brief biography of the originator of Sunday Schools, by T. Henry Harris (Sunday School Union, 1s.), is meant for children. It is well and picturesquely written, though the phrase occasionally swells to a pomposity which may make things difficult for young readers.

Messrs. Johnston have sent us their MAP TO ILLUSTRATE THE CHINESE QUESTION (1s.). It is usefully comprehensive and contains, on a single sheet, a large map of China, a large map of Japan, small scale maps of the world, and of the Orient, and large scale plans of Hong-kong, Kiao Chau, &c.

CHINA OF TO-DAY (Newnes, 6d. n.) is an album of pictures, mostly photographic, to be completed "in about 12 weekly parts," illustrating the crisis in the East.

FICTION.

"The Increasing Purpose."

The enormous success of "The Choir Invisible" ensures a large audience for Mr. James L. Allen's new novel, THE INCREASING PURPOSE (Macmillan, 6s.). He takes us once more to the Kentucky he knows so well and shows us this time its farms and forests as they were forty years ago. Amid these scenes he introduces us to two children, so he terms them, of the Revolution—the intellectual and social revolution wrought by the American Civil War. David, the hero, is a poor, devout, high-minded lad, working at the hemp on his father's farm. Stirred by the founding of a new University near at hand, he determines to become a minister; goes to the Bible College there, and, confused by the theology of his teachers and the dissensions of the Churches, fuddles his untrained intellect with Darwinism and the new thoughts of the Old World, and ends by losing, crudely enough, yet so tragically for him, his belief in Christianity. That is the drama of this man's soul with God. How the social side of that Revolution, which had converted Gabriella, the heroine, from a wealthy Southern heiress into a simple Kentucky schoolmistress, affected the drama of his heart with women it is for the reader to discover.

Though we cannot, hand on heart, pronounce "The Increasing Purpose" to be a very great work of literature, we may safely assert that it will achieve a large success and achieve it on its merits. What are those merits? They do not consist in style, for Mr. Allen spoils an otherwise serviceable style by such phrases as "a pomological pyramid" (by which he means "a pile of apples"), and he is occasionally led by a well-meant endeavour to be picturesque into affected rhetoric and shapeless enumerations that seem to be an echo of Walt Whitman. They do not consist in originality; for those who have watched the career of the religious novel in England, who have lived through the doubts and soul-searchings of a Robert Elsmere or a David Grieve, will find little that is new, intellectually or psychologically, in the increasing purpose of this somewhat grievous David of Kentucky. They can hardly depend upon the interest roused by the characters, for, with the exception of the hero, all the characters of the book are merely sketched in, although the sketches of the girl whom David woos and wins, of his father and especially of his mother, the farmer's indolent wife "who lived in her house with the regularity and contentment of an insect in a dead log," are, so far as they go, indeed admirable.

The success of the book will be due to merits quite other than these. The tone of the author, who deals with the doubts and difficulties of the farmer's boy in a manner always reverent and yet sympathetic, will commend it to the public; and the unlimited interest in religious questions, the unsatisfied desire for not over-subtle theological discussion, which are inherent in the Anglo-Saxon race, will once more be gratified by "The Increasing Purpose." From a literary point of view the book shares the great merit of Mrs. Humphry Ward's works. The atmosphere produced by the observant descriptions of the hemp-farms and the hemp-breakers of Kentucky, survivals from the old time, in the days when after the great and terrible moments of the Civil War a new spirit was astir in the land and new aspirations were making themselves felt in men's hearts, is wholly appropriate to the story, and gives it a sense of unity which goes far to render the book a work of art.

Tales of the War.

Mr. Ernest Glanville retells the story of the early part of the South African war in his exciting novel THE DISPATCH RIDER (Methuen, 6s.), and weaves into it a fascinating love affair of presumably his own imagining. The Natalian, David Gradwell, and Somerset, the heroic Englishman, have many adventures before good fortune attends them and their loves are made to prosper. In the meantime the reader is well entertained.

FOR THE QUEEN IN SOUTH AFRICA (Putnam's, 6s.) contains some half dozen startling tales of the life of Tommy Atkins and his friends during the war. Mr. Carly Davis Haskins writes with great clearness and with convincing sincerity. His is a book that will interest all "good Uitlanders" and all who have followed the varied fortunes of the war.

A GENTLEMAN IN KHAKI (Chatto, 1s.) is sure of a welcome by reason of its title. Mr. John Oxley is not a great writer, but he knows how to make the most of his subject and introduces such characters as Mr. Rhodes, Colonel Kekewich, and the rest with no small skill. The story is full of incident.

After Mr. Thomas Hardy.

Borleigh is an inland village in Wessex where the country folk have hopes of growing, later on, into a population of 700. It is duly fitted with a typical squire, village inn, carrier, vuz (for gorse), and, indeed, with every appurtenance of a Hardy novel. But the author of JAN OXBER (Ward, Lock, 6s.), Mr. Orme Agnus, is an original observer and no plagiarist, although his villagers speak thus:—"He do hold up his nose pious-high and that chit of his allus wi' two or dree vellers hengin' round her—great vooils, as I should zay zo!" and so forth. Into this world of sharp-tongued women and slow men Mr. Agnus peers with an acute and kindly eye. His people are real flesh and blood. His collection of well-arranged stories reads like experiences in which the characters have acted vicariously for the author. "Jan Oxber" is the first of this well-told series of vital tales, which, without disrespect to this author or to Mr. Hardy, may be said to strongly remind one of the work of the writer of "Under the Greenwood Tree."

"Taming the Shrew" and "Leonard Seal's Wife" are excellently told. "Jan Oxber" should be widely read.

John Strange Winter.

Everybody knows that the popular author of "Bootle's Baby" can tell a good story. There is no complicated plot in THE MARRIED MISS BINKS (White, 3s. 6d.), and the story is thin and rather commonplace; but as usual it is well told. Of course, we all know the young man who has never known his parents, but finally turns out to be an earl. In this particular case it is highly improbable that the young man in question would never himself have looked in the little box full of love relics which belonged to his mother. This is left to his wife, who in that way discovers her husband's mysterious birth. Miss Binks is a very pleasant heroine with plenty of common sense, though perhaps a little too matter-of-fact with her love. John Strange Winter, however, is at her best in describing foolish society women, and this is a sort of society novel, with the Binks family as *nouveaux riches*. Mrs. Oliver Beddingham, *née* Polly Binks, is a living creature. Her cravings for "smartness" and her wretchedness at being snubbed by her sister-in-law are very amusingly described.

The Crusades.

Mr. Robert Barr is by nature and temperament a modern writer; and that fact is never more evident than when he writes novels of the Middle Ages. THE STRONG ARM (Methuen, 6s.) is a story of the Crusades. It opens vigorously, but gets gradually dull. Mr. Barr does not give us the colour of the period; his characters talk, if they do not behave, pretty much as if they were the author's friends and contemporaries. The book includes a few other short stories, all dealing with the same period and all equally dull. Mr. Barr has done so much good and sound work in his time that we are sorry to see him straying into mediævalism, in which he is not at home. The humorist's song with the lines "A man must be an ass, Who fights in a cuirass," represents Mr. Barr's natural attitude towards such matters. He loses much more than he gains by trying to take the Middle Ages seriously.

Studies of Women.

In A PLAIN WOMAN'S PART, by Norley Chester (Arnold, 6s.), and in LOTUS AND LAUREL, by Helen Wallace (same publisher, same price), we have two novels written by women and appealing to women chiefly. Both are well written, both will give their meed of entertainment. The part of the plain woman in fiction is always to play the guardian angel to her fairer, and so frailer, sister, and thus Norley Chester employs Fay Kennedy to watch over her friend Doris Fortescue and to prevent her at a critical moment from taking an irrevocable and unfortunate step. There is a great deal of nice and highly-cultured conversation on the way thither.

Miss Wallace in "Lotus and Laurel" provides an original situation. A famous violinist, Madame Waldstein, has an only daughter, Karola, who also displays great talent for the violin. The mother is tortured by jealousy, foreseeing a rival whose fame will begin to wax as her own begins to wane, and she does all she knows to thwart Karola's musical proclivities. But it is a law of nature, apparently, that parental discouragement should produce filial perseverance. Karola cares for her violin and for nothing but her violin, and just as her mother has sacrificed everything in life for her art so Karola will do the same. The rivalry between the two women works up to a dramatic moment when the mother, putting her pride from her, beseeches the daughter to give up her professional career so as to leave her, the mother, undisputed first place during the few years which remain to her. And Karola refuses her mother's prayer. With so strong a situation as this the book might have been great.

MRS. JEREMIE DIDELERE, by H. J. Jennings, bears the imprint of Messrs. Harrison and Sons, of Pall-mall, and its price is not stated. The story is very fairly good reading. The central figure is a swindling but seductive little widow, and the plot deals with her matrimonial plans both for herself and her daughter. Nothing is new in the idea, but the treatment is fresh and bright. The author should avoid in future the descriptive names which he has chosen for his characters. Every time one reads of Mr. Gush or Mrs. Didelere, one is reminded that they are not living people, but labelled types in a book.

THE NORTHERN BELLE, by John Werge (Digby, Long, 6s.), might be one-third of its size with advantage. The superfluous matter in it is evidently the mistake of a beginner rather than deliberate "padding." It reads like the diary of a young woman who has spent a season in London and recorded everything she saw, for the benefit of her native village. For an unsophisticated American, if such a thing exists, "The Northern Belle" would be an excellent guide-book to London.

BLIX, by Frank Norris (Grant Richards, 3s.), has a good deal of "sling" about it and an exhilarating young heroine, "as trig and trim and crisp as a crack yacht." She wears shirts of "a rattling stiffness" and a dog-collar round her wrist instead of a belt. Some men might find so much breeziness and tautness a little dangerous to sentiment. But the hero falls in love with her, greatly to his own advantage. She cures him of gambling, encourages him in his literary work, proposes to him valiantly when he seems diffident, and is altogether a thorough "good fellow." Mr. Frank Norris is a spirited writer.

THE NAKED TRUTH, by Miss Andrew Merry (we risk the title) (New Century Press, 3s. 6d.), is a would-be clever collection of stories which misses being of value on account of its vulgarity. The first story, which gives its name to the book, intends to tell of the life of a lady of society who, as it were, "plays the game." "The only law she acknowledged was the passing inclination of the moment." Some of the social sketches are rather well done despite the fact that a lady of fashion speaks of "delightful invites."

An entirely absurd story of an adopted daughter is BETTINA, by May Crommelin (Long, 6s.), although written in all

seriousness. No doubt young ladies on sea-side benches next month will read it with interest, but then young ladies, Heaven bless them! have the digestion of the ostrich in the matter of fiction. They can read anything at all which calls itself a novel, so long as it makes no demands upon the mind, and we can truthfully assure them that "Bettina" never makes any such demands.

THE QUEEN'S WARD, by Jean Middlemass (Digby Long, 6s.), deals with the fortunes of the two very beautiful and excessively high-bred daughters of a proud old Scottish earl, and it is well that Miss Middlemass lays special stress upon their breeding, for we never should have guessed at it from their doings, and sayings, or their behaviour towards their French maid.

DAUGHTERS OF PLEASURE, by Anna, Comtesse de Brémont (Greening and Co., 6s.), has a kind of naive immorality about it which is harmless because of the wild improbability of everything in the book. No young person would think of applying to herself the doctrines of the three "soiled doves" of the story, for the simple reason that they are not human beings to point a moral but merely decorative creatures who adorn a tale. Their very names begin the improbability. They are not related to one another, and their companionship is accidental. But one is called Hera, the second Atene, and the third Neaera. All three have undressed themselves, and there is a touch of Fielding in the chapters in which each relates her history and misfortunes. But they are all endowed with genius, which reinstates them in society—one as a great actress, one as a queen of opera, and one as a violinist. All three get "suited" with husbands, almost simultaneously. But for these absurdities the book might be a good one.

Love's Labours.

Although after reading STUDIES IN LOVE (Dent, 1s. 6d. n.), by Miss Maude Egerton King, one's mind is filled with the sorrows of man, the stories have a spirit of beauty within them that belongs to the sweet side of melancholy. Miss King applies her delicate, sensitive art to the situations that border tragedy and occasionally lead to fine and noble issues. Such a study as "Dr. Delaney's Experiment" is original and yet profoundly true. The strenuous nobility of the three principal characters, the pure joy which the woman's love for the dying man wrests from an almost hopeless *impasse*, is a fine example of nervous work. Such a story as "A Helpmate" is rare in recent fiction. It tells of the devotion of a sincere, uncomprehending nature for a subtle, not altogether generous, broken-hearted artist. Janet, who has married the artist when the love of his life is dead, really considers a picture entitled "The Soul's Awakening" to be inspiring and helpful (in a few such touches Miss King places her characters vividly before her readers), and she is so proud to be of service to the man she loves that no depths of self-abnegation affright her. What is asked of her the reader will do well to see for himself. She is taken ill, and then "on the very threshold of death they first met as true lovers; and they were happy. Antony wondered that he had held his happiness at arm's length so long. He had selfishly shut himself up in the dark house of his sorrow all this while; and when at last he opened the door to the Love that had been knocking and waiting so patiently, over Love's shoulder looked Death." But the artist or observer—and the author knows that to be one you must be the other—is not content with an easy tragedy. Janet recovers, and the end is such as all who have recognized the facts of life must own to be a true one. The other "studies" are, after their fashion, equally good, compact of quiet humour, pathos, and sincerity. We knew that the author of "Round about a Brighton Coach Office" was expert and acute; it is, therefore, doubly pleasing to find from her latest book that she is inspired with a true sense of the beauty and tragedy of life.

Boys.

Three boy's books come to us from Messrs. Partridge. A BOY OF THE FIRST EMPIRE, by E. S. Brooks (3s. 6d.), is a story of France in the days of Napoleon. There is not enough fighting in it to satisfy the bloodthirsty, as we get no battle until nearly the end, when the hero loses sight of Napoleon's standard and in the battle of Leipsic sees them in the hands of Wrestrow. The book is not without illustrations. THE BOY WHO COULD, by Walter Rhodes (2s. 6d.), is a school story, and a very good school story too. There is a fight, as one of the most important events is nearly as good as the fight between Tom Brown and Slogger Williams. Towards the end there are some exciting attempts at kidnapping. THE FIGHTING LADS OF DEVON, by William Murray Graydon (2s. 6d.), is a story of the sea-dogs with the same Lad in the days of the Spanish Armada.

SOMERSET, SCOTLAND AND LONDONDERRY, by Gilbert Swift (Elliot Stock, 5s.), has great merits. The boy Somerset and his friend and biographer, Sandell, are taken literally from their cradles to manhood in 165 merry pages. All their impressive phases are amusing, especially the schoolboy stage. They and their elders strike one as real live boys, and provoking contrasts to the somewhat "precious" specimens of Anglo-boys offered since the "Eric" type.

We desire to offer Lord Ernest [illegible], the author of THE CRUTCHES (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.), our sincere sympathies. He has suffered badly at the hands of his amanuensis, of the printer, and the printer's reader, and he must be very ill indeed if a fourth part of an hour when the hideous grammatical errors in both French and English met his eye—for the first time, as one sees on the printed book. It was just in the house of debauching sense with blots as these that the patient man of Uz decided so summarily that his enemy would write a book.

THE ROSE AND THE DANCER, by Arthur Charles Smith (Downey, 3s. 6d.), is a volume of well-written short stories. Mr. Cosslett Smith, who evidently has travelled much, seems to be more or less under the influence of French, or rather of Parisian, *décadence*. An unpleasant pessimistic view runs through most of the stories, and the tone, generally speaking, is not wholesome. They show, however, imagination and originality.

MUMMER MYSTIC PLAYS is the not very applicable or appropriate title of a quaint little book by Alastair Graham (Mrs. Frederick Townsend Martyn), published by the New Century Press at 3s. 6d. There is a curious mystery about the verse and the style; but while the "mummers" cannot be decided bits of a kind, their actions are too vividly dramatic for the average reader, who will hear bewilderment only where actual deaths are bewildering.

LIBRARY NOTES.

The [illegible] International Catalogue of Scientific Literature is well on its way towards accomplishment. The recent International Conference passed this, and the actual bibliographical labour has become a simple question of organization. The catalogue is to include both current and retrospective literature and will be published, for the present at least, in seven volumes. Classified subject indexes are of such value that it may be hoped an attempt will be made to give something more than a list of titles. Each nation is to catalogue its own literature, and various volumes may no doubt be issued at unequal periods. In Russia and the United States, neither of which countries were represented at the Conference, [illegible] may be difficult to obtain. No doubt, after the first year, the scheme will take more definite shape, and if the existent Provisional International Committee can secure machinery to work its main outlines, it may be possible to bring the whole catalogue up to a high level.

An International Bibliographical Conference, in connexion with the Paris Exhibition, is to be held on the three days August 16th to 18th. This will be distinct from the Conference of Librarians (assembling on the 20th inst.) and has a separate organizing committee. General Sebert, membre de l'Institut, will be the president, and M. Eugène Caps[illegible], of 5, Place du Panthéon, the secretary. Special consideration will be

given to the scheme of the International Institute of Bibliography for the adoption of universal catalogues of bibliography based upon a decimal classification. The subscription of 20 francs is double that to be charged for membership of the Librarians' Conference.

In Wolverhampton all classes have shown great public spirit in support of the new Free Library, the foundation-stone of which was laid the other day by the Duke and Duchess of York. The project was intended as a worthy commemoration of the Queen's Diamond Jubilee, and the financial problem was met by voluntary offerings from children, working men, local magnates, and athletic clubs. The result will be a handsome building, with accommodation for 100,000 volumes.

With the approval of the Shoreditch Vestry, the Electric Lighting Committee have made a grant of £250, out of their profits, for providing books in the Public Library. This gift, which is equivalent to a year's expenditure on light, may, it is hoped, be an annual one. We believe that, under a special Act, at Oldham the Library and Museum has derived substantial benefit from gas profits.

The late Mr. Talbot Baines Reed was the possessor of a large typographical library classified in accordance with a scheme of his own. The books have been purchased by the governors of the St. Bride Foundation for their technical reference library at the St. Bride Institute in Bride-lane. This already contains the "William Blades Library" of 3,500 books and pamphlets and the "Passmore Edwards Library" of nearly 2,000 volumes, all on printing and the allied trades. Each of these collections is provided with a good annotated catalogue, and the library is invaluable to the technical printing classes held at the Institute.

We have received the thirtieth annual report of the Library and Club connected with the works of Messrs. Braby, at Deptford. This institution encourages thrift, provides relaxation, cultivates a love of reading, and further gives proof of kindly interest between employers and employed. We learn of the success of a coal club, a gardening society, and an ambulance class, while from the library of 5,000 volumes 1,711 books were lent for home reading, no definite time being laid down for their return.

The State of Iowa has, in a new school library law, effected a considerable advance upon anything yet attempted in this way. Every school district must set aside annually a small sum for each child of school age. The money thus obtained is spent upon books for the library. This enforces what has only been attempted voluntarily and to a very small extent in England.

Correspondence.

THE IRISH LANGUAGE.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Your note on the attempt to revive Erse as the language of Ireland omitted to cite the very apposite instance of Greek in favour of your contention. As a classical language, Greek is still the delight and linguistic treasure-house of Europe. As a spoken tongue it shares the discredit and disadvantages which belong to the speech of all small and unprogressive populations. You remember how that eminently practical and unsentimental person the Roi des Montagnes wrote to his daughter that "il faut que tu sois en état de parler le français, l'anglais, l'allemand, car enfin tu n'es pas faite pour vivre dans ce petit pays ridicule." The Greece of olden time was not a "petit pays ridicule," because the golden days of its language and literature were also the days of its political strength, of its empire over the greater part of the then known world, and of the trade, the riches, the leisure, and the vigour, the curiosity, the restlessness of mind and body which empire and trade bring in their train. Why are our little islands not a "petit pays ridicule?" Surely because we rule far and wide, because

> Who knows whither we may vent
> The treasure of our tongue, to what strange shores
> This gain of our best glory shall be sent,
> To enrich unknowing nations with our stores!
> What worlds in the yet unformed Orient
> May come refined with accents that are ours!

Irishmen help us to fight our battles and to rule our Empire, and it seems a pity that a respectable but unpractical sentiment should drive them to enrol themselves among the small and backward tribes of men. At this moment, a distinguished Irishman, the Lieutenant-Governor of the North-Western Provinces of India, is hardening his heart against the sentimental objections of his Mussulmans, who would retain as the Court language of their province the Persianized Urdu, which to the more numerous Hindus is nearly as difficult as Erse must needs be, for many years to come, to the bulk of Irishmen. Sir A. P. Macdonnell is as practical as all Irishmen are when they are not misled by pseudo-patriotic sentiment, and wishes his Courts to use the real living ubiquitous speech of his province. If Erse were really the popular language of Ireland, not only would administrative and legislative support be unnecessary, but, even if applied in the contrary direction, would be unavailing to eradicate a living language. For this I can quote another Indian precedent. It was a Scotchman, Sir George Campbell, who forbad the teaching of Assamese in the primary schools of Assam, and substituted the kindred speech of Bengal, as being spoken by a larger, a more progressive, a better educated community. In that case the experiment failed as completely as Sir A. P. Macdonnell's effort will undoubtedly succeed. A dying language can as little be resuscitated as can a vigorous spoken speech be destroyed by legislative action. But perhaps Mr. T. P. O'Connor and his friends are wielding a mere *brutum fulmen*, and have no real desire to see the young generation of Ireland turned into a "domum ambiguam Tyriosque bilingues." For there seems a want of unselfish thought in the attempt to crowd Erse as well as English into the too scanty school days of primary scholars.

Faithfully yours,

J. D. ANDERSON.

THE DATE OF PEPYS' MARRIAGE.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—There is a possible solution of the doubt respecting the date of the marriage of Samuel Pepys, the noted "diarist," which it may be of interest to investigate.

Three entries of his give the date as October 10, leaving the actual year undetermined: but the registry of St. Margaret, Westminster, puts it determinately as December 1, 1655. This discrepancy points to the conclusion that there were two ceremonies. Accordingly we may assume that the earlier one was informal. Taking this view, we find that Mrs. Pepys came of a Catholic family, so the wedding of October 10 must have been of some sort to satisfy her religious scruples, and perhaps those of any Catholic priest having access to her who might have been willing to accept the risk of so doing.

Following up this clue, we find that banns were put up on October 19 at St. Margaret's and published on the 22nd and 29th inst., followed by a legal marriage on December 1, performed by a justice of the peace. Mrs. Pepys was then barely fifteen.

Faithfully yours,

A. HALL.

Highbury, N., July 31.

JUDGMENT IN LITERATURE.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—In the notice of the above book, which appears in your issue of July 28, your reviewer says, "Mr. Worsfold, for some reason or other, assumes that '*realism*' *must always be repugnant to the moral sense*." Allow me to point out that this statement is absolutely untrue. The degree in which it misrepresents my views will appear from the following passage (on

page 72), which defines the sense in which I have used the term in the book in question :—

"It is only by reference to this principle (*i.e.*, the principle of idealization) that we can attach a definite significance to the terms 'realism' and 'realistic' as applied to works of creative literature (and of art in general). No work of creative literature can be 'realistic' in the sense that the author has reproduced reality and not the mental aspect of reality; for if the author had attempted to do this his composition would not be a work of creative literature at all. If it is used as a term of reproach, the word can only be properly applied to the work of an author who has so far neglected to select his material—to idealize in fact—that his work has lost the quality of giving pleasure. As, however, this quality of giving pleasure obviously depends upon the nature and character of the individual reader, as much as on the nature and character of the book, the term cannot be used with any precision unless we credit the individual whom the given work fails to please with an average degree of artistic and moral perception. And since the latter—moral perception—is the more commonly developed, the term has come to bear a significance which is almost equivalent to 'immoral,' or repugnant to the general sense of mankind. But in thus using the term it is necessary not to forget that its original and wider significance is different. In its wider significance it characterizes any work of literature (or art) in which the author (or artist) has reproduced any subject, or any aspect of a subject, which lessens or removes that 'beauty' by virtue of which a work of art gives pleasure."

I am, Sir, obediently yours,

W. BASIL WORSFOLD.

The Temple, July 30, 1900.

"MR. BOYTON."

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—In last week's issue of your paper your reviewer of my book says :—

"If it had not been for Mr. Anthony Hope's imaginary kingdom stories Mr. F. M. Allen would never have written 'Mr. Boyton.' . . The imitation is not very happy."

If it were not for your reviewer's discovery I should have remained in ignorance of these things. I have not read any of Mr. Hope's stories, nor have I seen any of his plays. I say this regretfully, not boastfully—so that I could not have imitated him, happily or unhappily, unless, indeed, I am the victim of some curious form of mental disease.

I do not desire to juggle with words, nor am I anxious to enter the lists with a critic, but the Kingdom of Poland—even as I took the liberty of reconstructing it—is not an imaginary country. So far as I can ascertain, Mr. Anthony Hope's books do not deal deliberately with the future, "Mr. Boyton" does, and this fact (or fiction) is sufficiently emphasized. Unless the date and the scene of my story are considered the story of Mr. Boyton's exploits would no doubt be a mere absurdity.

Good, bad, or indifferent, "Mr. Boyton" is my own, and owes nothing to anybody's influence, writings, or suggestion.

On matters of opinion I readily admit that no writer is entitled to quarrel with his critics. I will confess that I am sorry to learn (from *Literature*) that there is in my story "a complete absence of all love interest." I endeavoured—perhaps maliciously—to avoid this pitfall; and, though I rang no wedding bells and "gave a wide berth" to the Divorce Court (and its purlieus), I tried in more places than one to show that my hero had shaken off his early misogyny and had fallen in love. Indeed, I went so far as to devote a whole chapter—evidently a sheer waste of good paper and ink—to an account of his making a proposal of marriage; and in the last page of the book I indicated that a wedding was an event upon which the imaginative reader (or reviewer) might with confidence stake his, or her, last dollar.

Yours truly,

F. M. ALLEN.

Munster-house, Lucien-road, Tooting-common,
London, S.W., July 24, 1900.

*** We withdraw the word "imitation"; but we cannot advise Mr. Allen to read Mr. Anthony Hope's works.

Poland is not, of course, an imaginary country; but the Poland of Mr. Allen's story is, nevertheless, an imaginary kingdom, seeing that it has an American millionaire for king.

In spite of the "proposal of marriage" we find no real "love interest" in the book. [Ed.]

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

Messrs. Macmillan announce "An Attaché In Peking," by Mr. A. Bertram Mitford, who was appointed at Peking as far back as 1865. His book is an actual record of life in the British Legation at Peking, based on the author's diary. From Peking Mr. Mitford went to the Legation in Japan, and a few years later published his "Tales of Old Japan."

We understand that the autobiography of Sir Harry Smith, victor of Aliwal and Governor of the Cape from 1847 to 1852, which his grand-nephew has in hand, will be published in the autumn by Mr. Murray. The autobiography, as Mr. Moore Smith says in his written request for the loan of letters of his great-uncle, has been preserved for many years by General Sir Edward Holdich. It is a pity that the record stops at 1847, telling nothing either of Sir Harry's Governorship of the Cape or of the closing years of his life in England, but perhaps the letters will fill up the gaps. Even as it stands the autobiography covers nearly half a century of a career which was extraordinarily full of fighting romance and adventure. It was, of course, from Sir Harry Smith and his wife that Harrismith, in the Orange River Colony, and Ladysmith, in Natal, took their names, the towns of Whittlesey (named after the burial place of Sir Harry and Lady Smith) and Aliwal also serving to commemorate their connexion with South Africa.

But Sir Harry was the hero of almost a hundred fights before he became Governor of the Cape. He had twelve clasps to his Peninsula medal, and he won his wife in the same campaign. The story of this love affair is worth repeating. After the assault of Badajos, on April 6th, 1812, two handsome Spanish ladies, one the wife of a Spanish officer serving in a distant part of Spain, and the other her sister, a girl of fourteen years—Juana Maria de los Dolores de Leon—claimed the protection of Smith and a brother officer, representing that they had fled to the camp from Badajos, where they had suffered violence from the infuriated soldiery, having had their ear-rings torn from their ears. Smith and his friend took them to a place of safety, and within two years the younger sister became Smith's wife. In later years she was well known in English society. Meantime Smith had campaigning to do in many parts of the world; from the battle of Toulouse to the capture and burning of Washington was only a matter of a few months, and a little later, at the unsuccessful attack on New Orleans, Sir Edward Pakenham fell into his arms, killed. Smith returned from America in time to take part in the battle of Waterloo, and to march with the allies into Paris. One of his younger brothers, by the way, was the first British officer to enter the capital on that occasion. Then came the Kaffir war at the end of 1834, and Harry Smith's memorable ride of 700 miles from Cape Town to Graham's Town in six days. Eight or nine years later he was knighted for his services in the Gwalior campaign, and not long afterwards came his brilliant success at Aliwal. "I never read an account of any affair," said the Duke of Wellington in the House of Lords, "in which an officer has shown himself more capable than this officer has of commanding troops in the field"; and it was of Smith's despatch announcing his victory that Thackeray, in his essay "On Military Snobs," wrote, "A noble deed was never told in nobler language."

The author of "Oom Paul's People," Mr. Howard C. Hillegas, which we noticed last autumn, was for many months with the Boer commandos. He managed, however, to get through the

British lines with a good deal of literary and artistic material stowed away in his person, and he is now in America preparing a volume on his experiences, to be called "The Boers in War."

Books of general travel will be numerous this autumn. We have already announced "In the Ice World of Himalaya" and "Among the Berbers of Algeria" (both to come from Mr. Fisher Unwin), and Mr. Murray's list includes "In Tuscany," by Mr. Montgomery Carmichael, British Vice-Consul for West Tuscany. Mr. Fisher Unwin is also bringing out a book entitled "Half-Hours in Japan," by the Rev. Herbert Moore. Messrs. Methuen announce "Modern Abyssinia," by Mr. A. B. Wylde, a traveller who knows the country intimately, and who is said to have had "the privilege of the friendship of King Menelik."

Two more travel books of a somewhat unconventional character are to come from Mr. Fisher Unwin. They are both about tramps. One, entitled "Landlopers," is a tale of tramp life, or "trav'ling," in the Australian bush, written in the form of a diary. Much of the story is said to be founded on the experiences of the author, Mr. J. Le Gay Brereton. The other book is by an American author, Mr. Josiah Flynt, and is a more serious study of vagabond life. It is described as an account of the adventures of a scientific student, who lived the life of a tramp, with all its perils and vicissitudes, in order that he might study the question of tramps and their relation to crime on its own ground and in its own peculiar conditions and environment. Russian, German, and English tramps are studied, as well as American. "Tramping with Tramps," as the volume is called, will contain an introductory letter from Mr. Andrew D. White, the American Ambassador in Berlin, and a chapter and glossary devoted to the tramps' jargon.

Students of Italian art will also be well catered for. Two or three months ago we referred to the forthcoming publication by Messrs. Putnam of Mr. Bernhard Berenson's concluding volume on the Italian Painters of the Renaissance, as well as to the two new editions of "The Florentine Painters" in the same series, revised and considerably enlarged. Mr. Murray now announces a somewhat similar work —"The Painters of Florence from the Thirteenth to the Sixteenth Centuries"—by Julia Cartwright (Mrs. Ady), intended as "a handy book for travellers in Italy and students of art." Perhaps Mrs. Ady's book will also lead to a series.

Dr. James Breck Perkins has written the story of "Richelieu, and the Growth of the French Power," to be published shortly in Putnam's Heroes of the Nations Series. The author has already reviewed Richelieu's administration in his history of "France under Mazarin," but the present volume, it is stated, is based upon an examination of new sources of information, including the MSS. to be found in the Affaires Etrangères at Paris and other public offices. His book will be followed next month by Mr. Robert Dunlop's Life of Daniel O'Connell. There may be some delay in bringing out the volume on "Louis IX. (Saint Louis)," which should follow the O'Connell book, as Mr. Frederick Perry, the author, has been sent to South Africa on Government service.

Some startling statistics are given in the announcement of the book on "The Locust Plague and its Suppression," by Dr. Henry Munro, which Mr. Murray will shortly publish. It seems that of the 53,000,000 square miles which the earth's land surface comprises, 40,000,000 are more or less continuously subjected to the scourge of the locust plague. "It causes a greater loss both in blood and treasure than a war even between Great Britain and the South African Republics."

A second series of Illustrated volumes on "Literary Hearthstones," written by Marion Harland, will be published by Messrs. Putnam in the autumn. The first series dealt with Charlotte Brontë and Wm. Cowper; the two forthcoming volumes deal with Hannah More and John Knox. About the same time Messrs. Putnam will continue their series of "Historic Towns of New England" and "Historic Towns of the Middle States" with a volume on the "Towns of the Southern States," edited by Lyman P. Powell, with an introduction by W. B. Trent.

Balzac's works are to become common property on the 18th of this month. M. Calmann Lévy has already begun to reprint all his works in 3f. 50c. volumes. For the right of publishing them up to the present year Michel Lévy paid, in 1865, fifteen years after the author's death, the sum of 80,000 francs. The works of some of Balzac's famous contemporaries will not cease to be copyright until much later. De Musset's copyright expires in 1905, de Vigny's in 1913, Lamartine's and Sainte-Beuve's in 1919, the elder Dumas' in 1921, Gautier's in 1922, Michelet's in 1924, and Victor Hugo's in 1935.

Among the works announced by Mr. Murray may be mentioned "The Life and Correspondence of the Right Hon. Hugh Culling Eardley Childers," by his son, Lieutenant-Colonel Spencer Childers (though this will probably not appear before the new year); "Dangerous Trades," in which a number of experts deal with the different aspects of industrial occupations as affecting public health, edited by Dr. T. Oliver; Mr. Sydney Buxton's "Political Handbook," adapted to the coming general election; and a translation, in two volumes, of "The Greek Thinkers," by Professor Gomperz, of Vienna University, who is the author of the standard German translation of Mill's "Logic."

Messrs. Greening are publishing a volume entitled "Northern Lights and Shadows, and Eskimo Folklore," edited and translated by Ralph Graham Taber, proprietor and manager of the Eskimo Village at the Paris Exhibition. The book will be made up of folk tales translated from the originals told in the Eskimo tongue. Although this is their first publication, the authorship of them undoubtedly dates back hundreds, and possibly thousands, of years.

Books to look out for at once.

CHINA—

"An Attaché in Peking." By A. B. F. Mitford. Macmillan.

SOUTH AFRICA—

"The Origin of the Boer War Revealed." By C. H. Thomas. Hodder and Stoughton.

FICTION—

"The Gateless Barrier." By "Lucas Malet." Methuen. 6s.

REPRINT—

"In the Day of Battle." By J. A. Steuart. Hutchinson. 6d.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS

FICTION.

The Mesmerists. By *R. L. Farjeon*. 7½×5in., 100 pp. Hutchinson. 6s.

A Gift from the Grave. By *Edith Wharton*. 7½×5in., 181 pp. Murray. 2s. 6d. n.

Fitzjames. By *Lilian Street*. 7½×5¼in., 231 pp. Methuen. 3s. 6d.

Smoke-Room Tales. By *S. C. Arnold*. 7×1¼in., 31 pp. Dean.

HISTORY.

Pictures of the Old French Court. By *Catherine Bearne*. 8×5¼in., 376 pp. Unwin. 10s. 6d.

A Review of Irish History. By *J. P. Cannon*. 7½×5in., 282 pp. Unwin. 6s.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Westminster Abbey. By *G. A. Troutbeck*. 6½×4in., 278 pp. Methuen. 3s.

Fortune-Telling by Cards, &c. Ed. by *Cicely McDonnell*. 7×4in. Dean. 1s.

MUSIC.

The Magic Ring of Music. By *H. Sonntag*. 7½×5¼in., 125 pp. Dent.

POETRY.

Yvonne. By *J. Cornwallte*. 7½×5¼in., 83 pp. Burleigh. 1s. 6d. n.

POLITICAL.

Liberalism and Empire. Three Essays. By *F. W. Hirst, Gilbert Murray*, and *J. L. Hammond*. 7½×5¼in., 218 pp. Brimley Johnson. 3s. 6d. n.

REPRINTS.

The Novels of Victor Hugo. The Laughing Man. Vols. I. & II. Ed. by *Bellina Phillips*. 7½×5¼in., 300+218 pp. Dent.

First Principles. By *Herbert Spencer*. 6th Ed. 9×5½in., 519 pp. Williams & Norgate. 10s.

Buch der Lieder. Von *H. Heine*. 6½×4¼in., 212 pp. Dent. 3s. 6d. n.

Aylwin. By *Theodore Watts-Dunton*. 9½×6in., 187 pp. Hurst & Blackett. 6d.

England's Peril. By *W. Le Queux*. 8½×5¼in., 122 pp. Newnes. 6d.

"Young April." By *Egerton Castle*. 8×5¼in., 120 pp. Macmillan. 6d.

SCIENCE.

Gas Engine Construction. By *H. F. A. Parsell, Jr.*, and *A. J. Wood*. 9½×6in., 296 pp. Sampson Low. 14s. n.

The Students' Dynamics. By *G. M. Minchin*, F.R.S. 7½×5in., 258 pp. Bell. 3s. 6d.

SPORT.

Sport in War. By *Maj.-Gen. R. S. S. Baden-Powell*. 7½×5¼in., 262 pp. Heinemann. 3s. 6d.

TOPOGRAPHY.

The History of the Parish of Preston. By *H. Fishwick*, F.S.A. 11½×8in., 184 pp. Stock. 30s. 6d.

South Wales. (Thorough Guide Series.) By *E. S. Ward* and *M. J. B. Baddeley*. 5th Ed. 6¾×4¼in., 132 pp. Dulau. 3s. 6d. n.

Our Forests and Woodlands. By *J. Nisbet*. (The Haddon Hall Library.) 8½×5½in., 310 pp. Dent. 7s. 6d.

Hampshire, with the Isle of Wight. (Country Guides.) Ed. by *G. A. B. Dewar*. 6½×4¼in., 398 pp. Dent. 4s. 6d.

TRAVEL.

Surveying and Exploring in Siam. By *J. McCarthy*, F.R.G.S. 8½×5½in., 215 pp. Murray. 10s. 6d. n.

European Travel for Women. By *Mary C. Jones*. 7×4¾in., 301 pp. The Macmillan Co. 4s. 6d.

The G.E.R. Tourist Guide to the Continent. 7×4¼in., 158 pp. G.E.R. 6d.

Literature

Published by The Times.

No. 147. SATURDAY, AUGUST 11, 1900.

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NOTES OF THE DAY.

Mr. John Murray is clearly bent on extending his old-established business in more directions than one. His series of novels is a new departure for the firm in Albemarle-street, and hard upon this comes the announcement of the *Monthly Review*, a publication on rather new lines which is to appear first at the end of next month.

* * * *

The size is about that of the old *New Review*. Antique woven paper, a new fount of type, large margins, and stitched binding will do all that can be done for the exterior of the new periodical. The contents will apparently be very much like those of the existing reviews, with two exceptional features. The *Monthly Review* will be illustrated, and it will contain a certain number of "editorials" as well as signed articles. The appointment of Mr. Henry Newbolt as editor is full of interest. The author of "Admirals All" has already achieved a well-deserved reputation as a writer of stirring verse, and we hope that he will be no less successful in conducting a high class review. We wish him and Mr. Murray's new venture all success.

* * * *

The Stage Society has had a successful first season, and proposes largely to increase its membership. Other changes are also contemplated. One is the substitution of some other night than Sunday for the performances. This presents certain difficulties. A theatre and actors are not so easy to secure on a week-night. The enlargement of the society will also make it necessary to give two representations of each play instead of one. It is to be hoped the society will really set itself to do a useful work and to benefit its age by seeking out and producing English plays. Our stage is at a critical point. A great deal of talent is tentatively approaching the dramatic form. If it is encouraged we shall have the makings of a modern English drama. Lacking encouragement, it will give up the attempt and the theatre will remain what it is—the home of worn-out conventions bolstered up by spectacular adornment and music-hall display.

* * * *

At a time when coals and other commodities are getting dearer because of the wars, it may be a consolation to some people to learn that copyright novels are likely to get cheaper. The talk, at present, is of abolishing the six-shilling novel, and substituting the half-crown novel, in paper covers. This is practically the French plan, which has both advantages and drawbacks. The advantage is that it increases the book-buying public; the drawback is that, supposing the author to get a living wage, a volume that a book lover would care to handle can hardly be turned out for the money. Nor is it any answer to this argument to say that the purchaser can have books bound if he wants to preserve them. In the case of long books by authors who demand heavy royalties, the French publishers habitually economize in the quality of the paper, with the result that a new novel by M. Zola almost invariably makes its first appearance in a *format* utterly unworthy of a binding. No doubt, however, the state of the market for six-shilling novels is just now such as to make some new experiment desirable. Publishers and authors would probably like to go back to the old three-volume *format*; but this is impossible, since the libraries block the way.

* * * *

The managers of the German Theatre in London, encouraged by the success of its season at St. George's-hall, propose to have a winter season extending from the middle of October to the middle of April. The performances this time will be given in the Comedy Theatre, Haymarket.

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A sympathetic sketch of the career of "John Oliver Hobbes" in the *Bookman* contains the interesting announcement that Mrs. Craigie's next novel will probably deal with Nonconformity. It is a subject on which, in spite of the satirical sketches of Mrs. Oliphant, there is still room for a great novel. Great novelists have as a rule been rather shy of giving the sympathetic *rôle* of *jeune premier* to a Dissenter. The sympathetic Dissenter is almost as rare in fiction as, say, the sympathetic dentist or the sympathetic dancing-master. Mrs. Craigie seems to have many qualifications for repairing the wrong that is done to a large and useful section of the community. Her ancestors, we learn from the *Bookman*, were Free Church divines, and her father is one of Dr. Parker's deacons. We trust she will write the sort of novel about Nonconformity that the Doctor and the deacons will be pleased with.

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In the *Contemporary Review* Mr. Aylmer Maude reproaches *Literature* for having refused, two years ago, to take Count Tolstoi's theory of art seriously. The definition of art which Mr. Maude there quotes with approval from Count Tolstoi runs thus:—

> Art is a human activity, consisting in this, that one man consciously, by means of certain external signs, hands on to

others feelings he has lived through, and that other people are infected by these feelings, and also experience them.

The definition, of course, narrows the meaning of a word to which the dictionaries give a wider significance, and which can be used, in ordinary parlance, for any kind of work guided by rules; and it is not hard to pick holes in it even as a definition of what is understood when art is spelt with a capital A. It would exclude the art of the actor whose business is to infect his audience not with the emotions which he has lived through, but with the emotions which the stage manager directs him to simulate. It would also exclude the art of any man of letters who does not write imaginative literature—any masterpiece addressed not to the feelings but to the intellect, like Gibbon's "Decline and Fall." It is not even fair to the imaginative writer. It would prove that there is no art in the novel of observation, but only in the novel of experience. That is to say it would place "A Rebours" on a higher plane than "Madame Bovary." Whence it seems to follow that, though the definition may stand as a definition of the art of Count Tolstoi, it will not hold water as a definition of art in general. But has any one ever given—and will any one ever give—a definition of art that will defy analysis?

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A correspondent writes:—"A comparison of events in China with Mr. M. P. Shiels' romance, 'The Yellow Danger,' which was published two years ago, is curious. There is much in the novel that is prophetic of the present situation, especially in some of the minor details of the book. The disposition of the British Fleet coincides remarkably with the book; although since Mr. Shiel's novel appeared there have, of course, been many changes in our Chinese squadron. Vice-Admiral Sir Edward Seymour, of course, is still in command of the Fleet, which includes H.M. ships *Barfleur*, *Terrible*, *Bonaventure*, *Daphne*, and others mentioned by Mr. Shiel. But for the war in South Africa H.M.S. *Powerful*, which plays an important part in the romance, would almost certainly have been there also. The usurpation of Prince Tuan, hitherto a practical nonentity, of what is virtually despotic power, bears a superficial resemblance to the rapid rise of Dr. Yen How in the book to a similar dictatorship. The massacre of Europeans and their flight seaward, so vividly depicted by Mr. Shiel, have been realized. We have learnt to our cost, in accordance with the author's warning, that China is now armed with the most modern weapons of the highest scientific precision, which she has quietly, but continuously, been importing from Europe since her war with Japan. It is obvious from the efficiency of the Chinese troops, and particularly the gunners, that the military drill planned by Dr. Yen How has been carried out in reality to a large extent by the Chinese authorities; and it is only too probable that the foreign officers have been murdered by the soldiers they have disciplined, as actually happens in the novel. But the most startling fulfilment of any event foretold in 'The Yellow Danger' is the Chinese invasion of Siberia; it is fortunate for Europe that this raid is not likely to be followed in fact, as in fiction, by the armed exodus of all China."

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An article in the *Quarterly* on "the conditions of great poetry" is an attempt to find the reason why England is not producing great poetry at the present time. The writer's idea is that "at the root of all great poetry there is some form or other of strenuous and impassioned optimism" which "must be generally diffused throughout the poet's own country or throughout the world," and that this is not the case with us just now. It sounds plausible; but it is always difficult to characterize correctly the age in which we live. The discovery that the British Empire is a happy and united family may very well be held by our critics of the future to mark off our period as one of widely diffused optimism, in spite of its conspicuous lack of poetry; or it may even come to the conclusion that some of our poetry was greater than we thought. Nor is it at all certain that the contemporaries of Byron—who flourished in a period when trade was bad—were conscious of being optimists.

According to the reviewer, it is not enough for the poet to be an optimist; he must also address an optimistic public. Otherwise his work will not be on the high plane of the interpreter but on the lower plane of the missionary. This, too, sounds plausible; but we begin to have our doubts when we find the theory invoked in connexion with the name of Mr. Swinburne. Surely Mr. Swinburne's early poems cannot be regarded as endeavours to interpret the prevailing sentiments of an optimistic age. He was rather the poet who set out to *épater le bourgeois*. He was, in short, a self-appointed missionary to the *bourgeois*; and he was received by the *bourgeois* much in the same spirit in which missionaries are received in China. Respectable newspapers denounced him, and respectable fathers of families put his works on the fire with the tongs, with the result that his first editions went to a premium. Nowadays Mr. Swinburne is himself a *bourgeois*, and interprets, when he does not obscure, the widely diffused optimism of the average man. But he wrote better poetry when his optimism—if that be the proper name for his appeal to pagan gods to "come down and redeem us from virtue"—was, as the reviewer puts it, "the precarious possession of some small clique or party."

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The little poem which runs:—

La vie est vaine,
Un peu d'amour,
Un peu de haine,
Et puis—bonjour.

La vie est brève
Un peu d'espoir,
Un peu de rêve,
Et puis—bonsoir

has always tempted the translators by reason of the difficulties it presents. The extreme simplicity of the lines is merely a subtle form of artfulness hardly discovered until the words are transposed into English. A correspondent sends us two versions, the one "capping" the other, which were brought into being a few evenings ago.

This life is vain,
A lover's sigh,
A little pain,
And then—good-bye.

And life I deem
Holds grief, delight,
A little dream,
And then—good-night.

We like the second one better:—

Our life is vain;
A love, some play;
A hope, some pain,
And then—good-day.

And life is brief
For me, for you—
A dream, a grief,
And then—adieu.

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Against Mr. Balfour's disparaging remarks about Landseer the other day may be placed a passage from a letter written by Dickens to the artist on the 10th of January, 1856—"Whenever I speak of men born of nature to be writers if they had not highly distinguished themselves in some other way (they are mighty few) I always instance you with your remarkable powers of observation and perception." Rossetti was no less warm in his appreciation of Landseer's "Dialogue at Waterloo":—

> This is, in the truest sense of the word, an historical picture; . . . not merely an embodiment of conceptions, however acute and valuable, founded on the records left us from past ages; this, on the contrary, is itself a record, a part of the time, to remain chronicled; an emphatic personal testimony. It belongs to a class of art but too little followed in our day, which leaves its own annals, for the most part, to the caricaturist and the newspaper draughtsman; a class which

is more "historical" than Mr. Cross' picture, or than Mr. Lucy's, or than M. Delaroche's, as not being painted from history, but itself *history painted*.

Nevertheless, the fame of Sir Edwin is, we fear, on the wane. His works do not appeal to connoisseurs with a tenth the force to-day that they did a decade ago.

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One of the most interesting by-ways in the history of literature, that of privately printed books, still remains largely unexplored. The compilation of such a history naturally presents considerable difficulties. Every year increases rather than lessens them, and until the task is taken in hand seriously our national bibliography, in this respect, can only be regarded as glaringly incomplete. No consistent attempt has been made to grapple with the matter since Martin published his work on the subject, the second edition of which is even now more than forty years old. And yet much that is of interest and importance, especially in regard to modern books, is being lost by not taking account of personal preferences. Privately printed books fall generally into three classes, those privately printed in very limited numbers for sale or otherwise; those compiled from letters and circulated only in a limited circle; and those issued for the purpose of testing opinion on the merits of some proposed work.

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The first class do not present many difficulties from a bibliographical point of view, for they mostly bear the date and place of imprint, and are sufficiently numerous to be traced without much trouble. Into this category fall all those works illustrating private collections of *objets d'art*, the beauty and value of which their owners, either from vanity or a genuine love of the subject, desire to be more generally known and appreciated. Such works are often issued regardless of expense, as, for instance, the "Museum Worsleyanum," by Sir Richard, two volumes, folio, which is said to have cost as much as £27,000. Into this class fall also the books published at private presses, such as the Strawberry-hill and Lee Priory Presses, and it includes besides the numerous series of bibelots dealing with some peculiar class of "ana," like the diminutive volumes published by Mr. William Loring Andrews on "Grolier," "Aldus," and other kindred subjects.

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The second class includes all those volumes which are mainly restricted to reprints of the correspondence of well-known authors, not previously published. Sometimes these compilations, like the "Charlotte Brontë and Her Circle," edited by Mr. Shorter, are printed for the use of the general public, but it more frequently happens that the books owe their existence to a desire to give a small circle of friends some of that intimate knowledge of an author which can be obtained from a study of his spontaneous correspondence. As may be readily understood, such volumes are extremely difficult of acquisition, and as they do not come within the terms of the Copyright Act there is no certain means of tracing them.

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The last class is the despair of the bibliographer and the collector. But they present a romantic side to the history of literature, and a volume dealing with them adequately would be highly entertaining. For instance, the real reasons why Byron, Matthew Arnold, and many other authors were induced to destroy or cancel the issue of certain volumes of their works as soon as printed would make an interesting chapter. Of Byron's first work, the "Fugitive Pieces," privately printed at Newark in 1806, only three copies are now known to exist, for he ordered the entire issue, of about one hundred copies, to be burned almost as soon as they were printed. Another waif around which centres a long and important chapter of literary history is the excessively scarce trial print of the "Laus Veneris," of which Moxon issued a few copies in order to fortify himself with the opinions of competent judges before venturing to issue the "Poems and Ballads" of 1866. But even then the storm raised seared Moxon so much that he hastily handed over his remaining sheets of that remarkable volume to Hotten to publish, and thus gave rise to the two different title-pages prefixed to this now famous first edition. The most remarkable example is that offered by Tennyson in his different versions of "The Idylls of the King." Not only had many of the various editions different names from those which they now possess, but as regards the earliest ones they frequently differed in both form and connexion. How many separate prints were taken of these poems it appears even now almost impossible to tell, and the collection of a complete set of only those known would be a very difficult matter. The whole subject has a real fascination, but if its mazes are to be successfully threaded it is necessary for each generation to gather up its own clues.

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A very scarce book, with a [illegible] about it, is George Turbervile's "Booke of Falconrie," 1575, a copy of which is included in Mr. Quaritch's recent list of "Additions to the English Catalogue." Turbervile was better known in his own day as a garrulous traveller with a poetical turn of mind, but to-day his fame rests rather upon his prose writings than upon his verse, and his book on falconry is a classic among works on sport. It stands about midway between Dame Berners' "Treatise on Fishing" and Izaak Walton's masterpiece, and has much in common with both. From every page there breathes an enthusiasm for wild sports and for all manner of field pastimes. Turbervile deals with the mysteries of the training of falcons, hobbys, lanners, lanets, and goshawks almost as genially as Walton with the peculiarities of fishes. Turbervile's introduction to his book is a characteristic piece of verse. Here are the opening lines:—

I deem that no man doubts
But games and all our chief delights,
Were first devised to drive the dumps
Of pensive pinéd sprights.

To clear the clouds of drooping cares,
And mists of mournful mind,
And banish bale that heavy hearts
In cheerless chairs did bind.

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A correspondent, who has been amusing himself lately in conning the titles and mottoes of old books, sends us the result of some of his investigations:—Despite Butler's assertion that the titles of books have a physiognomy of their own from which a skilful observer will know what to expect, a great many of the old titles are very misleading. There is the old story of the Farming Society of Dublin, who ordered a dozen copies of the "Essay on Irish Bulls" under the impression—natural enough—that the book related to the subject. A French writer who translated Shakespeare's *Winter's Tale* into his own language, called it *Conte de Monsieur Winter*. Horne Tooke's "Diversions of Purley," one of the most abstruse treatises on etymology, had many purchasers, who believed it to be a book of amusing games. Some of the eccentric old titles seem to have provided useful suggestions to modern writers. Barnaby Rich's "Souldier's Wish for British Welfare: A Dialogue betweene Captaine Skill and Captaine Pill," may very well have given Leigh Hunt the idea of his "Captain Sword and Captain Pen." A little book published in 1670, entitled "Unfortunate Heroes, or Adventures of Ovid, Horace, Virgil, Agrippa, &c.," distinctly recalls the chapter on literary men in Carlyle's "Hero Worship."

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The titles of old books on dress are some of them worth recalling. Here are two:—"England's Vanity, or the Monstrous Sin of Pride in Dress, Naked Shoulders, and a Hundred Other Fooleries" (1683) and "Quippes for Upstart Newfangled Gentlewomen, or a Glass to View the Pride of Vain Glorious Women, containing a Pleasant Invective against the Fantastical Forrein Toys Daylie used in Women's Apparell" (1595). Rhyming titles were formerly often to be met with. The following is a good example:—

Reader, here you'll plainly see
Judgment perverted by these three—
A Priest, a Judge, a Parcentee—
By Thomas Heywood. 1611.

Authors of modern educational books might take a lesson from some old writers in the choice of entertaining titles. Grammar, under the title of the "Diversions of Purley" assumes a most attractive guise. A sixteenth-century Latin grammar has as sub-title the following:—"A Delysious Syrupe newly Clarythst for Yonge Scholars yt thurste tor that Sweto Lycore of Latin Speche." Old lexicons would be termed an "Altearie" or a "New World of Works," or a "Manipulus Vocabulorum." But in the invention of fanciful titles the Puritans excelled all other writers. Here are the names of some of their theological pamphlets and books, "A most delectable Sweet Perfumed Nosegay for God's Saints to smell at" (1586); "The Snuffers of Divine Love"; "Heel-pieces for Limping Sinners"; and "The Spiritual Mustard-Pot to make the Soul Sneeze with Emotion."

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The naïveté of some of the mottoes adopted by authors in introducing their books must have helped to put their readers in a good temper:—

Read this over if you're wise,
If you're not, then read it twise;
If a fool, and in the gall
Of bitterness read not at all.

The above is from "Gentlemen Look About You" (1590). Here is another from that delightful book "Geffrey Whitney's Emblems" (1586):—

"Peruse with heede, then frendly judge, and blaming rash refraine;
So mayst thon reade unto thy goode, and shalt requite my paine."

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The world of art and letters in Paris has suffered a severe loss in the death of Ary Renan, who died on Saturday last at the early age of forty-three. From his father he had inherited not only the love of letters but something of Renan's charm of style, and from his great uncle, Ary Scheffer, and his grandfather, Henry Scheffer, he had received his taste for art. A pupil of Gustave Moreau, Puvis de Chavannes, and Elie Delaunay, he has followed in their footsteps and confined himself to ideal and antique art. The three paintings now on exhibition at the Grand Palace give an excellent idea of his manner and ability. Although professedly a painter, Ary Renan was quite as much a writer and a poet. He wrote a remarkable series of critical articles for the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts*. His last literary work was a sympathetic biography of Gustave Moreau.

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The *Mercure de France* this month contains several articles suggested by the present crisis. "La Chine qui se ferme," by a navy officer, who adopts Pierre Nosles as his *nom de guerre*, is full of actuality. The writer has been in China for many years and knows the people and the country well. M. Remy de Gourmont gives his opinion on the same subject. Dr. Albert Prieur reviews "Superstition, Crime, et Misère en Chine." The author, Major J. J. Matignon, is shut in Peking with the French Legation. There is also an article by Charles Merki, *à propos* of "La Chine qui s'ouvre," by René Pinon and J. de Marcillac. This book is a good summary of the diplomatic history of the Far East since the Chino-Japanese war.

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For English and American visitors to Italy, especially for those who are not well acquainted with Italian, the new Italian Review, written in English, and published in Rome, should prove welcome reading. The review is to appear on the 15th of each month, beginning from next November. Meanwhile a specimen number which has been published gives a good idea of what use the monthly will be in keeping English visitors *au courant* with Italian life in all its aspects. Italian politics, art, drama, society, and sport all find a place, and the editor, Professor Fanny Zampini Salazar, devotes an interesting article to the subject of Woman's Progress. A novel devoted to life in Italy and a poet's corner, which "Violet Fane" is the first to fill with an appropriate poem, "In a Roman Garden," will be special features.

The Eighteenth Century.

One cannot accuse Mr. Balfour of positive originality in standing up for the eighteenth century in his address to the University Extension students at Cambridge. The prejudice against that century was no doubt very real at one time, owing partly to the fact that it came to a bad end in the midst of wars and revolutions, and partly to the fact that Carlyle denounced it with all the vigorous indignation of a Hebrew prophet. Its claims to our respectful consideration, however, have been vindicated by many critics, including Mr. John Morley and Mr. Leslie Stephen; and it has been shown that the eighteenth century can furnish satisfactory parallels to most of the distinctive features on which the nineteenth century prides itself. It laid the foundations of British industrial supremacy by such inventions as the steam engine and the spinning jenny; and it laid the foundations of Imperialism, seeing that it was in the eighteenth century that England "conquered the world in a fit of absence of mind." It was a century of fruitful scientific exploration and inquiry—the century in which Kant revolutionized metaphysics, and De Saussure revolutionized geology, and Lavoisier revolutionized chemistry, and learned men went to Lapland to observe the transit of Venus, and to the Andes to measure an arc of the Meridian. In the domain of literature the century saw the invention—some would even say the perfection—of the novel by Fielding, Richardson, and Rousseau; in the domain of art it was represented by Hogarth, Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Romney; in the domain of religion it produced the Wesleys to be compared with the Puseyites, and the Moravians who anticipated the Christian Endeavourers. Nor is it true to charge the century, as some do, with being flaccid and incapable of enthusiasm. Even in this latter Mainly About People period the world is not so interested as it then was in those whom it conceived to be its greatest men—as witness the fashion of making pilgrimages to see Voltaire, the Priest of Pure Reason, at Geneva; and Rousseau, the Pope of Sentimentalism, in the Val de Travers. Decidedly in loving the eighteenth century Mr. Balfour is not wasting his affections on a worthless object. But there are, in truth, many reasons, quite apart from its achievements in the intellectual arena, that make the eighteenth century attractive—especially when one looks back upon it from a distance and is not obliged to see anything in it that one prefers to shut one's eyes to. From the point of view of literature, which is the only point of view with which we have space to concern ourselves, it was the period in which literature had not yet passed under the tyranny of the man in the street. There were no free elementary schools, producing a half-educated public clamouring for something to read, incapable of appreciating style, indifferent to learning that could not be turned to immediate practical account, but eager for cheap sensationalism and hackneyed sentiment. The masses were grossly ignorant; but there was a considerable aristocracy of intellect. The man of letters wrote, if not for his intellectual equals, at least for a public that had intellectual taste, knew when he was doing his best, and did not need to be written down to—a public, too, that did not suspend its interest in literature because a war was raging at the other end of the world. Of course, there was an obverse side to the medal—"toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail." Literary men often lived in garrets instead of country seats, and frequented taverns instead of clubs. If they wanted to grow rich, they had to keep a shop, like Richardson, or go in for fraudulent army contracting, like Voltaire. And, though they were welcomed and made much of at the Court of Frederick the Great, they were wise to give a wide berth to the Court of Louis XIV., who probably locked up more literary men in the course of his long reign than any other Monarch in any other age of the world's history. Few people, however, can look at both sides of a medal at once; and by keeping the obverse of this medal invisible one gets a picture of literary life in the eighteenth century which is full of charm for every man of real literary taste.

TO A BIOGRAPHER.

You write his life! you will but prove
That he was neither saint nor sage;
Nor will he more our wonder move
Divested of his garb of mage,
And all the trappings of the stage;

And that beside what he bequeathed
In unexplained munificence;
Beside the wealth wherewith he wreathed
An empty name with consequence
The man was an impertinence.

But to your task; you undertake
From hints of sorrow, strife, desire;
From what it seemed he held as stake,
To show the man—his force, his fire;
What lay beneath his soul's attire;

How he regarded God and man;
Did he find hard those questions set
Of Life that we as children scan;
Give up and pass with inward fret,
Not learned enough to answer yet?

But of himself where hides the truth—
If he knew not can you decide?
Did he not deify in youth
The things in manhood thrice denied?
Yet who in this would say he lied?

Ah! those unspoken thoughts which made
The inner man we never knew;
And all that in the genial shade
Of his great nature lived and grew,
From far-off founts their nurture drew.

Nor more of him can you aver
Than one who marking from a height
A distant sail, can say of her
The port, though hidden from his sight,
The helmsman steers for day and night.

These well-proved facts, or those—their sum
Or difference, this or that way read—
To final truth indeed are dumb;
Believe me, both of quick and dead,
Blest are we most in things unsaid.

You loved him and, as friend, were proud
To know the man behind the pen!
Then wherefore show him to the crowd,
When far lies that beyond its ken
Which made him more than common men?

Nor will our love accept your best
Unless it be, as lovers need,
In such chameleon speech expressed
That each may there, for his own creed,
Peculiar confirmations read.

W. G. HOLE.

BE SATISFIED.

Be satisfied! Love is not given in vain;
The poor, parched Earth is greener for the rain
The unasked Heaven's largess, though hearts tried
Long time and strove against it, and denied
Her freshened flowers, her rapturous fields of green;
The rain hath saved: and we, for all its pride,
Perchance unloved of thee a heart had died.
Be satisfied.

Love on, until for Love's sake thou dost deem
All things less lovely,—save to love is gain,
Yea, is great gain; though all the world deride
And hope grow weary, still whate'er betide
Love on, high heart, and thou shalt yet attain
Thy heaven, and, the last want put aside,
Be satisfied!

GRACE ELLERY CHANNING.

Personal Views.

ONE OR TWO OLD NOVELS.

This heading of mine, with its suggestion of a few old-fashioned books, and leisure to enjoy them, contrasts well with the "Recent Fiction," "Ten New Novels," and the like, which indicate the reviewer's desperate attempts to keep pace with the fertility of modern writers. There are no statistics that I know of, but probably the weekly output of to-day exceeds the annual output of the time of Richardson, Fielding, and Smollett. These eminent men wrote comparatively little. Richardson produced three novels only, though two of these were long ones; Fielding three, and Smollett less than half a dozen. To-day, nearly every well-known novelist has twenty works to his credit, and some of them still more, so that nobody who does not devote his whole life to the business can pretend to know more than a percentage of them. In such a state of things, I am tempted to adopt the attitude of the man, now and then satirized in eighteenth-century novels, who has made the grand tour and professes to read nothing but the classics. I have made the grand tour of fiction, from "Theagenes and Charicleia," a fourth-century work, to the novel that was published only yesterday. Some of them I have reviewed, and these, happily for me, do not long remain in my memory. *Pereunt et imputantur*; which is to say, being interpreted, that they have their day, a very short one, and are reckoned up without much profit to any one.

I shall always regret that my comparatively recent introduction to this planet has precluded me from reviewing "Clarissa," "Pamela," "Joseph Andrews," and "Sir Charles Grandison." It would have been a pleasure to me to praise "Pamela" for "the novelty of the plan, the strokes of nature and pathos with which the work abounds, the simplicity of language, the sentiments of piety and virtue that are brought forward." In "Sir Charles Grandison," Clementina would have been described as "a young creature involved in a passion expressed with the utmost innocence and delicacy, yet so strong as to overturn her reason; and afterwards, on the recovery of her reason, after a severe struggle, voluntarily sacrificing that very passion at the shrine of religious principle." Such were Richardson's model young women, whom our ancestors heartily admired. When Richardson's village readers heard that Pamela had at last married Mr. B., a shadowy gentleman with no surname, they set the church

bells ringing. When a painful interval occurred in the publication of the volumes of "Clarissa," the author was overwhelmed with letters imploring him to give the story a happy ending. For my own part, had I been Richardson, to whom time and space were no object, I should have married her ultimately to Sir Charles Grandison. He might have been introduced as the travelling friend of the avenging Colonel Morden, and he would have been ready with a hundred excellent reasons for marrying the lady in the sixteenth volume. But Richardson was inexorable, as we all know, and the story, thanks to its detail, is a most affecting tragedy. An abbreviated version of "Clarissa" was once produced by a misguided person who failed to see how completely the whole book depends for its effect on its detail. It moves slowly, very slowly indeed, but that is in reality its chief merit. Yet I could not undervalue a certain labour-saving appliance which appears in the unabridged edition. At the end of each of the eight volumes there is a summary of each chapter, so that he who reads may skip, if he is minded to do so. It may be worth while to quote one of these summaries:—"Lovelace to Belford:—Copy of the transcribed paper. It proves to be her torn answer to his proposals. Meekness the glory of a woman. Ludicrous image of a termagant wife. He had better never to have seen this paper. Has very strong remorses. Paints them in lively colours. Sets forth the lady's transcendent virtue and greatness of mind. Surprised into these arguments in her favour by his conscience. Puts it to flight." But the reader ought not to skip. Take away his detail, and Richardson is, as Thackeray's Lord March says, "a fat old printer who has written a story about a confounded girl and a fellow that ruins her." Read him honestly, all the one million words of Clarissa's story, and you will find yourself, for at least a week, in the eighteenth century.

It may have been with the hope of reviving a taste for old novels that Mr. Henley has lately edited Smollett, undertaking at the same time the much more difficult task of commending him to the public. Now, Smollett is excellent material for the critic, and Mr. Henley is no mean critic. He assigns Smollett his due place in literature, as a sort of forerunner of Marryat and of the author of "Pickwick." Unluckily, Smollett deserves not only all the good things, but also all the hard things, that Mr. Henley has been obliged to say of him. In a string of epithets worthy of Aristophanes, Mr. Henley calls him "the humorous, arrogant, red-headed, stiff-necked, thin-skinned, scurrilous, brilliant, Scots hack of genius." All these adjectives are true. Throw a little of Smollett's filth at the canvas—an indispensable final touch—and the picture will be complete. Smollett readable in these days! Yes, if we do not mind the dull and stupid foulness which, with all his genius, he seems to have mistaken for humour. It is not the mere pardonable coarseness of a coarse age, but an unsavoury mess which provokes, not laughter, but nausea. He knew the world well, especially the seamy side of it, so that he has a certain historical value; but, when everything has been said that can be said for him, he remains the only great writer of his time who demands from his reader the physical qualification of a strong stomach. Obviously, I cannot back my assertion by quotations. I appeal to "Humphry Clinker." "Humphry Clinker" is distinctly the cleanest of Smollett's books, yet its readers will soon find that they love to turn over its pages to the old Edinburgh cry of "Gardyloo." Smollett will explain what that means. Most people will prefer literature in which it is not necessary to walk so warily.

There was another Scotch doctor, with a career strangely like that of Smollett, who had, however, none of the "spleen and jaundice" of the learned Smelfungus. Dr. John Moore, the father of the General whose Burial is so celebrated, wrote "Zeluco," the novel of the year in 1789. To my mind, "Zeluco" is a fairer representative of the old novel than any of Smollett's shady heroes. It may not be a work of genius, but it fairly indicates the taste of the generation succeeding Smollett's. Mr. Henley incidentally refers to "Zeluco" as "now almost unreadable." That is a matter of opinion, and cannot be argued. It may be said, however, that any one who likes full-flavoured villainy will do well to make the experiment of reading this once famous book. Zeluco himself is so solidly drawn, and made such an impression on our grandfathers, that his character was pronounced to have reached, "like that of Satan, the very sublime of guilt." Naturally, one compares him with his compatriot, Tebaldo Pagliuca, Mr. Marion Crawford's more recent Sicilian villain. Mr. Crawford, no doubt, is the better artist, though Dr. Moore also was quite at home in Italy. But Zeluco, according to his old-fashioned, eighteenth-century lights, does his best to be a complete sinner, and the gradual development of his criminal nature proceeds, or is intended to proceed, on scientific principles. That, at any rate, is in his favour.

C. H. T.

NEW LIGHT ON SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

I.

From documents which I have fortunately rediscovered I am able to cast new light on various phases of Raleigh's career. Thomas Baker, the antiquary (1656-1740), left brief notes of MSS. which had been in his possession and which referred to charges of "Atheism" against Marlowe, Kyd, and Raleigh. These notes were transcribed by Hunter in his MS. "Chorus Vatum," and were utilized by Mr. Sidney Lee in his articles on Raleigh and the two dramatists in the "Dictionary of National Biography." The original MSS. were, however, supposed to have disappeared, and to be no longer accessible. But last year I discovered the papers relating to Kyd and Marlowe among the "Harleian MSS.," and gave an account of them in No. 386 of the *Fortnightly Review*. For a long time I could not trace the Raleigh papers, but I have recently found them in fols. 183-190 of the "Harleian MSS.," 6,849. These documents, on which this article is based, contain the record of "examinations" held at Cerne in Dorsetshire on March 21st, 1593-4, by order of the Court of High Commission, and they begin with a list of nine "interrogatories" on "Atheisme and Apostacye." The special Commissioners appointed to take evidence in answer to these interrogatories were Viscount Bindon (Lord Thomas Howard), Sir Raulfe Horsey, Dr. Frances James, John Willyams, and Fraunces Hawley, of whom Horsey, Willyams, and Hawley have appended their autograph signatures to the record of the examinations. Cerne is not far from Sherborne, where Raleigh was during this period living in retirement. In the early summer of 1592 the discovery by the Queen of her favourite's intrigue with Elizabeth Throckmorton had resulted in his imprisonment in the Tower, and, though he was set free after a few months, he remained in the deepest disgrace. As member, however, for Michael in Cornwall, he attended the Session of Parliament in 1593. During these few months in London, an exiled from "Cynthia" and her brilliant circle, he was thrown largely into the society of men of letters, many of whom were under suspicion of free-thinking. He had left the capital, however, before the arrest of Kyd, and afterwards of Marlowe, in May, 1593; but the charges made against his "man" Harriott during the proceedings against the dramatists and reports later from the West Country of the sayings and doings of himself and his friends in Dorsetshire gave his enemies an opportunity of striking at him while he was under a cloud. That the Commissioners were anxious to get

hold of every scrap of evidence against him may be inferred from the fact that all the witnesses examined were either clergymen or churchwardens, whose bias would naturally be entirely on the Orthodox side. And we may, therefore, fairly conclude that in the allegations of such witnesses we get the worst that is to be urged against Sir Walter on the score of irreligion.

The most valuable part of the examinations is the "relacion" or report of a theological discussion with Raleigh, written and delivered to the Commissioners "upon his oath" by Ralph Ironside, minister of Winterbourne. Ironside was a man of some distinction. Born at Houghton-le-Spring, in Durham, about 1550, he had been a member of St. Edmund Hall at Oxford, had graduated in 1580, and had afterwards been elected a Fellow of University College. His character and attainments lend weight to his statements, as does also his preliminary declaration that "for his owne knowledge he will aunswer, but for that he hath harde, and knoweth no anethore to justefye the same, he is perswaded by Counsell that he is in daunger to be punished, and therefore refuseth to saye any thinge uppon uncertaine report." His "relacion" opens thus:—

> Wednesday seveniight before the Assises summer laste I came to Sir George Trenchards in the afternoone. There were then with the knight Sir Walter Rawleigh, Sir Raulfe Horsey, Mr. Carewe Rawleigh, Mr. John Fitziames, &c.

The gathering here described took place, as is evident from Ironside's words, in the summer of 1593, some time after Sir Walter's return from the capital. This glimpse into his social life at a period when our information about him is scanty would, of itself, lend value to the "relacion," which goes on to describe the beginning of the theological debate as follows:—

> Towards the end of supper some loose speeches of Mr. Carewe Rawleighes beeing gentlye reproved by Sir Raulfe Horsey in these words "Colloquia prava corrumpunt bonos mores," Mr. Rawleigh demaunds of me what daunger he might incurr by such speeches? Whereunto I answered, "The wages of sinn is death." And he makinge leight of death as beinge common to all, sinner and reightuous, I inferred further that as that liffe which is the gifte of God through Iesus Christ is liffe eternal, soe that death which is properlye the wages of sinne is death eternall, both of the bodye and of the soule alsoe. "Soule," quod Mr. Carewe Rawleigh, "what is that?" "Better it were," sayed I, "that we would be carefull howe the soules might be saved then to be curiouse in findinge out ther essence."

This attempt of the worthy minister of Winterbourne to parry Carew Raleigh's query by an edifying commonplace draws Sir Walter into the discussion.

> And soe keeping silence, Sir Walter requestes me that for there instruccion I wouldе answer to the question that before by his brother was proposed unto me. "I have beeu," sayeth he, "a scholler some tyme in Oxeforde: I have aunswered under a Bachelor of Arte, and I ad tanke with divers; yet heithernnto in this pointe (to witt, what the reasonable soule of man is) have I not by anye beinne resolved."

This passage is of the highest interest, as it is the first discovered allusion by Raleigh himself to his career at Oxford, as to which we have hitherto been dependent on an entry in the Oriel College registers, some loose statements by Anthony à Wood and Fuller, and a couple of anecdotes by Bacon and Aubrey. Wood tells us that "he went up to Oriel in 1568 or thereabouts, and after he had spent about three years in that House left the University without a degree." But it is not unlikely that Wood's statement is merely a deduction from the Oriel entry, where Raleigh figures as an undergraduate in 1572, though we know that he was fighting on the Continent in the autumn of 1569 and probably for some considerable period later. Sir Walter's own allusion does not help us, as far as dates are concerned, but it gives us a vivid picture of him answering the questions of some examiner in philosophy, who could stir but not satisfy his speculative interest; and it proves for the first time that through the vicissitudes of his career the memory of his Oxford days was one "to which he loved to return in his memory the days were as one "a scholler in Oxeforde," and when (according to a further statement of Wood's) "he was the ornament of the juniors and a patterne to seniors in conversation and philosophy."

Ironside, himself a distinguished member of the University, took up Sir Walter's challenge by an appeal to the authority whom then, as now, every good Oxonian held to be supreme:—

> Hearinge Sir Walter Rawleigh tell of his degree and scholarship some time in Oxforde, I cited the generall definicion of "Anima" out of Aristotle, 2nd libro "de Anima" cap. 1st., and thence deduced the specifick definicion of the soule reasonable that it was "Actus primus corporis organici animantis humani vitam habentis in potentia." It was misliked of Sir Walter as obscure and intricate. And I withall yealded that, though it could not unto him as beinge lerned, yet it must some obscure to the most prosest; and, therfore had rather say with devines plainly that the reasonable soule is a spirituall and immortall substance, breathed into man by God, whereby he lyves and moves, and understandeth, and soe is distinguished from other creatures.

Raleigh, however, again protests against this creation of the very difficulty that they are seeking to solve:—

> "Yea, but what is that spirituall and immortall substance breathed into man, &c.?" saieth Sir Walter. "Soul," quod I. "Naye then," saieth he "you answer not like a scholler! Hereuppon I endevoured to prove that it was substantiae, naye in such disputes as these, usuall and necessarye to passe *in circulum*. . . . As, for example, if one aske, what is a man? You will saye he is a creature reasonable and mortall: but if you aske again what is a creature reasonable and mortall? you must of force come backewarde and answer it is a man.

Raleigh, however, again demurs to his opponent's conveying, and in his argument we seem to have an echo of lessons learnt from Harriott:—

> "O but we have principles in our philosophie," sayeth Sir Walter, "as totum est maius quolibet sua parte. And aske me of it, and I can shewe it in the table, in the window, in a man, the whole being bigger then the parte of it." I replied that such demonstrations as that are against the nature of a man's soule, beinge a spirite: for as for all thinges (*i.e.*, the illustrations chosen by Sir Walter) were subiect to the sence, soe man's soule being invisible, is to be discerned by the sperite. Nothing till more curiouse in the worlde than that there is a God, yet being a spirite to subiecte him to the sence. . . . it is impossible.

But this attempt of Ironside to justify his assertion about the soul by an appeal to the analogous nature of the Deity only drives Raleigh another step back in his scepticism. "Mayye," quod Sir Walter, "these two be like, for neither could I know heitherto what God is."

This startling avowal doubtless caused some commotion among the listeners, for at this point one of them, Mr. Fitziames, interposed in the disputation by reminding Raleigh of Aristotle's definition of God as "Ens Entium." Hereupon Ironside, perhaps nettled at the intrusion of a third person into the debate, remarked somewhat tartly:—

> That whether Aristotle, dyinge in a feaver, should crie, "Ens Entium, miserere mei," it was uncertaine; but that God was Ens Entium, a thinge of thinges, havinge beinge of himselfe and geivinge beinge to all creatures it was most certaine, and confirmed by God himselfe unto Moyses.

This appeal to Scriptural authority failed to convince Raleigh, who persisted in demanding a definition of "this Ens Entium." And when Ironside merely answered that it was "God," Sir Walter, probably growing impatient of this circular method of argument, "wished that grace might be sayd; for that," quod he, "is better than this disputacion!"

Thus ended this memorable post-prandial dialogue. The

substantial accuracy of Ironside's report of it cannot be questioned, for, apart from his scrupulous limitation of his evidence to points of which he had first-hand knowledge, we have other guarantees of his good faith. Sir Ralfe Horsey, one of the Commissioners, had himself been among Sir George Trenchard's guests, and would have detected any serious error in the account of what had passed at the supper table. Moreover, another witness gives an almost identical narrative of the earlier part of the disputation, which had been repeated to him at a previous date by Ironside himself; while yet another affirms that when he had questioned the rector of Winterbourne on the subject he had answered "that the matter was not as the voice of the countrie reported thereof." It is evident, therefore, that misleading accounts of the affair had got abroad, and that Ironside was anxious to furnish the correct version.

In the testimony of other of the deponents at Cerne, with which I shall deal in the second part of this article, "the voice of the countrie" is unmistakably heard.

FREDERICK S. BOAS.

(To be continued.)

SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

It is the mark of genius of the first order to be universal. By its interpretation of human life genius of the first order is known. But there is genius which is incapable of this interpretation, and yet makes us feel its power. On this lower level it is temperament rather than intellect which tells. A criticism which is partial or fragmentary or prepossessed has little value, but observation, directed by an instinct which in some direction is peculiarly sensitive, cannot fail to be fruitful. Short of the highest powers, sensitiveness and rarity of temperament give the best results.

Sir Thomas Browne has not the extended and commanding view of the greatest thinkers. He could never be put on a level with Bacon or Plato, Sophocles or Shakespeare. He has attempted, to a certain degree, a criticism of life, but his criticism was both limited and immature, and it received no further development. In his first work, the "Religio Medici," which was written at the age of 30, he has given his thoughts their widest stretch. From that time he rather contracted than expanded his field of vision. The "Religio Medici" is so far universal as to give the measure of its author, but, by its very nature and origin, it was incapable of sounding the deeps of the human heart. Browne was too much steeped in fantasy and his own individual notions to be able to give a satisfactory account of human nature. He was incapable of stating the problem fairly to himself. But in the "Religio Medici" he comes nearer to the heart, and addresses himself to more elementary and widely prevailing feelings than he was ever afterwards concerned with. The scientific and antiquarian interests overlaid what was more sympathetic and natural in him, and thus, though his powers did not diminish, perhaps even increased, his effectiveness was noticeably diminished. We cannot draw from him a representation of things upon which we can rest. He is too remote, he is in touch with us at too small a part of our being, for us to be able to see with his eyes. But we can mark a distinct attitude towards the world, something which can illustrate our own view of things, if we have formed one for ourselves, or draw one from some other source. And strong and nimble as Browne's intellectual parts undoubtedly were, his attitude towards the world was not prescribed by intellect. The note of his work is a note of temperament, and not of reflection. But the fact that his attitude was distinctive, after the admission of his real intellectual power, marks him out for an author of perennial interest. Sir Thomas Browne, in virtue of his earliest work, is constrained to figure in the unaccustomed company of Rousseau and Montaigne and Amiel. The "Religio Medici" is a magnificent piece of egoism.

The tract on Urn Burial makes a delightful display of out-of-the-way learning. The student of folk-lore may revel in the "Vulgar Errors." But we weary for the deeper and more human qualities that endear to us the physician's confessions, where we can trace in every direction the co-operation of sentiment with reason, the ruddy hues of the heart showing through the colourless medium of pure intellect. We but faintly admire the mere feats of intellectual agility, the dexterous poising between the extremest scepticism and a credulity no less extreme. But it is hard to read without an ennobling emotion the well-cadenced words which describe the mystery of true affection, or that Night Piece which is as superior to Bishop Ken's more famous hymn in deep religious feeling as it is in exquisiteness of thought. It is to be regretted that we have no further "confessions." Above all it would be interesting to learn what was the change or series of changes which intervened between such sentiments as Biron's in *Love's Labour Lost* and the condition of a happy father and husband, distinguished among other men by the serenity and tenderness of his domestic life. There is a note of revolt against the order of nature in the "Religio Medici." Sex has no meaning to the writer, and love is a kind of disease which he resents as a slur upon humanity. We are grateful for this piece of self-revelation, but it cannot satisfy us, it is useless in itself, since its real use is to raise our curiosity to know how the man's matured intelligence could resolve this difficulty of youth.

The riddle must always remain. Henceforth we are to know him only in his study, and though we may readily admit that the mind of Sir Thomas Browne, like his whole house and garden, was "a paradise and cabinet of rarities," yet we must both deplore and wonder that his studies took for the most part so gloomy and *macabre* a ply. It seems little short of a miracle that he who had entertained so warm and almost extravagant a sentiment of friendship should come to write to an acquaintance of the death of a common friend in such cold and gross terms of physiology. For one with so true a sense of the beauty and poetry of life he has a strange relish of life in its nakedness and corruption. Sometimes you would say he was the farthest remove from all that is brutal, ugly, revolting, and sometimes he seems to haunt graveyards and the dissecting-room like a ghoul.

The secret of the antithesis is that he is in pursuit of an abstract, unearthly beauty, that has no point of contact with the beauty of humanity. Material beauty is at best only a memento of the idea, and mortality and corruption serve as remembrancers that we should not confound the eternal idea with its material adumbration. The idea is his mistress whom he loves with all his powers. And so he writes, with a lover's rapture:—"If any have been so happy as truly to understand Christian annihilation, ecstasis, exolution, the kiss of the spouse, gustation of God, and ingression into the divine shadow, they have already had a handsome anticipation of heaven; the glory of the world is surely over, and the earth is in ashes to them." And he can write, without feeling any inconsistency, "We are what we all abhor," "I have so abject a conceit of this common way of existence, I cannot think this to be a man;" and "For my life it is a miracle of thirty years which to relate were a piece of poetry," and again resolve, "Upon sight of beautiful persons, to bless God in his creatures."

POETS AS CRITICS OF POETRY.

> It is a dangerous invasion
> When poets criticise; their station
> Is to delight.—*Shelley.*

Of the many contrasts which divide the poetical literature of ancient Greece and Rome from the poetical literature of England, there is none more remarkable than the following. The great poets of classical antiquity, such as Homer, Pindar, Sophocles, Virgil, Ovid, and Lucretius, with the single exception of Horace, abstained from poetical criticism, while the great poetical critics of old, such as Aristotle, Aristarchus, Longinus, Eustathius, seem to have made no profession of the gift of song. The wisdom of this abstention from criticism on the part of the

greatest singers of old may be justified by the very contrariety of the two principles which respectively dominate the methods of the poet and of the critic—the former working by synthesis, and the latter by analysis. Moreover, the history of English poetry affords abundant evidence to show that, while our most capable critics of poetry such as De Quincey, Hazlitt, Ruskin, Dean Church, Mark Pattison, Minto, and other critics have written little or no poetry, the poets who have ventured on poetical criticism, with the marked exceptions of Dryden, Addison, Coleridge, and Matthew Arnold, whatever may have been the cause, have often evinced injustice and inconsistency. What, for example, could be more inconsistent and unfair than Chaucer's critical objection to "the indelicacy" of Gower's stories, which are scarcely, if at all, more indelicate than those of his critic? Milton condemned the use of rhyme, as an instrument of verse, on the ground that "it was the invention of a barbarous age, to set off wretched matter and lame metre," and yet the poet himself used rhyme in some of his own masterpieces, and even in his tragedy "Samson Agonistes," with singular sweetness and force. Equally at fault was his critical faculty, when he preferred his "Paradise Regained" to his "Paradise Lost," which, as Mark Pattison has well said, "looks like an old man's fondness for his youngest and weakest offspring." His critical condemnation, too, of "glorious John Dryden" as a "mere rimer and no poet" showed a singular uncritical estimate of that poet's great gifts. Pope, who was an avowed admirer and imitator of Horace, set up for a critic as well as a poet. Dryden he considered "poetarum princeps," and Congreve "poeta eximius." The critical value of his "Essay on Criticism" has been well appraised by De Quincey. "It is," writes this great critic and master of English style, "the feeblest and least interesting of Pope's writings, being substantially a mere versification of commonplaces. . . . The maxims have no order or logical dependency, and are generally so vague as to mean nothing." With this judgment Mr. Leslie Stephen concurs, and considers the Essay "as a coinage of aphorisms out of commonplace." Gray, the most finished poet and consummate scholar of his age, strangely overrated Cibber, Shenstone, and Churchill as poets, while in Homer and Milton he found "poetry which rolls on in sounding words with little meaning."

Of Wordsworth's uncritical criticism the most marked instances are (1) his attempt to show that the conversational language of the middle and lower classes is the proper diction of poetry, which gave rise to Byron's description of Wordsworth as one "who, both by precept and example, shows that prose is verse and verse is merely prose"; (2) his estimate of the "Faery Queen" of Spenser as "fading before Sylvester's translation of Du Bartas"; and (3) his statement that all Scott's poetry was not worth five shillings. Nor did Lord Byron show himself more trustworthy as a critic when he styled Cowper "a manical Calvinist and a coddled poet," and extolled the "Pleasures of Hope," by Campbell, and Rogers' "Pleasures of Memory" as the most beautiful poems in our language, if we except Pope's "Essay on Man." In Byron's eyes Chaucer was "obscene and contemptible," Spenser he deprecated, Tasso he preferred to Milton, and the old English dramatists he styled "mad and turbid mountebanks."

Dr. Johnson, Prior, and Waller were all inferior poets of the last century, and at times they proved themselves as incompetent in criticism as the greatest of our poets. Prior was utterly blind to the ineffable grandeur of Milton, whom he compared to "a rough, unhewn fellow, that a man must sweat to read him." Waller disparaged Milton's "Paradise Lost" as a tedious poem, with no merit but length, if that be considered a merit. Dr. Johnson described Milton's "Samson Agonistes" as "a tragedy which only ignorance would admire and bigotry applaud," and, what is more, he preferred avowedly Pope's "Iliad" to Homer's. In Milton's "Lycidas" this critical dictator found "no nature, no truth," but only "harshness of diction." In very truth the gems of Milton's poetry melt away in the acidity of Johnson's criticism as completely as did the pearls in the cup of Cleopatra. Nor is Mr. [illegible] less. Political and religious prejudice perverted the judgment of Johnson against the [illegible] singer of it did long afterwards the mind of the gentle Keble, who ranked Milton lower than Spenser, and denominated Milton's poetry as "stained by intellectual and spiritual pride." It may be, however, that such critical judgments of inferior poets are best accounted for on the principle laid down by Stanley that "bad poets make malevolent critics just as weak wine turns to vinegar." Of this an additional instance may be found in Home, the author of "Douglas," who "could see no merit" in the poetry of his countryman, Burns. Shelley, too, admired Lucan's "Pharsalia" as "a poem of wonderful genius and transcending Virgil," of Byron's "Cain" he observed that it contained finer poetry than has appeared in England since the publication of "Paradise Regained," and he esteemed Boccaccio as "far superior to Tasso and Ariosto."

Matthew Arnold, justly eminent as he was as a critic, seems to have lost his head not alone in the critical rules he laid down for translating Homer, but further, in the unfortunate examples he gave, as shown by Mr. Wright, Professor Newman, and Dr. Hawtrey, of Eton. Here is a curious instance of this great critic's eccentricity:—"I omit Homer's epithet of Morning 'fair-throned,' and whereas Homer says that 'the steeds waited for Morning' I prefer to attribute this expectation of 'Morning' to the master and not to the horse." This, to say the least, is not very complimentary to Homer. Of Mr. Swinburne's extravagance of critical judgment we may instance his estimate of Shelley as a poet "who," he writes, "outsang all poets on record, but some two or three. He was the perfect singing god, the master singer of our modern race and age, the poet beloved above all poets, being beyond all other poets." Was ever the highly-coloured verse of a poet so extravagantly extolled? The Life of our late Laureate, Lord Tennyson, abounds in critical judgments, which are, as a whole, certainly remarkable for justice and insight. It is none the less difficult to understand his opinion that the poetical diction of Virgil is inferior to that of Milton, especially as Tennyson himself praised the Roman singer as "the Lord of Language." Again, the poet is somewhat inconsistent with himself when he attacks Pope for the occasional recurrence of sibilants in his verse, while he perpetrates such lines as the following:—"And sleepers into stormy sobs and sighs," or "Come stooping o'er the sheeny shadows on the sand." Moreover, sibilant verses are to be found more or less in the very poets Tennyson admired as masters of metrical music, such as Homer, Virgil, Horace, Dante, Milton, and Shakespeare. Take, for instance, Virgil's sibilant line in the Æneid,

Perpetuis sedet patres cunctidere senatis,

or Horace's line,

Principibus placuisse viris, non ultima laus est,

or Milton's,

The sword of Satan, with steep force to smite.

Lastly, it may be worth noting that Dante was a master of poetical criticism, as well as a poet of the first rank, holding as he did that "the best conceptions should be expressed in the best language."

T. H. L. LEARY.

PETER ALTENBERG, THE VIENNESE IMPRESSIONIST.

Of the young Austrian school of writers none have so quickly achieved a reputation as Herr Peter Altenberg. He is the author of neither play, novel, nor even of what is strictly speaking he called short story. His [illegible] on two volumes, "Wie ich es sehe," and "Ashantee" (Fischer, Berlin). Pregnant scenes, dainty prose lyrics, sometimes consisting of half a dozen lines, never exceeding two or three pages in length, they, nevertheless, possess a distinctive *cachet*, an illusive *Wienerisch* charm. Herr Altenberg is a Viennese of the Viennese. He knows how to depict in a few simple words every nuance of life, in the most decadent city in the world. He has

keep called the Maeterlinck of everyday life. His art not only reveals the dress and bearing of a group of figures, but in one vivid flash one gets a glimpse into the soul beneath. His is essentially the genius of suggestion, and in a few lines he can indicate a truer picture of Viennese manners than could be gained by plodding through a whole library of the Austrian novels of Miss Gerard. Herr Altenberg never goes beyond those blue pine-girdled Austrian lakes where in summer Vienna bathes, boats, and makes holiday. "Ashantee" suggests travel in the land of fetishes and the grave of failures, but "Ashantee" is in the Vienna Zoological Gardens, and in a series of staccato dialogues the writer records his ethnological flirtations with dusky exotic beauties encamped there for a season. In none of his pages does the dramatic moment occur in which a man comes face to face with his fate. Men, women, and children stand on the threshold of life, decked out for life, like a bride for her bridegroom, waiting for something to happen, lacking the courage to bid their slumbering passions wake. There is in some of Altenberg's figures much that is symbolical of the passing away of the old Austrian type, and of the appearance of a newer and robuster race. The aspirations of modern Austria are enshrined in the following little impressionist picture:—

"Fishing must be very slow," remarked a grown-up young lady who knew as much about fishing as most young ladies.

"If it was slow I shouldn't fish," said the girl-child with golden-brown hair and long gazelle-like legs. She stood on the bank fishing with all the imperturbable gravity of the angler. She took the fish she had caught off the hook and dashed it on the ground.

The fish died.

The lake lay flashing in the sunlight. There was a fragrance of reeds and rushes, water forget-me-nots, and irises in the air. Through the open windows of the hotel came the rattle of plates and knives and forks. The little fish danced a short wild dance on the ground, such as savages dance—and died.

The child went on fishing with all the imperturbable gravity of the angler. "Je ne permettrais jamais que ma fille s'adonnât à une occupation si cruelle," said a lady who sat on a seat not far off. The child took the fish she had caught off the hook and dashed it on the ground close to the lady's feet. The fish died. It leapt, wriggling in the air, and then fell back dead. A simple enough death. It even forgot to dance; it just jumped into eternity without more ado.

"Oh dear!" exclaimed the lady, "how cruel!" And yet on the intent face of the cruel little angler with the golden-brown hair and the gazelle-like legs, lay promise of a profound beauty and a dawning soul.

The face of the aristocratic compassionate lady was faded, insipid—a wreck. She would never bring light, joy, and warmth into any one's life again; therefore she felt for the fish.

"Why should it die when it still had life in it?" she thought, as another fish turned a somersault, and then died a simple, quiet death.

The child went on fishing with all the imperturbable gravity of the angler. She made a charming picture with her great earnest eyes, her golden-brown hair and her gazelle-like legs.

Perhaps one day she too would be sorry for the fish and say "Je ne permettrais jamais que ma fille s'adonnât à une occupation si cruelle!"

But such tender emotions only spring up on the grave of dead hopes and vanished dreams. So, lovely child, fish on!

All unconsciously you are exercising your divine prerogative.

Kill the poor little fish, and fish on!

Altenberg's motto "Mon verre n'est pas grand, mais je bois dans mon verre!" is significant of his ideal of compression. But in his two slender volumes of pen pictures he has been successful in epitomizing all the grace and culture, the tears and smiles of modern Vienna.

Reviews.

A POET'S PROSE.

Essays of John Dryden. Selected and edited by W. P. Ker. Two vols. (Clarendon Press, 10s. 6d.)

Dryden is usually counted among the poets; but he, like John Milton, is hardly less remarkable for his prose. The merits of Dryden's prose seem to have been strangely neglected. Perhaps the reason is that Dryden plumes himself so little upon these essays; he hardly takes them seriously, but throws you them in with a play or a poem by way of preface. The same cause will account for their unaffected style; which, as we shall see, changed somewhat but not for the better as Dryden became self-conscious.

Professor Ker has earned the gratitude of all who love English literature by collecting and editing these scattered prefaces. His part of the work, we may say at once, is conspicuously good. The annotations explain allusions and rare words which might not be understood (we have noted only one omission, to "write booty," ii. 187); and his introductions deal with the value of Dryden's criticism, his authorities, and his style. There is also a bibliography and an index, and in some cases various readings are added from later editions which are most instructive.

Dryden's criticism has stood the test of time strangely well; and it is a proof of his sanity of view that he was superior to the fads of the day as few critics have been. There are points, of course, where he is vehement, and we remain cold; no one, for instance, will now take up the cudgels for rhyme in the drama, and no Crites is needed to attack it. But Dryden was on the right side in the controversy, and the time may come when he will be needed again. Again, the tendency in his day was to shackle poets with pedants' rules, and it needed some courage to ask "What, I beseech you, is more easy than to write a regular French play, or more difficult than to write an irregular English one, like those of Fletcher or Shakespeare?" Our fault is to neglect the time-honoured rules; we have plays filling hundreds of pages, extending over a whole lifetime, skipping from China to Peru; robust poets who disdain to prune, democratic poets who snap their fingers at form altogether: from three unities we have fled to no unities; and could Dryden rise from the grave he would approach dramatic criticism from another side. But he would find himself in the same place at last: he has a firm grasp of true principles, and demands a reasonable liberty, not licence. He had the insight to "venerate" Chaucer, although a curious passage in the "Preface to the Fables" shows that he could not scan Chaucer's verse. Shakespeare was to him "divine," yet he did not scruple to blame him for what he considered his faults. He does justice to Fletcher, and more than justice to Ben Jonson, whom he seems to have thought almost perfect within his limits. His contrast of Virgil and Homer is true, and he is not blind to mistakes in either. The criticism of Ovid is happy. "Ovid," he says, "with all his sweetness, has as little variety and sound of numbers as he (Claudian); he is always, as it were, upon the hand-gallop, and his verse runs upon carpet-ground." The insisting on the essential unity as that of action is perhaps his most valuable contribution to criticism; but all through these pages are scattered comparisons, definitions, and standards which are well worth pondering by critics. Even those essays, as that on "Satire," which are chiefly compiled from the work of others, are useful and interesting. Not least of his merits is a frankness which does not stick at criticizing himself. Thus he knows human nature well enough to see that elaborate utterance cannot go with strong feeling.

"No man is at leisure to make sentences and similes," he says truly, "when his soul is in an agony. . . . My Montezuma dies with a fine one in his mouth; but it is ambitious, and out of season."

The matter of these essays is always good, but the manner

is golden. Dryden is master of the plain style which goes straight to the point, and with ease and self-confidence works just that effect he aims at. He has not, indeed, the magnificence of Milton, nor the exuberance of North; his verse could sting, but his prose has not the scorpion-whip of Nashe; the delicacy and grace of Greene is not in him. But to tell a plain tale forcibly no one can surpass Dryden. His strength lay in his use of language as a thing spoken, not written; and this is at the root of all good prose. He is not afraid of a colloquialism, if (to use his own words) it is more sounding or more significant than anything else; and an instructive example is the variation between *them* and *'em*. The latter word, as all scholars know, is no vulgar clipping, but a genuine dialectic form in English; indeed for English descended from Chaucer's it should be the form used. Dryden's delicacy of ear is shown in choosing this form where it sounds better than the other, as may be seen from a sentence where both come together, which runs thus:—"He set out leisurely and softly with 'em, till he had warmed 'em by degrees; and then he began to mend his pace, and draw them along with his own impetuousness." After a dental *them* cannot be pronounced with ease; and so Dryden chooses the other. Another instance is the use of what are called "hanging prepositions"; a true idiom, as is clear not only from Shakespeare but from the cognate German separables. Thus we find Dryden at his best writing such phrases as "the end he aimed at," "which we are subject to"; but in later editions of the "Dramatic Poesy," which these examples come from, he alters these to a more artificial form, "to which we are subject," "at which he aimed." His feeling for rhythm was keen, but it shows itself rather in the absence of ugliness than in positive beauties. It is rare to find him careless, as in the "Dedication to the Spanish Friar," where the succession of trochaic endings is monotonous; it is not often he rises to such a high level as in the cadences of the first piece in these volumes, an address to Lord Radcliffe, prefixed to the "Examen Poeticum," or in the noble "Postscript" placed after the "Dedication to the Æneis." Strength and dignity with ease are the marks of his style; and in these respects no English author has ever surpassed him.

The interest of this collection of prefaces suggests that here is a neglected field for the bookmaker. Who will give us Gawin Douglas' prologues in a handy volume, or a batch of the inimitable Roger L'Estrange? There are scores of books which might not pay for reprinting as a whole, yet we cannot but think that two or three more such volumes as these before us would find a ready sale; and there is no doubt the writings of an age when even literary hackwork was good would have a good effect in this age of uninspired dulness.

THE ILIAD.

THE ILIAD. Edited, with Apparatus Criticus, &c., by WALTER LEAF, Litt.D. Vol. I., Books I.-XII. Second edition. (Macmillan, 18s.)

This is practically a new work. Not only does it contain nearly 200 pages more than the first edition, but the plan has been modified and improved, while in many matters Mr. Leaf's opinion has changed with fifteen years of study.

The most useful feature of the second edition is the Apparatus Criticus. A much fuller and clearer account is given of the MSS. mentioned in the former edition, the work of various hands being carefully distinguished, and a number of new MSS. are added. Five of them have been collected by Mr. Leaf himself. Moreover, the discoveries of papyri have been so numerous that the "three fragments," described as "of no critical importance," have now grown into sixteen, and have given evidence for some weighty conclusions. The critical notes are many times more numerous, and are now placed by themselves under the text instead of being mixed up with the commentary. Mr. Leaf has used a nice judgment in selection. Trifles such as the breathings and iota subscript are not recorded without special reason, and only one MS. of any well-defined group is quoted. The apparatus therefore becomes more manageable; it is shorter than La Roche's, yet distinctly more useful, and really contains more. The editor also makes quite clear what MSS. are not fully collated or not at all, so that [illegible] may see what work still wants doing. It is indeed strange, as Mr. Leaf says, that the textual record of Homer has been so much neglected. The text itself is somewhat more conservative than the first edition; Mr. Leaf even prints what he believes to be a worse reading where the evidence goes to show that it was the received reading in the sixth century B.C.; as example is πᾶσι instead of ἅπασι i. 4, where the first edition has ἅπᾶσι. This principle is part of the view that the poems of Homer were first collected, and a standard text made, in the sixth century, and probably by Pisistratus. Mr. Leaf now adheres to this view. Apart from tradition and evidence, such a recension is quite likely in the case of Pisistratus, whom we know to have been keenly interested in literature and art. Moreover, as he was no poet, this might account for the inartistic botching which the Iliad shows in its structure. But we do not feel confident that no attempt at unification was made by the rhapsodists before him. Even granting Mr. Leaf's as a working hypothesis, why, we ask, should not the text be brought closer to what it originally was, when this can be done with certainty? The digamma was certainly used when the earliest parts of the Iliad were composed; lines will not in fact scan without it. Then why not insert it? It is no sufficient reason to say the Attic alphabet knows no digamma; for it is not an Attic poem. Moreover, its absence in certain words which should have it will tell something as to dates at a glance. Mr. Leaf goes so far as to print ἕως when the verse requires a trochee; and this although the Old Attic alphabet wrote ἧος with the same symbols. He knows that ἕως is a blunder, yet persists in it, and defends it. In a note. One difficulty felt by Mr. Leaf we do not feel. There is no need to suppose that the earliest poet of the Iliad used one unchangeable form of the dative plural, -οισι or -οις for instance. Both must have been familiar in common speech, -οισι becoming -οις before a vowel quite naturally. Both could be used together, just as in Doric we find τῶν and τᾶς for accusative plural, or τας in two quantities, and as in the Gortyn Laws τὸν and τοῦν stand side by side. In one point of script we hope that Mr. Leaf will find many imitators. He writes the iota adscript, as the Greeks always did, not subscript.

The literary critic will naturally ask what Mr. Leaf's views are as to a personal Homer. What has been said will prepare our readers for the disclosure that he thinks the Iliad a composite thing; but he grants us a personal Homer, "perhaps the greatest in all the world's history," as the author of what he has taught us to call "The Wrath"—an "Achilleid" contained in Books I., XI., XV., XVI., XX.-XXII. This noble poem was built up on a heritage of heroic ballads, referring to the heyday of Mycenæan civilization, and composed after the old Greeks had been driven overseas by the Dorians. The Iliad as we have it contains several episodes, partly unconnected with the theme of "The Wrath," sometimes even contradicting it; but some of these episodes are of first-rate poetic merit. So far, this is a great advance on the extreme theory which would have the Iliad to be a fortuitous concourse of ballads; but it is not quite satisfying. We want the whole question treated in detail, by one who is a competent linguistic scholar, and at the same time has a nice critical taste in literature. It is not enough to say that such and such forms are later than such others, and that therefore the verse or book must be later than the archaic parts of the poem. We wish to know whether the general poetic conception, or the character drawing, or the imagery is worthy of the author of "The Wrath," or consistent with that poem; and we would have the question examined whether other parts may not be assigned to the same author, and if we dare suppose that the accidents of transmission are even responsible for modernizing the language. And lastly, we could wish to see the Odyssey brought into the discussion.

The notes of the first edition have been in some cases modified or omitted; but there are a number of additions par-

ticularly on language and folk-lore. In the linguistic notes, Mr. Leaf is more positive than of yore. Thus the assumed -a- and -e- in present subjunctive of thematic stems, which he formerly called rare, is now altogether denied. For folk-lore Mr. Leaf is now able to refer to Frazer's Pausanias, which is most instructive as illustrating Homer. There is important new matter in the appendices. Mr. Leaf now adopts with some modifications the views on Homeric armour set forth by W. Reichel, and shows that these explain the Homeric text as none other can. He is now able to use armour as a test of date; the corslet, for example, which was not needed behind a large shield, became necessary as soon as the small round shield was adopted. This corslet is made to condemn several lines suspicious for other reasons (p. 577.) We cannot, however, quite follow Mr. Leaf in his suggestion that χαλκοχίτωνες refers picturesquely to the shield, or that λοπάδηξ necessarily implies that the corslet was usually made of bronze (578). It may be that θώρηξ did not at first mean defensive armour at all. In Appendix D, Schulze's book on the lengthening of short vowels is summarized and briefly discussed.

Except for the new Greek type used in the notes, which is almost illegible, and not beautiful to look at, the volume is well printed and got up.

ECONOMISTS OLD AND NEW.

We can imagine few more useful tasks than that which Mr. Masterman has successfully accomplished in his selection from the most important passages in CHALMERS ON CHARITY (Constable, 7s. 6d.). These are taken from "more than a score of closely-printed volumes in which teaching on social questions is combined with a mass of theological and other matter." Chalmers' theories are not popular to-day. The general tendency of writers upon social subjects is to rely upon legislation, upon abstractions which they term the State or the Municipality, upon old-age pensions, and extensive schemes of municipal housebuilding. Chalmers "took nothing for granted, he made it his business to learn the truth about the poor, to understand the realities of their condition, to find out the things that belonged to their welfare." He spent practically his whole life in studying problems which we are nearly all discussing to-day. What he did was to show that where vigorous, tactful, patient work is available, legal charity becomes unnecessary. He laid great stress upon "the principle of locality, upon the immense amount of help which the poor give to the poor, upon the resources of men's own characters, when wise help and advice is obtainable."

> We know of no other expedient for the right solution of this great problem. We have no faith in a national board that undertakes for the pauperism of a whole country, or in a city board that undertakes for the pauperism of a whole township, or in a union with its arrangements, however skilful, for the pauperism of a whole cluster of parishes. But we have the greatest confidence in the perfect facility and success wherewith every deacon possessed of kindly feelings and common sense could manage aright the pauperism of fifty families. . . . We do understand how an intelligent and well principled man can, in a given locality of some few hundred people, so operate on the springs and principles of human feeling and human action as to maintain in that economical condition, which is the best possible, all the families who are within his confines.

Nobody who is interested in the great problem of poverty can fail to profit by reading Mr. Masterman's admirably arranged book.

Chalmers held that "the troubles of our social state were mainly due to a long course of misguided interference with the order of nature." Miss Leonard, on the other hand, with the true spirit of her period, suggests—THE EARLY HISTORY OF ENGLISH POOR RELIEF (Cambridge University Press, 7s. 6d. n.)—that the English Poor Law system is the real reason why "we are a law-abiding people and . . . have not suffered from violent revolutions." Perhaps she scarcely makes out her case, but then the hypothesis is not the fundamental principle of her book, and only an incidental reflection suggested by her researches. Her industry and carefulness are most praiseworthy, and she has produced an excellent bit of work which will reflect credit not only upon herself but upon the London School of Economics, to which she owes the suggestion. Her style is somewhat crude and lacking in light and shade, and her pages are so full of detail that the main outlines are somewhat obscured. But her book traces with great minuteness and care the history of English poor relief from 1349 to the reign of Charles I. We hope that Miss Leonard will give us further volumes which will bring the reader down to the present day.

With the doubtful exception of love, nothing is more calculated to drive men to madness—so we are told—than money. Sometimes it is the gaining or spending of money which produces this unhappy result. Occasionally it is merely meditation upon its nature. We fear that Mr. Mackenzie, the author of SOCIAL AND POLITICAL DYNAMICS (Williams and Norgate, 10s. 6d.), is one of its many victims. He has read a great many abstruse books, and has succeeded in writing a very abstruse book himself. The fact is that he is not a clear thinker, and his endeavours to find a moral and philosophical basis for political economy (a term which he scorns) has led him into a mare's nest. All modern economists, from Adam Smith onward, are, he thinks, hopelessly wrong. They have indeed no chance of success, for their very definitions are absolutely at fault. Money alone is at the basis of true economies, and all definitions must turn upon that central fact. Moreover when Mr. Mackenzie discusses money, he means silver—why, it is extremely difficult to discover from his book. His quality as a thinker may be grasped from some of the sentences in his introductory chapter.

> To say that food or animal life is the basis, or ultimate principle, from which to reason about social and political phenomena, is to place man's natural faculties under negation, or to have them wholly unaccounted for. . . . In contract we shall find no contradiction between mind and matter, for the one is the acting agent and the other is the subject acted upon. . . . The "labour of production" and consumption is not the principle to start with, but to contract labour of acquisition and distribution.

These appear to be the premises from which Mr. Mackenzie reels off his voluminous work—over 100 closely printed pages—and claims to subvert all political economy.

EROS AND PSYCHE.

THE STORY OF EROS AND PSYCHE, FROM APULEIUS, AND THE FIRST BOOK OF THE ILIAD OF HOMER. Done into English by EDWARD CARPENTER. (Swan Sonnenschein, 2s. 6d.)

Since next to the delight of creating comes the less strenuous pleasure of retelling a beautiful tale, it seems a little strange that the love-story of all love-stories, which has floated in the finer air of the world from time immemorial, but which Apuleius in the second century was, as far as is known, the first to set forth in detail, should have inspired so little English literature since his day. With the Elizabethans, however, rests the honour of one fine translation—that of Adlington, while William Morris made the story the subject of one of the tales in "The Earthly Paradise," and Mr. Robert Bridges has paraphrased the old Latin prose-writer in verse. Lastly, there is Walter Pater's exquisite rendering of the episode as it "composed itself in the memory of Marius, with an expression changed in some ways from the original and on the whole graver."

It is with this last-named version that lovers of the tale will most readily compare the paraphrase (it is more strictly speaking a pretty faithful outline filled in at discretion) for which we have now to thank Mr. Edward Carpenter. This is to subject

him to a severe test, yet it is due to him to say that he sustains it by no means discreditably. In one direction, indeed, he may be said to excel. If there is a flaw in Pater's tale it is to be found, perhaps, in an occasional break and pause in the movement due to the studious consideration of a Latin style which is at times overloaded. Of this we are seldom conscious in reading Mr. Carpenter's prose, and he has been successful in his endeavour to render the story more "transparent," as he expresses it. On the other hand, he has lost—or rather has not cared to keep—the antique flavour, and from all points of view is generally seen to be second, though a good second, to Walter Pater. With regard to the spirit of the fable, for instance. In the beautiful prose setting from which his narrative shines out, Mr. Pater somewhere suggests its "gentle idealism." "So that you might take it if you chose," he says, "for an allegory." The allegory that he has enshrined in the tale is most spiritual, most pure, most classic. He has gone beyond and behind Apuleius to capture the far-off, refined Greek essence, though he never loses touch with his original's generous humanity. Mr. Carpenter on the other hand, despite his Greek nomenclature, rather discounts the classic side of the allegory, compares the story of Cinderella, takes a more Teutonic standpoint—in fact, modernizes Apuleius. A short parallel passage from each version may serve to illustrate this latter point. Pater writes :—

> Psyche in those delicate, grassy places, lying sweetly on her dewy bed, rested from the agitation of her soul and arose in peace. And lo! a grove of mighty trees with a fount of water, clear as glass, in the midst; and hard by the water, a dwelling-place, built not by human hands but by some divine cunning. One recognized, even at the entering, the delightful hostelry of a god.

In place of this Mr. Carpenter has :—

> Now when Psyche came to herself, after her aerial flight, she found herself in some kind of enchanted garden. Lovely groves and thickets, streams and fountains, were on all sides; and in the midst stood a palace of fairy beauty, all carven in cedar-wood, ivory, and gold.

There is, of course, nothing very essential here, but the differences do sometimes extend to essentials, and while in manner the newer version is more didactic, more elaborate, more conscious of its audience, in matter it is not always quite so exquisitely choice. Pater's handling of the vulgarities of Venus, for instance, and of the jealous rage of Psyche's sisters is perfect; Mr. Carpenter's is not quite so unerring. But when all is said, Mr. Carpenter has given us a good and pleasant version.

We have left ourselves but little space in which to discuss his hexameters, but, speaking generally, he has attained those two qualities of swiftness and simplicity upon which Matthew Arnold based his advocacy of this measure as the most suitable for the rendering of Homer. One noticeable point is the occasional allowance of a superfluous and unaccented syllable at the opening of the line :—

> And birds of the air: but the will of Zeus was being
> accomplished:

Whatever may be the merits or demerits of this licence, it sometimes causes confusion. For example, in the following line—

> And silent returned by the shore of the loud-dashing ocean—

it is only when we are halfway through it that we discover the "and" to be neither unaccented nor superfluous. When we have discovered it we do not, personally, like the scansion, nor, indeed, that of any of those lines which are based on quantitative principles. And the first six words of this line—

> The son of Zeus and Leto. For he with the King being
> angered,

are surely nothing more or less than the first half of an English blank-verse line, not of a hexameter constructed upon any principle whatever. The following are curious, reading, as they do, from their accentuation, like an old English epic. The first is almost alliterative, too :—

> Downward to Hades
> many a dauntless
> soul of the heroes.
>
> Which of the Gods then
> was it that set them
> to striving and fighting?
>
> May the Gods grant you—
> who have their abode on
> the heights of Olympus.

THEOLOGY.

A Critic of Christendom.

Our understanding of the conflict between Christ and the Pharisees is complicated by the fact that the followers of this sect who met with such stern treatment in the new teaching in the Gospels were devout and well-meaning according to their lights. The anonymous author of PRO CHRISTO ET ECCLESIA (Macmillan, 4s. 6d.) has taken this problem for his theme, and has treated it with so much freshness and acuteness that his little book deserves to rank with those two others, "Ecce Homo" and "Pastor Pastorum," that are equally removed with his from the beaten highway and the professional theologian, equally marked by the happy combination of reverence and originality. We might add to them two others of larger scope, though dissimilar enough, "Lex Mundi" and Professor Gardner's "Exploratio Evangelica." It is curious that all should have Latin titles; though the latest is less successful in describing the contents of the book.

The Pharisees, who are individually mentioned in the New Testament—Nicodemus, Joseph of Arimathea, and St. Paul—are far removed from the hypocritical type of popular imagination.

> The average Pharisee to his heart's core was devout. Nor were these devout Pharisees self-satisfied in the sense of supposing that all was accomplished. Their law involved unresting effort and perpetual anxiety lest unconscious pollution should be incurred: they compassed land and sea to make one proselyte. Is such a creed likely to have produced smug self-content?

Against such men, who renounced the enjoyments of life, who never flagged in their effort to attain the ideal they believed to be divine, our Lord spoke His most scathing words of condemnation and derision, and at their hands he met His death. Had they lived nowadays, our author points out, we might be saying how good they were, excusing their narrowness by their intensity.

That is the problem. The more we realize the good points of the Pharisees, the more acute does the lesson of its solution become. The Pharisees battled hard, against fearful odds, to preserve from destruction the purest ethic and faith that the world then knew; nay, they made straight the highway of the Lord, teaching the Messianic hope in almost all civilized places. Yet they were evil. And their corruption was shown in their very name; they were "Separatists." They lacked respect for man as man, distrust of self, trust of others: they lacked "the knowledge that God's love is as far above us as above the vilest:" they lacked the sense of privacy in dealing with God, and "good taste, which is only the glorifying of God." In a word they did not understand love. And that was the only reason why they had no humility :—

> That the passion of love is needful to humility is proved to us by the fact that, except as the expression of love, meekness and humility are not virtues. Man seeks to inculcate lowliness as a separate grace, and produces a characteristic than which what we call "pride" is more noble. Our hearts know this, whether we are willing to confess it or not. To be poor in spirit towards man is to be mean in spirit, except in the service of love to man; in that service it is the divinest thing we know.

That is admirably put; and it is a fair example of the author's insight and judgment.

The next step is to apply the analysis of Pharisaism to current Christianity, and the author prepares us at the outset by showing that Christ expected the same perversion of the essentials of religion to take place among many of his followers. In Part 2 he sets forth the "divine ideal" and contrasts it with "human religion." Jesus lived on terms of cordial friendship with evil men as well as with good; contrast this, he says, with the estrangement of saints from the frivolous and vicious to-day. Jesus used outward rites as means of fellowship with the world, and claimed every province of human activity as his dominion; contrast this with the estrangement of religion from undidactic art in the drama, the novel, the song, the dance. Jesus recognizes that love of man for man is the essential preparation of the heart for love of God; against this we have the limitation of God's spirit by making rites and doctrines tests of spiritual life. In this way the author subjects modern Christianity in all its forms to seventy pages of searching but very temperate criticism, a criticism which, however much dissent it may evoke, cannot but be beneficial to those who make profession of Christianity.

In Part 3 the author deals with the subject of prayer, in a most interesting chapter, the gist of which is that a loving father must heed simple faith, but that it is only child-like prayer that is answered. But then, to be wise is to be child-like:—"The world is the lesson-book God gives man, and it is not child-like to reject it and expect reward for doing so." The next chapter condemns the "sin of assurance": it is of the essence of Pharisaism, this assurance of knowledge, and is indeed "separatist," being the cause of all schism in the body corporate and of exclusiveness in the individual. This leads up to the last chapter, which is rather inaptly called "Love's Scepticism." Doctrine is of less importance; "after age-long discussion as to what are the essentials of Christian doctrine, prayer remains the essential." Dogma is indeed needful, and its profoundest study, "as also a large conformity, as a matter of convenience"; but it is the chief office of the Church, according to "Pro Christo et Ecclesia," to echo the unconditional call of Jesus to immediate fellowship with him—the very friendship of God, the humility of love on God's side, the life of humble prayer on man's. "If to echo this call be the sole, or even chief, commission of the labourers, the fields are perhaps more ripe to harvest than we dream." These are the last words of a stimulating and prophetic book.

A Follower of Dean Burgon.

Dean Burgon spent much time and trouble in investigating the quotations from the New Testament made by the early Fathers of the Church, and embodied them in several manuscript volumes with an index, compiled from the Fathers which he used. These volumes are now in the British Museum, and are the chief source of a great mass of patristic evidence which the Rev. E. Miller has published in his TEXTUAL COMMENTARY ON THE HOLY GOSPELS (Part I.—Mt. I.-XIV. Bell, 5s.) In thus using Dean Burgon's researches Mr. Miller has been strictly carrying out the Dean's intentions, and has been animated by the desire to support that view of textual criticism which has always been associated with Dean Burgon's name. Mr. Miller's method is a simple and correct one. Desiring to prove that the weight of early evidence is in support of what he calls the "Traditional" text (which is almost, but not quite, identical with the "Textus Receptus"), he endeavours to set before us the evidence, especially the patristic evidence which bears on the point, and in his present volume he covers the first half of St. Matthew.

It would be a profitless task to go through this work, dealing as it does with a crowd of minute details, and detect small errors, but it is well to ask two questions of general interest. (1) How far does Mr. Miller carry out his method? (2) What effect do his arguments and facts have on the present position of the textual question? With regard to the first question, the most obvious criticism is that Mr. Miller has not noted by any means all the "readings" which most critics would consider to be ancient. Readings which have purely "Western" authority scarcely ever find a place in the commentary, and many scholars will be inclined to think that this is a serious mistake. The reason for this omission is due to Mr. Miller's opinion that the textual controversy is solely between the supporters of the "Traditional" text and the followers of Dr. Hort. This, with all deference to both those parties, is not the case; for to not a few of those who are most closely engaged in working at the text of the New Testament the arguments in favour of at all events a large number of "Western" readings are becoming increasingly strong. Does Mr. Miller make out a strong case in support of the "Traditional" text against that of the school of Dr. Hort? Dr. Hort maintained that the type of text which he called "Neutral" was the earliest and best, though he admitted that the "Western" type was also exceedingly old and widespread. The "Traditional" text, which he called "Syrian" (and which there is now a growing tendency to call either "Antiochene" or still better "ecclesiastical") he considered in the main a later blend of the "Neutral" and "Western," containing but few new readings. We do not think that Mr. Miller or any-one else has ever done anything to shake that part of Dr. Hort's position which deals with the "Traditional" text as such. But much modern research, including Mr. Miller's patristic evidence, weakens the arguments in support of the "Neutral" as against the "Western" text, and Mr. Miller, though he does not convince us that he is right in supporting the "Traditional," does succeed to some extent in weakening the position of the "Neutral" text.

A word of appreciation is due to the spirit of fairness which animates Mr. Miller's work. He has done his best in every case to state the facts telling against his own case as fully as those which support it.

The Synoptic Problem.

The Rev. A. Wright, Vice-President of Queens' College, Cambridge, has arranged an edition of THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO ST. LUKE, xl. 230 pp., with the parallel passages so as to illustrate his theories on the Synoptic problem. It is an attractive and interesting work and will be very useful for reference. But the part which arouses the most immediate attention is the introduction, which is practically an essay on the development of the first three gospels. The investigation of this problem has been carried on scientifically for rather more than a century, and yet few critics will differ from Mr. Wright in thinking that it is still only in its infancy. Mr. Wright deals with all the various difficulties of the problem. The origin of the Triple tradition, the Double tradition, and the other well-known questions all reappear, and there are also several valuable notes on other points, such as the chronology of St. Luke, which stand outside the main question. It is impossible adequately to go through all the points of a book which contains so much in such a condensed form. All that can be done is to give a summary by way of example of Mr. Wright's treatment of a well-known point, and to offer a few remarks on the special theory of catechetical teaching which he still maintains. Modern writers on the Synoptic question, as a rule, agree that those passages which are common to all three gospels, or to two, of which St. Mark is one, are to be traced back to a source which is almost identical with the canonical second gospel, but differ as to the best method of accounting for those secondary features which make it necessary to qualify this assertion of identity. One of the ways suggested at an early stage was the supposition of an Ur-Marcus or original document of which the canonical gospel is a later edition. This is less popular now than it used to be, and Mr. Wright more than once seems inclined to despise it. But it is hard to see that his own theory is an improvement. He thinks that there were three editions of St. Mark, though he thinks that these were three editions of oral teaching and not three documentary editions—(1) Proto-Mark, used by

Luke; (2) Deutero-Mark, used by Matthew; (3) Trito-Mark, which is the same as the canonical gospel. It is difficult to prove that there were not these three editions; but one objects instinctively to multiplication of sources to account for comparatively small points, and would prefer to believe that Matthew and Luke both used the same source, the differences being accounted for in much the same way as Mr. Woods used in his essay in "Studia Biblica."

But the most distinctive feature of Mr. Wright's theory is that, unlike almost all other critics, he does not believe that the source or sources mentioned above were documentary, but that they were the stereotyped lessons of catechists. Here it is difficult to criticize; Mr. Wright has called to his assistance a class of men whose existence at so early a date is scarcely proved, and assumes that they taught with all the rigid verbal accuracy of the Mahomedans. His strong *a priori* argument in favour of his theory is that it gives a sufficient degree of rigidity to the source to account for the close similarity of the gospels, while leaving sufficient elasticity to account for the differences, whereas the documentary theory fails in the latter qualification. No doubt Mr. Wright's theory will account for the facts, but an unbeliever in its general probability must be allowed to think that he exaggerates the rigidity of a documentary source. There is no reason for supposing that these early documents were from the first regarded as sacred. Therefore, parallels for the manner of his reproduction must be sought, not in the textual history of sacred or standard literary books, but in that of apocryphal writings; and in the text of these it will be found that the extreme elasticity of the scribes' methods is remarkable; introductory formulæ are altered or omitted, incidents are inserted, speeches are expanded. There is, however, no suggestion that this is due to the Influence of catechetical teaching. There is also another point which bears on this question. Mr. Wright has recognized the interest of certain "Western" readings, though he has not touched on the question of their relation to the Synoptic question. It is, however, a significant fact that the further back the text of the gospels can be traced the more "fluid" and variable it seems, and the less rigidity is apparently used in copying.

For these reasons, as well as for those which are usually employed against the oral theory, Mr. Wright's position does not seem satisfactory. But at the same time it is well that we should have some one to keep us alive to the importance of oral tradition. It must have played some part in the development of the Gospels. The question is how much? If Mr. Wright continues the advocacy of his present views he is not likely to allow us to make the error of under-estimation.

The Atonement.

The list of contributors to THE ATONEMENT IN MODERN RELIGIOUS THOUGHT: A THEOLOGICAL SYMPOSIUM (J. Clarke, 6s.) includes names which represent not only different religious communions, but different nationalities. The *Christian World*, in which the present series of papers originally appeared, is to be congratulated on having secured the co-operation of such distinguished theologians as Professors Harnack, Godet, and Sabatier, to say nothing of the well-known divines, English and American, who have taken part in the discussion. It would be interesting, of course, to note the points of contact between the different writers, and to endeavour to discover "the residuum of harmony" which undoubtedly underlies the different essays. So far as the theological position of the writers can be classified, it is only necessary to point out that, while one or two (such as Professor Harnack and Mr. Snell) seem to regard the Atonement as consisting chiefly in the moral appeal to man's heart made by the death of Christ, others raise the question—"the one serious question concerning the whole subject" in Professor Adeney's opinion—whether there is an *objective* element in the Atonement, and if so what that element is; some defend, and others apparently reject, the idea of substitution, which has hitherto played so large a part in Christian teaching on the Atonement. The discussion leads to some really useful results. Certain modes of conceiving the Atonement which have found favour in the past, certain crudities of statement, certain misconceptions of the meaning of Biblical statements, are definitely set aside. Again, several of the writers point out, what is undoubtedly the truth, that past theories of the Atonement have, generally speaking, represented the ideas and habits of thought common to a particular age. It is in view of this fact that Professor Sabatier thus describes the present tendency of modern thought:—

> The capital defect of the old theory lay in its legal character. The Christian thought of our time has, on the contrary, been constantly endeavouring to lift the doctrine of expiation from the forensic to the ethical point of view. It has sought to substitute in the processes of the work of redemption the realities of the moral life for the abstract fictions created by logic in the realm of human penal law. . . . The Christian conscience remains unsatisfied so long as it has not discovered everywhere the living action of the moral laws, until it has transformed expiation from a metaphysical or juridical drama into that moral action which alone can have any positive efficacy.

From a literary point of view Dr. Hunter's paper is the most eloquent and suggestive of the whole series. Dr. Horne, perhaps, goes beyond his fellow-writers in his optimistic view of human nature and its future—a view which qualifies his conception of the need, and necessary conditions, of an "atonement." On the other hand, his short paper abounds in passages remarkable alike for their power and beauty, and for a certain depth of spiritual insight which can scarcely be said to distinguish the other essays. Dr. Hunter is evidently profoundly anxious to bring the doctrine of the Atonement "into harmony with the truth and nature of things," and the keynote of his discussion is the acute remark that "the conception of natural law—law as a principle and method of vital action—has taken the place of juridical law into which past ages ran the idea of redemption."

Mr. Horne's able paper is marred by some defects of scholarship. It seems a pity that the Greek words occasionally mentioned in the volume should be so carelessly printed. We have also noticed one or two minor misquotations.

In the Days of Wycliff.

We have more than once had occasion to refer to the excellent history of the English Church, edited by the Dean of Winchester and Mr. Hunt, and now in process of publication. Owing to the Dean's finding it impossible to issue his own contribution this year we have for the present a gap between Mr. Hunt's history of the Church before the Norman Conquest and Mr. Capes' volume which is now before us—THE ENGLISH CHURCH IN THE FOURTEENTH AND FIFTEENTH CENTURIES (Macmillan, 7s. 6d.)—but there is no reason to suppose that this will injuriously affect the success of the work as a whole. Mr. Capes has studied and written laboriously, like his predecessor, and the result is a solid if somewhat shapeless history of a period that has hitherto been little studied in detail.

We may premise that the title of the book is misleading, for Mr. Capes begins with the accession of Edward I., and the reign is so important that we think the author would have done well to mark the limits of his work more obviously. The first ten chapters give a somewhat discursive account of the history down to the primacy of Morton; the last seven discuss various aspects of the Church's life in detail. The later chapters are undoubtedly the more interesting. They group together much valuable information, from episcopal registers and visitations, as well as from chronicles, as to the monks and friars, bishops and cathedrals, schools and universities, pilgrimages, and the social influence of the Church. Mr. Capes does not sufficiently distinguish the centuries. We have, in these general sketches, descriptions derived from facts of the thirteenth century on the same page with others that belong to the fifteenth. This is likely to encourage the idea that the medieval Church had

so distinctive eras of progress and decay, which is far from being the case. What is true of the reign of Henry VII. is by no means necessarily true of the reign of Edward II. The earlier chapters, again, suffer from being hardly sufficiently chronological. It is sometimes difficult to discover from Mr. Capes what was happening at a particular date. The detailed history of the fifteenth century, too, is somewhat scantily represented.

The figure which forms the centre of the book is undoubtedly that of John Wyclif, and of him Mr. Capes' study is interesting and fairly detailed. It needs supplementing, however, by Dr. Rashdall's valuable article in the "Dictionary of National Biography." Mr. Capes has studied Wyclif's works, but in his summary of their teaching he omits some important points (as, for instance, the fact that in the "De Eucharistia" he declares that a pious layman could consecrate the Eucharist, and in the "De Quatnor Sectis Novellis" adds that a priest can give confirmation and transmit orders). His account of Oldcastle is full and accurate. He attaches just the right amount of importance to the writings of Pecock and Gascoigne. Throughout, indeed, he is a safe guide. We could wish that he had treated the question of Papal jurisdiction and Roman Canon Law in more detail, in view of Dr. Maitland's notable book. We naturally look for a judgment between the Cambridge Professor and the Bishop of Oxford; but Mr. Capes does not assist us. We are inclined to think that this is due to the fact that our author has not studied the legal side of his subject, or the evidence of cathedral records (some printed by the Historical MSS. Commission, some still in MS.) in detail. None the less he has covered a wide ground with judgment and knowledge, and has made few, if any, mistakes, and the only noteworthy misprint is the repeated error in the spelling of the name of the author of "The Universities of Europe in the Middle Ages."

FICTION.

Miss Wharton's New Book.

It is not often that a novel is published by Mr. John Murray; but in A Gift from the Grave (2s. 6d. n.), by Miss Edith Wharton, he has issued a work of great interest. The book is a purely introspective study. A man of delicate fibre commits a coarse act. He publishes the letters—practically the love-letters—of a woman who wrote them in utter confidence. They contain no betrayal of vulgar, compromising fact, for he has never loved the woman. It was an intellectual friendship, with boundless sympathy on the one side; on the other, the man's side, although "to be loved by her had been a state to touch any man's imagination, the physical reluctance had, inexplicably, so overborne the intellectual attraction" that he felt for her little more than a cold appreciation of her genius. The woman was famous, and her poor letters would bring him wealth. She was dead, and they would bring her no sorrow. All that the man had left out of his reckoning was himself. The thing once done, he lives in torture. He opens the printed volume.

> A familiar letter sprang out at him, each word quickened by its glaring garb of type. The little broken phrases fled across the page like wounded animals in the open. . . . It was a horrible sight. . . . A *battue* of helpless things driven savagely out of shelter. He had not known it would be like this.

The remorse of the man is allowed at the end to have expiated his sacrilege. After his suffering, he is absolutely incapable of such another act as that which caused it. The "Gift from the Grave" is the gift to him of a higher self, never fully his own before. The idea is not new. In fact, it is the "stepping-stone" of "In Memoriam" and something older than that. But the working-out is delicate and faithful to a degree. On the purely literary side, Miss Wharton is satisfying. She has a rare feeling for the right word. Her phrases are her own, with needlessly little of the "preciousness" that goes with such originality. Occasionally we have a strained expression, such as "She . . . began to speak, with a new suffusing diffidence that made him turn a roused eye on her." More often the sentences charm by their effect of being unchangeable. Exquisite is the best word for the book, though nobody in search of "a good story" had better open it. Nothing happens—outside the spirits of three most subtly analysed human beings. But we congratulate Miss Wharton.

A Good War Book.

The war has suggested—it would be misleading to say inspired—a good many novels and a good many volumes of short stories; but The Influence of Mars, by Eva Anstruther (Grant Richards, 3s. 6d.), is the first book of the kind that we have seen that possesses literary value as well as topical interest. There are no lurid battlescenes. Mrs. Anstruther has "tried to tell of certain common people here at home on whom, when War the Purifier came among us, his deepest shadow fell"; and she has achieved her task with the sure hand of the literary artist, with sympathy, and with a restraint that is very effective. The sentiment is never false, and the pathos always rings true. Slight as the book is, we class it with the best books of the year; and it certainly is far and away better than any recent book with which it can reasonably be compared. Helped by its theme it may do something to persuade book buyers that short stories as well as novels are worth spending money on, and even to persuade the editors of some popular magazines that mechanical short stories of impossible adventure are not the highest manifestations of the art.

A Cornish Village.

There is something peculiarly elusive about the Cornish character which seems to enable it to defy complete portraiture. Mr. Eden Philpotts and Mr. Charles Lee have been amongst the most successful; in a lower grade Mr. Silas Hocking and Mr. Joseph Hocking have reported to the English reader something of the life of the Cornish. We have Mr. Quiller-Couch, too, industriously observing, not without a quiet eye's deserved harvest, the little humours and tragedies of Troy Town. Yet it is little he knows of the West Cornish, the Cornish who live and delve in the tin-mines, and amongst whom the rich vernacular most bountifully survives. In Mr. Harris' tales of the life of a fishing village, Our Cove (Simpkin, Marshall, 2s.), we have another attempt to catch the baffling atmosphere of superstition, suspicion, hospitality, hardihood, gossip, and invincible hopefulness that surrounds the fishermen of Cornwall. In large measure he has succeeded. "Our New Doctor" is a true enough picture of the suspicion cherished by the Cornish of a new inhabitant, whether he be a doctor or aught else. "The Life Savers," too, is a fine piece of descriptive writing. There is much truth in the introduction of the little Breton onion boy, one of the common objects of a Cornish landscape. As a story one is disposed to rank "Hard-to-be-Found" first amongst those the book contains, but as it is concerned with smuggling it can hardly be regarded as portraying contemporary Cornish life. We have derived much pleasure also from "Companions of the Ship." Mr. Harris, in our judgment, over-rates the superstition of the Cornish, a frequent fault with the artist in search of the picturesque. Superstitious as he is, the Cornish fisherman does not habitually turn back from his fishing if he meets a woman on the way to his boat. And the "wise woman" does not loom so largely as Mr. Harris would have us believe in the life of the people. The dialect for the most part shows intimate acquaintance with the broad western speech; but "sproil" we do not know. Not to have any "sprawl," meaning energy, or "vim," as the Americans call it, is a frequent enough expression in Cornwall.

Mr. P. B. Neuman's novel, The Uttermost Farthing (Blackwood, 6s.), is a very clever piece of work. The story, though trivial and unimportant, is well put together and well told, though the probabilities are not very carefully respected. It is not very credible that an uneducated young woman of two-and-twenty, the daughter of a clerk, would, by giving music

lessons and acting as cashier in a drapery establishment, earn a sufficient income to send her brother to St. Paul's School and to Cambridge. It is still less credible that the boy, being a lad of spirit, would allow her to make the sacrifice, instead of seeking some appointment with a salary attached to it. But we freely forgive the improbabilities of the story in consideration of the writer's skill in unfolding it. It is a study of the lower middle classes, not quite comparable with Mr. Gissing's similar studies, but still very good.

The Autobiography of a Charwoman, as chronicled by Annie Wakeman (Macqueen, 6s.), is the best thing of its kind we have read. Betty Dobbs, charwoman and human woman, is a living creature whom one might meet in any London street, with her faded shawl and her basket. But the average specimen will hardly be found so charming as Miss Wakeman's *protégée*, real or imaginary. Betty's love affairs, in her comely youth, are excellent reading. Her really high principle, combined with her decidedly lax ideas as to "marriage-lines" and like formalities, make her a whimsical but quite convincing character. We agree with the Anglican father who befriends her. "'Oh!' 'e says, 'I am not afraid, I'll trust you. As fur religion, there's many kinds. You 'ave 'ad a time o' trials, but you've never neglected your offspring. That is mother love, and love is religion.'" As for Betty's chronicler, her work is excellent. Like Gordon and his Chinaman, she has tried to get "into the skin" of her subject, and succeeded, beyond a doubt.

Agatha Webb, by A. K. Green (Ward, Lock, 3s. 6d.), is a criminal tale of the ancient kind. Most mischiefs (and there are many) are traceable to a sinister young woman with extraordinary attractions. The *dénouement* is far-fetched to a ludicrous degree. One incident (the placing of the dynamite bomb) is apparently forgotten by the author. It leads to nothing. "The Leavenworth Case," in its own way, was far better than this.

Miss Katherine Douglas King is a young lady who puts so much vigour and animation into her work that her successive novels come always as a pleasure and a surprise. In Ursula (Lane, 6s.) she surprises by her *mise-en-scène*, for she gives us a story of Russian life with which she seems every bit as familiar as she is with the life of the East-end and with the travelling circuses of her native land. So skilfully does she weave her spells, and so vivid is her character-drawing, that only after the book is finished do you realize that it is nothing but a sensation story constructed on somewhat familiar lines, and probably evolved entirely out of the author's head. And if, on the whole, we prefer Miss King's earlier studies of child-life, such as she gave us in that delightful volume "The Child who Never Grew Old," this is not to deny that "Ursula" is an excellent tale.

Daniel Herrick, by S. H. Burchell (Gay and Bird, 6s.), is that rarity, a light and readable historical novel. The period is the reign of Charles the Second. The Plague comes in incidentally and assists the plot at critical moments. The style is pleasant, like that of Mr. Burchell's earlier historical stories. He is wise to keep to this kind of novel, for few writers of the second rank succeed in being anything but tedious when they treat of "periods" and personages.

Correspondence.

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Your remarks on Samuel Richardson in *Literature* the other day encourage me to draw attention to the want of a complete modern edition of "Clarissa Harlowe." The edition of Richardson's works in twelve volumes, edited by Mr. Leslie Stephen and published in 1883, has been out of print some years, and I believe there are only two editions at present obtainable, one of them a paper-backed sixpenny edition, and both of them greatly abridged. In spite of the length of the work it seems strange indeed that the large number of reprints of the older English novelists which have found their way on to the book market in the last eighteen months should not include the masterpiece of the father of them all. The time, the style, and the length of the novel might preclude its selling in numbers equal to "Tom Jones" or "Pride and Prejudice," but surely there are numbers of book-buyers and students who would be only too glad to have an opportunity of placing a becomingly dressed and well-printed set of the works of the first great English novelist upon their shelves.

Yours, &c.,

Southport, 28th July, 1900. A. H. CARSTANG.

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

The publishers, we understand, regard the resolution passed by the Council of the Associated Booksellers, requesting them to publish more books under the net system, as a very encouraging result of the step taken by them last year. It is a proof, in their opinion, that the booksellers are beginning to have more confidence in themselves; and that, after all, was the main object which the publishers had in view when they inaugurated the new scheme. A breach of the conditions of the scheme does not involve the closing of the bookseller's account, but the offender has to pay full price for all net books issued by the signatory publishers. Several of the firms which held aloof at first have now signed the agreement—publishers and booksellers alike—and there seems little doubt that the system has become thoroughly consolidated.

In the old days a book was published, say, at twelve shillings; to-day it appears at ten shillings net; the advantage being that the bookseller nowadays knows that his rival round the corner will not undersell him at a price which makes a living profit out of the question. The booksellers have asked the publishers "to take into consideration the advisability of making all scientific, technical, medical, and books of the same description, net"—a matter which will, of course, be left for each individual firm to consider. The publishers are already increasing the number of net books rapidly, and in the autumn they will doubtless be more noticeable than ever. But the time will probably never come when all books will appear in this way.

The Life of Lord Tennyson, Dr. Horton's contribution to Messrs. J. M. Dent and Co.'s "Saintly Lives" Series, will be published in the autumn. It will be illustrated by portraits of the houses and places in which he lived.

Dickens easily holds his own in the lists which have already been announced for the autumn season. We have already referred to Messrs. Chapman and Hall's edition. "Bleak House," with illustrations by Beatrice Alcock, will probably be the next two volumes in Messrs. Methuen's edition with an introduction by Mr. George Gissing, and will be followed by "Oliver Twist" in one volume, with illustrations by Mr. E. H. New. Messrs. Putnam are also entering the lists with new editions of "Cricket on the Hearth" and "A Christmas Carol." The two volumes will be ready in October, and will be similar in general style to the dainty editions of "Rip Van Winkle" and "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow" published by the Putnams last year. Their illustrations will include 24 full-page photogravures.

Captain Joshua Slocum's narrative, "Sailing Alone Around the World," which recently ran through six months of the *Century Magazine*, is to be published in volume form by Messrs. Sampson Low. Reckless navigators are periodically heard of crossing the Atlantic in cockleshell boats, but few would venture to sail round the world in such a craft as that to which Captain Slocum trusted. He prepared his boat at New Bedford by repairing and improving an abandoned sloop, which is supposed to have served as an oysterman something like a hundred years ago. He started alone on his long voyage on April 24, 1895, and came back safe and sound to Boston, U.S.A., on July 3rd, 1898, after crossing the Atlantic twice and touching, among other countries and continents, at Samoa, Australia, and the Cape. While in South Africa he visited Mr. Kruger, who was greatly

incensed, apparently, when his friend Judge Beyers remarked that Captain Slocum was sailing round the world. "Not *round* the world," Mr. Kruger exclaimed, "that is impossible; you mean *in* the world"; for the ex-President would have it that the world was flat.

The next volumes of Messrs. Methuen's edition of Shakespeare, under the general editorship of Professor Dowden, will be "Romeo and Juliet," edited by Professor Dowden himself, and "King Lear," edited by Mr. W. J. Craig.

"Atlantis: the Book of the Angels" will shortly be published by Messrs. Sonnenschein. The author, Mr. D. B. Metchin, deals with the antediluvian world, giving the Island as the scene of the development of mankind up to the Flood and showing why it was destroyed. It suggests, under the form of an historical romance, the nuclei of the later development of human affairs, and a clue to many of the myths of the ancients. The narrative is backed by very old and curious treatises, by Biblical and Apocryphal writings, and the most ancient customs and legends.

Three volumes are announced by Messrs. Sonnenschein for their Social Science Series—"Commercial Colonial Policy," by John Davidson, of the New Brunswick University; "Workmen's Compensation for Injuries," by Professor James Mavor; and "Money, and its Relation to Prices," by L. L. Price (a new impression).

Messrs. Sonnenschein also announce, among numerous other books for the autumn, a translation of Beowulf into English prose by Dr. Clark Hall, a translation of Schopenhauer's "Essay on Morality" by Arthur Brodrick Bullock, M.A., a volume on "Commerce and Christianity" by G. F. Millin, and a translation of Clara Tschudi's Life of the Empress Augusta by Miss E. M. Cope, uniform with the same author's "Marie Antoinette," "Eugénie, Empress of the French," and "Napoleon's Mother," three of the most successful of recent biographies.

An autumn book which is sure to arouse a certain amount of curiosity is "An Englishwoman's Love Letters," to be published by Mr. Murray. It is obviously necessary, as the publisher states, that the letters should be anonymous; Mr. Murray himself does not know by whom they were written; but he believes that their special characteristics will be considered to justify their publication.

A volume entitled "North Americans of Yesterday," and a comparative study of North American Indian life, "on the theory of the Ethnic Unity of the Race," will be published in the autumn by Messrs. Putnam. The author, Mr. Frederick S. Dellenbaugh, accompanied the second expedition under Major Powell, which explored the Canyons of Colorado and the south-west. Volume III. of Professor Blok's "History of the Netherlands," translated by Ruth Putnam, will also be ready in the autumn, as well as the second volume of the official "History of the Parish of Trinity Church in the City of New York," dealing with the period between 1783 and 1816.

In the autumn the same firm will publish an authorized translation, by Frances E. Skinner, of "The Forest Schoolmaster," by Peter Rosegger. This is believed to be the first English version of the Austrian novelist's work. It is a strange story of an isolated forest community, civilized and regenerated by the life of one man.

Professor Granger has avoided the conventional method of psychology in his forthcoming work on "The Soul of a Christian," which Messrs. Methuen are to publish. We are told that instead of taking the individual alone the author regards him as showing in and contributing to the Catholic tradition. The book thus deals not only with the average religious life, but also with the less familiar experiences of the mystic, the visionary, and the symbolist.

R. L. Stevenson's books have still a vogue in France. The latest of his travel books to be translated into French is that dealing with his canoe trips on the Sambre and the Oise. This translation by M. Lucien Lemaire, with a frontispiece by Walter Crane, has just been published at Fr.5 by Lechevalier.

EDUCATIONAL.—The most important item among Messrs. Methuen's educational announcements is a new edition of "The Captivi of Plautus," with an introduction, textual notes, and a commentary. The editor is W. M. Lindsay, Fellow of Jesus College, Oxford, who has re-collated all the important MSS. An appendix deals with the accentual element in early Latin verse. "A South African Arithmetic," by Henry Hill, B.A., Assistant Master at Worcester School, Cape Colony, which has been specially written for use in South African schools, is again included in the list, while a German Commercial Reader, by S. Bally, M.A., is to be added to Methuen's commercial series.

Mr. Murray announces a "Commercial French Course," in two parts, by W. Mansfield Poole, M.A., Assistant-Master at Merchant Taylors' School, and Michel Becker, Professor at the Ecole Alsacienne, Paris. Part I. is in active preparation, and consists of simple passages in French, examples of business letters, and a system of French grammar, with special reference to the verb. Part II. will comprise an advanced commercial reader. Mr. Murray also has in hand a "Technical School French Grammar," by Dr. W. Krisch, Examiner in Modern Languages to the Midland Counties' Union of Educational Institutions.

"The Romance of the Earth," by Professor Bickerton, of Canterbury College, New Zealand, to be published by Messrs. Sonnenschein, is a popular account of the geological agencies at work in the formation of the earth and also of the evolution of animals.

In the autumn Mr. Gilbert Parker's new novel, the first that he has written since 1897, entitled "The Lane that has no Turning," will be published. The scene is laid in Quebec.

Messrs. Methuen are about to publish a new volume of stories by Mr. Richard Marsh, entitled "The Seen and the Unseen."

Books to look out for at once.

FICTION—
"The Seen and the Unseen." By Richard Marsh. Methuen. 6s.
"Neighbours: Being Annals of a Dull Town." By Julia M. Crottie. Unwin. 6s.
"Tales of the Pampas." (Overseas Library.) By W. Bolin. Unwin. 1s. 6d. and 2s.

HISTORY—
"Norway." (Story of the Nations Series.) By Prof. H. H. Boyesen. Unwin. 5s.

NEW EDITION—
"The Romance of a Midshipman." By W. Clark Russell. Unwin. 2s.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

BIOGRAPHY.

Life of Sir Thomas Nicholas Douglass, F.R.S. By *Thomas Williams*. 7¼×5¼in., 195 pp. Longmans. 3s. 6d.

CLASSICAL.

Cicero's Letters. Vol. III. Translated by *E. S. Shuckburgh*. 7¼×4¾in., 381 pp. Bell. 5s.

ECONOMICS.

Natural Economy. By *A. H. Gibson*, F.C.A. 8¼×5¼in., 135 pp. Birmingham. Cornish.

EDUCATIONAL.

A Short History of the British Empire. By *G. E. Green*. 7¼×5in., 232 pp. Dent. 3s. 6d. n.

FICTION.

The Influence of Mars. By *Eva Anstruther*. 7¼×5¼in., 188 pp. Grant Richards. 3s. 6d.

The Belle of Toorak. By *E. W. Hornung*. 7¼×5in., 226 pp. Grant Richards. 3s. 6d.

The Dean's Apron. By *C. T. Wills* and *G. Burchett*. 7¼×5¼in., 288 pp. Ward, Lock. 3s. 6d.

GEOGRAPHY.

The Trinidad Reviewer for 1900. Compiled by *T. Fitz-Evan Eversley*, F.R.G.S. 8¼×5¼in., 567 pp. Robinson Printing Co.

HISTORY.

Paris de 1800 à 1900. D'après les Estampes et les Mémoires du Temps. 7me Série. Publié sous la direction de Charles Simond. 11¼×7¼in., 96 pp. Paris. Plon. Fr.1.75.

Etienne Marcel. Histoire de France au Moyen Age. New Ed. With Engravings. By *J. Michelet*. 7¼×4¾in., 322 pp. Paris. Calmann Levy. Fr.3.50.

LAW.

The Constitution and Laws of Afghanistan. By *Mir Munsh Sultan Mohammad Khan*, F.R.G.S. 8¼×5¼in., 164 pp. Murray. 2s. 6d. n.

LITERARY.

Chaucer Memorial Lectures, 1900. Ed. by *Percy W. Ames*, F.S.A. 9×6in., 171 pp. Asher.

POLITICAL.

The Origin of the Anglo-Boer War Revealed. By *C. H. Thomas*. 7¼×5¼in., 215 pp. Hodder & Stoughton. 3s. 6d.

REPRINTS.

The Queen's Maries. (Library Ed.) By *G. J. Whyte-Melville*. 8×5¼in., 427 pp. Ward, Lock. 3s. 6d.

Travels of Sir John Mandeville. (Library of English Classics.) 9×5¾in., 320 pp. Macmillan. 3s. 6d. n.

As You Like It. Plays for Amateur Performance. Adapted by *Elsie Fogerty*. 7¼×5¼in., 63 pp. Sonnenschein. 2s. 6d. n.

A Narrative of Events in China. By the late *Lord Loch*. 3rd Ed. 8×5¼in., 185 pp. Murray. 2s. 6d. n.

SPORT.

Hunting. By *J. Otho Paget*. (Haddon Hall Library.) 8¼×5¼in., 387 pp. Dent. 7s. 6d.

THEOLOGY.

Man and the Spiritual World. By *Rev. C. Chambers*. 7¼×5in., 293 pp. Taylor. 3s. 6d. n.

TOPOGRAPHY.

Sutton-in-Holderness. Cheap Ed. By *T. Blashill*, F.R.I.B.A. 8¼×5¼in., 302 pp. Stock. 6s.

TRAVEL.

Northern Germany. By *Karl Baedeker*. 6¾×4¼in., 430 pp. Dulau. 8s.

Literature

Published by The Times.

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NOTES OF THE DAY.

Captain Julien Viaud (Pierre Loti) was chosen by Admiral Pottier as his first aide-de-camp, and is now on board the *Redoutable*, *en route* for China.

* * * *

The annual conference of the Institute of Journalists, which begins on September 8, is this year to be held in London. There is nothing in the programme so interesting as the visit of M. Zola, which was the *clou* of the conference of 1893. But there are to be sermons by Canon Scott Holland, Cardinal Vaughan, and Dr. Parker, a garden party at the riverside residence of Sir John Whittaker Ellis, and excursions to Reading, Windsor, and Woolwich Arsenal. Among the papers to be read is one by Mr. E. T. Reed on some subject connected with pictorial humour, illustrated by lime-light effects.

* * * *

To-day is the fifty-ninth anniversary of the birthday of Mr. Robert Buchanan, who begins to be one of our veteran men of letters. Veteran is the word, for Mr. Buchanan has always been a fighter in the literary life. Perhaps the best birthday service that one can do him to-day is to remind the younger generation of the poetry he wrote in his earlier years. It is now nearly forty years since he published his first volume of poetry, called "Undertones," a pretty title, not at all prophetical of the somewhat militant and assertive manner that was in after years to mark the poet. It was followed in a year with a volume of "Idylls and Legends of Inverburn," and a few years later the poet may be said to have come to his own with his volume of "London Poems" in 1866. He was already sufficiently a literary personage to attract the genial banter of Mr. Matthew Arnold, whose references to the "ingenious young Scotch poet" are well known. A collected edition of his poems, in three volumes, was published in 1874; and another collected edition, in one volume, in 1885.

* * * *

Mr. Buchanan has not unnaturally suffered in public estimation on account of his anonymous attack on Rossetti in an article in the *Contemporary Review*, of October, 1871, purporting to be written by a Mr. Thomas Maitland, and entitled "The Fleshly School of Poetry." The matter has been so fully discussed in the mass of literature that has gathered about Rossetti that we will not do more than refer to it. But it is only fair to recall the graceful way in which Mr. Buchanan made peace the year before Rossetti's death in the "Dedication to an old Enemy" of his novel "God and the Man."

> I would have snatched a bay leaf from thy brow,
> Wronging the chaplet on an honoured head;
> In peace and tenderness I bring thee now
> A lily flower instead.
>
> Pure as thy purpose, blameless as thy song,
> Sweet as thy spirit, may this offering be;
> Forget the bitter blame that did thee wrong,
> And take this gift from me.

After Rossetti's death Mr. Buchanan wrote that though Rossetti's name did not appear in the dedication, as it would certainly have done had he possessed more moral courage, it was a melancholy pleasure to himself to reflect that Rossetti had understood the dedication and accepted it in the spirit in which it was offered.

* * * *

We congratulate Miss Jane Harrison on her appointment to a fellowship of Newnham College, and we also congratulate Newnham. The value and importance of Miss Harrison's contributions to archæology are undisputed; and we have no doubt that she will render further services to that science now that her researches are, in a sense, endowed.

* * * *

The Students' Congress in honour of the Paris Exhibition comprised fifty delegations, and as they walked in procession to the Sorbonne their various costumes looked most picturesque. First came the Parisians, most of them wearing their black velvet Tam o' Shanter, with its tri-coloured cord, and carrying banners. The Belgian representatives of the various colleges followed, then the delegates from Bohemia, from England (Oxford, Cambridge and Edinburgh being well represented), and from Spain, Greece, Italy, Holland, Sweden, America, Switzerland, Hungary (the Hungarian delegates magnificently arrayed in velvet knee-breeches and embroidered cloaks), Finland, Russia, Australia, and Egypt. The representatives of the various French Universities wore a sash with the arms or colours of their towns or cities. In the evening Madame Sarah Bernhardt gave a free performance of *L'Aiglon*, in honour of the students, and was presented with a bouquet. On leaving the theatre her carriage was accompanied by the procession, most of the students carrying Chinese lanterns.

* * * *

The copyright in Balzac's works expires to-day. It is a good illustration of the contention which has lately been

emphasized by Mr. Lang and other prominent men of letters that in the case of men of genius their work is likely to be at the zenith of its reputation when their property in it comes to an end. Never, perhaps, since he first made a name at all has Balzac's fame stood higher than it does to-day. As M. Bourget writes in this month's number of *Munsey's Magazine*, both the schools between which French fiction has oscillated through the century acknowledge Balzac. From one point of view there is no more characteristic fruit of French romanticism than Balzac; yet it is from Balzac that all the greater French "realists" have sprung. His faults are not less conspicuous than they were to earlier critics; but at the distance we have since travelled we get a truer measure of the bulk of the man compared with his former, if often more faultless, contemporaries. The Société des Gens de Lettres a little while ago threatened to boycott the theatres which should refuse to pay the theatrical dues on Balzac's works after the expiration of the copyright. Has any analogous step been taken with regard to the purely literary work, which one would suppose to be of greater moment? At any rate the firm of Calmann Lévy, the owners of the copyright, are preparing for the crisis by issuing a new edition.

* * * *

The autumn season at the theatres begins next week when one of two Nell Gwyn plays will see the light. This will be the adaptation of Mr. Anthony Hope's *Simon Dale*, made by himself and Mr. Edward Rose who was so successful in dramatizing *The Prisoner of Zenda*. When Mr. Hope made a play out of *Rupert of Hentzau* by himself unaided, he came near failing altogether. The piece will be called *English Nell*. Why it should so be called, it would be difficult to say. Nell Gwyn was never known as "English Nell" any more than she was known as *Sweet Nell of Old Drury*, which is the title of the play on the same subject that Miss Julia Neilson produces at the Haymarket about the end of the month. Plays must be named and the task of finding names is hard. But it seems a pity to give misleading titles to dramas centred round historical characters.

* * * *

Mr. Alexander starts at the St. James's Theatre on September 1 with *A Debt of Honour*, an enlargement by Mr. Grundy of his one-act piece *In Honour Bound*. Nothing is said about the probable date of the production of *Paolo and Francesca*. Mr. Tree, however, seems more in earnest about *Herod the King*, the other play by Mr. Stephen Phillips which is awaiting performance. November is spoken of as the likely month for this interesting experiment. The fact is Mr. Tree has a part after his own heart, while Mr. Alexander would scarcely be a success as Paolo. But the elder brother would offer Mr. Alexander fine chances and suit his style well. Even then, however, there is a difficulty about the Francesca.

* * * *

Mr. Justice Day's questions "Who is Sherlock Holmes?" and "Who is Conan Doyle?" are the more interesting from the fact that her Majesty's Judges are generally reputed to be great readers of contemporary fiction. The anecdotes show them seeking information from learned counsel about skirt dancers and racehorses, more often than about the luminaries of the literary hemisphere. At all events the ignorance of Mr. Justice Day is in pointed contrast with the up-to-date knowledge shown by the Lord Chief Justice, whose death we have to deplore, in a case in which Mr. G. R. Sims was called as a witness. "You are, I believe, 'Dagonet,' of the *Referee*?" was the question with which Lord Russell of Killowen set that distinguished man of letters at his ease.

* * * *

In another column we are reviewing Mr. Henley's patriotic poems. In the current *Nineteenth Century* there is an admirable survey of the patriotic poetry of the Victorian Era by Mr. J. A. R. Marriott. It began, as we are a little apt to forget, with Tennyson, as a protest against Cobdenism. A Cobdenite suggestion that Canada might just as well be independent roused Tennyson to vehement indignation:—

> And that true North, whereof we lately heard
> A strain to shame us, keep you to yourselves:
> So loyal is too costly! friends, your love
> Is but a burthen: loose the bond, and go.'
> Is this the tone of empire? here the faith
> That made us rulers? this, indeed, her voice
> And meaning, whom the roar of Hougoumont
> Left mightest of all peoples under heaven?
> What shock hath fooled her since, that she should speak
> So feebly? Wealthier—wealthier—hour by hour!
> The voice of Britain, or a sinking land,
> Some third-rate isle half-lost among her seas?
>
> * * * *

This is the "Imperial note," but, as Mr. Marriott points out, it is not quite the same Imperial note that is sounded by Mr. Kipling. Lord Tennyson's Imperialism is instinctive; Mr. Kipling's is reflective. The main idea in Tennyson is that "it is a magnificent thing to be an Englishman"; he dwells upon "the glory and the glitter, the sparkle and the splendour, the pomp and pride of empire." Mr. Kipling realizes these things, but also realizes the responsibilities of Empire, and "the idea of the possibilities it opens for service to mankind." The poems which occur to every one in illustration of this statement are "The Recessional" and "The White Man's Burden." But the same thought is present in earlier poems, as in the lines:—

> Fair is our lot, and goodly is our heritage,
> Humble ye, my people, and be fearful in your mirth,
> For the Lord our God most high,
> He hath made the deep as dry,
> He hath smote for us a pathway to the ends of all the earth.
> . . . . . .
> Yea, though we sinned, and our rulers went from righteousness,
> Deep in all dishonour though we stained our garment's hem,
> Oh, be ye not dismayed, though we stumbled and we strayed,
> We were led by evil counsellors, the Lord shall deal with them.
>
> * * * *

Kipling was not the first to write a fine hymn before action. Among the many patriotic passages scattered up and down Shakespeare's historical plays there is Henry V.'s prayer before battle, which is quoted in Mr. J. L. Etty's study of that play in the current *Macmillan*:—

> Oh! God of battles steel my soldiers' hearts;
> Possess them not with fear;
> Take from them now
> The sense of reckoning, if the opposing numbers
> Pluck their hearts from them.
>
> * * * *

The main purpose of Mr. Etty's article, however, is not to illustrate patriotic poetry, but to vindicate Shakespeare's characterization. Shakespeare's conception of Henry V.'s character has been questioned as unhistorical, and for this reason.

> It is possible to prove from State documents that Prince Henry was in command of the forces on the Welsh border at the time when, according to Shakespeare, he must have been living a life of riotous extravagance in London, and that he was a valued member of the Council at the time when he is accused of striking Judge Gascoigne in Court.

Seeing that Shakespeare was writing a drama and not a history these little inconsistencies do not matter. It may nevertheless be true, in spite of them, that Henry V. lived riotously in his youth, but reformed himself when responsibilities impressed him; and Mr. Etty maintains that Shakespeare often foreshadows the future King Henry V. in his treatment of the young Prince Hal. He builds up his case with quotations from Henry IV., and concludes thus:—

> There is at least no inconsistency between the Prince, whose excessive vitality in youth must find its vent in extrava-

gant pleasures, and the King, whose superabundant energy hurries him into an unequal war with France, unscientifically carried out to a most successful issue, nor between the enthusiasm for experience in youth and the idealistic detachment of satisfied manhood. The ascetic, somewhat narrow-minded King Henry the Fifth of the picture in the National Portrait Gallery is the same man as the glorious young Prince in golden armour in the hall of Queen's College, Oxford, the Prince of whom the rebel Vernon cries :—

> I saw young Harry, with his beaver on,
> His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,
> Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,
> And vaulted with such ease into his seat,
> As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds,
> To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus
> And witch the world with noble horsemanship.

* * * *

An interesting American explanation of literary "booms" is cited and analysed in the *Daily Graphic*. "Diffused hypnotic suggestion" is the formula by means of which the philosopher over the water endeavours to account for the way in which the public rush with one accord to buy a particular novel when the stern eye of the critic is unable to see any particular points about that novel different from any other novel. The explanation, however, really explains nothing, but merely raises the further question, Who does the hypnotizing? A hypnotist who could specialize in this direction and show tangible results would be able to command far higher fees than do the hypnotists who merely suggest to drunkards that they should give up drinking and to idle boys that they should try to learn their lessons. The theory, in fact, is pretty much on a level with the fashionable theory derided by Mr. Percy White in "The West End" that it is the faithhealers who make the leaders of smart society look younger than they are.

* * * *

More interesting, however, than the "booms" which occur unaccountably are the booms which are obviously engineered by "boomsters"; and the most interesting feature of these is the manner in which the "boom" is often helped along by considerations which have nothing whatever to do with the literary merit of the book. Not every author has the straightforward candour of the popular novelist who sent for an interviewer, showed him a manuscript, or a bundle of proof-sheets, and frankly announced, "This is a colossal work." More often the author, or some one acting on his behalf, endeavours to awaken an interest in his compositions by means of purely irrelevant personal or biographical details. "Yes, your hair will do," was the answer of an American impressario to an English poet, who had asked him to arrange for him to deliver a course of literary lectures in the United States. And now we find an American publisher issuing a "puff preliminary" of a new novelist in which he claims a hearing for his client on the ground that he decided to "try his hand" at writing "after a year's experience as corresponding secretary of a sash and door manufacturing concern." One has only to imagine the process inverted and a tradesman puffing his wares with the announcement that, after a year's experience as novelist, he had resolved to try his hand at making doors, in order to realize the cynical contempt of the boomster for the reading public.

* * * *

It would be over sanguine, however, to imagine that we have yet heard the *dernier cri* of the advertising author. One of these days we shall wake up to read the announcement that Mr. So-and-So will write the last chapter of his great novel in a shop window in Regent-street. And, when this is done, the public will never suspect that the man who does it is a charlatan. They will, on the contrary, be filled with admiration for the nobility of character of the man who admits them to his literary workshop and does not charge gate-money.

Apropos of the strange titles of books, of which some examples appeared in *Literature* last week, a correspondent sends the following:—

> Blason des danses où se voyent les malheurs et ruines venant des danses, dont jamais homme ne revient plus sage ni femme plus pudique.

The author of the work thus quaintly designated was Guillaume Paradin, Dean of Beaujeu, and author of a "Chronique de Savoye," which contains the earliest known description of the Savoy glaciers.

Disagreable Heroines.

The *Daily News* gives publicity to the complaint of a novel-reading correspondent that the heroines of fiction are deteriorating. They are, we are assured, at once less beautiful, less lovable, and less lady-like than they used to be. It is a sweeping generalization; and we fancy it could only be supported from the works of lady novelists. In English fiction, at all events, we know plenty of male novelists who persist in making their heroines charming, sometimes in new ways, but often in old-fashioned ways. Sir Walter Besant's heroines, for example, are always charming—so charming, indeed, that the world has continued to welcome them for twenty or thirty years without murmuring because they are all exactly alike. Mr. Hardy's "Tess" was also charming—much more charming, in fact, than any real dairymaid would probably be found to be. And who shall say that Dolly (of the Dialogues) or Phyllis (of Philistia) were not charming? Indeed, it is the general custom of the masculine novelist to make good women charming because he likes them better so, and to make frail women fair because their fairness helps to make their frailty explicable. Where he does not do so, the fault is more often in execution than in intention. On the other hand, it cannot be denied that the modern lady novelist has acquired rather a habit of drawing heroines who are either ugly, or disagreeable, or both; and it would be interesting to discover why. It would be ungallant to seek the explanation in the fact, if it be a fact, that they know their own sex so much better than men know it, and wish to show us what realism really is. The phenomenon is more probably of the nature of a reaction, or rather of a revolt. Clever women resented the idealisation of the insipid woman alike by Thackeray and by Miss Austen. They took to novel-writing in the true missionary spirit, and deliberately gave the *beau rôle* to women of a different and, as they deemed, a higher type. If they made their heroines physically ugly, it was for the purpose of concentrating the attention of the reader on their moral and intellectual beauties. If they made them disagreeable it was because they wanted combative and aggressive heroines in order to prove their points. The revolt may be said to have begun with Miss Rhoda Broughton and Miss Helen Mathers, who idealized the hoyden. We rather liked those hoydens, and we do not complain. Whatever their faults, and however pronounced their addiction to being misunderstood, they were not continually trying to show how clever they were, or undertaking to demonstrate that theirs was the superior sex. The modern lady novelist, with exceptions, is rather apt to do both these things. Sometimes, as in the case of Miss Fowler, she is anxious to prove that women can talk brilliantly; and then she is apt to make them talk rather more brilliantly than is consistent with good manners. Sometimes she wishes to prove that woman is the moral superior of any man who does not encourage her to neglect her household duties for the purpose of addressing public meetings on subjects generally considered unsuitable for mixed audiences; and then her heroines are apt to be pedantic and aggressive. There is, of course, no reason why lady novelists should not establish both these theses in their novels if they can and care to. The end may justify the means. But, if we may judge by the results so far accomplished, the disagreeable heroine is a means without which the end cannot be achieved.

BY THE SEA.

Deep calls to deep. The azure of the sky
Call'd to the deep blue sea,
And, list'ning to their clarion voices, I
O'erheard a call to me.
Not then the alien clamour of the mart
Deafen'd the inward ear;
I was subdued to nature, and my heart
Grew sensitive to hear.

My feeble thought, like falt'ring mist, was fused
In the great light that shone;
It was not only I who stood and mused,
Though I stood there alone,
But spirits reached their hands up from the deep,
Or fell on quivering wings,
And I was visited by Death and Sleep,
And put off mortal things.

Out of the bosom of the sea arose
The Patience of the sea,—
She bade me live, not by the good I chose,
But by the good for me.
And Peace descended from his high abode,
Till, in that hour serene,
To Peace and Patience I transferr'd my load,
On their twin strength to lean.

LAURIE MAGNUS.

Personal Views.

A HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

The completion of the great "History of French Language and Literature," published under the direction of Professor L. Petit de Julleville, cannot but awaken in English readers a sense of our own deficiency. Nearly three hundred years have passed since Bacon noted as a gap in studies the vacant space which should have been occupied by a description of the general state of learning from age to age, "without which the history of the world seemeth to me to be as the statue of Polyphemus with his eye out, that part being wanting which doth most shew the spirit and life of the person." The history of what Goethe called "world-literature," attempted in part by Hallam, is a project too ambitious for an age when the conception of world-literature embraces the East as well as the West; but it does not seem vain to hope that what has been achieved for France may, by united and wisely-directed effort, be accomplished for our own country. During upwards of three years a fasciculus of M. Petit de Julleville's work has appeared on the fifth and the twentieth of each month, and now the final volume—the eighth—has brought the work to a conclusion. The story of a literature of nine centuries has been told with adequate learning, excellent judgment, and literary skill. "I thank the public," writes the general editor, "for the reception it has accorded to our work. At a time when commonly books find a smaller number of readers in proportion to their bulk, this has been read; and it has quickly gained a position of authority. To my zealous fellow-labourers the honour is due. Their special competence in the several matters with which they have dealt constitutes the originality of the work; their good understanding has ensured its unity, in so far as unity is possible." The editor has modestly passed over what was of capital importance—his own wise planning of the whole, his choice of competent workmen, the freedom which he granted, and the control which he exercised.

If I were a great publisher instead of a poor professor of English literature I think I should be stirred to emulation by the success of MM. Armand Colin et Cie.'s enterprise, and should feel some pride in celebrating the opening of the twentieth century by the design of an adequate history of English literature. Compared with such vast co-operative labours as the "Encyclopædia Britannica," the "Dictionary of National Biography," the "New English Dictionary on Historical Principles," the undertaking would not seem stupendous. Valuable as are the chapters on the history of the language in M. Petit de Julleville's work, corresponding chapters might perhaps be omitted from a history of our literature, and thus the task might be somewhat lightened. One comprehensive mind should preside over the whole, the mind rather of a man of wide culture and sane judgment than of a specialist. The name of a general editor under whom it would be an honour to serve, and whose generous guidance to men of letters has been recorded in a hundred prefaces, will, perhaps, occur to my readers. The list of M. Petit de Julleville's collaborateurs comprises fifty scholars of distinction. England, aided by American and Colonial scholarship, might yield an equal number of skilled workmen, and the disbanded array of writers for the "Dictionary of National Biography" would furnish not a few who have received an admirable training. No division of the work so large as a literary period should be entrusted to a single writer. Each eminent author should be dealt with by a specialist, and by a specialist who possesses literary feeling as well as exact knowledge. Minor writers should be grouped under the literary species to which they belong. It is true, as M. Petit de Julleville observes, that such a classification is sometimes arbitrary or conventional; a writer of comedy may be really a preacher of morals with the stage for his pulpit; but the classification is inevitable and is convenient. What is dead should be allowed to remain buried, unless it happen to have some historical significance; a history of literature must not become a museum of curiosities.

The conception of literature should, however, be liberal. I remember that I excited some indignation many years ago by protesting against what I called "the *belles-lettres* heresy"; but I remain still of my old opinion. To write a history of literature, as I understand it, is to trace the stream of the national mind as seen in books—not merely books that fall under the head of *belles-lettres*, but all living books that have in them at once something personal to the writer and something common to the general heart and mind of man. "The study of literature"—I ask pardon for quoting from my former self—"is not a study solely of what is graceful, attractive, and pleasure-giving in books; it attempts to understand the great thoughts of the great thinkers." And, desiring to put my view in a somewhat aggressive form, I went on:—"To know Greek literature we must know Aristotle; to know French literature we must know Descartes. In English literature of the eighteenth century, Berkeley and Butler and Hume are greater names than Gray and Collins." I do not mean merely that the study of speculative or philosophical literature indirectly throws light upon the literature of imagination in the same period. It is obvious that St. Thomas had no small hand in the wonderful structure which we name "The Divine Comedy"; that to understand Pope aright we must know something of the philosophical views of Shaftesbury and Bolingbroke; that to comprehend the thought of Shelley we must examine it *in situ*, that is, in the "Political Justice" of his master, William Godwin. But I go farther than this, and maintain that a body of philosophical thought, largely

derived from and coloured by the personality of its author, must needs be included under the term literature. Indeed, I wonder that it is not generally perceived that not a few systems of human philosophy are in the truest sense works of art—spiritual temples or cathedrals in which men's highest thoughts and aspirations find expression and find shelter; they rise like majestic exhalations,

> With the sound
> Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet;

and sometimes, like exhalations, they become the sport of winds of change.

One valuable aid to study, which has been put to use by M. Petit de Julleville, and, in his recent "History of French Literature," by M. Faguet, lies in pictorial Illustrations. They must, of course, be of historical authority and faithful in execution. German students of literature are even more liberally taught through the eye than French; but as yet little in this kind has been done in our own country. In the New High School, Newtonville, an American teacher, Mr. A. J. George, has an "English Room," devoted to the pictorial illustration of our literature. Authentic portraits, pictures of localities associated with great writers, reproductions from illuminated manuscripts (where the grace or the naïveté of the design illustrates like qualities in the text), facsimiles of title-pages, contemporary illustrations from books in which eminent engravers had a part, pictures of the stage at various periods with its characters and its costumes—all these (and the list could be enlarged) bring the history of literature nearer to us, and render it more living for our imagination, whether we be young readers or old. Only they must be kept in subordination to what is of higher import, and be viewed not as an end in themselves, but as means to an end.

EDWARD DOWDEN.

NEW LIGHT ON SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

II.

Next to Ironside's "relacion" of the theological debate at Sir George Trenchard's—described in the first part of this article—the most important of the depositions at Cerne is that of Nicholas Jefferys, parson of Weeke Regis, who relates a sad experience:—"Some three years paste coming to Blanforde out of Hampsheire, his horse was stayed and taken for a poste horse by Sir W. Rawleigh and Mr. Carewe Rawleigh; where this Deponent entreatinge to have his horse released, for that he was to ride home unto his charge (from whence he had ben some time absent) to preach the next day being Sundaye—Mr. Carewe Rawleigh replyed that he might goe home where he woulde, but his horse shoulde preach before him or to that effecte." How the worthy parson must have enjoyed at last having his revenge by pouring the tale into the sympathetic ears of the Commissioners! Jefferys also states that he has heard of Harriott having been "convented before the Lords of the Counsell for denyinge the resurrecion of the bodye." This is important, for it is the first allusion yet found to an appearance of Harriott before the Privy Council to answer the charges made against him at the time of Marlowe's arrest.

There is another member of Raleigh's retinue about whom we hear—a Thomas Allen, Lieutenant of Portland Castle. He is probably to be identified with Thomas Allen, the distinguished *savant*, a Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford, and an associate of Harriott, of whom Fuller relates that "he succeeded to the skill and scandal of Friar Bacon." Jefferys deposes that Allen "is a great blasphemer and leight esteemer of Religion, and therabouts cometh not to Devine service or sermons." Others enter into more piquant details. Two [illegible] one occasion he "did teare two Leaves out of a Booke to [illegible] Tobacco on"—perhaps the earliest allegation in a legal document of the nefarious influence of the newly-imported weed. Francis Scarlett, the minister of Sherborne, relates at second hand a story that Allen, "when he was a huntinge and he rayned," had cried out that "if God were in the heate that he would pull him out with his teeth." And another witness repeats, also from hearsay, the still more scandalous episode of how Allen, "when he was like to dye, beinge perswaded to make himselfe readye to God for his soule," had answered that "he would carry his soule up to the topp of an hill and runne to God, and runne Devill, fetch it that will have it." Allen's ill-fame was shared, as was common in such cases, by his servant Olliver, to whom is attributed a highly unedifying piece of criticism on the Old Testament, uttered as he was returning from a sermon in the company of two good ladies of Sherborne; whereat, we are informed, "their eares did glowe," and one of them told him to "goe home and sleep."

What inferences may we draw from the "examinations"? First, we may conclude from the silence of all the deponents on the subject that even popular rumour did not associate Raleigh's "Atheism" with the revolutionary political designs attributed to Richard Chomeley and his confederates. Secondly, we may dismiss more confidently than before the repulsive allegations made against Marlowe, Harriott, and other members of Raleigh's circle. For in the report of the "examinations" we see side by side, in instructive fashion, irresponsible hearsay and authentic personal testimony. And the closer we get to the facts the more favourable is the light in which Raleigh and his friends appear. Ironside's narrative teaches us how to interpret the charge against Sir Walter of keeping "a schoole of Atheisme" at his house. Clearly the scholars who gathered there, stirred by the Renaissance speculative impulse, were wont to prove all things—to test by stringent dialectic the most sacred conceptions. The "Atheist lecture" read by Marlowe to Raleigh was thus probably a closely reasoned discussion in scholastic form of religious first principles. The spirit of the "schoole" finds utterance in the opening scene of the dramatist's *Dr. Faustus*:—

> Settle thy studies, Faustus, and begin
> To sound the depth of that thou wilt profess;
> Having commenced, be a divine in show,
> Yet level at the end of every art,
> And live and die in Aristotle's works.
> Sweet Analytics, 'tis thou hast ravished me.

For Raleigh and his brother Carew this kind of theological discussion seems to have had constant attraction. We hear of Sir Walter not long after the "examinations" at Cerne sitting up all night to discuss religious topics with a Jesuit. And Sir John Harington, writing in 1603, says of him that "in religion he hath shown in private talk great depth and good reading, as I once experienced at his own house before many learned men." The words might be applied to the disputation at Sir George Trenchard's.

It is easy to see how "the common voice of the country" would label Raleigh and his circle as Atheists. But while rejecting so crude a designation, one has to admit the difficulty of reconciling the sceptical position adopted by Sir Walter in the dialogue with Ironside with the orthodox tone of his published works. Raleigh in his "History of the World" draws largely upon the Scriptural narrative as one of his sources. And he who had told Ironside that he could not "bring hitherto what God is" thus eloquently in the same work describes His attributes:—

"God whom the wisest men acknowledge to be a power ineffable, and virtue infinite; a light by abundant clarity invisible; an understanding which itself can only comprehend; an essence eternal and spiritual, of absolute pureness and simplicity, was and is pleased to make himself known by the work of the world; in the wonderful magnitude whereof all

which he embraceth, filleth, and sustaineth) we behold the image of that glory which cannot be measured, and withal that one and universal nature which cannot be defined."

Possibly these concluding words throw light on the difficulty. In the disputation at Wolverton, and doubtless on other occasions, Raleigh was chiefly concerned with the critical analysis of accepted "definitions" of religious conceptions. But in an age when men did not push their speculative opinions to their logical extreme he may have accepted on faith beliefs for which he found insufficient warrant in the processes of the reason alone. One would like to know the full significance of an admission by one of the deponents at Cerne that "he hearde Mr. Carewe Raleigh saye at Gillingham there was a God in nature." And if "A Treatise of the Soul," printed among Sir Walter's works from a MS. in the Ashmolean, be authentic, we find the sceptical inquirer of the Oxford and the Sherborne days demonstrating in detail by quotations from Scripture and the Fathers the nature of man's soul, and crying shame on those "who have called the souls of women into question."

But whatever view is taken on the complex subject of Raleigh's innermost religious beliefs, the "examinations" at Cerne—above all Ironside's "relacion"—throw fresh light on his biography. And one point, in conclusion, deserves notice. As far as we are aware, no action was taken as a result of the investigations. But Raleigh must have known of the inquiry, and his mettlesome nature doubtless chafed at the affront of his table-talk among friends being rigorously sifted. The sense that even in his West-country retreat he was not safe from prying eyes and ears must have quickened his longing to set sail "towards the sunset." And so within a year he was afloat on the Spanish main, with his speculative energies diverted for the time from the search for metaphysical first principles to the quest of the equally intangible, but more illusory entity, the fabled gold of the Empire of Guiana.

FREDERICK S. BOAS.

THE REAL PRISONER OF CHILLON.

[By FRANCIS GRIBBLE.]

One is apt to think of François de Bonivard, Prisoner of Chillon, merely as the man who was chained to the pillar on which modern tourists are forbidden to scratch their names under pain of prosecution with the utmost rigour of the law. As a matter of fact he was a much more complicated character, and has far better claims to be remembered. He was a prior (though not in Holy Orders) who owed his income to ecclesiastical abuses; he was the father of history in French Switzerland—the father of lies also, according to certain of his critics; and he was the typical easy-going man whom the stern discipline of Calvin put to inconvenience. It is worth while, for once, to make light of his imprisonment, and, looking at him from other points of view, endeavour to see him as he really was.

Of his performances as a prior we can say little because we know next to nothing. We only know of his making one new rule for the better government of the priory—a rule to the effect that whenever a new monk was admitted to the privileges of brotherhood he should pay his footing by inviting all the other monks to supper. Shortly after he had made that rule he was waylaid on a country road by an ecclesiastic who threatened to murder him unless he subscribed a deed assigning the benefice to him. This Bonivard did; but a little later we find him hiring a band of mercenaries and waging a private war in the hope of getting the benefice back again. His commander-in-chief was a certain Bischebach, a butcher, who had fled from Berne because the reformers of that city had made it illegal for mistresses to be kept by married men; the second in command was a Canon Vullimanin, an unfrocked friar. The campaign, however, was unsuccessful and inglorious, and we need not dwell upon this branch of the subject.

Possibly it was during the six years of his confinement (from 1530 to 1536) that Bonivard discovered his literary abilities. At all events, it is not known that he wrote anything before his imprisonment, and he has himself told us that he occupied himself at Chillon with the composition of "any number of trifling fancies and ballads in both French and Latin." One of these was a lampoon on the Duke of Savoy, who had locked him up, concluding with the striking couplet—

> All honest men he does confine,
> But asks dishonest men to dine.

The poem was not a work of genius, but it was calculated to give pleasure to the author's fellow citizens. When they decided that the history of the city should be written, they gave Bonivard the post of official chronicler; and the Register of the Council gives us several interesting glimpses of the historian at work.

The first entry, October, 1542, is merely to the effect that "François de Bonivard is ordered to work at the Chronicles of the Town." It appears side by side with an intimation that Calvin is to be presented with a cask of wine in consideration of his public services. The second entry, June, 1546, records that "a box of sweetmeats is to be given to François de Bonivard, who is working at the Chronicles, and his servant, who writes at his dictation, is to be given a pair of boots." It jostles a resolution to the effect that, as Farel, the Reformer, is more shabbily dressed than becomes a minister of the Word, he shall be presented with a new suit of clothes. In 1547 we have this entry:—

> "François de Bonivard begs the Council to assign him, for the coming winter, a room, more convenient than his own house, to work in. He cannot, he says, write conveniently, and compose as he should, in the room in which he and his family take their meals."

The request was granted. Bonivard was allotted a room with a stove in it, and got his book finished in the course of 1552. The question of printing it was referred to Calvin, who decided against the application on the ground that the style of the chronicle was inconsistent with the dignity of history. From Calvin's own point of view there was something to be said for the verdict. He was a stylist who wrote the language of the schools; Bonivard was no stylist and wrote the language of the streets. He was the sort of writer to call a spade a shovel, and prefer a homely metaphor to any other. He said, for instance, that the Dukes of Savoy loved Geneva "as the glutton loves a good plump fowl"; and to show his readers how closely circumscribed were the Genevan territories, he observed, "One could hardly spit over the wall without spitting on the Duke of Savoy." Moreover, when he wished to mark the hour of the day at which any event occurred, he never spoke of it otherwise than in its relation to "dinner time" or "supper time."

One can understand that this sort of thing jarred upon Calvin, who had neither appetite for food nor sense of humour, and whose own prose style was marked by classical precision and severe restraint. It jarred upon him, no doubt, much as the writings of Mr. Kipling jar upon the English disciples of Flaubert. But Calvin was wrong—misled by that personal equation which misleads so many critics. He had no right to judge Bonivard's book by the classical standards of France, for the good reason that it was not the work of a Frenchman, and claimed no relation with French literature. It was Genevan, racy of the soil—almost the only, and certainly the best articulate expression of Genevan thought and manners in the days before the invasion of pastors and professors had begun to break down the barriers and make Geneva an intellectual dependency of France. Moreover, the style was the man, as it always is, and the man was a man with a singularly acute mind, and a keener capacity for penetrating sophisms and seeing things as they really were than any other Genevan man of letters of his period. Calvin, in short, never showed his limitations more clearly than when he forbade the printing of the Chronicle of Bonivard.

It was not, however, on questions of literary taste alone that Bonivard's and Calvin's opinions clashed. Questions of conduct also came between them; and the study of the archives shows us

Bonivard appearing again and again before the Consistory, or Court of Ecclesiastical Discipline, of which Calvin was the moving spirit. His gravest delinquency was an act of gallantry with a maid servant, which resulted in his being forbidden to have maid servants living in the house; but there were others. On one occasion we find him in trouble for playing backgammon with Clément Marot, the author of the first metrical version of the Psalms. On another occasion he was accused of beating his wife; but this time he defended himself successfully, proving that the beating had been deserved, with the result that it was the lady whom the assembled ministers admonished. The excuses which he offered to a charge of absenting himself from church were less acceptable; he was told that he had better get some one to carry him, as he had done when he went to the town-hall to look at some new decorations. Finally he was found guilty, in spite of strenuous denials, of lampooning Calvin, and was sentenced, if the registers may be believed, to receive the Holy Communion by way of punishment.

Saddest of all, however, is the story of the interference of the Consistory with the historian's matrimonial affairs. At the age of 69, being then, for the third time, a widower, he had given shelter in his house to a nun who had lately run away from a convent. The Consistory promptly informed him that this was contrary to good morals, and that he must marry the young woman without delay. Bonivard objected. His relations with his *protégée*, he pleaded, were Platonic; his age and his infirmities were such that they could never be anything but Platonic; consequently he begged to be excused. The ministers replied that this excuse was frivolous, and that Bonivard's infirmities need not hinder him from entering the holy estate. He yielded to their authority, if not to their better judgment; and three years later we find his wife arraigned before the Consistory on a charge of infidelity.

It was not Bonivard who brought the charge. On the contrary, he appeared as a witness for the defence, testifying that he had found nothing to complain of in his wife's conduct, except that she had urged him to be more devout than he cared to be, had taunted him for not preaching the Gospel, and had beaten him for inviting his friends to drop in upon him and drink a glass of wine. His evidence, however, did not save her. Her guilt was proved; and, in accordance with the cruel custom of the age, she was sewn up into a sack, and shot, like a load of rubbish, into the Rhone.

So, none of his marriages having brought him any children, the old man's old age was lonely. He was 72 when his fellow citizens put his wife to death, and he dragged on for five years more. Beyond the fact that the most comfortable house in the town was given him to live in, we have no knowledge of how his declining days were passed. The Consistory, at any rate, ceased from troubling him, and we may hope that the ministers strained a point in his favour, and allowed him to stay away from their sermons when he was indisposed, and to play backgammon when he felt inclined. But this is mere conjecture. We only know that he died, in 1570, at the age of 77, and, in spite of weaknesses and eccentricities, left an honoured memory behind him.

"THE PASSION OF THE PAST."

Readers of the Memoir of the late Lord Tennyson may recollect a conversation recorded there, in which the poet alludes to an influx of feeling often experienced by him in boyhood, and summed up in the significant phrase "The Passion of the Past." He has given expression to this feeling in more than one poem, notably in the "Ancient Sage," and in that exquisite lyric "Far, Far, Away." It is a feeling not unfamiliar to a few imaginative persons, whose childhood was at all solitary, and whom the dreamland of their own fancies often called away from the eager and engrossing pleasures of their more instinctive companions.

To the majority of the young, however, the words of Amiel in his Journal are far more applicable: "The poetry of childhood consists in simulating and forestalling the future, just as the poetry of mature life consists often in going backwards to some golden age." But the Past was the dream of all those poets who have placed their state of perfected happiness, which they called "The Golden Age," and made the pulsation of their regret the measure of its distance from the actual Present. The same feeling still lingers on in modern times in spite of the spread of Christianity, with its boundless hope in the vision of a Golden Age destined to be realized in the Future. Nay, could not even the Christian and philosophic poet Wordsworth exclaim, as he watched the little child thus wondering and forestalling the future:—

> Why, with such earnest pains dost thou provoke
> The years to bring the inevitable yoke,
> Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife?

These words carry us back to the tender and pathetic strain of the great Roman poet whom Wordsworth in his later years specially loved:—

> Optima quaeque dies miseris mortalibus aevi
> Prima fugit; subeunt morbi, tristisque senectus
> Et labor; et durae rapit inclementia mortis.

Lines like these probably hit the mood of more persons than the over-confident optimism of Browning in "Rabbi Ben Ezra":—

> Grow old along with me!
> The best is yet to be,
> The last of life, for which the first was made.

The "Passion of the Past" takes varying forms in different minds, and during the successive stages of life. All these can be illustrated from the poets in whom particular phases of this Passion are best typified. In Keats it showed itself in the form of a craving for the Ideal Beauty of the classics. Born and reared amidst unlovely surroundings he sought in the fair humanities of old religion for types of that beauty, which the actualities of the present failed to supply. Hence it was that he exclaimed in his sonnet "On seeing the Elgin Marbles":—

> Such dim conceived glories of the brain
> Bring round the heart an indescribable feud;
> So do these wonders a most dizzy pain,
> That mingles Grecian grandeur with the rude
> Wasting of old Time—with a billowy main—
> A sun—a shadow of a magnitude.

In this Keats is eminently typical of the artistic spirit in youth, and of youthful poets in general; for rare, indeed, is it that we come across a poet like Shelley, in whom the prophetic instinct is so dominant in early life that the Vision of the Future throws the Past entirely into the shade, and utterly dwarfs the Living Present. It is true that before Keats died "The still, sad music of humanity" was beginning to make itself heard in his strains, but his poetic life as a whole—brief as its span was—is a supreme example of the "Passion of the Past" taking possession of a most richly endowed nature, awaking its dormant powers, and kindling them into a creative energy, which impressed itself upon forms of imperishable beauty, that have caught some of the richness and glow reflected from those ancient realms of gold through which the poet had travelled. Poetry, in short, for Keats was "always in the distance," and the distance was in the Past. Such was the attitude, too, of Charles Lamb, who by a sort of inversion grew backwards, and confounded futurity with antiquity. One stanza from Wordsworth's impressive lines on "Memory" might have been written for Lamb:—

> That smoothes foregone distress, the lines
> Of lingering care subdues,
> Long-vanished happiness refines,
> And clothes in brighter hues.

It is of this refining, softening and toning power of the Past that Charles Lamb was thinking when he wrote: "I have almost ceased to hope; and am sanguine only in the prospects

of other (former) years. I plunge into foregone visions and conclusions. I encounter pell-mell with past disappointments. I am armour-proof against old discouragements. I forgive, or overcome in fancy, old adversaries. I play over again *for love*, as the gamesters phrase it, games for which I once paid so dear. I would scarce now have any of those untoward accidents and events of my life reversed. I would no more alter them than the incidents of some well-contrived novel."

In maturity and middle age the "Passion of the Past" often takes the form of Regret. Then the loss of the bounding energies of youth, the disillusions which contact with the world has caused, the disappointment of hopes, the failure of aspirations, the loss of friends and companions produce a feeling of sadness, which even when embittered by no stings of remorse has all the intensity and directness of genuine passion. This sadness was felt by Tennyson himself, and takes the form in his poetry of Ideal Regret. Its mood is faithfully reflected in such lines as the following :—

> Dear as remembered kisses after death,
> And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned,
> On lips that are for others ; deep as love,
> Deep as first love, and wild with all regret ;
> Oh Death in Life, the days that are no more.

But, after all, it is Remorse that intensifies Regret and makes it terrible, and for the Passion of a passionless Despair it would be hard to match these lines from Byron's "Stanzas for Music" :—

Oh could I feel as I have felt—or be what I have been,
Or weep as I could once have wept, o'er many a vanish'd scene ;
As springs in deserts found seem sweet, all brackish though they be,
So, midst the wither'd waste of life, those tears would flow to me.

In old age the highest form the "Passion of the Past" takes is the Passion of Peace. This, the reward of a life spent nobly, and in devotion to noble ends, has been well illustrated during the present generation by the old age of two great men. First, by that of the great poet who towards the close of his days touched again upon themes that had delighted his youth, and reaffirmed and justified his lifelong pursuit of the Supreme Ideal in his "Merlin and The Gleam" ; and, secondly, by the old age of the illustrious statesman, and friend of the poet, who after sixty years of public life, devoted the evening of his days to the study of those literary and theological works for which quite early in life he had showed such a decided bent. For those who have never lost the sense of continuity between the different stages and experiences of their life, whose years have seen a steady progression of orderly development, for whom there has been "no pause in the leading and the light" the "Passion of the Past" becomes a Passion of Peace—they, as Wordsworth, who felt this Passion in its utmost intensity, beautifully says, steal to their allotted nook—

> Contented and serene ;
> With hearts as calm as lakes that sleep,
> In frosty moonlight glistening ;
> Or mountain rivers, where they creep
> Along a channel smooth and deep,
> To their own far-off murmurs listening.

C. FISHER.

THE DEATH-KNELL OF FRENCH SYNTAX.

A philological revolution has just taken place in Paris. By the fiat of the Minister of Education French syntax is declared to have outlived its time. Henceforth a foreigner writing to a Frenchman need not be dissuaded by any feeling of false modesty from plunging *in medias res* into the intricacies of expression in the French tongue. If it is not yet quite true that his blunders in orthography will pass unnoticed, and if there be still certain idiomatic conventions which he must observe, yet in general he is left to the largest liberty of utterance. He need not have any more scruples as to the agreement of past participles, or hesitation over the genders of words like *aigle*, *amour*, *orgue*, *délice*, *automne*, *enfant*, *gens*, *hymne*, *œuvre*, or *orge*. He may write them indifferently in the masculine or feminine. He may drop the article before certain Italian family names as freely as an Anglo-Saxon ; no longer will it be a fault to write *Tasse* or *Corrège* instead of *le Tasse*, *le Corrège*. Henceforth, by the Ministerial decree, *du*, *de la*, or *des* may be used in place of *de* before a substantive preceded by an adjective. Thus you may say *de* or *du bon pain*, *de bonne viande* or *de la bonne viande*, *de* or *des bons fruits*. And as for a whole class of adjectives, such as *nu*, *feu*, *ci-joint*, *ci-inclus*, *y compris*, the ignorant French schoolboy or the helpless foreigner need have no fear ; these adjectives may be made to agree or not with the noun, just as one likes. Thus you may say *je vous envoie ci-joint*, or *ci-jointe copie de la pièce*. If you wish it you may put *cent* in the plural and say *quatre cents treate hommes*. On the thorny question of the agreement of verbs there is the largest licence. You may even say *sa maladie sont des vapeurs* and *le général avec quelques officiers est sorti* or *sont sortis*. But it is in doing away with the heart-rending difficulties over the agreement of past participles that M. Leygues' decree is a veritable godsend for the foreigner. Nothing has been changed in the rule that a past participle used as an epithet must agree with the qualified word, and used as an attribute with the verb *être*, or that an intransitive verb must agree with the subject. We are still bound to write *des fruits gatés* ; *ils sont tombés* ; *elles sont tombées*. But when the past participle contains the auxiliary *avoir*, we need have no concern as to its agreement. It agrees or not as the mood strikes you. We may write indifferently, *la peine que j'ai pris* or *prise* ; *elles se sont tu* or *tues* ; *les coups que nous nous sommes donné* or *donnés*. The negative adverb *ne* may now be used or not after *empêcher*, *défendre*, *éviter que* (thus, *défendre qu'on vienne* or *qu'on ne vienne*), *craindre*, *désespérer*, *avoir peur*, *douter*, *contester*, *nier que*, &c. Of difficulties or subtleties in the construction of a French phrase there remains only one class of obstacles—namely, the choice of the preposition *à* or *de* after the verb.

The plastic, clean-cut quality of expression in French—as regards the written or the printed page—is certainly compromised by this reform. French prose has always possessed a greater precision and lucidity than English. It may be that it was owing partially to the way in which, by constant agreement, adjective and verb and noun dovetailed into one another. The contour of the French prose surface is now shattered as by a seismic wave. No such revolutionary movement has ever been attempted in philology anywhere. Needless to say that the Ministerial decree has upset the Academy, and last Thursday week it voted that it was eminently desirable that it should be asked for its opinion before the application of the reform became irrevocable. Some of the Academicians, and among them some of the most eminent philologists in France, were members of the Upper Board of Education which is responsible for the reform. We may anticipate, therefore, an amusing conflict. M. Leygues, however, has signed his decree. It is henceforth an historic document. Where Bismarck failed to override the recommendations in 1876 of the Prussian Minister of Education, who by a similar decree carried out a reform which was the result of four years of patient discussion, it is not likely that the Academy will succeed. M. Leygues, as one writer has put it, has drawn up the Declaration of the Rights of verbs, nouns, adjectives, articles, participles, and even of adverbs. His decree is the proclamation of the liberty of words. The names of the members of his commission should be known. They are MM. Gaston Paris, the president, Gréard, the head of the University of Paris, Croiset, professor of Greek, Paul Meyer, the head of the Ecole des Chartes, Henri Bernès, Clairin, Deschat, and Comte.

Reviews.

THE ICONOCLAST.

CHRISTIANITY AND MYTHOLOGY. By JOHN M. ROBERTSON. (Watts and Co., 8s. 6d. n.)

Mr. Robertson is well known as a writer with a somewhat pronounced taste for iconoclasm. But in these rationalistic times it is impossible to ignore the arguments of those who attack the strongholds of religion in a scientific spirit, though we might wish away a certain note of truculence which from time to time has characterized Mr. Robertson's utterances. The feeling of despondency which he professes on giving to the world the present volume—a volume representing fifteen years' hard work—is scarcely what we should have expected from the author. Prospectively he divides his readers into two classes. On the one hand he sees a huge army of more or less educated men, whose interest it is to resist most of his conclusions by every means in their power, and who are powerful by their numbers and organization, and by the influence exercised by them over a large section of the laity. Bishops, and clergy, and ministers of religion generally will either toss him aside as a reproducer of cavils which have been refuted over and over again, or will answer him in the time-honoured fashion—by conscious sophistry of various kinds, by calling him bad names, and by appeals to sentimental tradition. On the other hand, there is the comparatively limited body of serious and open-minded laymen to whose candour and interest in the quest of truth such works as the present should primarily appeal. "Unfortunately," says Mr. Robertson, "the open-minded laity are in large part satisfied to think that traditionalism is discredited, and so take up an attitude of indifference to works which any longer join issue with it." We do not so read the signs of the times. All this might have been said with truth some thirty or forty years ago, but, even while Mr. Robertson has been writing, the world has been moving. Every one now recognizes that the attempt to keep the sacred writings isolated from the general mass of literary and historical material is a futile one. It was once thought that all would be over when once the fence was demolished and the boundary effaced. Nothing is less true. The process of reconstruction—of fitting together the disjoined fragments of truth, and interpreting each by means of its long lost complement, and of testing the work when done—is a slow one, because a difficult and hazardous one. All who work at it with an adequate equipment for the task may be sure that, however limited may be their achievements, and however scanty their rewards, their efforts will meet sooner or later with recognition, and in this sense Mr. Robertson may rest assured that he has no cause for despondency.

Mr. Robertson's volume consists of three parts, each containing a separate and independent treatise. In the first, he sketches the history of the rationalistic treatment of religious myths from Euemeros through Macrobius and the Christian fathers down to modern times, summing up and criticizing the contributions made in previous generations by writers like De Brosses, Dupuis, Heyne, and K. O. Müller, and more recently by Max Müller, Cox, Forlong, Tylor, Forchammer, Spencer, Lang, and J. G. Frazer. Part II. is entitled "Christ and Krishna," and is devoted to an examination of the hypothesis that the Krishna myth is largely founded on the traditions of early Christianity—a hypothesis which most of Mr. Robertson's readers will probably agree with him in rejecting. Unlike Christianity, the cult of Krishna is traceable to prehistoric times; and Mr. Robertson even pronounces its earliest form to be distinctly non-Aryan. Instead of the Krishnaite Birth Festival ritual and the pictorial representation of the babe Krishna as suckled by his mother being borrowings from Christianity, Mr. Robertson holds that the corresponding parts of the Christian legend are borrowed from Krishnaism.

Nor can we without defying all probability suppose that such motives as the "ox-and-ass," the "manger," the "tax-paying," and the "Christophoros" were borrowed by the Hindus from Christianity, which itself unquestionably borrowed the first two and the last from Paganism. The fair surmise is rather that the third was borrowed from India; and the necessary assumption, in the present state of our knowledge, is that the others also were ancient in India, whether or not any of them thence reached Christism in its ebullient stage. It is further possible that the introduction of shepherds into the Christian Birth-legend in the late Third Gospel was suggested by knowledge of the Krishna legend. The converse hypothesis has been shown to be preposterous. The myth of the massacre of the innocents is the more to be regarded as pre-Christian in India because it connects naturally with the motive of the attempted slaying of the God-child.

In the third and last part of the volume, entitled "The Gospel Myths," Mr. Robertson resumes the discussion of these incidents in the Gospel story, and goes on to investigate the remainder of the narrative. He is largely guided by the principle, sound enough in its constitution though liable to abuse in its application, that myth has in general been founded on ritual, not ritual on historical or mythical events, and founds his argument mainly on the almost total absence from the impassioned and highly controversial writings of St. Paul of any accurate knowledge of the Gospel history as set forth in the Gospel authors. He argues that the greater part of this history is mythical, and represents an accretion of spurious information gradually accumulated in response to a natural demand on the part of early Christian votaries. St. Paul knows only an unsuccessful "Messiah," who bore the common Jewish name "Jesus," who suffered death as the consequence of his ambition, but rose from the dead, and ascended into Heaven. In filling up this meagre outline the "Christists," as Mr. Robertson terms them, largely borrowed from the traditions of other religions, both of the West and the East—especially from the latter—which were at the time competing for the devotion of the Roman world. Thus the Temptation has a close analogue in the Temptation of Buddha, and a remoter parallel in that of Zarathustra; and in one of its aspects it strikingly recalls a legend of Jupiter preserved by the Christian writer Lactantius. The Water-wine miracle, as Dupuis pointed out long since, may well have been adopted from the popular cult of Dionysus, who, as the maker of wine, was also the force which changes water into wine by transmuting sap into grape-juice, and totally altering the character of grape-juice by the process of fermentation. The Walking on the Water embodies a conception already familiar in the myths of Poseidon and Hercules. Dionysus, again, who gave the power of miraculously producing by touch corn, wine, and oil, led his army through a waterless desert against the Titans, "a procedure," says Mr. Robertson, "which would involve the supernatural production of liquids"; and the friendly Libyans, according to the legend as preserved by Diodorus, furnished his multitudes with food "in superfluity." The Riding on the Ass and Foal may be yet another reminiscence of the Dionysiac mysteries. The Holy Supper was possibly borrowed from the popular cult of Mithra. Mr. Robertson applies the same method to the illustration of the parables and the "doctrinal myths" which fill so large a space in the Fourth Gospel.

It is impossible to do more than indicate in the space at our command the bare outlines of this work, which has been executed with great thoroughness, and evinces not only learning and ingenuity, but a determination to get, if possible, at the truth of things.

MR. HENLEY AND PATRIOTIC POETRY.

It was argued in a *Quarterly Review* article, on which we commented last week, that the Transvaal war is a poor theme for poetry. The dictum is at the mercy of any poet who may hereafter prove that he can write worthily about the war; but it has not been confuted up to the present, and it certainly is not confuted by Mr. W. E. Henley's collection of verses, FOR ENGLAND'S SAKE (Nutt, 1s. n.). This collection does not strike

us as being worthy of Mr. Henley's best moments. One or two of the poems are reprinted, for example the verses beginning with the now familiar refrain :—

What have I done for you,
England, my England ?

In the new poems we think that the triumphant spirit in which the author regards the war is a little overdone. It is only where he drops the grand style that his verse really rings true.

In so far as it has been responsible for "red ruin and the breaking up of homes" this war, indeed, may lend itself to the purposes of the poet as well as any other war. One felt that strongly in reading Mrs. Anstruther's war stories, which were poetical in everything but form. But the war, though necessary, is not one of the wars that appeal on general principles to the imagination. It strikes one as a disagreeable duty rather than as an heroic enterprise. It does not seem, like the Spanish Armada for instance, to furnish a really adequate occasion for the banging of the big drum : and Mr. Henley bangs the big drum so persistently that one begins to wonder what instrument he would have performed upon if he had flourished in the age of Waterloo.

Sometimes he bangs the drum sanctimoniously :—

We are the Choice of the Will : God when he gave us the word
That called us into line, set at our hand a sword :
Set us a sword to wield none else could lift and draw,
And bade us forth to the sound of the trumpet of the Law.

Sometimes he bangs it blatantly :—

By the dismal fords, the thankless hills, the desolate, half-dead flats
He has shepherded them like silly sheep, and cornered them like rats.
He has driven and herded them strength by strength, as a hunter deals with his deer,
And has filled the place of the heart in their breast with a living devil of fear.

This rings very falsely when one considers the doings of De Wet, and the "regrettable" incidents, though it is useful in making it clear for whose benefit Mr. Kipling, whose faith in England is no less robust than Mr. Henley's, wrote "Lest we forget." In truth Mr. Henley's patriotic poems only please us when he drops the "high falutin," which he interlards with colloquialisms often landing him in bathos, and essays an unambitious song. There is, at all events, the right lilt and the true tone in this :

Storm along, John ! All your Britains are out :
Melbourne and Sydney get up with a shout ;
Wellington, Ottawa, Brisbane their best
Send, with Cape Town and the riding Nor' West.
Horse, men, guns for you ! India's aflame !
How the lads of Natal have been playing the game !
From Gib to Vancouver, from Thames to Yukon,
The live air is loud with your—*Storm along, John !*

It is not poetry of the highest grade ; but of its kind it is good. Of the same grade, and also good of its kind, is a little sheaf of war verses that comes to us from Australia, BALLADS OF BATTLE, by John Sandes (Melbourne, Sands and M'Dougall). We have seen no better ballad of recent battles than this from which we quote, and of which we should have liked to quote the whole. Oom Paul speaks :—

Lay my rifle here beside me, set my Bible on my breast,
For a moment let the warning bugle cease :
As the century is closing I am going to my rest,
Lord, lettest thou thy servant go in peace.
But loud through all the bugles rings a cadence in mine ear,
And on the winds my hopes of peace are strowed.
These winds that waft the voices that already I can hear
Of the rooi baatjes singing on the road.

But now from snow-swept Canada, from India's torrid plains,
From lone Australian outposts hither led,
Obeying their commando, as they heard the bugle's strains,
The men in brown have joined the men in red.
They come to find the colours at Majuba left and lost,
They come to pay us back the debt they owed ;
And I hear new voices lifted, and I see strange colours tossed,
Mid the rooi baatjes singing on the road.

The old, old faiths must falter, and the old, old creeds must fail—
I hear it in that distant murmur low—
The old, old order changes, and 'tis vain for us to rail,
The great world does not want us—we must go.
The veldt and spruit and kopje to the stranger will belong ;
No more to trek before him we shall load ;
Too well, too well I know it, for I hear it in the song
Of the rooi baatjes singing on the road.

THE STORY OF FULHAM.

In the three handsome volumes of FULHAM, OLD AND NEW (The Leadenhall Press, £3 3s. n.) Mr. Charles James Féret has, once and for all, shown how the history of a London suburb ought to be written. A more complete or a more systematic example of topographical literature has never been printed. Everything has been set forth in this spacious book, every chronicle remembered, every record searched, yet the result has nothing of the stodginess of the old-fashioned topographer. The volumes are bright and light—in all save avoirdupois—and abound in good reading even for those who have never set foot in Fulham. Mr. Féret's success is the more remarkable and the more praiseworthy since Fulham is by no means the most interesting of the famous suburban parishes. It lacks the literary and social savour of Hampstead or Chelsea, Chiswick or Richmond, and the fact that it is more populous and more metropolitan than most of those classic spots has added enormously to the labour and difficulty of dealing with it.

Mr. Féret meets this difficulty by starting with the picturesque central fact of the presence of the Bishops of London at Fulham—a fact around which the whole history of the place revolves. Fulham Palace has been the Manor-house since the Conquest, or earlier—Mr. Féret finds, indeed, that the Bishops have been seated there for eleven hundred years at least. It is true that it was grievously treated by Bishop Terrick and Bishop Howley after him, and that, so far at all events as regards three of its fronts, it is one of the ugliest and most depressing houses in England, a mere box of yellow bricks pierced with windows. Standing upon the lawn of Fulham Palace it is difficult to associate the ruffianly Bonner or the gentle Laud with such a scene of eighteenth century banality ; but the place is overflowing with historical reminiscences nevertheless. There is still the famous cork tree planted by the botanical Compton, and the dismal apartment round which is ranged the library collected by Porteus ; in the Fitzjames Quadrangle are the rooms in which Laud lived and still, they say, haunts ; hard by is the orchard where Bonner scourged his unhappy prisoners with his own hands ; around the domain runs the moat which all authorities ascribe to the Danes. On the other side of it lies the parish church with its ancient tower and very modern body, full of interesting old monuments carefully preserved and removed from the former building—those of Mordaunt and Ranelagh Jones, sundry Bishops of London, and the son of that Colonel Carlos who went into the Royal Oak with Charles II. Lying within a few yards of the river, the churchyard offered exceptional advantages to body-snatchers, and there is still living the inevitable "oldest inhabitant" who witnessed the last exploit of the resurrection-men, while it is little more than half a century since newly-made graves had to be watched lest the convenient Thames should bring some Burke or Hare the first dark night. Fulham, like Chelsea, had some olden distinction for its pottery, and the ware which Dwight produced is, to judge by the best-known examples, well deserving of the high

prices which collectors are willing to give for it. John Dwight had a strange and perverse mania for hiding things in his pottery at Fulham. He concealed his tools and some of his specimens, and stowed away money in every cranny that was capable of receiving it. In holes under fire-places, in corners behind doors, and under furnaces were tins and pots full of guineas, and his private note-book contains minute accounts of the exact position of these hoards, and the dates when they were concealed.

As elsewhere within the metropolitan area most of the historic houses of Fulham have disappeared, yet the story of their glories and of the careers of those who lived in them provides material for some of the most attractive portions of Mr. Fèret's book. The most notable literary resident the parish has ever had was Samuel Richardson, who lived successively at The Grange in the North-end-road—one-half of which was occupied in our own time by Burne-Jones—and at Parson's-green. Brandenburgh-house, however, was unquestionably the most famous dwelling-place in Fulham, with the single exception of the episcopal palace. There lived that ambitious and sycophantic mediocrity, George Bubb Dodington, the romantic Margravine of Anspach, whose autobiography is so delightfully self-conscious, and afterwards the ill-regulated Queen Caroline. The house has vanished, and here (for the only time) we have hit upon something that Mr. Fèret omits to tell us—viz., that the staircase down which Queen Caroline was carried to her stately funeral is now in a country-house in a Northumbrian village. Another interesting building, happily still standing, is Lonsdale-house. We have it on the authority of Mr. Gladstone himself that he proposed to Miss Glynne on the lawn there and, he added, nearly half a century afterwards, "I could point out the very spot by the yew trees." At Parson's-green abode both Mrs. Fitzherbert and Mrs. Jordan; while, as in most other fashionable London suburbs, there are traditions that Nell Gwynne once lived in the parish. Mr. Fèret has naturally much to say of Hurlingham, another fine house which, thanks to the love of polo and the less defensible "sport" of pigeon-shooting, still exists, a beautiful oasis in a district which has lost an enormous proportion of its amenities during the last quarter of a century.

Fulham is fortunate indeed in its historian. If most of its historic sites have vanished, the memory of them is preserved in this book with a fulness of detail and a scrupulous accuracy which are beyond praise, and have obviously entailed the most minute and pains-taking labour. Well-written, admirably and systematically arranged, beautifully printed, and embellished with some five hundred illustrations, this is the most all-embracing book of parochial topography with which we are acquainted.

THE "HADDON HALL" LIBRARY.

Our Forests and Woodlands.

The various uses of forest trees are of such importance in the economy of a country that the attempt made by Dr. John Nisbet in OUR FORESTS AND WOODLANDS (The Haddon Hall Library) (Dent, 7s. 6d.) to improve their condition deserves all encouragement. England may be said to owe her proud position among the nations on land and sea in no small degree to her forests and woodlands. Her old archers, taught their trade by hunting the deer, were always at hand to render yeoman's service in her early struggles, while her hearts of oak are naturally associated in the mind with the glorious times of Blake and Nelson. And though bows and arrows have become merely playthings, and British oak has had to give place to teak from India and Burma, the uses of the forests remain, and our love of sport, with the skill in marksmanship it involves, is still helping us to win our battles.

It is the duty of a physical geographer to point out to us that, instead of impoverishing the surface soil, plantations actually improve it by their autumn fall of leaves; that they screen the soil from the heat of the sun's rays, and give shade and shelter to men and beasts; and that they hold the rain, distributing it again more gradually in the springs formed at their base, and in the moisture evaporated from their leaves. Indeed, the famine still raging in India is largely due to the unhappy clearing of mountain slopes, for in old days the forests absorbed much of the rain which now goes straight to the sea.

England, like most other countries, has been reckless in disafforestation. As Dr. Nisbet says:—

> Our humid climate has saved us from the agricultural consequences of excessive clearance of woodlands; but we are now probably very soon about to reap commercially what we have sown in the wholesale destruction of timber.

It furnishes food for reflection that we should have paid to other countries nearly twenty millions sterling in 1899 for pine and fir wood, while at the same time some sixteen million acres in Great Britain and Ireland are now lying waste, which could quite well grow all the coniferous timber we require.

> Heroic measures to replace the woodlands destroyed can only be undertaken on a sufficiently large scale by receiving considerable encouragement and assistance from the State,

but private enterprise can do a good deal, partly in replanting waste lands, but chiefly in improving the woods we have. For though we have often been stigmatized as a nation of shopkeepers, yet in the matter of planting and preserving our woodlands English landowners have thought far more of their beauty and of the enjoyment to be got out of them than of their commercial possibilities. Every country house is flanked and guarded by its magnificent old trees, and every small villa has its shrubs around it, many of them of rare beauty. And when large plantations are made, the coverts are usually so arranged as to attract and hold as many game birds as possible, and to enable beaters to drive them out on all suitable occasions, without any regard at all to the amount per cubic foot which the trees may ultimately fetch. Rabbits are encouraged in every way, though the mischief they do even to large trees in a hard winter is incalculable and irremediable, and all the forestry work has to be crowded into February and March, so as not to interfere with the shooting or the nesting season.

The interests of the forester, however, need not be antagonistic to those of the sportsman, though they can never be identical. If they are to work harmoniously together, the sportsman must agree to keep rabbits down, and to allow summer pruning and thinning, and autumn preparation for sowing, while in return the forester should give up special plots in large woods to be reserved and specially treated for pheasants. Both should combine in the making of broad rides, which are always useful in the beating out of game, and are necessary for the proper conduct of forest operations according to a fixed plan. In making fresh plantations both would agree in the planting of copse woods, with occasional standards; for copses furnish one of the best ways of growing oak, ash, and larch, and all trees which demand plenty of light, and at the same time are better suited for pheasant shooting than any other system of management.

In private plantations some such rules of give-and-take may be followed as are here sketched out, but the re-afforesting of large wastes, which can scarcely be undertaken without State assistance, is the point on which the writer justly lays most stress. This great work will have soon to be taken in hand with all the scientific exactness of method in which the Germans have much to teach and we to learn.

Hunting.

We have rarely met with a book on hunting, or any other field-sport, so free from crotchets as Mr. J. Otho Paget's HUNTING which, is also published in the "Haddon Hall" Series. Mr. Paget shows considerable knowledge both of the practice and of the literature of the sport. Throughout Mr. Paget trusts more to his own experience than to traditional views, and his remarks on the much vexed question as to whether certain pastimes, such as hunting the carted stag or shooting pigeons from a trap, can be

regarded as sport are those of a writer who has thought the matter out for himself.

> Hunting the carted stag and the drag may be pleasant and harmless amusements, but they are not sport; and the same may be said of a bagged fox. To further illustrate my meaning, I should say it is sport to hunt the rat with terriers on his own ground, but to first catch that animal and then turn him out before dogs is not sport. Shooting pigeons from a trap is certainly not sport, but it is a very nice point where the line should be drawn in shooting pheasants that only the evening before have fed from the keeper's hand. Of course it is only the feeling and the idea, but if once a man shoots for any other reason than the love of sport, he loses more than half the pleasure, and is no longer a sportsman. A little competition certainly enhances the pleasure of all sport, but too much may destroy the real thing altogether. They who hunt solely for the pleasure of a ride should devote themselves to drag-hunting, and they who shoot to exhibit their skill should find as much satisfaction in shooting pigeons as any wild game.

Mr. Paget's practical point of view is no less marked in dealing with the farmer problem:—

> I have heard it said [he writes] that the farmer ought to encourage hunting because of the money it brings into the country. . . . The money thus spent may eventually help the sale of some product that a farmer grows; but it is only one in twenty that feels the direct benefit, and the other nineteen may very likely see their farms more ridden over than the lucky one. What advantage is it to Giles who has a grass-farm across which hounds run every week if his neighbour sells oats to a hunting man?

In a note on this subject, the Editors of the "Haddon Hall" Series, the Marquis of Granby and Mr. George A. B. Dewar, state that "the damage done to both farmers' stock and crops by thoughtless persons is often considerable," and Mr. Paget thinks that, among other things, "what the farmer wants is that all forage used in hunting stables should be grown in the neighbourhood, and not imported from other countries." But it is difficult to see how that plan could "work out" in the event of farmers demanding a higher price for their forage than the current market price for the same quality of "foreign stuff."

On introducing us to the hunting field itself the author has much to say on the etiquette of the field which young huntsmen would be wise in consulting. Coming to the actual working of the hounds, and the tactics of foxes, he says:—

> I am quite certain every fox has a different scent, just as every human being has, hence the power of a keen-nosed dog to trace its master even though his "scent" may have been crossed hundreds of times. In the case of the fox the importance of bearing that fact in mind comes out in the chase. . . . I have endeavoured to prove that the hound possesses the power of distinguishing one scent from the other, and our task is to instil it into him that by noting this distinction and adhering to one line he is most likely to catch his fox.

The duties of an M.F.H. are well explained. It is no great exaggeration to say that "to be perfect" he "must embody all the virtues of a saint with the commanding genius of a Kitchener and the tact of a diplomatist." But we are not so inclined to agree with Mr. Paget in the statement that there are no good portraits of dogs in existence. "Until," he writes, "there is a breeder and lover of the animal who is a skilled workman with the brush, we can never hope to see a hound painted with life and symmetry." Certainly no good photograph of a hound has ever yet been seen, but surely the late Rosa Bonheur's figures of hounds are perfect, Mr. J. Noble's "Otter-Hounds at Rest," nearly so, and Mr. Arthur Wardle's illustrations to Lee's "Modern Dogs" beautiful and accurate in every detail, in general form and natural expression.

No book on hunting is complete without a good story or two, and here is one worth quoting about a fox "playing possum" (shamming death) which, as it is short, may be reproduced:—

> I put the terrier in the earth, and a few seconds later a beautiful fox was noosed by the huntsman's whip, but as there was still another inside, we decided to catch both and sacrifice the worst. I therefore held the first fox whilst the second was being captured. Before the second had bolted into the deftly handled noose, the one I was holding had apparently died from strangulation by my whip. I was very much concerned at having, as I thought, killed a fox, and loosing the whip, held him up by the back of the neck. The eyes were closed, the jaws gaped, and the body hung limply down from my hand; every appearance of death was there. I laid him down on the ground, as I thought, a corpse, but the instant I let go of his neck he jumped up and dashed off into the covert. There was no doubt about it being a case of shamming death, and the only question is had he reasoned with himself that this might prove a means of escaping.

HISTORIES OF PHILOSOPHY.

Ancient.

Of histories of philosophy there is no end, but the merits of Professor Windelband's "Geschichte der Alten Philosophie," forming part of the series of Müller's well-known work "Handbuch der klassischen Altertumswissenschaft," have long since been recognized by all competent scholars and his history acknowledged as a standard book on the subject. Dr. Cushman therefore deserves the thanks of those who are unable to peruse the original for his translation, THE HISTORY OF ANCIENT PHILOSOPHY (Sampson Low, 10s. 6d. n.). He may be congratulated, on the whole, on the manner in which he has acquitted himself of a difficult task. He has also made some additions, especially in the English department, to the fairly exhaustive bibliography which was appended to the German edition. Dr. Windelband's method of expounding philosophical systems, as part and parcel of the general movement of the age to which they belong and not as isolated phenomena, like Topsy, mysteriously sprung into existence, has always commended itself to us. We admit that a history of philosophy as a process of intellectual evolution in its genesis, relationship to each preceding and succeeding stage, and gradual development, has its *raison d'être*. But its interest would be purely theoretic and academic, and, after all, philosophy, unless we confine the term to metaphysics and its pursuit to a select esoteric circle, is wisdom with some practical meaning in it.

There are two or three other features which distinguish Dr. Windelband's work from other books of the kind. In the first place he separates Pythagoras from the Pythagoreans, discussing the latter under "Efforts towards reconciliation between Heracleitanism and the theory of Parmenides." The distinction between the founder of Pythagoreanism and his school is a familiar one to all students of philosophy. Röethe, for instance, in his "History of Western Philosophy," differentiates the master and his genuine disciples, whom he christens as "Pythagories," from his spurious followers, whose teaching, made known through Philolaus, so greatly influenced the Platonic philosophy, and was such an important factor in the philosophical eclecticism of Alexandria at the eve of the Christian era. Of Pythagoras himself little or nothing is known. A political reactionary, as opposed to the extreme democratic spirit of his day, and a religious mystic, he was above all a moralist in whose eyes philosophy was in the first place a rule of life and not a speculative system. That he was the founder of the mathematical school and himself a highly distinguished mathematician, although the doctrine that "numbers are the principles of all things" did not in all probability emanate from him, may be readily admitted. The secret of the school appears to have been sold as a pot-boiler:—"Quum quidam Pythagoras opum suarum jacturam fecisset, concessum fuisse homini propter hoc infortunium, ut a Geometria quaestum

faceret." Professor Windelband's contention that the Pythagorean number theory was dictated by a desire to mediate between the Eleatic doctrine of being and "the perpetual flux and reflux" of Heraclitus is very ingenious but cannot be historically substantiated. In truth, Pythagoreanism, which, as has been shown, partakes of the nature of a transition from physiology to metaphysics, occupies a lower platform than the system which combined the one and the many in the higher unity of "Becoming."

Another of Dr. Windelband's innovations for which a good deal more may be said is his juxtaposition of Democritus and Plato. M. Brochard in an interesting essay on "Protagoras et Démocrite," written as far back as 1889, in which he maintained that the philosophy of Democritus marked an advance on that of Protagoras inasmuch as the latter's theory of relativity made any knowledge impossible, had already pointed out certain analogies between the laughing Abderite and the sombre and severe Plato. "Tous deux en effet ont poursuivi le même but : maintenir contre la critique négative du sophiste les droits de la science. Dans cette œuvre commune ils ont dû nécessairement se rencontrer en bien des points . . . les deux philosophies sont la protestation du dogmatisme idéaliste ou matérialiste contre le relativisme réaliste de Protagoras." It is true that Plato never makes the slightest allusion in his writings to Democritus. The author, dismissing the suggestion of philosophical antipathy or literary jealousy, attributes the omission to the probability that "Atomism" was not fashionable among the Athenian thinkers at the period, but considers it extremely doubtful that Plato was unacquainted with the works of Democritus. The reason for Plato's silence must of course remain a matter for conjecture ; the interesting point more or less successfully established by Dr. Windelband is that notwithstanding the violent differences between the two systems there are great similarities.

Another deviation from the ordinary presentation is the treatment of the Hellenic-Roman philosophy as "a progressive application, first ethical and then religious, of science." Philosophy loses gradually its speculative character, or rather its speculations are made subservient to moral and religious exigencies. We have not space to follow Dr. Windelband any further, but we have said enough to show the extreme interest and value of the work before us.

Modern.

In A History of Modern Philosophy (Macmillan, 30s. n.) Dr. Harald Höffding, Professor at the University of Copenhagen, whose "Psykologi i Omrids," translated by Mary E. Lowndes, was highly commended at the time, has now laid the English public under a further debt of obligation by affording it the welcome opportunity of making the acquaintance of his "Den Nyere Filosofis Historie." The author claims for his book two distinguishing features, as differentiating it from other works of the kind. Holding with Fichte's saying, "Tell me what a man's character is and I will tell you the kind of philosophy which he will adopt," he is of opinion that in the study of a given philosophical system the personality of its expounder is a factor by no means to be overlooked. He accordingly prefaces his account of the several philosophical theories with a biographical notice and characterization of their respective authors. The second requisite which he considers indispensable to the thorough understanding of a particular body of doctrines is a knowledge of the intellectual environment in which it originated. "The history of philosophy," he justly remarks, "forms a part of the general history of culture." He has therefore devoted some space to the consideration of the intellectual atmosphere of successive periods and their influence on speculative thought. The chief fault of these extremely able volumes is a certain want of definiteness, arising no doubt partly from the vastness of the subject, but also from a somewhat irritating tendency to verbosity. An illustration is furnished by the introductory remarks to Descartes, the father of modern metaphysics. Descartes, although bitterly opposed to the Church and the pretensions of theology to override science, was imbued with the spirit of scholasticism, and his speculations were influenced by the mechanical theory of the world current in his day. Dr. Höffding takes two-and-a-half pages to state so obvious a fact. As an instance of a lack of perspicuity, take the author's exposition of the Cartesian doctrine of innate ideas. The reader would never gather from the account given that Descartes held distinctly that the mind had certain ideas,—such as the idea of God, of a triangle, and of all those ideas which represent to us immutable and eternal essences, antecedent to experience. Elsewhere in the sketch of Locke's philosophy, his theory of the universality and necessity of certain ideas or of the relativity of our knowledge is not clearly brought out. To give one more instance. In discussing Herbert Spencer's test of truth we read :—"The validity of our knowledge is not absolutely guaranteed by the fact that its fundamental assumptions are the result of the experience of countless generations." Spencer's criterion is the impossibility for the Individual to conceive otherwise, owing to uniform experience. A very inadequate account, too, is given of Spencer's ethics. But, despite its blemishes, the book is a perfect storehouse of information, accurate on the whole.

OTHER NEW BOOKS.

A Boer Pro-Briton.

Mr. C. H. Thomas, the author of Origin of the Anglo-Boer War Revealed (Hodder & Stoughton, 3s. 6d.), is a burgher of the Free State who, though of Swiss origin, has spent forty years in South Africa. His book is written to prove that the Boers have been in the wrong throughout their quarrel with us. It does not really tell us much that we did not know before ; but that would have been difficult, seeing that the subject has already been thoroughly threshed out by many writers. The important thing is that here is a writer who knows the facts, and is free from Imperialistic bias, endorsing all the gravest charges in Mr. Fitzpatrick's indictment. He quotes facts to show that Boer officialdom is a hotbed of corruption—*e.g.*,

> On one occasion a rather highly-placed official obtained a contract for repairing certain streets in Pretoria for £60,000. The work being worth £20,000 at most, the difference went to be shared by the several official participants.

Mr. Thomas demonstrates the reality of the Uitlander grievances. He exposes the machinations of the Afrikander Bond ; and he expresses the belief that Mr. Chamberlain did his best to avert a war. At the same time he argues that Boers are worthy of our respect for other reasons than their prowess in the field, holding that the Hollander element has been the cause of all the mischief. His conclusion is—

> That Hollander element comprises the most insidious menace, and, like a cancer, must be unsparingly excised from South Africa, unless encouragement is intended to be given for an attempt to go one better next time, with a repetition, or rather an aggravation, of the horrors of war and the cost in life and treasure. . . . As to the Dutch language, it will not entail any excessive hardship if it is equally banished as an official language, seeing that English is, on the whole, not more unfamiliar to the bulk of the Boer people than pure High Dutch is, and seeing that the dual right accorded to Dutch as an official language in the Cape Colonies implies that High Dutch had yet to be learnt there, but had been intended to be used for Bond objects, and as an instrument for sedition and conspiracy.

Though written in quaint and rather tangled English, Mr. Thomas' book is a notable contribution to the literature of the South African controversy.

The Epic.

In A History of Epic Poetry (Post-Virgilian) (Oliver and Boyd, 5s.) Mr. John Clark has a great opportunity in dealing with a literary question which has been unduly neglected, and he realizes the scope of his task. We wish we could add that he

had fully carried out his conception of it, but, unfortunately, in two respects he does not succeed. His taste is good, as we gladly admit, in awarding praise or blame to the various poets whom he passes under review. He is judicious, free from exaggeration, and has an eye for essentials. But his definitions lack crispness and completeness, and his own style is affected and rough. To define the epic as "a tale of dignity about individuals" hardly meets the case; it does not insist on unity of theme, on rapidity of action, or on beauty in the embellishments. In his manner, again, there is a great deal of hollow rhetoric, which perhaps he has caught from the later Latin epic. There is also a general striving after effect, as in his words of Aeneas:—"He was not a mere religious missioner, and colporteur of his ancestral penates. . . . He is not a poor little Trojan mouse with a mission." In a word, the style is ugly, and this is most unfortunate in a critic of style.

But when all is said, Mr. Clark's book is distinctly interesting. The Introduction, which sketches the rise of the epic, and describes briefly the ancient poems of that kind, is indeed a trifle inconclusive; but the body of the work deals with writers who are not often studied critically, but are used in scholastic work chiefly for "unseens." Plots and characters are discussed, and typical passages given, all being translated. Mr. Clark can point a contrast well. Thus of Apollonius Rhodius he says:—

> Jason's prowess, if in part a natural ferment, is also the calm and calculating virtue that is shown by a heart fortified by a belief in the offensive science adopted, in this case, that of witchcraft. Beowulf, though a moody man, fights the fire-drake without prearrangements or safeguarding.

The charm of Virgil he finds to be a "thoughtful not a sensuous one." About Milton he says a new thing, and a true thing:—

> When one reads him aloud, and stops at the pausing places, what is a common experience? Why, the music continues; it sings on in the ears, it undulates harmoniously in the air, and dies away in a euthanasy of sound.

When he comes to the lesser lights of the epic, Latin, German, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, he is quick to seize on an excellence, and to illustrate it by examples. He is especially happy on Lucan, whose intellectual strength he recognizes while admitting that he assayed an impossible task. Here and there a sentence is illuminating. Of Morris' Jason, for example, he says:—"One breathes the very air of romance, and to me its languorous verse sounds like the very dirge of the old epic manner." In short, in spite of the faults to which we have alluded, there is a great deal in Mr. Clark's book that is worth bearing in mind.

Three Little Englanders.

LIBERALISM AND THE EMPIRE (Brimley Johnson, 3s. 6d.) consists of three political essays by Mr. Francis W. Hirst, Mr. Gilbert Murray, and Mr. J. L. Hammond. The essayists give us the impression of being clever young men fresh from the University; perhaps they belong to the "intellectuals," as they have been called, of the Palmerston Club. At all events they bring a knowledge of Greek and Roman history to bear upon the facts which they gather from newspapers and Blue-books, and write in a style which will seem very convincing to those who are already convinced. Sometimes they actually prove things. Mr. Hirst, for example, who writes of "Imperialism and Finance," proves beyond the possibility of contradiction that a large army costs more than a small one, and that our military expenditure has considerably increased during the last fifty years. He also locates the responsibility for the various additions to the military and naval budgets. Mr. Hirst's mistake is in thinking that, when he has proved this, he has also proved that it would be better for the country to run its army and navy on the cheap. Surely, if history teaches anything at all, it teaches that starving armaments is false economy—at all events when the alternative of keeping them strong enough to smash possible enemies is feasible. Nor is it quite accurate to say that the increased armaments of Great Britain have "forced the pace" on the Continent. It would be just as true to say that the Continent "forced the pace" by introducing compulsory military service, or that France "forced the pace" by allying herself with Russia and making it desirable that we should be prepared to meet the French and Russian fleets in combination. However, though we do not agree with what Mr. Hirst says, we admit that he says it well. His essay is the best of the three. Mr. Murray's essay on the exploitation of inferior races is too academic to be very profitable, and there are a good many generalisations in it that will not stand analysis. "Enslaved people," says Mr. Murray, for example, "very largely tend to despair and die." On the contrary the savage peoples that die out in the presence of a higher civilization are just the peoples that are not enslaved—the Maories, the Eskimoes, and the Red Indians, for instance. The others generally increase and multiply to the point of presenting politicians with rather a hard nut to crack—as witness the "'black peril" question in the United States, and the rapid increase of the Bantu race in South Africa. Mr. Hammond's paper on "Colonial and Foreign Policy" is a violent attack on Mr. Chamberlain, who seems to be the incarnation of everything that is objectionable to Mr. Hammond.

Dr. Japp's Doxy.

We close SOME HERESIES DEALT WITH, by Dr. Alexander H. Japp (Burleigh, 6s.), with a feeling of regret that a book showing so much ability and honesty of purpose should be so little calculated to enhance the writer's reputation. The "heresies" here denounced by Dr. Japp are the published opinions of such writers as Mr. Andrew Lang, Dr. Westermarck, Sir Henry Maine, Lord Avebury, Mr. Goldwin Smith, Mr. Grant Allen, Mr. Addis, editor of the chronolype Hexateuch, Mr. Flinders Petrie, Mr. Rhys Davids, Miss Mary Kingsley, and Professors Rhys and Margoliouth on certain very disputable points of ethnology and history. It would be easy to fill several volumes on this "omnibus" principle with attacks on questionable opinions put forth by eminent writers. It would be difficult to crowd into one such volume more blunders in taste, judgment, and elementary scholarship than Dr. Japp has contrived to do in this. Dr. Japp appears to be a Scotchman. Few of his compatriots, we venture to say, would be guilty of such stuff as the following:—

> But to put things square about a confirmed and ignorant and shameful confusion as regards Jahvé and Elohim was not a small matter, but radical so far as a large section of Mr. Grant Allen's book went. But Mr. Lang there knew no more than his author. Author and critic were alike in their nescience there, which just shows the depths to which learning and science have fallen in England; *Arcades ambo* they of English ignorance, conceit, pretence, and the self-assertion to which literary men can show themselves capable in thus vying, vying outright, with the politicians and the "statesmen"—so they all hang together great men and great thinkers in England; but—nowhere else.

Surely Mr. Lang is a Scotchman, though we believe him to have been educated in England. We dare say that Dr. Japp is right, and Mr. Lang wrong, on the question whether the Israelites did or did not at one time burn their children as offerings to their deity or deities. Yet even Mr. Lang has his merits. He does at all events write tolerable English and put the proper accents on his Greek. Dr. Japp, for the most part, prudently leaves his Greek unaccented, and in the rare cases where he inserts accents the result makes us stare. His Hebrew, which he parades wherever he has a chance, makes us both stare and gasp. We have some doubts whether he could write out and point correctly the first dozen verses of Genesis. Yet he presumes to lecture not merely Mr. Andrew Lang, but Canon Driver and Professor Margoliouth, on the origin and meaning of the name Yahweh. He is evidently unaware that scholars are practically agreed that it is a simple derivative from the verb formed by the three last of its four letters. The only question is whether it is a Hiphil or a Qal form—the meaning in the one case being "the Creator," in the other "the Eternal One."

The Truth about Baronets.

A considerable portion of A History of the Baronetage, by Francis W. Pixley (Duckworth, 10s. 6d. n.), is taken up with patents. One patent alone occupies thirty-one pages of small print in the Latin language, and probably could not be translated, even with the help of a dictionary, by some of the baronets of the present day. Other pages are devoted to reports of the indignation meetings which baronets hold from time to time to protest against infringements of their privileges, and to correspondence on the vexed question whether the eldest sons of certain baronets are or are not entitled to receive the honour of knighthood without performing feats of arms, or changing their politics, or subscribing to the party funds. Mr. Pixley is of opinion that the man who desires a baronetcy desires a good thing; and he indignantly repudiates the "most absurd contention" that "Baronetcies were indiscriminately sold to any one willing to provide funds for the Royal founder's pecuniary necessities." They could not have them without qualifications somewhat similar to those formerly required of Fellows of All Souls—*bene natus*, &c. It is admitted, however, that "pressure was undoubtedly put upon gentlemen of position" to accept an honour for which they would have to pay into the Exchequer the sum of £1,095 in addition to the charges of passing the patent—a fact which seems to indicate that the original baronets were less dazzled by the dignity of the degree than Mr. Pixley is.

After Mr. Lecky.

Mr. John Patrick Gannon attempts, in A Review of Irish History, in Relation to the Social Development of Ireland (Unwin, 6s.), to "explain historically some of the difficulties suggested by the present state of Ireland." The book is a commentary, or a sort of "leading article" in 282 pages, on the history of Ireland from the earliest epoch to the end of the nineteenth century. Not a single date is mentioned. Each century of the long roll covered by the book is indicated as events unfold themselves; but for details one must refer elsewhere. In his preface the author acknowledges his indebtedness for the facts of modern Irish history to Mr. Lecky. Mr. Gannon owes more than that to Mr. Lecky, who is the model of his style, and inspires many of his conclusions. Mr. Gannon thinks that Ireland would have had a happier fate had she fallen under the domination of a Latin, and particularly a Celto-Latin nation, like France. But he advises his countrymen to "bow to accomplished facts." "Obviously it is the interest of the Irish people to cordially embrace English civilization, while retaining a healthy Irish spirit, and softening with the light Celtic touch the harsher outlines of English life." Mr. Gannon, following in the footsteps of his great exemplar, Mr. Lecky, delivers his opinions with the cold neutrality and something of the dogmatism of the impartial judge. But those who desire a rapid and on the whole a sound estimate of the historical causes which have made the Ireland of to-day what it is will find it in this brightly-written work.

FICTION.

Certain Circulation.

Their own particular public awaits the books of many a novelist, and nothing that the critics may say will check their rapidly moving fingers. Among those who "having writ" move on to the immediate production of another long book is Mr. S. R. Crockett, who, in the few years in which he has bound to him an enormous following, has produced close on a score of books. "Joan of the Sword Hand" was with us yesterday, to-day comes Little Anna Mark (Smith, Elder, 6s.). Like the books that have gone before it is, in its way, a thoroughly satisfactory piece of work. A vigour informs the narrative, there is a picturesque feeling running through it, and there is, above all, a sense of what the public wants. If it be granted that the skilful use of the *cliché* is the last word of the novelist's art, then Mr. Crockett will shine among the most brilliant of his fellow writers of "historical romance," for he is a master in the sublimation of the commonplace.

Mrs. J. H. Riddell's public also await her books. It would, perhaps, be indiscreet to ask how long has this lady been a popular author, but, whatever the time, she approaches the agreeable task of writing her thirty-third novel with wonderful freshness and avidity. The Football of Fate (White, 6s.), if a little old-fashioned, is a sound, well-made story on conventional lines, such a novel as one has some right to expect from the capable pen of the author of "George Geith of Fen Court."

Miss Rosa N. Carey has a considerable reputation, we understand, as a writer of what are called "wholesome romances." Life's Trivial Round (Hutchinson, 6s.) should add to this celebrity, for it is a simple piece of work, incisive, clear, and faintly entertaining, which tells, from a housekeeper's point of view, of a few of the more superficial loves and trials of life. Those who dread the psychologist in fiction may turn to Miss Carey for refreshment or a sedative.

Possible Circulation.

Experience in novel writing should bring cunning to the hand of the writer, but Vanity's Price (White, 6s.) goes to prove that a lady who has written several novels can still present us with a striking example of commonplace, amateurish, ill-considered work. Miss E. Yolland's history of Clare Almlie is dulness long drawn out, her method of presenting the story is quite unskilful. The idea of a lady of fortune with a hatred of old age and a determination to avoid association with it might have been agreeably developed, but the point is wasted. "'Tis an old maxim in the schools, that vanity is the food of fools," quotes Miss Yolland, and perhaps after all she has provided pabulum for the majority.

The exact "placing" of Mr. Francis H. Hardy's new book To the Healing of the Sea (Smith, Elder, 6s.) is rather difficult. Although cleverly written, the strange happenings which befall Carroll Livingston, the soulful adventures and the material sensations of a gambling stockbroker, are not wholly convincing. "To the Healing of the Sea" has a made-up air unknown to the most successful forms of fiction. But the author works with a will, and his book, if not a work of art, should at least be found interesting.

One of Many, by Vera Macha (Digby, Long, 6s.), has the distinction of being the most amateurish novel we have read for many a long day. This is how Ester Armytage, who writes her autobiography and draws the picture of her own virtues, addresses her guardian who asks why she should leave his house to go and be a governess—"Oh, spare me, father! Don't make the wrench more terrible. God alone knows fully how great the trial is to tear myself away from such loving, faithful friends; but duty sternly beckons, and I cannot, must not, turn away my gaze. I *must* answer to the call." The call was not in the least imperative, but Ester always puts things that way. "One of Many," if taken with sauce of satiric humour, may be made amusing.

It is some years since "Lady Audley's Secret" set a fashion in melodramatic fiction, but there are echoes of it yet. The Beautiful Mrs. Leach (Ward, Lock, 3s. 6d.) has some far off sounds of that old music, but the style is not the style of Miss Braddon. Thus of the heroine—"Cristina's was a face to dream of—to glorify, if possible, on canvas, from the chin, sweetly rounded, to the brow crowned by waves of golden hair." We don't quite know what it means, but we are certain Miss Winifred Graham, the author, feels that she is helping us to realize this lady who is capable of "damnable villainies" and comes to an honest Adelphi bad end. Those who like weak melodrama in a novel should read "The Beautiful Mrs. Leach"; we think it would cure them.

LIBRARY NOTES.

The public library may be said to have reached its jubilee. The first Public Libraries Act was passed on July 30, just fifty years ago, and the progress of the libraries since is, on the whole, a matter for congratulation. At first no great advantage was taken of the powers conferred by Parliament. A few

Lancashire and Midland towns established libraries, but in the rest of England the Act remained practically a dead letter for years. In London, only one public library existed—the Westminster Library, started in 1852. But, since 1880 the public have awakened to their opportunities, and in 1899 there were something like 187 libraries at work. In the past decade this number has increased by 150. The metropolis is still the most inert of all municipalities.

In proportion to its population Wales has the largest number of libraries. The mining and manufacturing districts in both England and Wales are considerably ahead of the agricultural areas. Scotland and Ireland are backward, but in Scotland the large sparsely-populated districts militate greatly against the establishment of libraries, and in Ireland the partial nature of the existing Acts proves as little inducement to the rural districts as did the halfpenny rate in England during the few years it was in force.

The twenty-first anniversary of the Wigan Public Library was an appropriate day for conferring the freedom of the county borough of Wigan on the Earl of Crawford, who is chairman of the library and has enriched it with many gifts of rare books. The borough have done well to recognize Lord Crawford's many services not only to the nation, in the encouragement of astronomical science, but also to their own locality, with which the Lindsays have long been closely connected. Mention was, of course, made of Lord Crawford's bibliographical work and of his own library, perhaps the finest private collection now in existence. The library, which is so well cared for by the present earl, was begun by his grandfather and largely increased by his father. In an interesting speech Lord Crawford spoke of the long-standing interest of his family in libraries. One of his ancestors, 300 years ago, had built up what was, for those days, a great collection of books and the most important library in the North of Scotland. This unfortunately became dispersed when the family fortunes suffered in those turbulent times.

The Guildhall Library has had some good fortune during the past year. A collection of books relating to Sir Thomas More, formed by the late Mr. Cock, Q.C., has been presented by Lord Justice Collins and others. The late Dr. Willshire bequeathed his very complete and valuable collection of early prints, playing cards, and books illustrating the history of engraving, and it is proposed to exhibit some of the examples. A collection of Cruickshankiana and a library of dramatic literature are other valuable accessions. The museum has been equally favoured. In contrast to the majority of library reports, that of the Guildhall records a substantial increase in the attendances of readers.

Her Majesty's Stationery Office has decided to make further grants of Government records and publications to the public libraries and learned societies. The list includes most of the volumes of the Rolls series and the Calendars of State Papers. It is to be hoped that the fate of these publications will not be to repose unseen in out-of-the-way corners on dusty shelves. Having received the books could not our libraries make some effort, in the shape of indexes and annotated hand lists, that would better advertise their possession of these works?

A Bill has been introduced in the Legislative Assembly of New South Wales to incorporate the National Art Gallery and Public Library at Sydney under one body of trustees, and provide for the management with an annual endowment of £1,000. This step is rendered necessary to carry out conditions laid down by Mr. D. S. Mitchell, who has already presented some 10,000 volumes, and has declared his intention of ultimately handing over the whole of his library. It is a collection of Australasian books of remarkable completeness and world-wide renown.

The first report of the Acton Public Library is for the most part devoted to the history of the movement which resulted in the opening of the building on January 3 of this year. The figures in this report show that the library already enjoys a considerable popularity which will doubtless spread as the institution and the books it contains become better known. The library has been declared exempt from the payment of local rates.

Correspondence.

"LA VIE EST VAINE."

La vie est vaine—
Un peu d'amour,
Un peu de haine,
Et puis—bonjour.

La vie est brève—
Un peu d'espoir,
Un peu de rêve,
Et puis—bonsoir.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—I send you, on the chance of your caring to make use of them, two versions of Montenalken's lyric, of which you published some translations in your last number. These are selected from a dozen (which in turn were selected from nearly 500) that appeared in the *Journal of Education*, March, 1900:—

Life's fruitless way!
A little mating,
A little hating,
And then—good-day.

Life's brief delight!
A little hoping,
A little moping,
And then—good-night.

To the second I may now "own up":—

Our life's a stage;
A while we play
At love and rage,
And then—good-day!

Our life's a gleam,
A swallow flight;
We hope, we dream,
And then—good-night!

It is, as you say, an insoluble problem, and it is easier to point out where your correspondent fails—by giving up the antithesis of love, hate, and by substituting "grief" for "hope"—than to "cap" him.

I believe I was the first to call Mr. Du Maurier's attention to the lines which so exactly express his philosophy of life, and I remember well his repeating to me at the Athenæum the free paraphrase which afterwards appeared as the epilogue to "Trilby," a paraphrase which like Dryden's Horatian Ode betters any translation.

Yours faithfully,
Aug. 12. F. STORR.

Sir,—I venture to send you another translation of the French verses of which you publish translations in last week's *Literature*, which, if less graceful than those you give, is, perhaps, somewhat closer to the original.

This life is vain:
Love's fleeting sway,
Hate's passing pain,
And then—good-day.

This life is brief:
Hope's short delight,
A dream's relief,
And then—good-night.

Faithfully yours,
MARY GRACE WALKER.
3, Hammersmith-terrace, London, W. Aug. 13, 1900.

Sir,—May I offer a version of "La vie est vaine"?

Our life is vain,
We love, we fight,
Make up again,
And then—good-night.

Our life is short,
Brief hopes flit by,
Brief dreams, brief sport,
And then—good-bye.

Yours truly,
J. D. ANDERSON.
17, Blakesley-avenue, Ealing, W., August 11.

We have also received two more versions.

How vain is life!
Love's little ray—
A little strife—
And then—good-day.

How life fleets by!
A little light—
A little sigh—
And then—good-night.

C. E. M.

All life is vain:
The old, old lay
Of love and pain—
And then—good-day.

All life is brief:
A dreamy view
Of hope and grief—
And then—adieu.

L. BERLIN.

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

The *Daily Chronicle* states this week that "if Mr. Chamberlain consulted the publishers they would beg him not to insist on a general election this autumn." No doubt this is true to a certain extent; but a general election is a necessary evil, and there are publishers, we know, who think that the sooner it is over and done with the better. The cloud which has hung over the book trade for the past twelve months seems likely to remain during the autumn; the elections, it is thought, could not make matters much worse; and it would be a great relief to start a new year with a fair course ahead.

There has been, as we said last week, some talk of the half-crown novel taking the place of the six-shilling novel. But should this idea lead to anything, it will probably be some time before it would take practical shape in the majority of publishing firms. Certainly there is no sign of an impending change in the autumn arrangements already made known, though it has been hinted that Mr. Murray's new half-crown series is intended as a step in the new direction. We can state authoritatively, however, that this is far from being the case. Mr. Murray, as the *Publishers' Circular* remarked last week, does not pretend to give a six-shilling article for two-and-six. The novel of orthodox length he publishes at the orthodox figure, and his list proves that he is making a feature of the six-shilling story. The demand for Miss Marie Corelli's new six-shilling romance "The Master Christian," which has compelled Messrs. Methuen to print 100,000 copies before publication—the book is to appear on the 29th inst.—shows that if the public wants a book it is prepared to pay the regular price.

Messrs. Hutchinson also have arranged to publish nearly thirty new six-shilling novels during the autumn by well-known authors. The list includes books by Mr. Richard Whiteing, Madame Sarah Grand, Mr. J. A. Steuart, Mr. Frankfort Moore, Mr. Joseph Hatton, Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne, Miss Arabella Kenealy, Mr. B. L. Farjeon, Mrs. Hugh Fraser, Mr. J. S. Fletcher, Mr. Tom Gallon, the late Mrs. Lynn Linton, Mr. William Le Queux, Mr. Carlton Dawe, Miss Adeline Serjeant, and Mr. Richard Pryce.

We understand that the first serial novel to appear in Mr. Murray's *Monthly Magazine* will be a new work by Mr. Anthony Hope, entitled "Tristram of Blent." The *motif* is that a man may mar his life by doing one great wrong and yet be a very worthy fellow at heart. The story will run through twelve numbers of the review, appearing in volume form in the autumn of next year.

Sir Walter Armstrong's life of Sir Joshua Reynolds, which Mr. Heinemann has in preparation, is the most sumptuous art volume yet announced for the autumn. It will be uniform with Sir Walter Armstrong's "Gainsborough." The seventy photogravures and six lithographs in colour illustrate the development of the painter and are reproductions, where possible, of the less known and less readily accessible examples of his art. The excuse for a new life of Reynolds is that the century and more which has elapsed since his death has allowed a "more final" judgment to be formed, both of the man and his art, than was possible when Leslie wrote, or even when Taylor prepared Leslie's work for the press.

Mrs. Ady's new work on "The Painters of Florence," which we have already announced as coming from Mr. John Murray, will, we understand, differ in character from Mr. Berenson's well-known "Florentine Painters," and other books of a similar kind. It is not in the nature of critical essays, but consists of biographical sketches of these masters. It embodies the results of the researches in the Florentine Archives which have been undertaken with so much success during the last twenty or thirty years, by the late Signor Milanesi and other German and Italian writers. No Lives of Florentine Masters have appeared in English since Mrs. Jameson published her "Memoirs of Early Italian Painters." Mrs. Ady's book will be fully illustrated with reproductions of frescoes and pictures in Florence which have been carefully selected so as to give an idea of each master's style and characteristics, and of the progressive development of Renaissance art.

Mr. Swinburne is stated to be making good progress with the revision and grouping of his verse for the collected edition which will probably appear next year in six or more volumes. He has also written a dedicatory poem for a second edition of "Rosamund," which Messrs. Chatto and Windus are to publish in the autumn.

Another attractive item which Messrs. Chatto and Windus are preparing for the autumn is a volume of recollections by Herman Charles Merivale, entitled "Bar, Stage, and Recollections." The same publishers now have in the press Volumes III. and IV. of the "History of the Four Georges," by Justin McCarthy, M.P., and Justin Huntly McCarthy, completing the work; and, as already announced, they are preparing a new edition of Volume V. of "A History of Our Own Times," uniform with the first four volumes of the Cabinet Edition and bringing the narrative from 1880 to the Diamond Jubilee. Among other books included in their programme are another volume on Old London, by Mr. C. W. Heckethorn, entitled "London Memories: Social, Historical, and Typographical," and a new edition of Pierce Egan's once popular "Tom and Jerry: Life in London," with an introduction by John Camden Hotten. Sir Walter Besant's book on "East London," uniform with his "South London" volume, will not be ready before the spring. A portion of it has been appearing in *Scribner's*.

In fiction Messrs. Chatto will start the season on September 6th with Sir Walter Besant's "The Fourth Generation," to be followed a week later by Mark Twain's new volume, "The Man that Corrupted Hadleyburg" and other stories and sketches. On September 20th they will publish "Philip Winwood," a novel on the War of Independence by an American author, Mr. Robert Neilson Stephens, embracing events which occurred in New York and London during the years 1763 and 1786. Mr. Ernest A. Vizetelly's edition of Zola's "Conquest of Plassans" (based upon the old translation) will also be issued early in September. The remaining items in Messrs. Chatto's new list of novels include "As Luck Would Have It," by W. Westall; "The Second Adam," by M. P. Shiel; "The Blue Diamond," by L. T. Meade; "The Bag of Diamonds," a volume of four stories by F. Manville Fenn; "The Strange Adventures of Mr. Verschoyle," by W. T. Speight (the *Gentleman's Annual* for 1900); and "A Missing Hero," by Mrs. Alexander. Messrs. Chatto, by the way, have taken over three more of Mrs. Alexander's works from Messrs. F. V. White—"A Fight with Fate," "Mrs. Crichton's Creditor," and "Barbara, Lady's Maid and Peeress"—and are bringing them out in three-and-sixpenny editions.

The end of the autumn season will see the first volume of the translation of the Memoirs of Chateaubriand, which Mr. Freemantle has in preparation. It is somewhat surprising that the publication of a complete translation of the eloquent autobiography which Chateaubriand produced in his years of retirement, fifty odd years ago, should have been left to the enterprise of one of our youngest publishers. There are to be six volumes altogether, to appear quarterly. The translation is being done by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos.

Mr. Elliott Stock adds to the list of Dickensian items for the autumn which appeared in last week's *Literature* the announcement of "The Minor Writings of Charles Dickens," to be published in the "Book Lovers' Library," under Mr. F. G. Kitton's editorship. New information concerning the more ephemeral writings of Dickens is promised, and an appendix will be added of the numerous spurious publications which Dickens endeavoured to suppress.

The third volume of Dr. Hastings' "Dictionary of the Bible" will be published by Messrs. T. and T. Clark on or about August 25. The volume extends from Kir to Pleiades.

Two of the Norse Sagas, "King Helge" and "Aslog," are to be published by Messrs. Sonnenschein in dramatic form, written by Mr. F. J. Winbolt.

Mr. Heinemann has in preparation an English translation of Leroy Beaulieu's "La Renovation de l'Asie." The book will be edited and prefaced by Mr. Henry Norman.

A fourth volume of "Sixpenny Belles Lettres" will be published next week at the Sign of the Unicorn. The new book, like the three which preceded it, is the work of Mr. T. W. H. Crosland, author of "Literary Parables." It is to be called "The Finer Spirit," and will consist entirely of serious pieces.

The facsimile of "Julianna Berner's Boke," of St. Albans, published some years ago by Mr. Elliot Stock, is being reissued in a cheaper form, with the late Wm. Blades' original preface.

Mr. George Kenning, the Masonic publisher, is bringing out "Masonic Muslings," by Dr. Chas. F. Forshaw, of Bradford, containing upwards of two hundred poems having Freemasonry for their topic.

"A Spider's Web," by Mrs. Aylmer Goring, will shortly appear in Mr. Burleigh's half-a-crown series of fiction by well-known authors.

"D'Aubise: a Reminiscence," is the title of a new novel by John C. Shannon, to be published by Mr. Burleigh.

Messrs. Jarrold and Sons are publishing a book of adventures on the Broads entitled "Bunce the Bobby and the Broads," containing some 40 humorous illustrations by the author, Fritz Zorn.

Books to look out for at once.

BIOGRAPHY—
"Richelieu" (Heroes of the Nations Series). By Dr. James B. Perkins. Putnam. 5s.

FICTION—
"Affairs of the Heart." By Violet Hunt. Freemantle. 6s.
"Brothers of the Chain." By George Griffith. White & Co. 6s.
"Daunay's Tower." By Adeline Sergeant. White & Co. 6s.
"Allen Lorne." By Alexander Macdougall. Fisher Unwin. 6s.
"The Autobiography of a Quack." By S. Weir Mitchell. Fisher Unwin. 3s. 6d.

MILITARY—
"Famous British Regiments." By Major Arthur Griffiths. Fisher Unwin. 2s. 6d.

MISCELLANEOUS—
"Tramping with Tramps." By Josiah Flynt. Fisher Unwin. 6s.

POETRY—
"In the Waiting Time of War." By Aubrey N. Mildmay. Swan Sonnenschein. 2s. 6d.

NEW EDITIONS—
"The Welsh People." (Second Edition Revised.) By Principal John Rhys and D. Brynmor Jones, Q.C., M.P. Fisher Unwin. 16s.
Lockhart's "Life of Scott." Vols. I. and II. (Library of English Classics.) Macmillan. 3s. 6d. net each.
"A Man of Mark." By Anthony Hope. Methuen. 6d.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

BIOGRAPHY.

Joel Dorman Steele. By *Mrs. G. Archibald.* 7¼×5¼in., 215 pp. Gay & Bird. 5s.

The Walkers of Southgate. A Famous Brotherhood of Cricketers. By *H. A. Bettesworth.* 9×6in., 139 pp. Methuen. 15s.

CLASSICAL.

Exercises in the Syntax and Idioms of Attic Greek. By *W. H. D. Rouse* and *J. M. Sing.* 7×4¾in., 184 pp. Rivington. 3s. 6d.

EDUCATIONAL.

Une Joyeuse Nichée. By *Mme. E. de Pressensé.* (Modern Language Series.) 6¾×4¼in., 265 pp. Dent. 3s. 6d.

Grammaire Française. (Cours de Grammaire.) Par *W. G. Hartog.* 7×4¾in., 61 pp. Black. 1s.

FICTION.

The Silent Oath. By *Tighe Hopkins.* 7¼×5¼in., 328 pp. Hurst & Blackett. 6s.

On Parole. By *Mina Doyle* (Mrs. W. C. Young). 7¼×5¼in., 248 pp. J. Long. 3s. 6d.

The Web of Life. By *Robert Herrick.* 7¼×5¼in., 330 pp. The Macmillan Co. 6s.

Isis. By *Comte de Villiers de l'Isle Adam.* 7¼×5in., 266 pp. Paris. Librairie Internationale. Fr.3.50.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Discours aux Etudiants. Prononcés devant l'Association Générale des Etudiants de Paris par MM. Bourgeois, Bréal, Casimir Perier, &c. 7¼×4¾in., 242 pp. Paris. Colin. Fr.3.50.

POLITICAL.

Russia Against India. By *A. R. Colquhoun.* 7¼×5¼in., 216 pp. Harper. 6s.

REPRINTS.

Areopagetica, and other Tracts. By *John Milton.* (Temple Classics). 6×4in., 155 pp. Dent. 1s. 6d. n.

Tully's Offices. Turned out of Latin into English by *R. L'Estrange.* (Temple Classics.) 6×4in., 195 pp. Dent. 1s. 6d. n.

In the Roar of the Sea. By *S. Baring Gould.* 9×6in., 110 pp. Methuen. 6d.

Stories from the Diary of a Doctor. By *L. T. Meade* and *Clifford Halifax.* 8¼×6¼in., 188 pp. Newnes. 6d.

THEOLOGY.

The Neo-Christian Epistles. By *B. S. Drury.* 7¼×5¼in., 161 pp. Sonnenschein. 2s. 6d.

God's Word in God's World. 8¼×5¼in., 79 pp. Brit. & For. Bible Soc.

Ancient Ideals. By *H. O. Taylor.* 2 Vols. 9¼×6in., 361+430 pp. The Macmillan Co. 21s. n.

TOPOGRAPHY.

The Annals of Bristol in the 17th Century. By *J. Latimer.* 9¼×6in., 544 pp. Bristol. William George's Sons. 13s. 6d.

Guide to London. By *J. W. Cundall.* 3rd Ed. 7¼×4in., 99 pp. Greening. 6d.

Farnham and Its Surroundings. (Homeland Handbooks.) By *Gordon Home.* 7¼×5in., 134 pp. St. Bride's Press. 6d.

TRAVEL.

The Antarctic Regions. By *Dr. K. Fricker.* 9¼×6¼in., 292 pp. Sonnenschein. 7s. 6d.

CHESS.

Address "Chess": LITERATURE, Printing House Square, London.

PROBLEM No. XLII.
By H. OTTEN, New York
BLACK.

WHITE.
White mates in two moves.

PROBLEM No. XLIII.
By H. OTTEN, New York.
BLACK.

WHITE.
White mates in three moves.

DEATH OF MR. STEINITZ.—Mr. William Steinitz, the celebrated chess master, died in an asylum on Sunday last. He was born in 1836. In 1862 he came to England, and in 1866 played Anderssen a match, by winning which Steinitz became world's champion, and he maintained this position for nearly twenty-eight years. He wrote elaborately on the game, editing chess for some time in the *Field*. For fifteen years his home had been in the United States.

Problem No. 44, by O. Duras, Prague.—White (4 pieces), K at K R 3; Q at K R 8; B at Q 3; Kt at Q 6. Black (6 pieces), K at Q R 2; Q at Q 4; Kts at K Kt 2 and Q R 6; B at Q B 4; pawn at K B 2. White to play and draw.

THE EARLY DAYS OF CHESS.—The following is the conclusion of the notes by Mr. Branch:—Chessmen of ivory, now at the East India Museum, were found in Sind, India, in 1856, in excavating the ruins of a city destroyed by earthquake in the Eighth Century. With the chessmen were Arabic coins of about 750, also human bones, pottery, dice, carvings, &c., all deep under ground. The Arabs had, not long before the earthquake, invaded that part of India. But the chessmen and a fragment of a board are believed to be Indian. If it could be proved that the Arabs brought them there, so much the better for the argument for greater antiquity of chess, because it is certain that chess did not originate in Arabia. You will see a note on these chessmen in the August *British Chess Magazine*. To sum up—Chess was invented in India probably before the Sixth Century. It was brought to Eastern Europe, Italy, and Spain—possibly Spain first—I think in the Eighth Century. It was known in the South of France soon after it was well known in Italy. It was known to the Danes and Norsemen certainly in the Eleventh Century, probably in the Tenth, and possibly late in the Ninth. It is generally agreed by modern authorities that it was probably known in England about the year 1090, and I should rather be disposed to fix the date of its introduction 80 or 90 years earlier. There are references to chess in MSS. written in England soon after 1100, and we never find any mention of its being a new game, or of its having been recently brought from another country. There are earlier references to chess in the literature of Italy, Spain, and Germany, and never anything implying that the game was new.

Then, it is not likely that we have, still preserved, all the European MSS. that contained references to chess. Many works are lost; many, no doubt, that once existed have never been heard of by the moderns. There may well have been in Italy, Spain, France, &c., allusions to the game, or directions for playing it, or problems, written down earlier than the oldest reference we know of. That, in Europe, is said to be of 950. It is Latin, written probably in North Italy, and found in South Germany about 1840. Another, German-Latin, is of 1030-40. V. de Linde admitted, after he had written his first work, that chess was known in Spain early in the Ninth Century.

THE MUNICH TOURNAMENT.—This tournament is in the main concluded. A curious result was a tie of three players—Maroczy, Pillsbury, and Schlechter—for first prize, which will have to be played off, as the first prize winner takes the Prince Regent's silver trophy and 1,000 marks. Maroczy retired after one defeat by Pillsbury. Schlechter and Pillsbury then began a match of four games, of which Schlechter won the first. Scores:—

C. von Bardeleben ..	2½	A. Halprin	5	H. N. Pillsbury ..	12
S. Bylevard	2	C. Jacob	1½	L. von Popiel ..	3½
Prof. J. Berger ..	8	D. Janowski ..	7½	C. Schlechter ..	12
A. Burn	10½	G. Marco	10	J. W. Showalter ..	7½
W. Cohn	8	G. Maroczy	12	H. Wolff	7
H. von Gottschall ..	6½				

Literature

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NOTES OF THE DAY.

General Cluseret, whose death is announced, was one of the generals of the Commune, and also a Fenian, and an organizer of strikes; but literature is indebted to him for a volume of memoirs, containing much interesting information, published in 1887.

* * * *

The *Daily Express* is responsible for the statement that the author of that charming book "Elizabeth and her German Garden," which was followed by the equally charming "Solitary Summer," is Princess Henry of Pless, who until she married in 1891 was Miss Cornwallis West. If this be a fact, the Princess is to be congratulated upon a most delightful style and upon having won the hearts of thousands of readers. A year or so ago every one who keeps up an acquaintance with current literature was talking about these fascinating records of out-door life in Pomerania. "Elizabeth" had an original vein of humour, as well as a pen skilled to transcribe the varied harmonies of nature, and she and her babies, and her husband, and her garden and her neighbours, provided material in plenty for her two volumes of desultory musings and recollections. The Princess might well paint for us other aspects of German domesticity, though now that she is known her cheerful garrulity may receive something of a check.

* * * *

M. Marcel Prévost has recently been explaining his views on the novel of the twentieth century to a representative of the *Temps*. He notes that recent French stories are ceasing to be merely love stories, and deal with moral, political, or social questions. Witness M. Prévost's own work. Moreover, French writers are no longer afraid to imitate Englishmen, and to abandon the form of the *conte* which de Maupassant did so incomparably for more serious studies, with a wider range of observation. M. Prévost cites M. Paul Adam and D'Annunzio, but again he might quite as well have cited himself. He is indignant, as might be expected, against the mania, as he calls it, of certain critics to blame French novelists for their frequent *histoires d'adultère*. The subject "est un peu epuisé," he says:—

> A propos, ces vertueux romans anglais qu'on s'obstine à nous objecter (*Adam Bede*, le *Vicaire de Wakefield*, tant d'œuvres de Meredith) ont généralement des matières assez scabreuses en somme: une séduction de jeune fille, une lutte périlleuse entre le devoir social et la passion. . . . Pour l'instant, nos romanciers, nos psychologues délaissent l'adultère; ils ont l'esprit tourné vers ailleurs; mais rien ne prouve qu'ils ne se reprendront point un de ces jours aux sujets de ce genre, et, alors, ils n'en auront pas moins conscience d'accomplir honnêtement leur besogne de peintres des mœurs.

M. Prévost believes, however, that the next century's novel, or rather the novel of the immediate future, will be more and more *social*. This will not prevent the advent of a great scientific novelist. And as for the style it will be more and more what M. Prévost calls *cursif*. M. Anatole France, he remarks, suggestively, has really found in anticipation the form and style which are to suit the taste of the future, in his *Histoire Contemporaine*. On the French woman novelist, M. Prévost says:—

> Notons, en terminant, un phénomène curieux, l'entrée en scène, chez nous, des femmes romancières. Elles arrivent, innombrables, à l'instar de l'Angleterre. Il faut admirer leur labeur ingénu, leur fécondité, le goût qu'elles ont d'observer les très petites choses. Et tout sera très bien, pourvu qu'elles consentent à ne pas faire des romans d'hommes, à ne pas ruser, pourvu qu'elles se réduisent à faire gentiment des romans de femmes!

* * * *

The 129th anniversary of the birth of Sir Walter Scott was not allowed to pass without notice, in Edinburgh and Glasgow at least. In accordance with a practice of recent years, the Edinburgh Sir Walter Scott Club placed a large wreath of laurel leaves, draped with Royal Stuart tartan, on the pedestal of the monument in Princes-street. In Glasgow the Scott monument was decorated with flowers and foliage, the base being festooned with wreaths of holly and other evergreens. Among those who sent flowers were Lord Rosebery, Lord Aberdeen, Sir John Stirling-Maxwell, and Dr. William Jacks. In the evening the Glasgow Male Voice Choir sang several choruses at the base of the monument, and the band of the 1st Lanarkshire Volunteer Artillery rendered several pieces of instrumental music, chiefly Scottish.

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The changes which the Corporation has decided to make on its Bloomsbury estate will probably sweep away several houses which are filled with literary associations. It is proposed to do away with North and South crescents and carry Alfred-place into Tottenham-court-road at two points, and this will probably involve the demolition of the small houses at present standing in Alfred-place. It was in Alfred-place that Thomas Campbell had lodgings, a few years after resigning the editor-

ship of Colburn's *New Monthly Magazine*. Now that we are waiting to see how another poet, also of a patriotic turn—Mr. Newbolt—will edit another new monthly magazine, it is not uninteresting to compare Campbell's experiences in this *rôle*.

* * * *

His services were engaged by Colburn in 1820 at a salary of £500. No doubt Mr. Newbolt will succeed as an editor better than poor "Procrastination Tom." He is not far from the beginning of his literary career, while Campbell was nearing the end when he edited the New Monthly and had reached the limit of his powers. "The Pleasures of Hope," "Ye Mariners of England," "The Battle of the Baltic," and the poem which Scott voted "the finest verses that have been published these fifty years"—"Hohenlinden"—had all been written a score of years or so before, and the next best period of his literary life closed in 1819, when Murray published his "Specimens of the British Poets." Yet it was during his editorship of the New Monthly that he brought about "the only important event of his life's little history"—as he was fond of putting it—the foundation of the London University. He was not a success on the New Monthly, though he managed to fill the post for ten years. "Though a great man," says Mr. Hall in his "Retrospect," "he was utterly unfit to be an editor." He was succeeded by Lord Lytton, then known only as Edward George Earle Bulwer, and a few years later he accepted the editorship of the *Metropolitan Magazine*, which proved a failure.

* * * *

Sheridan Knowles lived at No. 29 about the same time that Campbell had lodgings in Alfred-place. His father, James Knowles, the lexicographer, who did not begin his dictionary until he was seventy years old, and then suffering from a painful disease, died at his son's house in 1840. Later still came W. R. Sheddon Ralston, the Russian scholar, who lived in Alfred-place for some twenty years and died in North-crescent about ten years ago.

* * * *

A list of "sequel stories" which is being published in instalments in the *Library World* shows us how ingrained is this habit of writing sequels in the novelists of all ages and all countries. Critics, it is true, are rather apt to censure them for indulging in it, but they refuse to be intimidated by the critics; and the critic, in his more human moods, must admit that there is a good deal to be said in favour of the policy. There are limits to the inventiveness of all writers, even the most imaginative. Even a Dumas cannot be continually creating new characters as striking and attractive as d'Artagnan; Dr. Conan Doyle may despair, for a period, of improving on Sherlock Holmes. But it is only natural that a novelist should wish to regard the inventions of his youth as enduring tools for the work of his later years. He is repeating himself, no doubt; but, in the other arts, it is the rule for the artist to repeat himself. Corot painted the same pictures over and over again. The same cornfields reappear year after year on the canvasses of Mr. Leader, and the same white marbles and blue skies figure in many works of Mr. Alma Tadema; and the public welcome them as old friends. Why should it be less proper, and less artistic, for the story teller to pursue the fortunes of the same personages through several volumes?

* * * *

The usual allegation is, of course, that sequels are conspicuously inferior to the stories to which they are tacked on. This is by no means invariably the case. There are those who prefer "Twenty Years After" to "The Three Musketeers." Many young readers differ from the critics in preferring the second part of "The Pilgrim's Progress" to the first. Alike in the Chronicles of Carlingford and the Chronicles of Barchester some of the later volumes will stand comparison with the earlier ones. And every reader will be able to cite similar instances of pleasing sequels from his recollections of his own reading. But even if the allegation could be sustained, it would not constitute a very grave objection to the sequel. No novelist can be always at his best; and it is just as well that he should be at his second best in relating the "further adventures" of characters in whom he has interested us, than introducing new characters whom we may not greatly care to know.

* * * *

One thing one notices in the evolution of the sequel. Originally it was more or less of an afterthought. The writer, casting about for something to write, would have a happy inspiration, and say to himself, "Suppose I invent another story about d'Artagnan"—or Christian, or Ernest Maltravers, or whoever it might be. In these days, however, fiction, like history, tends to become "scientific," and the so-called sequel is, in many cases, the premeditated development of a deliberate philosophy of life—a sequel much in the sense in which Mr. Herbert Spencer's "Principles of Ethics" is a sequel to his "Principles of Psychology." The example was set, long ago, by Balzac; imitations have recently been very numerous. In France there have been, and are, Paul and Victor Margueritte's cycle of novels on the Franco-Prussian war, M. Huysmann's cycle of novels on Roman Catholicism, and M. Marcel Prévost's cycle of novels on feminism—to say nothing of M. Zola's cycle of novels on things in general. In England there are, among others, Mr. George Moore engaged on a cycle of novels expounding his views concerning the artistic temperament, and Mr. Morley Roberts producing a cycle of novels to expound his attitude towards Imperialism and the political situation. That the experiment is equally interesting in the cases of all of the writers we do not assert. But it is a development of the practice of the art of fiction which it is interesting to note and necessary to respect.

* * * *

A correspondent sends us the following Notes on some recent Finnish literature:—"The literary activity of the Finns does not appear to have been appreciably lessened either by their recent political troubles or by the severe censorship of their Press. Some of the Finnish novels and tales, however, published in 1899, have a distinct bearing on political events, and this feature is markedly noticeable in Juhani Aho's "Katajainen kansani" (My Elder-Bush Nation). This volume is a series of patriotic tales, some of them depicting the feelings aroused, first in 1891, by the direct attacks of the Russian Press on the Finnish Constitution, and lately, in February, 1899, by the issue of the Imperial Manifesto. The characters of the tales, though supposititious, may be easily indentified. Aho brought out also a fourth series of his "Lastuja" (Chips), short pieces of great descriptive merit, especially as regards the forest and its associations. Under the title "Kunnan miehiä" (Rural Politicians) Kalle Kajander published a sketch of provincial life; and "Huutolais-tyttö" (The Girl Sold by Auction), a narrative of hard times, was produced by Heikki Meriläinen. The earliest part of this last work is full of promise, but the interest is not sustained throughout. Among other writers of tales may be mentioned Aino Suonio for her "Kuloa ja kevättä" (Autumn Leaves and Spring), a set of novelettes, which, if not deep in thought, are at least clear and good in style.

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"Among writers of verse attention may be drawn to Juhana Henrik Erkko, whose "Runoelmia ja ajatelmia" (Poems and Contemplations) are full of poetic feeling. Larin Kyösti, *i.e.*, Kyösti Larson, in his "Ajan kiäntecssä" (At the Crisis), has produced patriotic songs and ballads, of which many have already become favourites. His "Kulkurin lauluja" (A Vagabond's Songs) are a collection of lyrics, several of them composed in the style of folk-songs. Eino Leino also has published a set of patriotic odes, styled "Ajan aalloilta" (From the Billows of Time), and a dramatic poem, entitled "Tuonelan joutsen" (The Swan of Tuonela), the subject being taken from the episode of Lemminkäinen in the Kalevala. Among recent original dramatic writers we single out Jalmari Hahl for his *Françoise d'Aubigné*, in five acts, a play constructed on a singular subject for the Finnish stage, but not without merits as an apology for Madame de Maintenon and as a description of her

times; Arvid Järnefelt for his historical play, in four acts, entitled *Samuel Cröell*, in which the author, a champion of Tolstoi's principles, appears in the new guise of a dramatist; Alpo Noponen, whose tragedy of *Ahab*, in five acts, though poetical in diction, lacks originality of thought; and Teuvo Pakkala, for his *Tukkijoella* (On the Log-Floating River), a popular comedy, in four acts, which vividly depicts rural life and has been often produced on the boards of Finnish theatres.

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"As examples of works of a more serious character may be mentioned Hannes Gebhard's "Maanviljelijäin yhteistoiminnasta ulkomailla" (Agricultural Co-operations Abroad), a remarkable production in the field of national economy; "Uudenaikaisen filosofian historia," the first part of a comprehensive "History of Modern Philosophy," by Arvi Grotenfelt, founded to some extent on his own investigations; "Mordvalaisten pukuja ja kuvioja" (Dresses and Ornaments of the Mordvinians), by A. O. Heikel, an admirable ethnographical work, brought out under the auspices of the Finnish-Ugrian Society, with descriptions in Finnish and German and coloured illustrations; and the "Suomen kartasto" (Atlas of Finland), published in Finnish and Swedish and in French by the Finnish Geographical Society, and containing orographical, geological, meteorological, botanical, agricultural, statistical, and many other maps of the Grand Duchy, with a volume of text in Finnish, Swedish or French."

* * * *

We are glad to hear that there is to be a new edition of Mr. Whymper's "Scrambles in the Alps," in the autumn. It is the best of all the climbing books, and it has long been out of print, with the result that copies fetch about thirty shillings in the auction room, and a good deal more in the booksellers' shops.

* * * *

There are a good many more books, however, belonging to the period when climbing was just beginning that ought to be reprinted too. We have those of Mr. Leslie Stephen, and Professors Forbes and Tyndall; we want to see announcements of Wills' "Wanderings in the High Alps," Girdlestone's "High Alps Without Guides," and King's "Italian Valleys." The last-named book is, we believe, out of copyright. Will not some publisher oblige? There are also some privately printed Alpine books that should be published—notably, A. W. Moore's "Alps in 1864," and Mr. Freshfield's "From Thonon to Trent." Both books are wanted by collectors and are practically unprocurable.

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Never, perhaps, have so many foreign works of fiction been translated into French as during the last few years. "With Edged Tools," by H. S. Merriman, is to run shortly as a serial in the *Echo de Paris*; "New Grub-street," by George Gissing, is also to be published in the same way in *Les Débats*; and "The Unclassed," by the same author, is now being translated for publication by Ollendorff.

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Mr. Gordon Craig's magazine the *Page*, which we noticed not long ago, has an imitator in the *Tulip*, a quarterly, which a little band of Oxford men, determined to be in *le dernier bateau*, are producing between them. The woodcuts, all by the same hand, are grotesquely ineffective. Mr. Gordon Craig's attempts in this line had some cleverness, but his imitator, like all imitators, copies merely their bad points. The rest of the magazine suffers from the same defect of amateurishness as the cuts. There is a nice little amateur song, some quite inoffensive amateur verse, and an amateur mystic fable, which suggests as much and means as little as even Mr. Arthur Symons could desire. This is the longest contribution to the *Tulip*, and it is announced that the writer, who veils his identity under a *nom de guerre*, will contribute a complete story to each number. He certainly has a faculty for picking up with some cleverness a current fashion in the minor literature of the day. But experiments of this kind are seldom sincere and never very interesting. We fear the *Tulip*, which by the way is published by Martin Klingender at Shortlands in Kent, is not a very hardy specimen.

Dramatized Novels

Though the intimation that one of Balzac's novels is to be dramatized for the English stage arouses hopes, it also arouses fears. Balzac's work is, in a sense, dramatic, but it is not theatrical. It abounds, that is to say, in dramatic ideas, but not in dramatic situations; and it is of situations and not of ideas that plays are made. One can imagine a dramatist taking Balzac's ideas and writing plays to illustrate them; but one feels that such plays, to be effective, would have to be something very different from dramatized versions of Balzac's novels. And to say that is not, in any way, to disparage Balzac. The art of the dramatist and the art of the novelist are two very different arts; and there is no doubt in the mind of any competent critic that, given the conditions of the contemporary stage, the art of the novelist is the higher of the two. The novelist is not trammelled by the exigencies of stage carpentry; he is not obliged to write down to the level of the most stupid man before whose notice hazard may bring his work, but may wait for the right reader to pick it up in a sympathetic mood; he need not sacrifice subtle points for fear lest they should be missed in the gallery; he has not the same temptation to be obvious, and to flatter the vulgar by reiterating hackneyed sentiments. He can criticize life with a freedom and, above all, a completeness, which the dramatist does not enjoy; and the more thoroughly and conscientiously he avails himself of his superior opportunities the less likely is it that a dramatic adaptation of his stories will do him any sort of justice or give real pleasure to the play-going public. It is true, no doubt, that many novelists of great eminence have not been satisfied with writing novels, but have hankered after the triumphs of the stage; but one imagines that it is the personal rather than the artistic triumph that allures them. It is the kind of triumph that is most flattering to the vain man's vanity; and most authors, even the gravest, have something of the actor in their composition. Even the devisers of new philosophies must sigh sometimes for the homage that is freely paid to the writers of new farces; and the writers of novels are naturally more anxious for flattery than philosophers. The fact remains, however, that, though many novels have been dramatized with conspicuous success, the most successful adaptations have been those of bad, or at any rate of indifferent, novels. If there have been adaptations of such writers as Thackeray and Flaubert, they have never attracted any particular attention. Victor Hugo, who shone both as a novelist and as a dramatist, did not make his plays out of his novels; and the melodramas which other people have made out of "Les Misérables," though well enough in their way, do not do, and could not do, justice to Victor Hugo's genius, any more than Mr. Buchanan's *Sophia* did, or could do, justice to the genius of Fielding. On the other hand, there is one sort of novel which does not suffer by adaptation, and which, when adapted, generally succeeds. It is the novel hinging on a particular kind of false sentimentalism which enjoys an evergreen popularity. The story, for example, of the erring wife who repents and comes home to die is equally sure of a cordial reception in a book and on the stage. Halévy wrote that story in *Frou Frou*, and *Frou Frou* has run a good deal longer than *Charley's Aunt*. Mrs. Henry Wood wrote the story, strengthened by the introduction of a consumptive child, in "East Lynne," and the book had the largest circulation of any novel in the English language. To adapt the novel for the stage it was only necessary to cut it into lengths and "write in" a comic policeman; and "when in doubt put up *East Lynne*" has been the motto of provincial touring companies ever since. Analogous cases are those of *Mother* and *La Dame aux Camélias*. Here, again, false sentiment, though not quite the same false sentiment, was the lever by means of which the world of playgoers was moved. In each case a bad but popular romance made a bad but popular play, the romance in each case containing none of those subtleties that cannot be rendered on the stage. Balzac, however, has many such subtleties and no false sentiment worth speaking of. Consequently, we are not sanguine that even "George Fleming" will make a good play out of *La Peau de Chagrin*.

SONG—TO-MORROW.

Oh, child unborn that mortals love to gild
With Hope's rare alchemy,
Thou never art, though on thy birth we build,
But ever art to be!
Our thoughts like Heralds we to greet thee send,
New joys from thee to borrow,
But thou wilt die ere we shall meet, my friend,
To-morrow!

Thou art a phantom none may overtake;
The shadow of to-day,
So closely dost thou follow in its wake,
As ages roll away.
We dream of rapture thou art sure to bring,
But lo! thy freight is sorrow!
Time bears thee ever on his pauseless wing,
To-morrow!

F. B. DOVETON.

Personal Views.

THE FRENCH SCHOOLBOY.

The French schoolboy, especially in private life, is a charming fellow. Even a penitential system of education cannot check his fine spirits or his sense of fun. He accepts the austerity of his school life philosophically, although he rarely looks back to it with the affectionate remembrance common to Englishmen who have passed through the happy gates of a public school. He resigns himself to his fate, and makes the best of his chances of cheerfulness. His hours are long, his food is coarse, he sleeps in a huge "dortoir" like a recruit in barracks, and to increase the military illusion wears a neat uniform, the badge of all his tribe, but he is none the less a very human boy. There are in France many excellent private schools which are conducted in a far more liberal spirit than the Lycées, but whether he receive his early training at a great State school or at some "Institution" such as that so admirably described by Du Maurier in "The Martian" the French boy is always more or less a creature in half humorous revolt against surroundings in the shaping of which he has no voice. His happiness is almost entirely found in his home life; his education appears to him in the light of an unpleasant necessity which the traditions of his country have taught him to accept with resignation. Whilst the surplus vigour of the English lad is absorbed in cricket and football, the energies of the French boy which the long hours of the classroom have not exhausted find what vent they can in the affairs of the world as reflected in his "dortoir" and schoolroom. Often he is a premature politician, the student of smuggled newspapers with fierce views on such questions as the Dreyfus case or the general iniquity of British policy.

It takes some weeks for the foreign professor to get a glimpse under the surface, but when he does he discovers a strange world with a life entirely its own. He hears the murmur of an elaborate and constantly changing school slang of singular ingenuity and wit. He finds that his pupils take the measure of their masters with surprising accuracy. Instinct tells them who are the Professors and *maîtres d'études*, whom it is possible to *embêter*. "Embêter le pion" is the favourite pastime of the Lycées, and an excellent preparation for the politics of his country. In France the recalcitrant schoolboy is an expert at an organized "row." "Chahuter" is the verb which he uses to describe his most exciting amusement. He can overthrow a Professor as his elders overthrow an unpopular Ministry. The classes are very large, and every untried master must be tested before his discipline is accepted. The custom is for the Professor to dismiss from his classroom the impertinent pupil, but the little Frenchman plays his game cleverly, and it is not always easy to decide the point where chaff begins and the desire for instruction ceases. Thus it often happens that a new master without suspecting it is for some days the victim of juvenile irony. But a day comes when his "Silence, Messieurs!" is followed by the faint rustling of feet and half suppressed laughter; the sound gradually increases in volume; desks are slammed, ribald murmurs reach the angry professor. It is revolt. Possibly he dismisses the class without detecting the ringleaders, and complains to the Proviseur, in whose hands college discipline lies, thus preparing a *débâcle* for his own authority. I remember several cases of unpopular or feeble masters quelled by their pupils in a sheer spirit of fun, tinctured with an infusion of real malice on the part of the chief conspirators.

In the well-known college where I discharged the duties of junior English teacher my senior colleague was not an Englishman. He carried quite cheerfully the ponderous name of Rackelboom, and came, I believe, originally from Flanders. He had married an English wife, possibly to equip himself for his profession, and spoke our language with an accent which marriage never cured. For scholastic purposes his name was even more unfortunate than his pronunciation. It was a constant temptation to young Frenchmen in whom the frolic spirit had destroyed the higher virtues of justice and *politesse*.

It chanced that there was an annual fair in the town to which itinerant merchants flocked from various parts of France to sell their wares. It was not deemed "good form" for the college to have serious dealings with the cheap-jacks who offered bargains to staring peasants. My unfortunate colleague, however, had no exclusive prejudices, and he was actually seen purchasing articles of crockery by one of the day boys, who carried back the interesting intelligence to his friends. Now it appears that M. Rackelboom had discovered this youth a few days before in an out-building, endeavouring to smoke a cigarette manufactured from some mysterious fuel extracted from a pair of elastic-side boots. This offence the Professor indiscreetly reported to the authorities. The victim vowed vengeance. The professor's domestic purchases suggested its dramatic form. The lad composed the following simple song in two languages:—

Rackelboom! Rackelboom!
Achète des soucoupes
To fournishe son room!

When the Professor appeared before his class after the muse of mischief had thus inspired his enemy all discipline was destroyed. "Rac-kel-boom!" murmured the chorus, "Rac-kel-boom!" Feet were stamped in unison and desks drummed; "on chantait," and in the end the owner of the formidable name fled before the storm. The onomatopœic fascinations of it finally led to his resignation. A hero might have carried it with dignity, but it was too much for a teacher of English.

There was a certain usher of melancholy mien whom the boys identified as "l'hermite du gazon," from his habit of marching up and down on the same side of the flagged courtyard. The "hermit" was very popular. So long as silence was maintained in his *étude* he made no inquiries as to the character of "the preparation" which he supervised. With Dupont the lazy pupil might say—

Courbé sur mon pupitre, en secret je lisais
Des bouquins de rebut achetés au rabais.

The "hermit's" room was the happiest in the whole school; all manner of forbidden fiction was devoured under cover of to-morrow's

neglected task. One day, however, the Proviseur made a sudden descent on this pleasant oasis and unearthed a copy of "L'Assommoir," and the "hermite" soon after disappeared into private life.

The spirit of snobbishness, so far as I could ascertain, was non-existent in our school. The pupils were of all classes, but complete equality existed between them. One of my boys of the name of Huby was the son of a little grocer who sold sugar in his own little shop and wore a blouse. Huby was known as "l'épicier du coin," but the name carried no visible slight with it. A big, fat, good-natured fellow and an *externe*, he used to present his schoolfellows with cakes of chocolate looted from his father's counter. His gifts made him highly popular. The "*th*" sound in English was an insurmountable barrier to his progress in the language, and as a pupil he did me no credit. In class he was somnolent. Whatever may be the drawbacks of the French system the French schoolboy in Latin and mathematics and arithmetic is on the whole in advance of his English contemporary. Mathematics are taught on a saner principle, and the decimal system removes a very dismal stumbling-block from the paths of the youngest boys. Modern languages there, as with us, are the weakest point. On the other hand Latin is not nearly so dead a language as it seems to the English lad, and in the higher classes the meaning and value of style in literature is taught, a subject which in English schools is entirely overlooked. As a shirk the lazy French boy is far more original than the English. So long as they could keep their names and the nature of their excuses out of my report book my pupils were as daring as the little boy in Daudet's story, who discovered that the Pope was dead to divert his aunt's attention from the breach of domestic discipline which his manœuvre covered. We read "The Last of the Mohicans," "The Rivals," and "The Vicar of Wakefield" as school books. The last was the least popular. The primitive manners prevailing in the good vicar's household excited derision. The high spirits of Sheridan's play, however, were appreciated, and Bob Acre's method of swearing, elaborately explained in the foot-notes by the editor, created diversion. In those days the spirit of the "revanche" was still strong with the boys. An Alsatian with a large head who was known as "le gros Prussien," much resented the name as *très méchant*, whereas to be described as "l'épicier du coin" was held to be an inoffensive piece of chaff. The German professors, who both came from Hanover, for diplomatic reasons pretended their origin was Swiss. For some obscure reason they were known as "les mangeurs des pommes de terres." The general ignorance of all things English among the boys was extreme. I had great difficulty in persuading an intelligent and inquiring lad who had spent a fortnight at Folkestone that croquet was not our national game. He had seen it played with hoops and mallets, and cricket also begins with a "c."

A country probably gets the system of education which it deserves, and certainly the logical and alert intelligence of the French is in a measure due to theirs. The boys are forced to work; lessons are the only outlet for energies, and education with the French parent is a serious question. He expects as much as he can get for his money. This attitude also visibly influences his son. Moreover, the shadow of the *baccalauréat* is always before the eyes of the French lad. "To be plucked for an exam" is not regarded across the Channel in the jocular spirit with which it is accepted in the average English household. French Lycées have not a little to learn from our public schools, but if mental culture be regarded as the main object of instruction we are in no position to bombard them with the stones of critical superiority.

PERCY WHITE.

THE LATE SIR HENRY PARKES.

Few statesmen of our time have risen with such determination and success from the lowest rung of the ladder as the late Sir Henry Parkes, the Birmingham artisan who was destined to become Prime Minister of an adopted land, New South Wales, no less than five times. Among the recent publications of the enterprising Sydney firm, Messrs. Angus and Robertson, is a book entitled AN EMIGRANT'S HOME LETTERS, which gives a vivid picture of the future statesman's early struggles. For though the potential reader might not suspect it from the title "the emigrant" is none other than Sir Henry Parkes. In this sheaf of early letters, written by the poor, overdriven, young Warwickshire workman on the eve of his enforced emigration to Australia, we have a far more moving tale of the "still, sad music of humanity" than any but the greatest of literary artists in fiction can produce. These so-called "Home Letters" have been preserved and garnered with infinite care and affection by the deceased Sydney statesman's daughter, who may take to herself the inward consolation that in this humble and unpretentious little book she has raised the best and truest memorial of her father, one likely to outlast all his own political speeches and literary productions, and even, in a sense, the splendid record of his political achievements.

Miss Parkes contributes a brief Preface, and a few sentences of essential Introduction, admirable alike in brevity and good taste. We learn that on the 11th July, 1836, Henry Parkes and Clarinda Varney were made man and wife at Edgbaston Parish Church, and that after the almost unwitnessed ceremony the young people slunk back to Birmingham, to dwell together in poverty in the one little room where the bride had previously lived alone. She had left her own home, in the beautiful wooded county of Warwickshire, owing to the persecution of her step-mother; her father never again recognized her. At the time of this lowly marriage of mutual affection and, as the worldly would say, rash improvidence, Henry Parkes was twenty-one, and his wife some two years older. Parkes was by trade an ivory-turner, and very soon after his marriage came up to London, where, finding existence as hard and difficult a problem as in Birmingham, he decided to emigrate with his wife and young child to Australia, then only known to English folk as "Botany Bay" a happily remote island of convicts and black-fellows.

Nearly all of these early letters of Henry Parkes were written during this brief perturbed interval of time that he and his young wife passed in London preparatory to their emigration. They are addressed for the most part to his favourite eldest sister, of whom at her death, more than twenty years afterwards, the colonial statesman wrote to his wife in Sydney: "Next to you and our dear children, I have now lost the dearest creature that remained to me upon earth." These pathetic words were wrung from Sir Henry Parkes by his dead sister's bedside; he was then in England with the late William Bede Dalley on a political mission.

The first of the "Home Letters" is dated Sunday, 27th November, 1836, and describes the then slow and melancholy train journey from Birmingham to London in the open and exposed cattle-trucks reserved for the poor at that time. "For the first fifty miles of the journey," he writes, "the rain and wind beat through the naked windows." Arrived in the vast and appalling metropolis, the sturdy young artisan left his wife at an obscure coffee-house while he sought for permanent shelter for their heads, which he finally succeeded in doing somewhere in the region of Hatton-garden.

We have a furnished room and a good sized dressing closet, where we keep our bread and cheese and our coals, &c., on the fourth floor for six shillings per week, and find our own linen and crocks. Staying at the coffee-house was very expensive, but I was afraid of going to strange lodgings, and am glad I did not. We have got out of about 2ls. since we have been in London, though we have been as careful as we could.

Parkes did not write again till early the following month, and we are left to conjecture the manifold rebuffs and bitter disappointments of the unrecorded interval. It is always the word unexpressed, the regret untold, which makes the pathos of such a lot. Parkes hid from his sister as far as he could the tale of his rapidly arriving destitution. Whatever may have been his failings as a statesman and they were not few—Parkes was pre-eminently a man. At times a groan may escape him, but how quickly it is followed by some word of real or assumed hopefulness! Even when unable to find the money to redeem his lathe and workman's tools, he yet writes to his sister cheerily :—

> My expectations of London have met with disappointment in nearly every particular, but I will not talk of that. You will remember that I hinted to you that in case I did not succeed in London I should go further. I had almost forgotten that I ever had such thoughts among the fresh and astonishing scenes of this strange, glorious place till it seemed as if there was no place for me among the countless multitude of its inhabitants. My thoughts then returned to emigration.

Though a man of intense, and even petty, personal vanity, Sir Henry Parkes had little or nothing of the snob in his composition. In conversation he would often dwell on these early times when he almost starved in the Hatton-garden region ; and he was in the habit of wandering for hours alone over London to try and trace the scenes and localities of those youthful days of bitter struggle and indescribable disappointment. In the midst of these early struggles, as afterwards, when his life passed in the whirl of public affairs, there is nothing more remarkable than his persistent and sincere love of literature. There is a passage in one of these "Home Letters" which is particularly moving. It is where he briefly writes to his sister of the necessity to sell off his few remaining books :—

> With regard to the books, if you can sell any of them or exchange any of them for cloth for shirts, &c., I should be glad. "Caleb Williams" and the "Works of Shakespeare" I should like for myself, but, of course, can do without them.

The late Sir William Windeyer, who had known Parkes from his own boyhood, always regarded his personal affection for books as amounting to a disease. When Parkes was still a struggling workman in Sydney, he has been known to spend the whole of his week's wages on his way home on a Saturday night in some second-hand book-shop, which had the same fatal fascination for him that the public-house had for too many of his fellows. Books, literary relics, authors' autographs, rare prints and engravings—these were the besetting sins of this strange colonial statesman who, to his dying day, was always in pecuniary difficulties ; and this, though for the greater part of his life he was a strict teetotaller, never belonged to a club at any period of his career, and had none of the idle, spendthrift amusements of the bulk of humanity of all classes.

When Parkes found that nothing stared him in the face save starvation in London, he at length boldly announced his fixed determination to emigrate ; but he does so, not like a beaten craven in the battle of life, but rather as a conquering warrior proclaiming a forthcoming campaign.

> I am in high hopes of Australia, as well I may be when I compare my chance of living there with my chance of doing so here : but I cannot give you much information now or I should be up all night. [He probably had no more to give.] The colony of New South Wales is three times as large as England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, and as beautiful a country as this. The soil produces almost everything which this produces, together with pomegranates, oranges, lemons, figs, &c. Land can be bought in some of the towns for seven pounds an acre, in the second town in the colony for twenty pounds, and in some parts of the country for five shillings per acre. Mechanics can get forty and fifty shillings a week, and buy sugar for two shillings a pound ; tea for two shillings ; beef twopence a pound ; wine sixpence per bottle : rent four shillings per week. Sydney, the capital of the colony, contains 25,000 inhabitants. However, my hopes are not extravagant, though I make sure of getting rich and coming over soon to fetch all of you. I had forgotten to say the climate is the healthiest in the world.

However, "red tape" put all sorts of difficulties in the way of his getting a free passage to this promised land :—

> They would not give me a passage at first because I was a turner, as persons of such a trade as mine must, when they get to Sydney, work on their own account . . . There are crowds of applicants every day at the emigration office for them to choose out of, and they keep them back and put them off from time to time very vexatiously it seems to me.

Even the Circumlocution Office could not stop such a man as Henry Parkes.

When he at length reached Sydney, after a terribly tedious voyage, with his brave young wife and sick child, he found the greatest difficulty in getting a livelihood for them. He was by turns farm labourer, tide-waiter, ironmonger, toy-shop keeper, journalist, and at length politician and Prime Minister. He began to scribble verse in the columns of Robert Lowe's Sydney journal, the *Atlas* ; and, as he always declared, he was mainly instrumental in getting the future Lord Sherbrooke elected for the metropolis in the old Legislative Council of New South Wales. Parkes then kept a small toy-shop in Hunter-street, Sydney, and scribbled his amatory verse for the *Atlas* on the counter.

None of these moving themes, of course, are touched upon in these beautiful homely family letters of Sir Henry Parkes. But even in these early domestic records, in this tale of penury and struggle, we get many a glimpse of the real soul-felt love of literature and culture in the breast of this virile and gifted man. Parkes published two small books of "occasional" verse, in which he displayed a tendency to amativeness that sometimes reminds the reader of an unmelodious Tom Moore masquerading as Thomas Little. But Parkes' love of books, his devotion to his literary ideals, his kindly help to struggling local authors, were not the least attractive traits in his powerful but complex personality, the key of which is truly presented to the discerning reader of this delightful book.

A. PATCHETT MARTIN.

THE MUSIC OF VOWEL-SOUND.

We are seldom aware how subtly we are influenced by the mere music of vowel-sound, which often holds the quintessence of the meaning of the word containing it. Vowel-sounds unconfined by their bonds of consonants, thrill each with a single, easily-defined emotion, which rings out even in the most incongruous combinations. The long-drawn "o" sounds enfold the melancholy of loneliness ; the "oo" sounds lull the senses, and induce moods that have the soothing influence of dew ; while many of the frail and exquisite things of April and of Spring—lilies and daffodils, and slim silver willows find an interlinked sweetness of expression in one common vowel. In his essays Coventry Patmore speaks "of sounds having a subtle correspondence to things." He says :—"The language of poetry—the only real speech—of all nations and times has largely consisted of a mixture of phonetic and objective imagery." The word speaks to the mind, but the vowel to the soul, and even without digging into the philology of the matter, it should not be difficult to trace some of these mystic parallels.

At times the special preferences of a poet in vowel-sound give a key to his characteristics. Most poets, however, prefer delicate and elusive combinations to simple melodies ; but even so, one note, not so much by reason of its persistency, as by reason of its stridency, may often dominate the rest. In the extremely varied and resonant harmonies of Swinburne, it is always the vowel sound "i" (as in *fire*) that rings longest in the air—a vowel-sound shining with light and life, chiming always a high exhilaration. What vitality is given to his "Song of the South-West Wind" by the employment of this vowel!

Wind whose might in fight was England's on her mightiest warrior-day,
South-west wind, whose breath for her was life, and fire to scourge her foe,
Steel to smite, and death to drive him down an unreturning way. . . .

This is the wind of the "widening winds gigantic," of the "darkening brows divine." There is the triumph and the brine of the sea in this song: the brightness of salt. To take a converse instance, Keats' metaphor of the bluebell—"sapphire queen of the mid-May"—jars on us, because it fires a flower with over-sparkle of being.

It is strange to find that this virile vowel-sound was Ernest Dowson's favourite. "His ideal of a line of verse," Arthur Symons tells us, "was the line of Poe—

The viol, the violet, and the vine."

Here, however, we notice that the brightness of the vowel-sound is veiled by the slow languor of the consonant, and a wholly different key of music is thus produced. The images appeal each with delicate persuasion to the different senses, and in view of circumstances there is something curiously pathetic in their choice. As we should expect, it is the consonant rather than the vowel that allures Dowson. "The letter 'v,'" he said, "is the most beautiful of the letters, and could never be brought into verse too often." As it happens, there are very few lovely words in our language attaching to this letter; the extreme rarity may give to its use an additional thrill. We have to seek before we find such lines as "viewless violets," or "quickening with vision the eye that was veiled."

Consonants would seem to have less power over the "o" and "oo" sounds; they cannot mitigate the cold northern loneliness of the one, nor vex the southern softness of the other. "O" holds in its note all the melancholy of ocean, so closely allied to the genius of our people; often we find this clearly enunciated:—

On that lone shore loud moans the sea—

but so strongly is it always implied that we find a special fitness in connecting the thought of woe with Maeterlinck's image of the ocean:—

"Faut-il plaindre celui qui pleure certains soirs, au bord d'une mer infinie, ou celui qui sourit, sans raison, toute sa vie, au fond d'une petite chambre?"

The most haunting lines that Keats ever wrote are big with the "o" music:—

Magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas in faery lands forlorn.

"Forlorn!" the poet exclaims, "the very word is like a bell to toll thee back from thee to my sole self." So funeral bells, that are the very speech of loss and loneliness, in Mrs. Browning's "Rhyme of the Duchess May," recurringly "toll slowly." It is, of course, unnecessary to refer to the birds of loneliness—to the "moping owl," and the "moping heron motionless and stiff."

After the lofty asceticism of this vowel how sweet to pass to the soothing "oo" music; to hear George Meredith's doves, "Through the long noon coo, crooning through the coo"; to listen where "the long-backed breakers croon Their endless ocean legend to the lazy locked lagoon." The heaviness of summer is in the sound, the languor of afternoon, the dense peace of twilight in woods, where are "dark bluebells drenched with dews of summer eves."

Is it merely a personal preference that of all sounds the changes that ring in the words lily, willow, rivulet, liquid, crystal, silver should appear most exquisite? It would seem not; of all our mouth names John Burroughes has deemed April loveliest, though there is adequate representation of other vowels in May, June, and July. What jewel has so tender a designation as "amethyst"? And do we not transform our inchoate London into dim beauty by calling it, with Mrs. Marriott Watson, "city of mist"? In this sound there is something so keenly fragile that it seems to respond to vibrations from the invisible; you can make delicious music by merely stringing words woven of it together—"slim lilac fingers," "misty vistas," "the shrill spirit of the wind." Though it should occur but once in the line, it thrills with some poignancy delicate and mysterious, "remembered kisses after death," "some bewildered swallow," "the fringe and fray'd hem of the sea." Mr. George Meredith's poetry affords a good illustration of its liquidity:—

A limping minnow rillet ran
To hang upon an ivy foot.

The following lines of Mrs. Meynell's, also exquisitely liquid, have in addition a remote brilliance and peace:—

. . . The tide comes again
And brims the little seashore pools, and sets
Seaweeds afloat, and fills
The silent pools, rivers and rivulets
Among the inland hills.

William Blake uses this vowel to interpret the white freshness of the lily of the valley—a quality almost too spiritual for the coarse mediumship of words.

Thel answered "O! thou little virgin of the peaceful valley . . .
Thy breath doth nourish the innocent lamb; he smells thy milky garments. . . ."

And has not Mr. Henley built a whole ballade on the coolness of the sound?

Fountains that frisk and sprinkle
The moss they overspill,
Grass that the breezes crinkle,
The wheel beside the rill
With its wet, weedy frill. . . .

Of course, in the greatest passages of our poets, we are carried beyond the consciousness of vowel-sound, beyond the consciousness of the mediumship of words, into the very core of the moving tragedies of life and death. There is music there, too, but it is music beyond our analysis, sometimes beyond our comprehension. Many things are so far above us that to define them is to lose them; they elude the attempt to bind them in finite bonds. But in many exquisite beauties of our literature we have free liberty to take the same critical joy that we take in the sounds of Nature herself, Nature who has built up so many of our words to the roll of the ocean, to the coo of doves, and to the whisper of willows.

ETHEL WHEELER.

A SWISS BAUERNSPIEL.

It would be interesting to learn when the last folk-play was performed in England—a play, that is, conned and acted by villagers for their own amusement, and not for gain or the patronage of the local "quality." By the merest chance I had the pleasure of attending a *volksschauspiel* in the Canton Thurgau the other day; and, though it had unique attractions of its own, and Switzerland was overrun with visitors, I was the only alien in the audience. The fact is, they have no village Greet or Benson at Diessenhofen, and all that summer afternoon trains and boats went up and down the Rhine in happy ignorance that there was a play afoot. The casual tourist as he passed Ermatingen may have turned a languid eye in vain for the ruins of Reichenau, where the monk Ekkehard spent his comfortable exile under the thumb of an imperious duchess; but Diessenhofen went unnoticed—certainly unvisited. The village is the last calling-place for steamers going down the Rhine from Constance to Schaffhausen; and though it is as pretty a spot as any on the journey, it has to take its notions of the outside world from a chance pilgrim with a knapsack or the scurrying cyclist. But the native cheerfully meets disregard with disregard—a not infrequent bargain between Arcadia and the stranger.

It was the fourth Sunday of July and perfect weather; the countryside had turned out in a body to see the fun, and the hamlet looked its best. The robust voices of the players as you

left the station came across the fields with a ring of businesslike invitation, and everything in that well-filled meadow was primitive—from the ill-curtained stage which stretched along one side of it, to the rickety, rough-hewn benches which had been marked off into squares at a franc apiece. Entrances and exits the players made by steps at either end of the rambling stage, and the scene-tops were overhung by rustling elm and poplar. As was to be expected in a land which so jealously preserves its national dress traditions, the costumes were correct and excellent. There were enough hauberks and bannerets to make a gallant show, and for the frequent salvos there was a brass gun which was punctual and efficient. Indeed, that worthy piece of ordnance deserves to be promoted to higher dramatic fields. I tried to obtain a list of the chief actors, but there was none available, and personal inquiry was useless; the play was the thing, and the 250 members of the cast desired to go unrecorded. All they would tell you was that they were drawn entirely from Diessenhofen and the neighbouring villages. There was little or no prompting—certainly none audible; the scenery was roughly effective; and the audience drank its beer with heroic satisfaction.

That the play was patriotic is shown by the title—*Karl der Kühne, und die Eidgenossen*. It was written by Dr. Arnold Ott, of Lucerne, and published by Gebhardt there a couple of years ago in a paper-covered quarto of 200 pages. But this was the first representation, and the author (who took his "curtain" very modestly) had been at some pains to cut the work down to a four-hours' limit. The conflict of cantonal dialect makes it hard reading for a foreigner, perhaps, and the difficulty is not to be overcome even by the vigorous elocution of Diessenhofen. But subtract the dialect, with all its humour and savour of the soil, and you still have a play which more than repays a reading. It may very well stand trial as Switzerland's latest contribution to the historical drama of Europe, and when we consider how scanty, outside the pages of Philippe de Comines, are the materials relating to the wars of Charles the Bold, Dr. Ott's researches can hardly fail to be of future importance, even to the chronicler. It was a learned friend at St. Gallen who drew my attention to the play, and it was pleasant to learn from him that for months before publication the manuscript had been read in a small circle with enthusiasm and enjoyment.

The author is evidently of the school of Schiller, and, indeed, in a country where no youngster leaves school without knowing *Wilhelm Tell* by heart, it would be impossible to find a more appropriate model. The more serious passages of the book are written in blank verse, which despite occasional rhymes is well-tuned, skilfully broken up, pliant and descriptive. Now and then Dr. Ott shows a partiality for the unrhymed and irregular dactyl, and there is a sufficient relief in the form of prose dialogue and frequent lyrics. Sometimes in these the influence of Heine's faults and too few of his merits is apparent to the degree of enervation; but others are strong and serviceable in the progress of the story. The first act is one of semi-barbaric pomp in the Burgundian Court, where Charles, backed by the Papal legate, receives a Swiss deputation with stinging arrogance, and works them up to a dramatic challenge. The second is laid among the mountains, where the covenant of the cantons takes shape, and the plan of campaign is laid. The third and fourth are fighting acts, at Grandson and Murten; and the last leads up to the Monarch's death near the field of Nancy, with the flight of his Italian hirelings and the victory of the federal troops. Here there is a smack of *King Lear* observable, for the author makes a loyal elegist of the Court jester, Le Glorieux, and one of the respectful speeches of the Swiss leaders over the poor fool's body is touching in its happy irony:—

> Ihm folg' der Narr zum ewigen Gericht!
> Sein seelenkund'ger Anwalt sei er dort;
> Denn weiser war er, als sein Kleid verriet.

The patriotic fervour of the piece was unmistakable; the delight of the simple onlookers it would be hard to forget. The acting, making all allowances, was not unworthy the high literary level of the play. I had just left the chief theatres of München—Wagner's *Tristan* at the Hoftheater and Hauptmann's *Versunkene Glocke* at the Gärtnerplatz—and I had seen in the interim the greatest tragedy in the world at Ober-Ammergau. Yet this unpretentious sequel had nothing of the anti-climax in it. Instead of hyper-Promethean agony there was the sunny patriotism of a peasants' holiday. Instead of great and sweeping orchestral effects one listened to quaint old strains from the municipal band of the nearest town, and the burly speech of untutored villagers had to supply the modulations of a great declamatory actor like Josef Kainz. But it was sound feeling and honest work, the parents of true art; and out of those rude strains one could hear fine music taking strong and healthy wing. Inverting Oertzen's phrase about making an idle toy of love, these folk had drawn passionate love of country out of an artistic pastime; and I came away wondering how long we should have to wait in England before the men of Avonside took up *Twelfth Night* or *As You Like It* for a summer entertainment, or the boatmen of Devon and the Dart fashioned themselves a play on the theme of Drake and the Spanish Main. I am afraid there is no need for Mr. Newbolt to be alarmed; his captain "sleeping there below" is likely to go undisturbed for a long time yet by the rude applause of a canvas booth. And Warwickshire is too busy with its new-born ambitions as a first-class county to exchange the wicket-keeper's pad for the buskin of Shakespeare.

J. P. COLLINS.

BOOKBINDING IN 1900.

Fashion is an important factor in the book trade, even if, as Mr. Heinemann would have us believe, it has nothing to do with the chances of a novel. Especially is this the case with the externals of a book, and in fiction more than in any other department. It is the fashion to dress a book boldly, to give a striking effect by the simplest means. Strong outlines and glowing colours have been gradually changing the complexion of the bookstall during the last two seasons, and as, generally speaking, it costs less to produce these covers than the sober patterns of a year or so ago, they have probably come to stay. The war, with its fine opportunities for brilliant shades and broad effects, undoubtedly gave an impetus to the new movement, and the Chinese peril will probably lead to further audacious developments. But publishers were beginning to take a greater interest in their covers before the South African troubles began. A striking design, it is admitted, has an appreciable effect on the sale of the average book, and even some of the more conservative publishers, who would have looked askance at anything approaching unconventionality a few years ago, are making daring experiments in this direction nowadays. The tendency seems to be to put less and less gilt work on cloth covers. A better result can be produced without it in most of the new designs, and the saving of expense—for giltwork is costly and often wasteful—is an important consideration when books are demanded at cheaper prices every year. Leather binding, of course, is another matter; here the gold leaf must remain supreme. Last year, to give one instance only, the waste gold leaf and the sweepings from the binding-house floor of the Oxford University Press, where the leaf is laid on the covers, yielded a lump sum of gold which sold for £130.

The Oxford Press, by the way, has a wonderful collection of elaborate bindings at the Paris Exhibition, and as an artistic specimen of English book-binding it has never been excelled. The forty-seven volumes are priced at sums ranging from £4 to as much as £150, the cheapest being an Oxford miniature Milton and the most expensive "A Century of Oxford Almanacks." Altogether the forty-seven volumes are valued at £1,000. The inlaid bindings are extremely ornate, and charming effects are produced by the various colours in the levant morocco, calf and pig-skin sides. As stated in *Literature* some months ago the Society of Arts has taken up the subject of

leather for bookbinding, conscious that much of the leather binding of to-day is in serious need of improvement. On every hand, it is argued, complaints of the rapid decay of bindings are heard, and an examination of a library of any size would show that the leather on a large number of books bound during the last fifty years had perished. The report of the committee appointed to investigate the matter should be of considerable interest. One of the chief causes for the early decay of the leather now in use is said to be the use of sulphuric acid in clearing and dyeing. It is also urged that excessive finish is not only useless to bookbinders, but injurious to the leather. Leather for bookbinding, said Mr. Douglas Cockerell in his recent lecture on the subject before the Society of Arts, is so tortured and worried in finishing and graining that most people hardly know that each of the various leathers has a characteristic and often beautiful grain. We find now, he continued, that instead of leather made from sheep, calf, goat, and pig-skins, each having, when finished, its own characteristic surface, that sheep-skins are got up to look like calf, morocco, or pig-skin; that calf is grained to resemble morocco or so polished and flattened as to have but little character left; while goat-skins are grained in any number of ways, and pig-skin is often grained like levant leather. Some of these imitations are so clever that it takes a skilled expert to identify them. A suggestion has been made that a system of testing and hall-marking should be established, but it is not easy to see how such a scheme could be made practicable. It would be simple enough to stamp the skins in the first place, but unless every book could be marked the system would virtually be valueless. Besides, there is many a book lover who would not be convinced that he could ever accept an imitation leather for the genuine article, and who might object to the branding of his bibliographic treasures.

Reviews.

GERMAN ART IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

La Peinture Allemande au XIX^e^ Siècle. Par M. le Marquis de la Mazelière. Ouvrage accompagné de cent trois gravures hors texte. Paris. (Librairie Plon, Fr.20.)

In this handsome volume, the latest publication of the Maison Plon, we have the most complete and exhaustive history of German painting in the nineteenth century that has yet seen the light. Its appearance is singularly opportune at the present moment, when the brilliant and striking display of contemporary German art in the Palais des Beaux Arts is exciting so much admiration among visitors to the Paris Exhibition. Never before has so full and representative a collection of modern German pictures been brought together. Never have the great and varied qualities of Teutonic masters been so generously recognized by French critics. As an introduction to this interesting section of fine art in the present Exhibition the book before us cannot fail to be of great use and assistance, while it will prove of the utmost value to the student who attempts to grapple with the complex and intricate problems of German art.

M. de la Mazelière is remarkably well fitted for the task which he has undertaken. He has a wide acquaintance with the different schools of modern painting, and is equally familiar with the contemporary literature of France, of England, and of Germany. He deals incidentally with the art of English Pre-Raphaelites and of French Impressionists, and examines the influence which the poetry of Rossetti and Swinburne, of Victor Hugo and Baudelaire, the novels of Zola and Tolstoy, the philosophy of Nietzsche and Ibsen, the music of Wagner and Berlioz, have, each in turn, exercised on the development of art. The author approaches these subjects in a calm and unprejudiced spirit and discusses them in a clear and intelligent manner, discovering the fundamental principles which lie at the root of human civilization and tracing their gradual evolution in contemporary painting. The art of a nation, he holds, corresponds with the manners and customs, the beliefs, and ideas of thought prevalent in the age to which it belongs, and is the best record we possess of the mental history of successive generations. Not only in his choice of subject and composition, but in his technique, the artist reveals the true spirit of his times.

> L'art d'un peuple reflète ses crises philosophiques, sociales et politiques; l'évolution de l'art allemand correspond à celle de l'Allemagne elle-même (p. 393).

Step by step M. de la Mazelière follows the transformation in art and society that was effected on parallel lines during the peaceful times after the close of Napoleon's wars and the troubled period which culminated in the Revolution of 1848. In the latter half of his book he describes the development of material and commercial prosperity, as well as the reawakened sense of national independence, which succeeded the foundation of the new German Empire. During the eighteenth century German artists were content to imitate the style of French and Italian masters. Mengs copied Raphael and the Bolognese painters by turn, Watteau inspired Chodowiecki's "Fêtes Champêtres," and Tiepolo decorated the Palace of Würzburg with his frescoes. It was only in the nineteenth century that German artists began to think and paint for themselves. In this way the history of the modern German school acquires a special importance, for the national art may be said to begin and end with the nineteenth century. It has attained its final evolution in the present day, when we see artists rejecting the traditions of the past and boldly proclaiming their absolute independence. First of all we have the Idealists, such as Carstens and Cornelius, who, in the opening years of the century, took classical statues and monuments for their models, or those who, like Overbeck and the Nazarenes, found inspiration in the Christian art of the old Italian masters. Rome became the centre of both of the schools of German art. Closely allied to them were the landscape painters who took Claude for their guide, and painted classical myths, set in the scenery of the Roman Campagna or the Isles of Greece. These Idealists were succeeded by the historical and romantic school—Schnorr of Carolsfeld, who decorated the palaces of Munich with the history of Charlemagne and the Nibelungen myths; Kaulbach, who, under the influence of Hegel's philosophy, depicted the progress of humanity on the walls of the Berlin Museum; and the Düsseldorf masters, Lessing, Rethel, Steinle and Schwind, who illustrated Goethe's ballads and the legends of the Rhine. It was the second generation of historical painters who, by abandoning romantic themes and philosophical ideas for the representation of individual heroes and the costumes of a given period, prepared the triumph of the new school, and effected the transition from idealism to realism. Chief among these were Piloty, the Munich painter (1826-1886), whose famous "Death of Wallenstein" hangs in the New Pinacothek; Hans Makart (1840-1884), the master who filled the galleries of Vienna with his vast compositions; and the great Hungarian, Munkacsy, whose "Ecce Homo" has been repeatedly exhibited in London.

> Cette transformation de la peinture (writes M. de la Mazelière) eut son origine dans la transformation même du pays. L'école de Piloty fut contemporaine des grands événements qui produisirent l'Allemagne moderne: les guerres victorieuses de la Prusse, l'Autriche séparée de l'Allemagne, la fondation de l'Empire, le développement du commerce et de l'industrie, l'instruction rendue obligatoire, la diffusion de l'enseignement technique, le mouvement vers les colonies. . . . A l'idéalisme, à la peinture d'histoire succède le réalisme, dont les deux formes extrêmes sont le naturalisme et l'impressionnisme.

The second half of the century's art may be said to begin with the foundation of the Empire in 1870. During the first fifteen years of this new period (1870-1885) Bismarck reigned

supreme, and military and official painting flourished under his sway. The galleries and palaces of Berlin were decorated with battle pieces, and the Court-painter Werner illustrated the proclamation of the Empire at Versailles, the Congress of Berlin, and the Triple Alliance in a series of large compositions. The most interesting development of art during this period is to be found in the portraits of Lenbach, the Bavarian master. Our author devotes a chapter to this veteran artist, who has painted all the most illustrious personages of the Vaterland, besides Pope Leo XIII., Mr. Gladstone, and our own Queen. Bismarck and Moltke, Mommsen and Helmholtz, Döllinger and Begas, Liszt and Wagner, with whom he lived on terms of intimate friendship, have all sat to Lenbach in turn. And like our great portrait painter, Mr. Watts, this master has always aimed at giving a faithful representation of the whole man, and has made character rather than beauty the object of his study.

In the last fifteen years German art has been profoundly affected by the new movement which has made itself felt alike in politics and literature. The disappearance of Bismarck from public life became the signal for a reaction against military and official thraldom. The democratic and socialist ideas in the air, the spirit of revolt that was abroad all helped to produce the new school of naturalist and impressionist painting. For a time rustic life became the favourite theme of artists; Kraus and Vautier painted village funerals and festivals and rustic weddings; in imitation of Courbet and Bastien-Lepage, Liebermann adopted *plein d'air* painting in his peasant pictures and inferior artists rivalled the eccentricities of Besnard and Manet in technique. But the chief representative of the new *peinture de mœurs*, which has become so popular in Germany, is the Prussian master Adolf von Menzel. His great picture of the *Laminoir*, or Iron-Works, of Königshütte in Silesia, produced an immense sensation when it was first exhibited in 1876, and marks a new era in the history of German art. Since then a host of followers have found material for their pictures in the streets and factories of Berlin, of Dresden, and Hamburg, and have devoted their art to the reproduction of the life of labour, and the desperate struggle for existence that goes on in the slums of our great cities. Among those artists who are busy with this oft repeated tale of human toil and misery, but who strike a deeper and a higher note, are Fritz von Uhde and Eduard von Gebhardt. Both of them are the sons of Protestant pastors, and both set before us the same image of a human and suffering Christ, surrounded by rude peasants and toiling men and women who hang upon his words and seek hope and comfort from His teaching. Nietzsche, says M. de la Mazelière, is the apostle of modern Germany, and the worship of force and negation of ideals which he professes are reflected in the realism of modern German art. But already this excessive naturalism and hopeless pessimism has produced the inevitable re-action, and a new school of symbolists has sprung up with Arnold Böcklin at their head. We may not agree with our French author when he declares this Bâle master to be the greatest genius which Germany has produced since Albert Dürer and Holbein, but it is impossible to deny the power of this remarkable man's weird conceptions, and the beauty of some of his mystic dreams.

In conclusion, M. de la Mazelière ventures on a prophetic forecast. Having ably summed up the art of the nineteenth century he is bold enough to give us a sketch of art in the twentieth century. The painting of the coming age, he believes, will be frankly realistic, but will avoid the excesses of baser naturalism. It will be an art of synthesis rather than one of analysis, and will find new modes of expression and new forms of beauty, wholly independent of old traditions and preconceived ideas. It will be largely decorative in character, and will concern itself more and more with cities and with city life, until some new Rousseau, weary of civilization, shall arise to discover Nature again, or some Millet fresh from the fields, shall find out the old paths, and bring man before us once more as part of a great and changeless order, set in the midst of eternal realities.

EDUCATIONAL REFORM IN FRANCE.

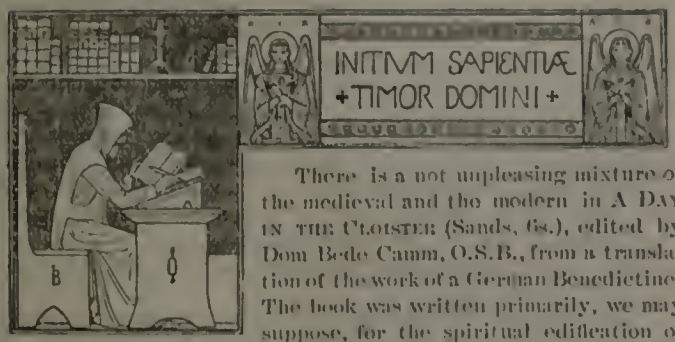
In another column Mr. Percy White gives us his "personal views" on the effect of the Lycée system on the French schoolboy. Mr. White's experience is that of an Englishman who has taught in a French school. It is not uninteresting to compare the remarks of a Frenchman, Monsieur Paul Lacombe, in his ESQUISSE D'UN ENSEIGNEMENT BASÉ SUR LA PSYCHOLOGIE DE L'ENFANT (Colin, 3fr.), on the present state of education and the means by which it might be improved. Monsieur Lacombe condemns the system, but his judgment must not be taken too seriously, as he has a hobby of his own to exalt. His remarks apply to the whole system of education in France, and not to the Lycée alone. He wishes all education to be founded on psychological observation. The child, he thinks, should be trained scientifically, like a horse or a rose bush. We will not deny that such ideals may come more within the range of practical considerations in the future, in England as well as in France, but at present they belong rather to the kingdom of Utopia. So long as education has to be carried on on a large scale, and 20 or 30 boys are taught at once in a single class, the same amount of individual attention as a gardener gives to his rose tree cannot be easily bestowed upon a single boy. The master who already has to divide his attention between keeping his form in order and carrying them rapidly through the numerous branches of learning which stretch their weary length before the eyes of the modern schoolboy has little time, we are afraid, for psychological observation. Due praise, nevertheless, must be given to M. Lacombe for having pointed out the national danger there is in France in not preparing boys' minds to discuss and sift evidence. His chapter on the teaching of history is worth meditating. What he says on Greek and Latin is less acceptable. His utilitarian ideal makes him despise Homer and Vergil. To learn how to read the foreign intelligence column in a daily paper seems to him more important than to commit to memory the Doric dative in order to commune with Theocritus. We cannot help thinking that the greatness of a nation is partly due to a great waste of energy. To have one Anatole France, one Renan, one Taine you must consent to let hundreds of boys yawn over a Latin Grammar. The gardener who produces a wonderful variety of tulip will tell you the time and expenditure it has cost him. And a Renan, after all, is worth more to a nation than scores of Madagascar planters or Sudan traders.

The work to which Dr. de Fleury gives the rather encyclopædic title of LE CORPS ET L'AME DE L'ENFANT (Colin, 3f. 50c.) first appeared in a series of *Figaro* articles. It is a most interesting book, saying in the lucid, brilliant French style all that doctors, scientists, and moralists have said with less effect. How to cure a hasty temper; how to change an idle child into an active youth; how to make a child brave, truthful, the difficult problems a French father faces with terror, are easily, because scientifically, solved. Some of the chapters are pre-eminently written for French parents, and those on food, dress, holidays, are amusing to English readers. Thus we are told that little Jules or little Victor, who plays all day in the Tuileries gardens, is by no means to sleep in a narrow recess looking on a dark and dingy court in a Paris flat, because it is injurious to health not to breathe properly and not to see a ray of sun ten hours out of twenty-four. The advice about boys who are naturally of a bad and morose disposition sounds also strange to Anglo-Saxon readers.

Last week we discussed the flat of the French Minister of Education with the object of simplifying the French syntax. How to simplify French spelling is the kindred problem faced by Monsieur Louis Favre in OBSERVATIONS SUR LA RÉFORME DE L'ORTHOGRAPHE (Firmin-Didot). There is, as is well-known, an official spelling: that of the "Dictionnaire de l'Académie"; but in this system M. Favre finds some perplexing discrepancies, arising probably from misprints. If, for instance, you look out *bien* you will find the word *biens-fonds* (with an *s*), and if you look out *fonds*, *bien-fonds* (without an *s*). The Academy write

Saint Mathieu (under the word *evangéliste*) and *Saint Matthieu* (*évangile*), *tomber en ruines* (*abbaye*), and *tomber en ruine* (*ruine*), &c. The reform pleaded for by M. Favre after many other eminent Frenchmen will scarcely succeed, we think, because the majority of those that have learnt spelling, after many years' labour, are loath to forgo the only intellectual advantage they often have over their fellow-countrymen. With his little pamphlet on reform in spelling may be noticed his voluminous DICTIONNAIRE DE LA PRONONCIATION (Firmin-Didot) which has the disadvantage of not using the phonetic alphabet; thereby making the task easier for a reader in a hurry, but depriving the work of all scientific value. The volume includes a very curious, learned, and entertaining article of M. Gréard's on spelling reform, reprinted from a University magazine.

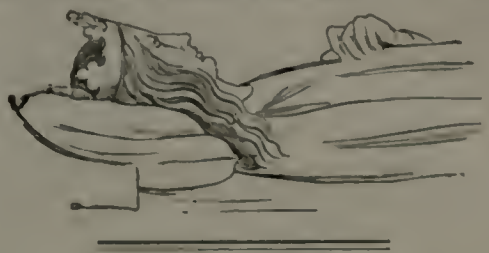
BENEDICTINES, ANCIENT AND MODERN.



There is a not unpleasing mixture of the medieval and the modern in A DAY IN THE CLOISTER (Sands, 6s.), edited by Dom Bede Camm, O.S.B., from a translation of the work of a German Benedictine. The book was written primarily, we may suppose, for the spiritual edification of guests; and therefore we ought not to complain that they are called upon to view everything through rose-coloured spectacles. The author (or the editor) himself admits that the abbey described is no existing monastery, but an imaginary one formed on the ideal sketched in the Rule of S. Benedict. In such circumstances, though the life may in general be faithfully portrayed, it is often difficult to be sure that the particular customs mentioned are in use in modern houses of the Order. The supposed visitors are highly favoured. The arrangement of the "Hours" and of High and Low Mass is devoutly explained to them; they are shown the Treasury of Relics and the gorgeous vestments in the Sacristy; they are admitted to the discipline of the Chapter and the ceremonies of Reception; they peep into the Abbot's Lodging and into the cells of the "Fathers" during the hours of labour. Nay, more, they share in the silent dinner, which, by the way, is the only meal mentioned; they join the various circles at Recreation in the garden or calefactory; they watch the students in the Library, the scholars in the Art School, the Lay Brothers at the forge or in the fields. Punishments are rare and mild, for no one apparently is ever guilty of more than a trivial offence. It is all described with an artless and pious enthusiasm, which will edify many and may possibly fire some to emulation. None can deny the beauty of the ideal, or the services rendered by the Benedictines to mankind in the early Middle Age. Then they were leaders in the civilizing of Europe by their instruction of the young, their example in agricultural labour, and their preservation of precious MSS. But throughout this book there is an undercurrent of assumption that only in the cloister is the perfection of the Christian life attainable; and men may naturally ask why the leaven that should leaven the whole lump should be enclosed as it were in an iron case, which is far less permeable now than in simpler and ruder times. There is much food for reflection in the thoughtful remark of Guizot—that the Rule of S. Benedict, though severe, was more humane and moderate than the barbarous laws and manners of his day, and that his monks were better governed within their own walls than they would have been in civil society. The conclusion, implied though not expressed, is hardly in favour of the modern revival of the Order.

In his WESTMINSTER ABBEY (Methuen, 3s.) Mr. Troutbeck has given us a really first-rate guide-book. It is a work which no travelling pilgrim to our greatest national fane "should ever be without," and is fitly published simultaneously in Boston and in London. The size is conveniently small for the pocket, and in addition to the mass of information so lucidly arranged by the

author, it is very well illustrated by Mr. Bedford. We reproduce below his drawing of the beautiful effigy of Eleanor of Castile, the beloved Queen of Edward I., the original of which is in gilt bronze, and, though not of course a portrait, is an exquisite piece of work. Mr. Troutbeck writes with full and sympathetic knowledge of the glorious architecture and of the sepulchres and monuments of "the mighty dead"; but he does not allow his readers to forget that the Abbey is more than a mausoleum of the nation's great men. Though it touches at innumerable points the history both of Church and State, it has a private history of its own which the casual visitor is perhaps too apt to disregard. For nine hundred years, with varying fortunes, indeed with intervals of complete desolation, a famous Benedictine house stood on this "terrible place," as the thickets of Thorney Isle were once called; and even now, more than three centuries after its displacement by a collegiate foundation, the memories of its former occupants cling to many parts of the splendid pile. Mr. Troutbeck gives full details of the three Royal founders—Sebert, Edward the Confessor, and Henry III.; and in his description of the Cloisters, Refectory, Chapter-house, &c., he finds space to recall some features of the conventual life of their former inmates. He reminds us that the House of Commons frequently sat in the Refectory during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. The "Mother of Parliaments" has doubtless increased in loquacity with her increasing years; but it is curious to think that so much talking took place in precincts where at meals no monk might speak at all, and even a guest might not venture beyond a whisper.



LOCAL HISTORY.

Seventeenth-Century Bristol.

In THE ANNALS OF BRISTOL IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY (Bristol, William George's Sons, 15s. 6d.), Mr. John Latimer, the indefatigable historian of Chatterton's city, completes the work which he has long been doing in so thorough and interesting a fashion. Beginning with the nineteenth century he has gradually made his way backwards to the end of Elizabeth's reign, when Bristol was already losing some of the prestige it enjoyed in earlier times when, outside London, the country contained only three or four towns of importance. The plan of the book is excellent. It takes the form of a chronological record of every event of interest in the history of the city, and the material, is, to a great extent, supplied by the archives of the

Corporation, with some assistance from the State papers and from early publications bearing more or less directly on the subject. The result is a highly attractive narrative full of good reading. One may dip into the volume at haphazard and be certain of finding some entertaining detail of old Bristol life, some story of the jealousy of the Corporation towards settlers from outside, of its sycophancy to the great who were in a position to protect the city if it were made worth their while, or of the municipal extravagance in feasting, and the desperate ingenuity of the shifts for raising the wind. A favourite expedient to this end was to elect to the Common Council persons who, it was known, did not wish to serve, or who objected to taking oaths, and fine them roundly for refusing to accept the undesired distinction. This kind of thing went on for generations, recalcitrants being occasionally sent to prison for refusing to pay, until at last a courageous freeman arose who brought an action for false imprisonment, whereupon the Corporation thought it prudent to say no more about the unsatisfied fine.

The City Fathers were determined to lose nothing for lack of an influential friend at headquarters, and they contrived to confer some office of profit and dignity upon almost every successive Royal favourite. Thomas Cromwell was made Recorder at a handsome salary; when he was disgraced the Corporation ingeniously invented the dignified office of Lord High Steward for the behoof of the Protector Somerset. After them came Leicester and Burleigh, Essex, and Dorset. So the game went on, but, on the whole, Bristol seems hardly to have obtained value for the cash and presents which these illustrious connexions cost it. In 1672 the Duke of Ormond was High Steward, and, as his salary was in arrear—the place had been almost beggared by the Civil War—the Council determined to send him a present of sherry. Instead of being obliged his Grace was exceedingly angry, for he had been given London sherry instead of the famous Bristol wine, and he wrote a sharp letter trusting that "this attempt to impose upon him would not be repeated." The mayor, aldermen, and councillors of Bristol were an extraordinarily quarrelsome lot. When they chanced, for the moment, to have no feud with the Bishop or the Dean or one of the great landowners they squabbled among themselves with amazing relish, for they were often sharply divided by politics or religion. Despite the see-saw of party the city was, on the whole, Jacobite, and when Queen Mary II. died, the clergy, at all events, were so delighted at the disappearance of such a renegade as the wife of Dutch William that all the bells in Bristol rang out merrily. What between the King and the Parliament the town had some exceedingly discouraging experiences during the first half of the century. After Sedgmoor Jeffreys, of course, was there, and fined the mayor £1,000 as "a Kidnapping Knave" because he had allowed a boy committed to prison to "go beyond sea." In this case he was himself prosecutor, witness, and Judge. Had it not been for his respect for the city, added this righteous man, he would have hanged the offending Mayor. It was a Bristol worthy of this period, Alderman Sir John Knight, M.P., who wrote to a brother alderman the famous note:—"Sir John Knight presents his compliments to Sir Richard Crumpe, and have a hat which are not mine. If you has a hat which are not yourn, probably it are the missing one."

The Corporation records of 1661 contain an entry which was destined to be a terrible stumbling-block to the cocksureness of Lord Macaulay. Certain "foreigners"—that is to say, men who were not freemen—described as "translators," were warned to leave the city. Macaulay was once appealed to as to the real occupation of these men. He replied that they were "doubtless" employed by merchants to translate foreign documents. As a matter of fact, they were cobblers, who converted—or translated—old boots into shoes. The Corporation was extremely arrogant to "foreigners" of every kind, and when they ventured to set up in business they had their choice of being turned out neck and crop or of paying heavy fines for the privilege of taking up their freedom. The Bristol citizen was, indeed, an overbearing person altogether, and, according to a seventeenth-century chronicler, as proud as a Roman Senator. After the Restoration the mayors and even lesser members of the Corporation were frequently knighted, and occasionally created baronets, whereupon the town of course thought more of itself than ever. Olden life in Bristol was not all feasting and quarrelling. In 1613 it established the second public library in England, the first having been formed at Norwich. These "Annals" necessarily contain many echoes of matters of national moment, such as the colonization of Virginia and Newfoundland—indeed, not the least entertaining feature of Mr. Latimer's book is the manner in which the gravest matters come cheek by jowl with some intimate detail of municipal administration. The Common Council was a constant terror to evildoers, whether they were scolding women or stray pigs. The former were "ducked," and the latter had their tails cut off by the beadles, who appear to have been early forerunners of the famous farmer's wife of the nursery rhyme. Oddly enough the sum—sevenpence—disbursed for those amputations was exactly the same as that spent on brandy for the revival of the women after their cold bath. According to M. Jorevin de Rochefort, Treasurer of France, who was in the West of England in the time of Charles II., the women and even the schoolboys of Bristol and its neighbourhood were constant smokers at that early day. Bristol's exuberant loyalty was founded upon a strong sense of self-interest, and when James II. became King the Council hastened to spend £10 odd upon a portrait of that hapless creature. Moved by the same overpowering sentiment, they had the head painted out after he finally left his country for his country's good, and the portrait converted into one of Charles II.

In a book of this kind, which contains so much of varied interest, it is impossible to do more than pick out a tit-bit here and there; but the volume is full of good reading, and is exceedingly well arranged. The index, unfortunately, is not exhaustive.

Christ's College, Cambridge.

The history of CHRIST'S (5s.), in Mr. Robinson's "College Histories," by Dr. Peile, the Master of the College, could hardly be improved upon. It is an open secret that Dr. Peile has long been engaged on a full and comprehensive history of his college, and he comes to this task well primed. The amount of information packed into three hundred pages is astonishing, and no less so is the light touch which shows a complete mastery of the material. It all looks so easy, and yet it is a hard task to write a small history well. The buildings and constitutions, Christian worthies, and old-world customs, local controversies which once were so bitter and now seem so unreal, side-lights on ancient days, all appear in turn. Now and then some personage great in history stalks across the page, as when Queen Elizabeth visits the college: anon Dr. Peile, with ruthless hand, strikes at the root of some superstition dear and ancient, not sparing even the *ci-devant* Milton's mulberry tree. Many names famous in literature here meet us, Milton himself and his beloved Lycidas, Nicolas Grimald, J. Barnard (whose English Terence, by the way, is prose, not verse), the author of "Gammer Gurton's Needle": theologians and scholars, such as the seventeenth century Lightfoot or Paley; and one great man of science, Charles Darwin. Those who are interested in intellectual movements will find much here about the drama at Cambridge, or Cudworth and the Cambridge Platonists. On every page are traces of that dry humour which pupils of Dr. Peile know so well. It is a charming book, which members of Christ's should make a point of adding to their library shelves.

Cardiff.

The second volume of the RECORDS OF THE BOROUGH OF CARDIFF, edited by J. H. Matthews (Sotheran), does credit to the care of the authorities of Cardiff for the history of their town. This volume is a miscellany containing miscellaneous notes on the manors bordering on Cardiff; and the lords of the borough from Fitzhamon, Earl of Gloucester, in the reign of Rufus, the Clares, Despensers, Nevilles, Huberts, to the

Stuarts, Marquesses of Bute, who had the good fortune to acquire it, just before its coals became black diamonds. Then follow extracts from "gaol files" from the reign of Henry VIII. of the "court of great sessions" to 1830, when they gave place to the ordinary English assizes. Quite out of place comes a copy of the Chantries certificate taken in the reign of Edward VI. on the dissolution of Chantries. The volume concludes with casual extracts from the corporation accounts and Custom-house records, and a somewhat pointless reprint of the commonplace book of one Morgan, an alderman, all of the eighteenth century. Some of the editorial comments leave a good deal to be desired in the way of completeness and knowledge. The materials are rather pitchforked together; and—a capital crime in such a book—there is no index. The illustrations of ancient seals, plans, and views are admirable.

Preston.

THE HISTORY OF THE PARISH OF PRESTON, by Henry Fishwick, F.S.A. (Elliot Stock, £1 16s. 6d.), is a handsome volume well illustrated from interesting old prints, and makes the leading contents of the local archives accessible to any one who desires to study them. It will not appeal to the general reader; but that does not matter, as it is not intended for the general reader, but for the local antiquaries and archæologists. No Preston patriot will submit to be without a copy if he can afford to buy one. He will find in the book not only the general history of the parish, but the history of its churches, its grammar school, its public charities, and its old families. The latter are dealt with in elaborate and carefully-compiled genealogies; and the book as a whole is an example of thoroughness and sound workmanship.

A cheap edition has been issued (Elliot Stock, 6s.) of Mr. Thomas Blashill's SUTTON-IN-HOLDERNESS: THE MANOR, THE BEREWIC, AND THE VILLAGE COMMUNITY. It is a most laborious and exhaustive piece of work, and a sterling contribution to Yorkshire topography.

"LIKE THE LEAVES."

The works of Giuseppe Giacosa are deservedly popular in Italy, and the praise accorded to the author of *Una partita a scacchi* and of *Tristi Amori* has not come from Italy alone. But it is seldom that a play from the pen of an author, however popular and accomplished, is received with such a chorus of approval as greeted the production of Giacosa's four-act comedy, COME LE FOGLIE, at the Manzoni Theatre at Milan last winter. The play has now been given to the world in book form, and we are able to judge of it as literature. Those who remember the author's complaint as to the lack of originality and sense of reality exhibited by the Italian dramatists, who concern themselves with nothing but the matrimonial triangle, will not be surprised or disappointed to find that that subject scarcely appears in this domestic comedy. For *Like the Leaves* is a domestic comedy, a *drame de famille*, to which M. Bourget's story "Le Luxe des Autres" bears many points of resemblance. It is not, indeed, strikingly novel in idea, but the treatment is fresh and sincere. The theme of the play is the enervating effect of riches on those who are brought up in a home of luxury, with no sense of responsibility, and with nothing to rouse their powers of resistance. Given a well-to-do family in which the father is an industrious man of business, content to work whilst his son and daughter grow up in ease on the fruit of his labours, given a frivolous, colourless step-mother, and a son whose chief occupation in life is the cult of the beautiful and whose chief asset is an "exquisite feeling for elegance," for whom the only excuse is the one he offers, "Everything in life has been made easy, too easy for me—life, knowledge, pleasure, benevolence, piety, vice—everything has been made so easy for me; one thing only has been difficult—to exercise my will," given, lastly, a daughter full of high ideals and vague aspirations who, for lack of opportunity and incitement, is frittering away her powers on lawn-tennis and high art, and we have, indeed, a family of which Giovanni Rosani must sadly confess that he is a bad father, for "This is a family which does not know how to face a storm. There is no fibre in it. Before the first blast of the wind it drifts—it drifts"—like the leaves!

The storm comes upon this family in the shape of financial ruin, and in their new home in Geneva we watch the gradual evolution of their characters under stress of circumstance. Tommy, utterly incapable of adapting himself to his new environment, takes to gambling—"the only polite way for a man like me to mend his position"—and, after several disgraceful escapades, drifts into the arms of a rich, disreputable widow. His sister, Nennela, tried by the fire which has ruined her brother, finds love and happiness at last with her cousin, Massimo, the one strong, sane character of the piece. It is in the character of Massimo, in his prosperity and his triumph, that the moral of the piece is to be found, and in him is embodied the author's ideal of the sane and social worker. The last act, in which his love finds its reward, is a beautiful little poem of sentiment, which satisfies the requirements of the audience and tones down the severity of the social lesson which the author has so forcibly and so cunningly taught.

Clearly, in such a play, it is in the vigour and sharpness with which the characters are drawn and realized for us, in the sympathy and tenderness with which they are treated, in the harmony of the scenes, the neatness and effectiveness of the dialogue, and the genuineness of the pathos that the secret of success must lie. Giuseppe Giacosa has succeeded, for he brings to his task the art of a skilled dramatist, just observation of life, and a perfect command of language. It is not wonderful, then, that *Come le Foglie* was hailed at Milan as a masterpiece of modern Italian drama.

OTHER NEW BOOKS.

Golden Deeds.

GOLDEN DEEDS OF THE WAR, by Alfred Thomas Story (Newnes, 5s.), is a very opportune compilation. Compiled, with a connecting link of narrative, from the letters of war correspondents, and the private letters home of officers and men, it narrates the heroic exploits of those who have distinguished themselves in action, and has 160 portraits by way of illustration. There is probably no boy who would not value the book as a birthday present. Its note is the glorification of "the common man—the salt of the earth—who, whenever the world falls into trouble and disease, saves it by the strength and singleness of his nature"; and Mr. Story is able to prove that "whoever else failed in their part—and some failed most lamentably—he always manfully held up his end, did his share of the work to be done, and did it to the wonder and admiration of the world."

Our Indian Frontier.

Mr. A. R. Colquhoun's RUSSIA AGAINST INDIA (Harpers, 5s.) is not a book of the same class as the author's recent treatises on the Chinese question. These, embodying the results of direct and diligent observation, were really valuable contributions to the literature of the subject. The work before us looks like hurried book-making; and such value as it has is only that of a primer briefly summing up the case for a "forward policy" on the Indian frontier. The first two chapters are historical, describing how Russia grew up and conquered Central Asia. Then come three chapters on the countries and peoples of Central Asia—much of their contents the merest padding about national costumes, tea-shops, dancing-girls, and the like. Finally, we have Mr. Colquhoun's views as to the measures which should be taken for the defence of India. His main idea is that we should garrison Afghanistan and reorganize the Afghan army; and to the suggestion that the Afghans might object he answers:—

Much can be accomplished by a skilful diplomacy. Probably a few easily-suppressed risings would be the only

result, whilst the majority would soon become contented and happy under a beneficent rule.

The general view is that such a policy would result in throwing Afghanistan into the arms of Russia, and Mr. Colquhoun does not oppose that view with arguments but only with expressions of opinion. Nor does Mr. Colquhoun seem to us to write with the knowledge of the military expert in estimating the available resources of Russia in an invasion of India, or to recognize the probability that these resources will dwindle to very little, by well-known processes of attrition, when Russia has to operate at such a distance from her base. It would be unfair, perhaps, to reproach him for not discussing the probable effect of recent Chinese developments on Russian aggressiveness in other directions; but those developments have unquestionably affected the situation sufficiently to impair considerably the value of his conclusions. The best things in Mr. Colquhoun's books are the maps.

China.

Mr. Fisher Unwin opportunely issues a second edition of CHINA (5s.), Professor Robert K. Douglas' contribution to the Story of the Nations Series. There is a new chapter summarizing "Current Events," and a new preface in which the author makes his suggestions for the treatment of China in the future. His view is:—

> There is throughout China a large body of men, strong both unitedly and individually, whose representatives might fairly be constituted into a Council of State. Such men would not necessarily be of pronounced pro-foreign views, and all the more therefore would they be welcomed by the immense mass of the people who hold neither with the Manchu party nor with the extreme reformers. Such men fully recognize the backward condition of their country, and are prepared by the introduction of moderate reforms to raise the position of the people, while at the same time they would add strength to the nation by the adoption of modern arms and appliances.

It sounds plausible; but there are also those who hold that the less the Chinese have to do with modern arms the better for the civilized world.

Messrs. Blackwood send us an opportune re-issue of Miss C. F. Gordon Cumming's WANDERINGS IN CHINA (6s.), which relates the writer's travels twenty-two years ago. Most of the places which we now read about in the papers were then visited by Miss Gordon Cumming, and her descriptions of Tien-tsin, Peking, Ta-ku, and Chifu are vividly drawn, and very interesting to read at the present time.

Another seasonable publication is that by Mr. Murray of Lord Loch's PERSONAL NARRATIVE OF OCCURRENCES DURING LORD ELGIN'S SECOND EMBASSY TO CHINA IN 1860 (2s. 6d. n.). The book tells a story of which we have all recently been reminded; and, though it avoids lurid detail, it will be re-read with interest. There is a short preface by Lady Loch.

A Grand Tour.

The Marquis Ginstiniani, a wealthy Roman nobleman, growing tired of the palace that his father had built and adorned with some choice pictures of Raphael and Veronesi and less illustrious masters, under pretext of a pilgrimage to Loretto, quietly slipped out of Italy in the beginning of the seventeenth century, taking with him his trusty secretary, Bernardo Bizoni. This honest scribe took care during the journey, which lasted over four months, to keep a daily record of their adventures, now preserved in the Vatican library. Monsieur E. Rodocanachi, who has summarized the Italian manuscript in French, under the title of AVENTURES D'UN GRAND SEIGNEUR ITALIEN À TRAVERS L'EUROPE (Flammarion, 3fr. 50c.), would have done better, we think, to give extracts, with a running commentary to connect them. The narrative is interesting enough owing to the countries visited—Germany, England, and France—and to the period when the journey was effected. In Germany, Catholics and Protestants were mutually tolerant in the lull before the fierce storm of the Thirty Years' War. In England James I., in France Henri IV. were on the throne. At Dover, the Marquis met some Catholic Englishmen fleeing from persecution, and saw, at the Tower of London, the heads of Father Garnet, the Jesuit, and the authors of the Gunpowder Plot. In the Abbey, the tomb of Queen Elizabeth was being erected. Some Puritan broadsides shocked him greatly; almost as much as cockfighting, of which gentry and people seemed inordinately fond. On the whole, his stay in England did not leave upon him a favourable impression.

France and her King pleased him more. The secretary wrote eulogistically of the country, its strange customs, its prosperity, the extravagant dress of its townspeople. In the capital he was entertained by the King, and had the honour of seeing the Queen—a compatriot of his—and the King dine in state. Faithful Bizoni remembers the smallest peculiarities of the scene; the Queen declined twice to partake of a dish of soles, and as the weather was warm the wine was kept cool in a pail of water, "like those in which horses drink." The good secretary is evidently the first of a long line of modern reporters. We suppose that on p. 171 Marie must be substituted for Catherine, and on p. 177 crucifixion or cruciflement for crucifixation; the latter would have to be dubbed by French lexicographers an ἅπαξ λεγόμενον. This book, like the other contributions of the author to anecdotal history, particularly "Les Corporations ouvrières de Rome," and "Renée de France," will be read, not only with interest, but with pleasure.

Biography.

JOEL DORMAN STEELE, by Mrs. George Archibald (Gay and Bird, 5s.), is the biography of an American schoolmaster. Mr. Steele taught mixed classes, as is the fashion in America, and had a way of his own of managing girls. Having had trouble with some of them, he brought a raw hide whip into class with him. He first prayed that Divine providence would soften the hearts and mend the ways of the girls, and then announced his intention of "cow-hiding" any girl who misbehaved herself. From that day Mr. Steele became one of the great educational forces of the United States. He trained his pupils to such a pitch of perfection that they would sometimes cow-hide each other for breaches of discipline instead of waiting to be cow-hided by their teacher. We read the book with much pleasure, and recommend it to all those who are interested in questions of school discipline. It may not instruct, but it will not fail to amuse them.

Among the celebrities of the engineering profession Sir James Nicholas Douglass fills a notable place. He was Engineer-in-Chief to Trinity House, was concerned in the building of many important lighthouses—the Eddystone among others—and was the author of many valuable inventions for use in lighthouses. The leading events of his career are duly set forth, in a straightforward, though not very literary, manner by Mr. Thomas Williams in his LIFE OF SIR JAMES NICHOLAS DOUGLASS (Longmans, 3s. 6d.). The book incidentally contains a good deal of interesting information about lighthouse construction and the lives of lighthouse-keepers.

How we learn German.

The teaching and study of modern languages in our schools and colleges leave much to be desired. One great defect is the neglect of contemporary prose. Lessing, Schiller, and Goethe are read, but an acquaintance with Curtius, von Treitschke, von Sybel, Grimm, or Marie von Ebner Eschenbach would also be of the greatest use to modern students. A capital selection from modern German prose has just been published under the title of DEUTSCHE PROSA: AUSGEWAEHLTE REDEN UND ESSAYS, by Fraulein Margarete Henschke (Gera, Hofmann). It contains passages from the modern authors mentioned above and many besides. The extracts are grouped according to subject—history, literature, art, natural science, political economy, pedagogy, psychology, ethics, all find a place, and the pieces are in every case long enough to be interesting. We should like to see this book set by our examining bodies as well as the volumes to which they so affectionately adhere. We mean no disrespect to eighteenth-century German prose, but ability to read

Goethe and Schiller is of small avail when confronted by Erich Marcks' historical treatises or Hermann Grimm's and Friedrich Theodor Fischer's critical essays. The average boy or girl wants to know German as spoken and written to-day. That accomplished, the literature can be studied at ease and leisure from the Nibelungenlied onwards. The careful study of Fräulein Henschke's "Deutsche Prosa" in all the higher forms of our schools would go far towards ensuring a practical knowledge of contemporary German.

Tennyson.

Tennyson has countless ardent admirers in Germany, even at a period when a burning interest in English literature has been succeeded by cold indifference and an attitude of assumed superiority. Professor Köppel, of Strasburg University, a student of our Elizabethan dramatists, has contributed a very able biography TENNYSON (Ernst Hofmann and Co., m.2.40) in a brief compass to the collection of "Geisteshelden." He says that cultivated Germans prefer the powerful human element in "Enoch Arden" to the "overweighted reflection" of "In Memoriam." Though a recent translation of the "lengthy elegy" has been thankfully received by German readers they hold it unworthy to rank in any way with Shelley's "Adonais," or to be mentioned in the same breath as Goethe's "Epilog zur Glocke." Another parallel unfavourable to Tennyson is drawn between his Ode on the Duke of Wellington and Theodor Fontane's Swan Song in two or three lines on the death of Bismarck. The latter is said to be infinitely finer because it is simpler and more spontaneous, and guiltless of the affectation of a "Pindar-strophe."

THE PRINCESS has been dramatized "for the use of schools" by L. Rossi (Dent, 1s. n.). The speeches are appallingly long, and we cannot imagine that any performance of the version would satisfy a critical audience, though the parents of the pupils might endure it. We hope the schools for which it is intended are girls' schools.

In TALES FROM TENNYSON (Constable, 3s. 6d. n.) the Rev. G. C. Allen, headmaster of Cranleigh School, gives us prose versions of some of the Idylls of the King. Surely the publication of such a book is a little unnecessary. For those who wish to read the story of the Idylls in prose, Mr. Allen cannot provide a better version than Sir Thomas Malory's.

Mountaineering.

When you come over the high passes leading to Aosta you see a fresh group of independent-looking Alps away to the South. These are the Graians, wherein, among other "honourable peaks," as the Japanese would put it, are included the Grivola and the Grand Paradis. It is a neighbourhood where most of the hotels are merely inns, and very few tourists are encountered. Mr. George Yeld has specialized in the district for more than twenty years, and his SCRAMBLES IN THE EASTERN GRAIANS (Unwin, 7s. 6d.) is a mine of useful information. The book is written in good sound Alpine Club English, and effervesces with quotations from the poets—or "bards," as Mr. Yeld sometimes prefers to call them. Bard after bard is pressed into the service until the general effect is that of a series of music-hall turns with a few appropriate words from the chairman interspersed. But why does Mr. Yeld speak of a well-known French climber and writer on Alpine subjects as "Herr" Javelle?

Guide-Books.

FARNHAM, by Gordon Homes (St. Bride's Press, 6d. n.), is one of the best of the "Homeland Handbooks," which are always good. The literary associations are, as usual, carefully dealt with; the great names being those of Toplady, William Cobbett, and Edna Lyall. This last writer contributes a preface with personal reminiscences.

Messrs. Ward, Lock's latest guide-books are a second edition of OBAN, FORT WILLIAM, AND THE WESTERN HIGHLANDS, and a third edition of LYNTON, LYNMOUTH, and NORTH-EAST DEVON (1s. each). The chapter on Exmoor strikes us as particularly good.

FICTION.

Mr. Tighe Hopkins.

Mr. Tighe Hopkins is a writer who has not yet won the success to which his merits entitle him; but THE SILENT GATE (Hurst and Blackett, 6s.) should extend his reputation and increase the number of those who think his career worth watching. His great strength lies in this—that, though he has taken a subject which lends itself to sensational, and even to melodramatic, treatment, he knows how to be effective without being melodramatic or sensational. His book is a set of eleven short stories, all dealing with episodes of prison life; and they are done with a pathos that is never mawkish or conventional, and a humour that is never, or hardly ever, forced. One of the stories, indeed, which tells of an imprisoned mesmerist, who subdued the warders and the governor to his will, is pure farce; but the story called "Turkey" is delightful comedy. It is a study of a boy criminal distinguished by his high spirits, who regarded his sentence as a rise in life. He had expected to be sent to a reformatory; that he was sent to gaol he regarded as a recognition of his importance. His light-hearted attitude towards the little unpleasantnesses incidental to his confinement is at once amusingly and convincingly depicted. One is delighted to learn that he was reclaimed by the affianced bride of a warder and went to sea, and rose to be a mate. Other stories describe the difficulties of maintaining discipline on the female side. All the stories are written with admirable restraint. Originally, we believe, they appeared as a "series" in a popular magazine; and the conditions of a series are calculated to fetter the free play of talent. Such difficulties as those conditions presented, however, Mr. Tighe Hopkins has coped with successfully.

The Uncanny.

Those who like creepy stories must not fail to read Mrs. Clement Shorter's THE FATHER CONFESSOR AND OTHER STORIES OF DEATH AND DANGER (Ward, Lock, 3s. 6d.). The tales, with few exceptions, are gruesome and uncanny, and the characters—especially the men—are base, despicable, cruel, cowardly. Mrs. Shorter writes well, but it is a pity that her talent is wasted on the creation of such unsatisfactory personages. Pessimism, to be acceptable, must be done by a master hand, or redeemed by a sense of humour, as it was in the cases of Flaubert and Guy de Maupassant, and as it is not in the case of Mrs. Clement Shorter. It must, indeed, be very depressing for Mrs. Shorter to spend so much time in such gloomy and demoralizing company; but, perhaps, she is comforted by the consciousness that her descriptions of that company are rather good.

"The Long Ear of Fiction."

Although there are a few interesting books, such as the first on our list, just now is the dull moment for the readers of new novels. Had Carlyle, whose phrase we use above, had occasion to read THE AVENGING OF RUTHANNA (Long, 6s.), A GIRL OF THE NORTH (Greening, 6s.), THE FATALIST (New Century Press, 3s. 6d.), THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE (Heinemann, 6s.), A MILLIONAIRE OF YESTERDAY (Ward, Lock, 6s.), MANY DAUGHTERS (Digby, 6s.), THE MYSTIC NUMBER SEVEN (Simpkin, 6s.), ON ALIEN SHORES (Hurst, 6s.), HIS LAUREL CROWN (Downey, 3s. 6d.), he would have had ample cause for his acrimonious philippic against the "distressed" authors. Had Anthony Trollope, who made some attempt to refute Carlyle's strictures, waded through the banalities of these books, he would hardly have worded so compact a defence of his calling. But Trollope assumes that a novelist to be worthy shall "make virtue alluring and vice ugly." We do not think the writers of the above works are particularly concerned with that point of view. Their fault lies in the fact that they make vice and virtue and the musical glasses all equally uninteresting. In "Ruthanna" Mrs. Coulson Kernahan has to tell the story of a country girl misled by a town blood, and this is how she makes her characters talk:—

"And now, Victoria, tell me what you think of him."

"Well, to begin with, Violet," Victoria Lascelles made answer, with one of her fine smiles which always mystified people—they were so magnetic, so incomprehensible—"Well, to begin with, Violet, your brother is certainly handsome—and he knows it."

"Yes; and next?" queried Violet Calverley, trying to search the depths of her friend's fun-lit eyes. . . ."

And so forth, until we fear to meet the smile that mystifies people—so magnetic, so incomprehensible—and dread the "fun-lit" eyes. There are certain forms of fiction, very honest and worthy, sold in coloured wrappers at 1d., with lovely illustrations of noble people; it is to that class that the "Avenging of Ruthanna" belongs. Miss Helen Mileeete's "A Girl of the North" gives some rather good descriptions of Canadian weather and "a town called Musquodolist," but she does not succeed in giving life to her characters. Mr. David Ventors has nothing very new to tell in "The Fatalist," but he tells it fairly well; we have met duller books by better known writers. "The Voice of the People" is not likely to have any great vogue here although, no doubt, in America Miss Ellen Glasgow's work will make a direct appeal. She writes with skill and fluency, but lacks the humour which alone could make her long story agreeable. There is no new thing to be said of Mr. Phillips Oppenheim's work "A Millionaire of Yesterday"; it has the same qualities of popularity and the same faults as we have noted in other novels from his hand. It is said to be illustrated by Mr. Stanley Wood, but there is one drawing only by that excellent illustrator. We should have thought that the day for such a novel as "Many Daughters" by Miss Sarah Tytler had passed, but the demands for fiction are many, and no doubt, although we have not heard of it, the rather long drawn-out twaddle of "Many Daughters" finds amused readers. We had some hopes of "The Mystic Number Seven," but the cheap melodramatic conventions, in which Miss Annabel Gray indulges, rob her book of the note of truth without which no fiction delights. Miss Gray, however, has a good grip upon her story, and writes in a fashion that should be popular with the readers of her many other books. "On Alien Shores," by Miss Leslie Keith, is far better; the story of Susanna Mary Barentine's attempt to warm both hands at the fire of life is one that Mr. Anthony Trollope would have liked. It is a genuine piece of work. Miss A. M. P. Cooke calls her book "His Laurel Crown," a player's romance, but it is not that nor like anything that has a basis in reality. Occasionally, however, the stilted and wearisome style is laid aside, and Miss Cooke writes the conversations of the Irish poor with real observation and skill.

PAUL THE OPTIMIST, by W. P. Dothie (John Long, 6s.), would not be such a bad story if the dialogue were not mixed up with the text and the speakers with each other. A capable proof-reader would have saved the public some trouble. Paul's adventures and misadventures were enough to cure the optimism of any man outside a novel. The early part of the book is well written, except for the technical clumsiness we have mentioned.

Correspondence.

"NEW LIGHTS ON SIR WALTER RALEIGH."

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—I have just read the articles by Mr. F. S. Boas in the last two numbers of *Literature*, in which he claims to have discovered among the Harleian MSS. in the British Museum original documents by means of which he is "able to cast new light on various phases of Raleigh's career."

But although none of Raleigh's biographers seem to have had access to these papers, they are not so wholly unknown to scholars as Mr. Boas supposes. About seven years ago the late learned Rev. Joseph Stevenson called my attention to them, and I then studied them carefully, in connexion with the visit of Giordano Bruno to this country.

If Mr. Boas will turn to the *Month* for June, 1894, he will find under the title "Atheism under Elizabeth and James I." an article containing not only the gist of these documents, but verbatim copies of the Cerne interrogatory, a selection from the most interesting depositions of persons who witnessed to Sir Walter's avowed opinions, and the report of the examination of Ralph Ironside, concerning his theological discussion with Raleigh and his brother, at Sir George Trenchard's table. In one footnote I gave the reference to the Harleian MS. from which Mr. Boas now quotes (6849, fol. 183), and in another I added the inscription which appears on the last page of the interrogatory. "Those examinations are the trew copies taken at Cerne, 21st March, 1593," an expression which led me to think that this was a contemporary copy of the original document, made on the spot, but still not the principal one. In this, however, I was probably mistaken.

Interesting as these papers are as evidences of the growth of free thought in England at the end of the sixteenth century, and of the manner in which it was regarded by those in authority, I cannot agree with Mr. Boas that they throw much "new light" on Raleigh's career. The brilliant explorer, historian, and dreamer was very well known even to his contemporaries, many of whom were intoxicated by the novelties of Giordano Bruno's teaching, which led them to the verge of Atheism. It was this speculative tendency that gave for a time to Raleigh's course its meteor-like appearance, only to end in darkness and disaster.

It is probable that Raleigh ceased long before his death to have any leaning towards Atheism, but the stigma clung to him to the last. At his trial in 1603, the King's Attorney addressed him as a "damnable Atheist," but his last words on the scaffold, fifteen years later, showed that he no longer deserved the epithet. They were these:—

"I have many sins for which to beseech God's pardon. Of a long time my course was a course of vanity. I have been a seafaring man, a soldier, and a courtier, and in the temptations of the least of these is enough to overthrow a good mind and a good man;" and he presently added:—"I die in the faith professed by the Church of England. I hope to be saved, and to have my sins washed away by the Precious Blood and merits of our Saviour Jesus Christ."

We know, therefore, independently of these documents, that Raleigh passed through a phase of unbelief, but died a believer. What they do show is the fact which I tried to bring out in my article, that the tendency towards Atheism was very widely spread in his day among the learned and the ignorant, and that this is illustrated by some curious instances.

I am, Sir, yours truly,

52, Lower Sloane-street, S.W. J. M. STONE.

RABELAIS AND THE PHONOGRAPH.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—It has before now been pointed out that two passages in Shakespeare's plays may be interpreted as prophecies of two great scientific discoveries of our age, photography and telegraphy. In *King John*, Act I., scene 1, we read

. . . . . the glorious sun
Stays in his course and plays the alchemist;

and in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act II., scene 1,

I'll put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes.

Will you allow me to quote the following from Rabelais, who, having died in 1553, was, therefore, much older than Shakespeare, though the two belong to the same literary epoch? These lines are extracted from "La Vie de Gargantua et de Pantagruel," Book IV., ch. lvi. It will be seen that the famous *curé de Meudon* had, as it were, foreseen the phonograph:—

Seigneur, de rien ne vous effrayez. Ie est le confin de la mer glaciale, sus laquelle fut au commencement de l'hyver dernier passé grosse et félonne bataille, entre les Arimaspiens et les Nephelibates, lors gelarent en l'aer les paroles et cris

des hommes et femmes, les chaplis des masses, les hurtis des harnois, des bardes, les hannissements des chevaulx et tout autre effroi de combat. A ceste heure, la rigueur de l'hyver passée, advenente la sérénité et tempérie du bon temps, elles fondent et sont ouies. Par Dieu, dist Panurge, je l'en croi. Mais en pourrions nous voir quelqu'une. Me souvyient avoir leu que, l'orée de la montagne en laquelle Moses receut la loi des Juifs, le peuple voyoit les voix sensiblement. Tenez, tenez, dist Pantagruel, voyez en ci qui encore ne sont desgelées.

I now leave your readers to make their own reflections, and

I remain yours truly,

ALF. HAMONET.

MILLER'S TEXTUAL COMMENTARY.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—I trust to your sense of justice to let me show as briefly as I can why I think you have misrepresented me in your review of the above work.

1. I am not "a follower of Burgon." Beginning more than forty-five years ago, long before Burgon wrote a word on Textual Criticism, when (as a pupil reminded me thirty years after) I taught my lecture the rudiments of the subject, and working in entire independence—though I have reached on main points the same conclusions that he reached—yet I differ on many details. I do not hesitate to overrule him with all respectfulness where I have reason to do so. I add to what I have accepted sceptically from him much historical consideration, as he acknowledged, and as I hold not a little philosophical judgment, and my method of controversy is not the same as his. But from such an independent standpoint, I am always ready to say that I owe him more than I can tell. So, falling for the nonce somewhat into his style of writing, allow me to say that, as I have been created and have lived so, I prefer to be my own self rather than a satellite of any other planet however grand it be, and claim to be so designated, as indeed, now I generally am.

2. May I also point out that the condemnation of me by your reviewer for not having included "Western readings" must be really due to his not having thought out the question. I have discussed all the alterations actually proposed in the chief constructions of the written text—viz., Tischendorf's, Westcott and Hort's, the Revisers', and the *Textus Receptus*. The idea of resorting beyond or instead of these to "the Western Text" has been only adopted in very recent years, and is still in embryo. What are the conclusions of its advocates, what the limits of its diffusion, which the passages championed, which are those that are recommended as genuine, no one knows till the results of investigation are published. The only thing certain is, that some students will be for some results and some for others. I know one instance which is located by one man as a Western reading, although it is rejected by every one of the accredited Western authorities. It must be observed that all the evidence supplied by the Western Text on passages treated in the commentary has been given by me. Therefore, to enter upon such a discussion before the Western Text (so favoured by its advocates) has been thoroughly threshed out and their (written) Text made public would be to encourage that very dilettanteism which it is my special purpose to see sunk beneath a business-like and exhaustive examination of evidence.

3. I venture to think that your reviewer might have said something about my great enlargement of previously existing evidence, when he was good enough, as I am glad to acknowledge, to speak favourably about some of my endeavours. Surely he cannot be one of those who are anxious to throw away virtually nineteen-twentieths of the documents which have descended to us.—Your obedient servant,

EDWARD MILLER,
Prebendary of Chichester.

Oxford, Aug. 13, 1900.

*** In heading our remarks on Prebendary Miller's book with the words "A Follower of Dean Burgon," we did not mean to imply that the author had not studied his subject independently of Dean Burgon, but merely that he belongs to the same school of thought in textual matters.

As to Mr. Miller's second point, the word "Western" in the textual sense does not imply "Western" geographically. It is merely a name given to the readings found in certain authorities. The name is not a good one, but it is always used. Mr. Miller says that he could not quote it because it is not a published text. It is true that it has not been published in a continuous form, but it exists ready to hand in the "apparatus criticus" of Tischendorf which Mr. Miller used, and in sundry editions of MSS. which he also used. A Textual Commentary to be quite complete ought not, we think, to omit nothing readings which are as early as any known Greek codex simply because they have not formed part of the continuous text printed by three or four nineteenth-century editors, or by the group of sixteenth-century students who produced the *Textus Receptus*—Ed.

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

We learn that Mr. George Gissing has nearly completed a new novel which will be called "The Coming Man."

A feature of the autumn season, so far as Mr. George Allen is concerned, will be a new series of verse translations of the Greek Dramatic Poets, with commentaries and explanatory essays, under the general editorship of Professor George Warr. There will be illustrations drawn directly from Greek sources. The editor's plan is to furnish in a running commentary what is required to explain each text in detail, introductory essays setting forth the more general aspects of the subject-matter and the poet's environment. The first volume, to be ready in November, will be Aeschylus: *the Oresteian Trilogy*, by Professor Warr, with an introduction on the rise of Greek tragedy. Vol. II. will be Sophocles: *Oedipus Tyrannus and Coloneus, and Antigone*, by Professor J. S. Phillimore, with an introduction on the Greek Theatre; Vol. III., Euripides, by Professor Gilbert Murray, with an introduction on Athenian society; while the fourth volume, by Professor Warr and Professor Murray, will include specimens of the Greeco-Roman as well as the Greek comedy, comprising the *Frogs* and *Plutus* of Aristophanes, and plays of Plautus and Terence, with an introduction on Greek and Græco-Roman comedy.

The Ruskin volumes to be published in the autumn by Mr. George Allen include "Thoughts from Ruskin," selected and arranged for the "Pensées" Series by Professor Attwell, and Mr. Wedmore's "Turner and Ruskin," particulars of which we gave some time ago. Professor Attwell's book is nearly ready; Mr. Wedmore's will be issued in October. Among Mr. Allen's other announcements are "The True and False Christ," by Colonel Garnier, in two volumes; "Oxford University Sermons," arranged for the Church's year, and edited by Professor Bebb; "The Holy Days: Vignettes in Verse," by the Rev. J. Gregory Smith; "Roses of Paestum," essays on Mediæval Italy by Edward McCurdy; and Volumes IV. to VI. (1871 to 1900) of "The Story of My Life," by Augustus J. C. Hare—mention of which has already been made.

Miss Cope's translation of Clara Tschudi's study of the Empress Augusta (to be published by Messrs. Sonnenschein) will help to do justice to a woman who has been but little understood in this country. She was only seventeen years of age when, in 1829, she married William I., then Prince William of Prussia, and she was his partner during the eventful years which preceded his ascent of the throne in 1861, and the establishment of the Empire in 1870. She appears as a sad, disappointed figure in Miss Tschudi's biography. The Emperor had no appreciation for her intellectual tastes, and we are told that "the Imperial couple spent their fifty years of married life a thousand miles apart." Her connexion with the Red Cross has not been adequately acknowledged in England, but the substantial support which she gave to that society, her skill as an organizer, and her widespread benevolence are all dealt with in the present memoir.

The Putnams are issuing an *edition de luxe* in 200 numbered sets of Gov. Roosevelt's "The Winning of the West." It is to be called the Daniel Boone edition, and is printed on Dutch hand-made paper, with photogravures and steel plates on India paper, and several inserted sheets of the author's manuscript. This should sell in connexion with Gov. Roosevelt's candidature for the Vice-Presidency of the United States. The same author's volume on "Cromwell" which has been running through the *Scribner's Magazine* will be published shortly by Messrs. Scribners Sons.

The Oxford University Press has exhibited in three different groups at the Paris Exhibition, and has been awarded three Grands Prix—one each for Higher Education, Book-binding, and Oxford India Paper.

One of the rarer reprints of the autumn will be a new edition of the "Revelations of Divine Love," by the Lady Julian of Norwich. The Benedictine nun who wrote the "XVI. Revelations" died at Norwich in 1443, and a manuscript copy of her mystical work is at the British Museum. It was edited in 1670 by R. F. S. Cressy, and reprinted between fifty and sixty years ago. Another edition, from the British Museum manuscript, was included in the Medieval Library of Mystical and Aesthetical Works in 1877. The forthcoming edition (to be published by Methuen) is said to be a partially modernized version of the British Museum manuscript; it is edited by Mr. G. H. Warrack.

Messrs. Skeffington are publishing a pamphlet by Prebendary Wace on "English Religion: An Address in regard to Incense, Lights, and the Reservation of the Sacrament." Dr. Wace, although examining chaplain to the Archbishop of Canterbury, has not hitherto come to the front in connexion with the present crisis in the Church. In his address he discusses the practical, as distinct from the merely legal, authority which the decisions carry, and considers the light thrown by the decisions themselves, and by the manner in which they have been received, upon the great questions now at issue.

A new American Shakespeare, which will be published by Messrs. Doubleday, Page, and Co., is to appear in September. The editor will be Professor Mark H. Liddell, who was the head of the English department of the University of Texas, and who was one of the editors of the "New Globe Chaucer." The text is to be in the style of the Elizabethan period, and is not to be modernized, and will also be based upon the first folio edition.

Mr. T. G. Wallace, a graduate at Trinity College, Dublin, has written a little book, entitled "True Imperialism," his twofold object being to direct greater attention to the spiritual claims of our colonies and to procure large support for the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. Messrs. Skeffington are publishing the book.

FICTION.—Among the novels to be published during the autumn by Messrs. F. V. White will be "May Silver," by Alan St. Aubyn; "A Self-made Countess," by John Strange Winter; "The World's Blackmail," by Lucas Cleeve (Mrs. Howard Kingscote); "In White Raiment," by William Le Queux; "Captain Landon," by Richard Henry Savage; "The Justice of Revenge," by George Griffith; "In Sheep's Clothing," by Hume Nisbet; and a new book by Bertram Mitford.

Messrs. Everett will publish next month a story by the Rev. C. Dudley Lampen, entitled "Barcali the Mutineer," a tale of the great Pacific. It deals with the discovery of a strange colony.

Miss Ada Cambridge, whose stories of Australian life are well known, has written a book entitled "Path and Goal." Messrs. Methuen will publish it immediately.

SCIENTIFIC.—Part II. of Colonel Swinhoe's Catalogue of Eastern and Australian Lepidoptera Heterocera in the collection of the Oxford University Museum will be issued by the Clarendon Press shortly. It is eight years since the first part was published.

Messrs. A. and C. Black will have ready in a few weeks the second part of the "Treatise on Zoology," edited by Professor Ray Lankester. Part III., being ready first, has already been issued. The same publishers have just brought out the second part of their translation of Dr. Otto Schmeil's "Text-book of Zoology," for the use of schools and colleges. The third and concluding part, dealing with insects, will be ready in about three weeks.

In a few days Messrs. Methuen will publish a volume on "The Construction of Large Induction Coils," by A. T. Hare, M.A. Numerous diagrams are included.

There will be an article on "Some Characteristics of Icelandic Poetry," by the Rev. W. C. Green, in the September number of the *Antiquary*.

Mrs. Alec Tweedie purposes spending next winter in Mexico in order to write a new book on that country. Her volume, "Through Finland in Carts," is just ready in a new edition, to which has been added a chapter on the present political struggle in Finland and a portrait of the author.

A new volume of essays on social and ethical subjects, by J. H. Dingle, is in the press, entitled "Life's Golden Counsels," and will shortly be published by Mr. Elliot Stock.

Messrs. Skeffington are bringing out a new book by the Rev. E. H. Sugden entitled "The Twentieth Century Parson." The scene is laid in Bradford.

The same firm are also publishing a new volume by Mr. Henry James, entitled "The Soft Side." It is a series of pictures of the different ways in which people may feel about the same thing, and the adventures that may ensue from such feelings.

"With the Boer Forces," by Mr. Howard C. Hillegas, will also come from Messrs. Methuen. The author was with the force which attempted to relieve Cronje at Paardeberg, and was present during a considerable part of the Siege of Ladysmith, at the Battle of Colenso, and at the surprise of Sanna's Post.

Books to look out for at once.

FICTION—

"The Master Christian." By Marie Corelli. Methuen. 6s.
"Servants of Sin." By J. Bloundelle Burton. Methuen. 6s.
"Winifred." By S. Baring Gould. Methuen. 6s.
"Path and Goal." By Ada Cambridge. Methuen. 6s.
"Senator North." By Gertrude Atherton. Lane. 6s.

MISCELLANEOUS—

"True Imperialism." By T. G. Wallace. Skeffington. 1s.
"Life's Golden Counsels." Essays by J. H. Dingle. Stock.
"The Construction of Large Induction Coils." By A. T. Hare. Methuen. 6s.

REPRINT—

"Father Anthony." By Robert Buchanan. John Long. 6d.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

The Technical School French Grammar. By *Dr. W. Krisch.* 7½×5in., 138 pp. Murray. 2s. 6d.

FICTION.

The Whistling Maid. By *Ernest Rhys.* 7½×5in., 311 pp. Hutchinson. 6s.

The Courtesy Dame. By *R. Murray Gilchrist.* 7½×5in., 252pp. Heinemann. 6s.

Neighbours. By *Julia M. Crottie.* 7½×5in., 317 pp. Unwin. 6s.

A Princess of Vascovy. By *J. Oxenham.* 7½×5in., 461 pp. Bousfield. 6s.

Monica Grey. By *Lady Hely-Hutchinson.* 7½×5in., 176 pp. Murray. 2s. 6d. n.

Under Fate's Wheel. By *L. L. Lynch.* 7½×5½in., 356 pp. Ward, Lock. 3s. 6d.

Monica. By *Evelyn Everett-Green.* 7½×5in., 319 pp. Ward, Lock. 1s. 6d.

Tales of the Pampas. By *W. Bulfin.* (The Overseas Library.) 7½×5in., 218 pp. Unwin. 2s.

The World's Slow Stain. By *H. Vallings.* 7½×5in., 323 pp. Hurst & Blackett. 6s.

A Friend of Cæsar. By *W. S. Davis.* 7½×5½in., 501 pp. The Macmillan Co. 6s.

HISTORY.

A History of Norway. By *H. H. Boyesen.* (Story of the Nations Series.) 8×5½in., 572 pp. Unwin. 5s.

LITERARY.

Oxford Conferences. (Hilary Term, 1900.) By *Fr. R. M. Moss, O.P.* 7½×4½in., 146 pp. Kegan Paul. 1s. 6d. n.

MILITARY.

Golden Deeds of the War. By *A. T. Story.* 7½×5in., 315 pp. Newnes. 5s.

POETRY.

A Modern Prophet, and other Poems. By *Eleanor Gray.* 7×4½in., 109 pp. Kegan Paul. 5s.

Writ in Barracks. By *Edgar Wallace.* 7½×5in., 121 pp. Methuen. 3s. 6d.

REPRINTS.

Sonnets and Songs of Sir Philip Sidney. Ed. by *Philip Sidney.* 7½×5½in., 156 pp. Burleigh. 7s. 6d. n.

The Complete Prose Works of Ralph Waldo Emerson. (The Minerva Library.) 7½×5in., 656 pp. Ward, Lock. 2s.

THEOLOGY.

"I Say Unto You." An Essay in Constructive Religious Meliorism. By *J. W. Owen.* 9¼×6in., 220 pp. Melbourne, Melville. 7s. 6d.

TOPOGRAPHY.

Norfolk. By *W. A. Dutt.* (Dent's Country Guides.) 6½×4½in., 317 pp. Dent. 4s. 6d. n.

A Picturesque History of Yorkshire. Part XIII. By *J. S. Fletcher.* Dent. 1s. n.

Pictorial Guides to Oban, Fort William, &c., and Lynton, Lynmouth, Minehead, &c. 6½×4½in., 186+110 pp. Ward, Lock. 1s. each.

Literature

Published by The Times.

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NOTES OF THE DAY.

The International Congress on Literary and Artistic Property just held in Paris has done some good work. The chief theme of discussion has been the elaboration of an ideal legislative Bill to unify the laws on authors' rights. The principle has been laid down that no intellectual product should be left unprotected. As duration of protection the Congress adopted a period of eighty years after the author's death. Posthumous works are by this law to be protected for the same period in the person of their publisher. Illustration of a work without the writer's authority and the transformation of a novel into a play are regarded as illicit appropriation. Only brief citation is to be allowed, save of political speeches. Foreign authors are to be treated exactly as national writers. As regards the Press, the Paris Congress, like the previous ones of Monaco and Turin, holds that reproduction of information in a daily paper should be interdicted when it is evidently inspired by disloyal rivalry.

* * * *

In practice the prevention of the illicit adaptation of novels for the stage will not, perhaps, be quite so easy as the members of the Congress think. It is easy enough, of course, to protect the title and the text; and the English law does already protect the novelist's text against playwrights, as was shown in the famous *Little Lord Fauntleroy* case. An injunction was obtained against the adapter on the ground that he had "multiplied copies" of portions of the novel. The essence of a novel, however, from the adapter's point of view, does not lie in the title, or the text, or the names of the characters, but in the situations and the ideas; and one does not easily picture a law for the protection of literary ideas which would be certain in its application and would not be open to grave abuses on the part of the literary blackmailer.

* * * *

We mentioned a few weeks ago that the Stage Society proposed to enlarge its ranks. The first annual report, which was issued last week shows 300 ordinary and 100 associate members. The Society will henceforth be open to 600 ordinary members and 200 associates. The subscriptions remain the same. "Two or more" representations of each play will be given instead of one. Another innovation is contained in the rule that the "general manager" and the "dramatic manager" shall be paid "not more than £350 a year." This considerably alters the basis upon which the Society was founded. Nothing is said in the report about the plays for next season. There has been talk of the production of a piece by Mr. George Meredith.

* * * *

There seems, after all, to be no truth in the suggestion that "Elizabeth and her German Garden" was written by Princess Henry of Pless. Whoever the author is, she keeps her secret well. Long may she keep it if that is the condition upon which we are to have more books from her pen. Messrs. Longmans have in the press another, but a very different kind of book, written by the English wife of a German nobleman, which Elizabeth clearly is. This is the "Memoirs of the Baroness de Bode." The baron, although a German, possessed a fief in Alsace, and, being driven out, was forced to become an *émigré*, and to seek refuge in Russia. It is of these stirring times that the book will tell, a chronicle quite unlike Elizabeth's mirror of tranquil days.

* * * *

Major Pond's announcements for 1900 and 1901 are interesting reading. We have already mentioned what the Major calls "my big attraction"—viz., Mr. Winston Spencer Churchill, whose lecture will probably be called "To Pretoria and Back." Another visitor to the platforms in the United States will be Madame Sarah Grand, who is going over in January, 1901. Mr. Seton-Thompson is engaged upon a lengthy series of lectures on his three books—"Wild Animals I Have Known," "The Personality of Wild Animals," and "Wild Animals at Home." He begins a further tour round the States for fifteen weeks beginning October 15 next. Mr. Julian Ralph, who has been corresponding for more than one paper in South Africa, has been engaged. He relies solely on his actual words, and never uses a lantern. Mr. Ralph is an energetic literary man. Besides the talking and the "corresponding" he managed to collect "copy" for a second volume of "Scenes and Stories of the War"; he is writing a novel about women in the United States—what they are and what they might be; and he is preparing a volume for the aspiring author to be called "The Delightful Art of Writing Papers." "R. L. S." is to be represented by Mrs. Isobel Strong. She describes the home life of the Stevensons among the Friendly Islands, the wars, amusements, and the public life of the Samoans. It will be remembered that some time ago there was published in this country a volume of Canadian Poems entitled "The Habitant," which Mr. Howells praised in these columns. Dr. William Henry Drummond, the author of this volume of

poetry, has yielded to the blandishments of the persuasive Major, and is to add to his fame by personal lecturing about the French-Canadian. The fact that we have just had an English edition of Captain Slocum's book should make interesting the news that he is talking in America to crowded audiences. He will also go on to Canada, and tell of his voyage, all alone, around the world on the sloop "Spray." Other lecturers are Mr. Richard Kearton, F.Z.S., author of "Wild Life at Home": Mr. Savage Landor on his terrible experiences in Tibet; and Mr. Poultney Bigelow on Manila, the Boer War, Imperialism, &c.

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A Correspondent writes:—

"Can any of your readers inform me of the existence of a literary correspondence club, the members of which contribute articles, essays, &c., at regular intervals? I shall be pleased to hear of any such club."

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Apropos of certain episodes in certain novels by Miss Corelli, Mr. G. S. Street, in the course of his pleasant *causerie* in the *Pall Mall Magazine*, expresses his disbelief in "vile and sinister plots hatched in horrible literary clubs" for the purpose of stopping the sale of works of genius. Such plots are undoubtedly rare, but that unfortunately they are not impossible is shown by a case the evidence for which we have good reason to believe authentic. It was not a plot against Miss Corelli, and, indeed, the matter is all now past history, and the actors in it are dead. We give it, therefore, without names, merely as an illustration of what is possible. The plot, which was not only hatched but successful, was against an eminent authority on a particular branch of folk lore. There were only three recognized authorities on the subject—A, the author, and B and C, reviewers—and A had once been very rude to B and C. Consequently, when A's book came out, B and C were waiting for it, and each of them managed to write, we believe, seventeen reviews of it. They knew better than to attack it violently. Their method was to dismiss it with good-natured indulgence in paragraphs of about half-a-dozen lines. Their verdict was accepted, and the volume fell stillborn from the press. "It was a d——d shame, for it really was a very good book," said one of the reviewers in question when he told the story to the writer who now records it.

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The announcement that Mr. Martin Harvey is having a play written round the character of Master François Villon gives one a shiver when one recollects the treatment to which this actor subjected Don Juan. We do not want a whitewashed Villon; indeed to whitewash so black an object would be a heroic task. Nor does the notion of a series of invented incidents with Villon for their central figure seem particularly attractive. The incidents of his life that we know would scarcely lend themselves to dramatic treatment—at any rate for our stage. The robbing of the church of St. Mathurin might perhaps serve, or the brawl in front of St. B'noît in which Master François got his lip cut open and the priest Sermaise was killed. Villon in the pit-prison of the Bishop of Orleans would make a piteous stage-picture, too. But these are but slender materials for a play. "Grosse Margot" is not a likely heroine, nor does the story of Catherine de Vausselles, who had Master François beaten by the stout arm of Noë le Joly when his attentions became too troublesome, suggest the sort of thing that would suit Mr. Martin Harvey's admirers.

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Among Mr. Heinemann's art publications this autumn will be issued a portfolio of sixteen pastels reproduced in colours, by Mr. Wm. Nicholson, of "Celebrated Characters from Romance." The characters represented are Don Quixote, Miss Fotheringay and Captain Costigan, Mr. Weller, Rochester, Madge Wildfire, Jorrocks, Chicot, Commodore Trunnion, Vanslyperken, Mulvaney, Gargantua, John Silver, Sophia Western, Baron Munchausen, Miss Havisham, and Porthos. Mr. William Nicholson is certainly audacious. A portrait may be like or it may not; it can be compared with the original and by the comparison the artist must stand or fall. But creatures of the poet's, of the novelist's imagination, can they be pictured to please everybody? We all have our own mental pictures of Porthos and Mr. Weller, Mulvaney, and Captain Costigan, John Silver, Mr. Rochester, and the rest. We all imagine our Sophia Westerns and Miss Fotheringays for ourselves, and deeply resent any endeavour to tear from us our settled convictions as to their charms. Don Quixote we are agreed about: there is a regular Don Quixote type. But all the rest of Mr. Nicholson's characters leave room for the widest difference of opinion except, perhaps, Miss Havisham. Dickens' wonderful description brings the wrinkled old woman in the faded bridal dress so vividly before us that, if Mr. Nicholson follows his author closely, there will be no disagreement possible in that instance at any rate.

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On February 4, it will be remembered, a meeting was held at University College to celebrate the seventy-fifth birthday of Dr. Furnivall and to recognize publicly the services which he has rendered to all students of English literature, both by the publication of texts and by helping to originate the new English Dictionary. The testimonial then offered to Dr. Furnivall included a volume of essays on English literature, to be written by well-known scholars of Europe and America, and published in his honour. This volume is now announced for publication in the autumn, under the title of "An English Miscellany," by the Clarendon Press. A boat, a portrait, and the raising of a special fund to make some provision for the continuation of his life work by placing the Early English Text Society on a sound financial footing are the other forms taken by the testimonial. The boat was Dr. Furnivall's own idea when asked what he could suggest as a personal gift—the oarsman who, with J. Beesley, built the first two narrow rowing-boats in England as far back as 1815, and who introduced the first sculling-four and sculling-eight races in 1866-67 being still able to pull his boat on the Thames, summer and winter alike. It was in a London copy of Dr. Furnivall's boat in 1816 that Newell beat Clasper, the only time he was ever beaten.

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On the spot at the south-east corner of Fleet-street, where the houses have just been destroyed for the purpose of widening the thoroughfare, stood the house of Russell, the tailor, in which for a brief time Milton lived. If we are to credit Aubrey, it was from this small tenement in St. Bride's that the poet's first wife, Mary Powell, left him to visit her family, and refused to return. Afterwards, however, a reconciliation was effected. "His first wife," we are told, "was brought up and lived where there was a great deal of company and merriment, dancing, &c., and when she came to live with her husband at Mr. Russell's, in St. Bride's Churchyard, she found it very solitary, no company came to her, oftentimes heard his nephews beaten and cry; this life was irksome to her, and so she went to her parents." From St. Bride's Milton removed, about 1641, to a house in the Barbican where, although he still continued to teach, he devoted more time to writing. The temporary gap in the buildings enables those who fare along the highway of letters to gain an exceptionally fine view of the church, where Wynkyn de Worde, the great printer, Richard Lovelace, the cavalier poet, Samuel Richardson, Sir John Denham, and other writers are buried.

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The shadow of more than one character in Dickens hovers round the precincts of St. Dunstan's Church, Fleet-street, in the exterior of which certain alterations are about to be made. Besides the considerable prominence awarded to the church in "Master Humphrey's Clock," it is referred to in "Barnaby Rudge" and gives the background of the scene where "Maypole" Hugh refreshes himself, at the pump "which stood hard by," before visiting Sir John Chester at the Temple over the way. The drinking-fountain, shortly to be removed, is doubtless the modernized form of the veritable pump. "St. Dunstan's Grants," mentioned in the same story and in "David

Copperfield," were removed when the older church was demolished, *circa* 1830, and are now preserved at Lord Aldenham's town residence, St. Dunstan's-house, Regent's-park. The "small grating in the portal" of the Middle Temple, through which Hugh greeted the night porter, is still extant. The lantern-like tower of the present church figures in two of the illustrations (by Richard Doyle and Clarkson Stanfield respectively) in "The Chimes," although the church is not specifically named by Dickens, who, indeed, seems to have had in his mind a much older structure. Stanfield, in his pretty drawing, has taken considerable licence in introducing in the background both the Monument and the tower (with its buttressed spire) of St. Dunstan's-in-the-East, neither of which is visible from Fleet-street.

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In *Longmans* Mr. Andrew Lang makes some characteristic remarks on the unwisdom of poets who send presentation copies of their works to other poets. He says that the other poets do not like it; and we seem to remember a literary quarrel which originated because the late Mr. Eric Mackay paid this attention to Mr. Swinburne. Our recollection of the newspaper correspondence that ensued is that it could hardly have been more violent if Mr. Mackay had punched Mr. Swinburne on the nose. What poets should remember is that other poets are just the last people in the world to whom their poetry is likely to appeal if it lacks inspiration, and that it is by no means certain to appeal to them even if it possesses inspiration. *A priori* one would have expected Byron to be capable of appreciating Wordsworth; it is a hard fact of literary history that he did not. The good all round cultivated man is, in fact, far more likely to say a good word for the rising poet than are his brother singers. Among contemporary poets, most of those who were not discovered by Mr. Gladstone were discovered by Mr. Grant Allen. Lord Tennyson cared little for the younger men; though he once told a Japanese interviewer that he preferred Browning to Matthew Arnold, but thought Matthew Arnold a more suitable person to succeed him as laureate.

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The same magazine contains an excellent article on Mademoiselle de Lespinasse. There is, perhaps, no woman whose career throws a more instructive light on the inner life of eighteenth-century society in Paris. Illegitimate, unmarried, ugly, poor, living a life certainly not above reproach, she nevertheless conducted a salon which the most famous men in France delighted to frequent. One is lost in admiration of her cleverness. She is the most interesting, if not the most famous, of the women of the Salons; and Mr. S. G. Tallentyre's account of her is admirably written.

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A correspondent writes:—"Have publishers of late been too eager to place on the market *éditions de luxe* of modern writers? The now highly accounted Edinburgh edition of Stevenson practically led the way. I chance to know that when prominent London booksellers were first approached as to the possibility of subscribers in sufficient numbers coming forward, many of them regarded the scheme with distrust. Nor was it till after Stevenson's death that the volumes were in great request. Since then similarly limited editions, well printed on good paper, of the complete works of Mr. George Meredith, Mr. Rudyard Kipling, Walter Pater, and several more, have been published. The following table shows the present market-value, and gives other details, of three prominent editions:—

	No. of Volumes.	Printer	No. of Copies	Price per Volume	Cost of Set	Value 1900 Highest	Value 1900 Lowest
				s. d.	£ s.	£	£ s.
Stevenson	28	T. & A. Constable	1,035	12 6	17 10	36	33 0
Meredith	32	..	1,025	10 6	16 16	12	12 0
Kipling	20	T. & R. Clark	1,050	10 6	10 10	19 (19 vols.)	6 15

The fall from £19 to £6 15s. in the Kipling has taken place with unexpected rapidity. A couple of months ago the 20 volumes realized at auction almost double the issue price, whereas now, presumably, they can be bought for about £7. The Meredith set has not frequently come up for sale, and the tendency here, it may be, is in an upward rather than in a downward direction. Undeniably the Stevensons, as books—alike as to print, paper, and binding—take a first place. By the way, six vols., large paper, of the complete works of Byron, now being issued by Messrs. Murray at a guinea apiece, have fetched £8."

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The late Robert Louis Stevenson endeavoured to master the Gaelic language, but failed ignominiously, it appears. Mr. Charles J. Guthrie, Q.C., who has just been appointed Sheriff of Ross and Cromarty, has been relating something of Stevenson's experience in this line. The sheriff, in replying to the welcome given him by the Bar at Stornoway, expressed his thankfulness for the advantages he had had in his youth, but bemoaned one drawback—he had not been instructed, as he should have been, in the earliest language in the world. And he feared he was too old to acquire the Gaelic now. Robert Louis Stevenson, he said, told him he had spent a considerable amount of time and trouble trying to learn the language, and at last thought he had advanced so far that he might speak it. He addressed an old Highland woman in a simple sentence which he supposed, and intended, to be Gaelic, but what was his chagrin when the old body calmly informed him that she "did not have the English!"

* * * *

William Nicholson, to commemorate whom a memorial has been erected at Borgue, about six miles from Kirkcudbright, belongs to the class of poets whose names are associated, almost exclusively, with one of their works. Nicholson's excellent "Brownie of Bleduoch" is a fine specimen of ballad folk-lore, and is well known and frequently quoted north of the Tweed. But few of his other poems are ever heard of outside of his native district—in which he is still held in high repute, although more than half a century has passed away since his death. "The Wandering Homer of Galloway" was born in very humble circumstances in 1782 or 1783—according to the inscription on the monument it was 1783, but this is a disputed point. He seems to have been averse to systematic study and had no great desire for education. For many years he was a pedlar, but he was only moderately successful. Fond of the pipes, he frequently played at country gatherings and eked out his living in this way. But he had the gift of poetry. It was but rude and untutored, but the gift was there. Encouraged by Hogg ("the Ettrick Shepherd") and others, he published, in 1811, a volume of "Tales in Verse and Miscellaneous Poems Descriptive of Rural Life and Manners." This brought him about £100. It was very well received, and fourteen years later another edition was published. A third edition appeared in 1878. There are several pieces in the collection which possess no small degree of poetic merit. But unquestionably the "Brownie of Bleduoch" is Nicholson's best work. Unfortunately, the poet fell to some extent into dissipated habits. He visited London in 1826, and was befriended by Allan Cunningham. It is said that he expected to be received by George IV., and was greatly disappointed and aggrieved by his failure to secure an interview with the King. He died in 1849. The proposal to erect a monument to his memory in his native parish was first made about two years ago, and funds were speedily raised. The memorial, which has now been formally unveiled, consists of a bronze panel of the poet, set in a huge block of grey granite. The panel is flanked by a representation of the poet's beloved pipes and a laurel spray.

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In connexion with the forthcoming Chaucer quincentenary we should like to see reprinted a paper read at the recent Congress of the British Archæological Association by the Rev. W. S. Lach-Szyrma on Wiclif and his times, a paper which has the greatest literary value of any that were read at this Congress. It was an able plea for the study of Chaucer, Piers Plowman, and Wiclif by all who wished to understand more of the social life of England in one of the most attractive periods of her history—*i.e.*, the age between Crécy and Agincourt, the era of Edward III., Richard II., and Henry IV. and V. He

regarded Wielif not so much in the light of a religious reformer as in that of a social and political philosopher, and a highly interesting parallel was drawn between him and the late Professor Jowett, both masters of Balliol. Wielif's immunity from persecution he owed, no doubt, largely to the all-powerful influence of John of Gaunt, but the Church of the fourteenth century was really wonderfully tolerant of his Utopian and idealistic opinions. In producing and cherishing Wielif, Oxford showed herself to be then, as now, the mother of "new movements."

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The demand for editions of Omar Khayyam keeps up bravely in the United States. There, too, they like them illustrated. Mr. Doxey, the famous bookseller, late of San Francisco and now of New York, has just announced a new issue of FitzGerald's poem with illustrations by Miss Florence Lundborg, a young Californian artist. These, unlike Mr. Elihu Vedder's drawings for Omar, which were in "wash," will be in "line." Miss Lundborg is also doing for Mr. Doxey drawings to illustrate Mr. Kipling's "Recessional." Surely there never was a poem that called for illustration, or would even permit of it, less than this!

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In spite of the ascendancy of the historical novel in the United States, the world of humour is also well represented. Besides "Mr. Dooley" and "David Harum" quite recently another volume composed of delightful humorous philosophy has appeared, though it has not been noticed much in this country at present. The title is "The Chronic Loafer," and the author is a new writer, Mr. Nelson Lloyd. "The Chronic Loafer" is not such a bad man as one would imagine, and Mr. Lloyd's sympathetic treatment of him is full of humour.

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Great interest attaches to the solemn ceremony of transporting the ashes of Dante to the new Library Palace at Florence. It will be remembered that, according to authentic historical documents, the remains of the poet were taken away from the Ravenna Church and deposited secretly in the outer wall of the chapel of Bracciofarte, where they were discovered in 1865. The celebrated sculptor, Enrico Pazzi, whose monument to Dante stands in the Place Santa-Croce, in Florence, was in possession of the iron urn containing the ashes of the poet for several years, but, at the request of the director of the National Library of Florence, Pazzi consented to hand over his treasure to the city of Florence, which was the birthplace of Dante.

1890 and 1900

In his literary letter which appears weekly in the *Sphere* Mr. Clement Shorter generally has something to say that is fresh and opportune. Moreover, as he has for a considerable time been a close observer of what is happening day by day in the world of letters, he is by no means ill qualified for the task of diagnosing its changing phases, and of taking the temperature as it were, of the reading public. In his last week's letter he does this with a particularity which is not often attempted by the critic. That we are not as our fathers: that under the influence of a cheap press we have become restless and superficial, with an intellectual appetite voracious indeed, but debased, and with our mental muscles so relaxed and attenuated as to be incapable of any serious and continued labour, all this we have been told so often that we are in danger of becoming quite indifferent to it. But to compare 1890 with 1900 is an operation much less facile and obvious. None of those changes which conspicuously alter social routine—unless it be the addition of the bicycle to the necessaries of life—have occurred during this decade. Ten years ago all these nineteenth-century "improvements," which, as the philosopher would have us believe, are ruining the national health, were in full swing. Yet change there must have been, and we owe some gratitude to the physician who can note the almost impalpable variations in the mental habits of a nation which can take place in so short an interval. Mr. Shorter says that the younger generation are not reading half so strenuously as their elder brothers and sisters ten years ago. And one reason for this is the advent of the cheap single-volume novel. The old "three-deckers" were, he says, published mainly for the circulating libraries, and were principally read by women of superfluous leisure. Most young people, Mr. Shorter roundly asserts, never opened them. They spent their money only on first-class fiction that had survived the test of time or on good biography and history. Witness the success of the "English Men of Letters" Series. Most of us, we think, will hardly recognize this reminiscence of the young person of the later eighties. We do not picture him sternly refusing to read anything but classical fiction and sound literature. But the sale of single-volume novels was, as a matter of fact, in full swing before 1890. Going back a little further than Mr. Shorter does, we should find, no doubt, that less fiction was published and less read, because the facilities were not so great. But we are not discussing here the three-volume novel and its influence. It is the note of alarm as to the younger brothers and sisters which concerns us. Are they really reading less strenuously year by year? Nothing is at once more easy and more difficult than to make an affirmation about the social life in which we are ourselves moving. Inevitably we judge to some extent from what we know of our own acquaintance. Limited as this must be, it is probably representative of a wider circle, and we may, without further investigation, make an estimate, say of its literary habits, which as a half truth may be entitled to some respect. But even this is affected by all kinds of chances arising out of our own temperament, the extent of our acquaintance, the standard by which we judge them. A leading weekly review, which is in the habit of assuming the *rôle* of the thoughtful critic of the times, ventured the assertion the other day that culture was the only passport into good "Society" at the present moment. We are much afraid that the writer of this curious deliverance illustrates another danger to which a social observer is exposed, viz., the desire to say what will attract attention rather than what is true. Mr. Shorter is proof against this temptation; he is perfectly sincere in what he says; and his individual expression of opinion has a distinct value. But it does not seem to take account of all the facts. Macmillan's "English Men of Letters" began, we think, in 1881—in the comparatively early days of "series," and its success therefore attracted more attention. Since then there has been a flood of series representing "good history and biography," many of them selling largely. And if the first five years of the decade were the period of series, the last five have been the period of reprints. The publishers are certainly not likely to go on issuing innumerable volumes of English classics if nobody buys them; and it may therefore be inferred that an infinitely larger amount of good literature which has survived the test of time is being at least purchased in 1900 than was the case in 1890. This is a solid fact which must be set against any conclusion drawn from an individual impression. Another is the distinct if slight advance made in educational organization during the ten years, both in the way of a widening of its area, and of a closer and more serious attention to its practical working. It is indeed by deducing a conclusion from such premisses as these rather than by basing it on any inductive observation of social manners that we can really gauge the tendencies of the time. If a change can be traced in so short a period as a decade, we should sum it up thus: more fiction is undoubtedly published and read, but there is a much larger public for it, and a public which gets through more reading; life is being lived at a slightly heightened speed—partly in consequence of increased facilities for locomotion, for the bicycle, in which some publishers, we believe, see an hindrance to the sale of books, is, it must be remembered, above all things a time saver; interest in good literature has, if anything, grown rather than diminished; the love of sport among "young people," excessive though it be, has not latterly been tending to a still greater excess but rather the reverse; and these facts do not, as we believe, justify the opinion that the rising generation do less good reading than their elder brothers and sisters.

Personal Views.

THE JOYS OF WRITING.

Much has been written of the pleasures of reading, but authors are curiously silent as to the joys of writing. Of the profits thereof, we hear, indeed, more than enough, and much, most writers will admit, that is misleading. But the truth will sometimes out; the best antidote I know to the *cacoethes scribendi* is the perusal of Mr. George Gissing's "New Grub Street." That book should cure any youthful enthusiast of the idea that he is likely to earn a livelihood by writing books. Man cannot live by books alone, and journalism, though it may supply him with bread and butter, is a mere waste of time and a weakness of the flesh on the part of any one who starts, as most journalists do, either with a true love of literature or with the intention of making his mark as a man of letters.

Yet, apart from starvation and writer's cramp, there is joy in authorship. First and foremost are the pleasures of imagination, and the joy of the companionship of our own creations—little Melchizedeks, without father, without mother, who spring up unbidden in the brain and people with their presence and fill with the sound of their voices the room of our solitary and retired imagination. They are not dull, they are not tedious, these children of fantasy; they are much more lively than the living. These unsubstantial phantoms live and move and have their beings in the mind, but they seem more real than the shadowy, colourless men and women of this ordinary, actual world. With this priceless gift of imagination we can, though plunged in sorrow and vexation of spirit, by an effort of will put our troubles from us and turn to the strange, necromantic joys of fancy, and with the imagined adventures, delights, sorrows, and loves of these imaginary folk fill up, for the time, the blank of our desolation. "Let us talk of realities," exclaimed Balzac. "Let us discuss Eugénie Grandet." . . . There is, too, a joy, an intense, indefinable joy, when suddenly, as you turn to utter some trivial remark or bend down to light a spill for your pipe, an idea, an inspiration, as you are pleased to call it, flashes into your brain and illumines the darkness of your sterility. There is a joy when, in the throes of composition, you suddenly strike on the happy expression, the appropriate word or the new combination of words, and you are glad that a great phrase is born into the world; there is a joy when you write "Finis" to a book, the satisfaction in the accomplished task as you complete the work which has been crushing you for months or years; there is a joy of proof-sheets and an ineradicable delight in the handling of the first copies of your own new book; there is a joy of reviews, the bitter pleasure of comparing the contradictory verdicts of the critics, of discovering the reviewer's ignorance or tracing the cause of his spite; rarely, too rarely, there is the joy of acknowledging the debt you owe to his criticisms, the advantage your next edition will derive from his corrections, and the delight you feel in reading his well-written review. There is joy, again, rarer still and yet more precious, in the note from your publishers which informs you—ah, how seldom! in prose so bad, so business-like and yet so honey-sweet!—that a new edition has been called for, that a reprint is in contemplation.

But all these, it must be confessed, are pleasures that spring from the written or the unwritten word, the unformed or the formed. As to writing itself, the mechanical process of reducing thought to a more or less permanent form, most authors will confess that they have no pleasure in it, and to type-writing still less. It is manual labour of the meanest, drudgery kind, and mental drudgery of the most nauseating. Who among those who are supposed to write at ease has not experienced the terrible sensation which the French so aptly name "horreur de la plume?" The only circumstance in which writing can be really pleasurable is when the imagination is untrammelled by the critical faculty and the writer is exalted by the vain conceit of his own cleverness or the overwhelming vehemence of his fantasies. Most authors find that this is what happens when they write late at night and they are content, therefore, to think or talk in the evening, and in the morning to turn out their tale of bricks. For after midnight a strange sort of fever seizes the brain; it is a form of intoxication, most exquisite, most fraudulent. Two o'clock in the morning courage may be the best and solidest form of human bravery, but the writing of that hour is apt to be brilliant but unsteady work, hysterical, and not quite sane. It is the offspring of a feverish enthusiasm, born of a brain that has caught fire while the judgment sleeps. Like the bright conversation at a dinner-party, which owes its brightness to so large an extent to the hour and the champagne and the excitement engendered in the mind by light and warmth and beauty, it is when reviewed next morning or in the cold greyness of after years, if not altogether stale and flat, certainly unprofitable. Amazingly clever as such work may seem to the happy writer at the moment, yet, when his judgment wakes and his brain is cool, he will too often have to acknowledge that what he has written bears something of the same relation to what he knows really to be good as dream-wit bears to real wit. For just as we sometimes dream that we have made some uncommonly smart repartee, a retort worthy of Talleyrand, a *mot* that is, at last, brilliantly, astoundingly witty, which startles us even in our dream by its qualities of extraordinary sharpness and deep, penetrating humour, so that we wake proud, grateful and smiling, and then, when we recall that epoch-making joke, we find to our dismay, to our profound mortification, that it is really the most shamefully banal and stupid observation that ever was uttered, so after the midnight of literary intoxication there comes too often an awakening of bitterness and disillusion. Then the artist has to sit down and wearily to sift the gold, if there be any, from the dross of his overnight ideas. And through this process he will have to go whether he has written or only thought overnight. For the man of letters, then, joy cometh not in the morning. "The earliest pipe of half-awakened bards" is not altogether a joke; it is smoked, one may fancy, with the oppressive sense of a memory to be taxed and with the knowledge that the luxuriant products of the overnight imagination must undergo the painful operation of critical pruning and paring. Tennyson would sit, after dinner, over his study fire, smoking strong tobacco from a new churchwarden, thinking the wonderful poetry he never wrote, the great fragmentary thoughts, the grand, unfinished sonorous verses, which he was far too genuine a poet to write. "Many thousands of fine lines," he once observed, "go up the chimney."

It is in the morning, then, that the artist records and elaborates in the cold light of his critical judgment the dazzling thoughts that leap to life, imperfect, unbidden, delusive, in his heated imagination o'nights. With infinite patience, with unwearied labour he deletes what was clever but untrue or true but inappropriate: he tones down, then, the over-coloured images, he harmonizes what was discordant, elaborates what was undeveloped; with unfailing self-denial and with unswerving devotion to art he pares away all excrescences and reduces the

whole to a correct proportion. It is in the morning, is it not? that it is easier to observe the great rule of life and art, "not too much."

But this is no light task; there is no joy in such a process, rather unceasing labour and much disgust, weariness often, and a need of courage, for which the artist is seldom given credit. The public thinks only of the freedom, the *bonhomie*, the holidays of a painter's life; of the slavery, the jealousies, and the disappointments of the studio it knows nothing. Still less does it understand that the artist's acutest sorrow is when he compares the masterpiece for which he is praised with the ideal that is ever before him but which he can never reach.

We remember Pope's extravagances, his pettinesses, his temper, his falsehoods, his profits, his influence, and even some of his poetry; but do we remember that every verse of that waspish rhymer was finished with unstinted care, that every couplet was the product of incredible toil? Writers are, in truth, workers—manual labourers without the privileges of an artisan. The toil but not the dignity or the encouragements of manual labour is theirs. And what joy is there in their occupation? I would rather dig a patch of potatoes than write a short story, and far rather be an omnibus conductor than a novelist. My wages would be higher and more certain, my responsibility and my respectability less irksome, my work much easier. But *quisque suos patimur manes*; we are all haunted by the ghosts of our former follies, our old ambitions. We all have our pasts before us, and, as for our futures, too many of us, alas! have left them behind. If we are sometimes tempted to curse our education and profession we should, at least, remember with gratitude the pleasures we owe to them—the delight of thought, the friendship of books, the joy of literary reminiscence, the pleasure of reading and the pleasure of being—however little—read. If we do so cheerfully we may be forgiven if occasionally we cry out that the joys of writing are illusory, and that the happiest author is he who thinks and talks and does not write—but of whom it is said that he could, if he tried. It is not, really, a pity that he doesn't. He ranks already among the greatest writers. For just as the heaviest fish are those that are lost, so the best books are those that remain unwritten. Their authors are too wise. CECIL HEADLAM.

NELL GWYN IN DRAMATIC ART.

Nell Gwyn has always ranked high among our popular heroines, and now that she is the central figure of the new play at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, and is also putting in an appearance at the Haymarket, it is interesting to look back upon some previous plays which have centred round her fascinating personality. "A mighty pretty soul," as Pepys has it, surrounded with an air of romance and sentiment, but in reality a clever little Bohemian, a kind of English Madame Sans-Gêne, free and easy, ready at repartee, outspoken to coarseness, and with a considerable fund of *bonhomie*, she has appealed alike to the imagination of the classes and the masses. And none among the literary folk who have made Nell Gwyn the subject of their disquisitions have more sedulously woven the romance of the orange maiden actress than the dramatists. In *The Peckham Frolic or Nell Gwyn*, a comedy in three acts (1799), she is made to play the part of a practical joker. Sir Oliver Luke is expected to arrive with a petition to the King, and Mistress Gwyn, bent on matchmaking, wishes to marry the knight to a friend of hers. "I mean to sacrifice this Cromwellian calf on the altar of Hymen. . . . My friend has laughed away 45 years, careless of her interests and income. I propose that in this shipwreck of her fortune the Oliverian knight shall save her from sinking." In pursuance of her plan Nell Gwyn persuades the knight that the matrimonial alliance with the lady proposed by her would propitiate the King and materially advance Sir Oliver's interests. The simple elderly bachelor is caught in the toils and presented to Lord Rochester, who in the absence of the merry Monarch from Peckham personates the King. On the arrival of the latter the marriage is confirmed, and the happy pair dismissed by Charles with the following poetic effusion:—

> Were I Apollo! No! I would not choose
> The gay Ann Kill'grew for my darling muse,
> Let other nymphs the learned mount ascend;
> She should be Thetis, and the day should end.

In Douglas Jerrold's *Nell Gwynne* and Walker's drama of the name, the heroine is presented chiefly in an emotional light. "An attempt has been made," writes Douglas Jerrold, "to show some glimpses of the silver lining of a character, to whose influence over an unprincipled voluptuary we owe a national asylum for veteran soldiers, and whose brightness shines with the most amiable lustre in many actions of her life, and in the last disposal of her worldly effects." The play was produced at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, in January, 1833, the part of Nell Gwynne being taken by Miss Taylor. The plot turns on the substitution by Nell, who is persecuted by an old lover, of another orange girl for herself. In the meeting between Nell and the King we have the well-known anecdotes of the foundation of Chelsea Hospital at her request, and the supper for which the King, having forgotten his purse, was unable to pay. The conduct of the lady is beyond reproach. She repels the King's advances with a pretty little moralizing fable, and leaves him to follow her to the theatre, where in a "broad-brimmed hat and waist belt" she is about to speak one of Dryden's prologues. In Mr. Walker's play we have in addition to the incident of the poor soldier's refuge the story of the impoverished clergyman—for Nell was all her life a staunch Protestant and a devoted daughter of the Church of England—relieved by the actress's charity. Here Nell not merely resists the King's proposals but sets up as a teacher of morality:—

> Many the man with every vice deform'd
> In one short lesson has the Stage reform'd.
> For wisdom owns that in a virtuous cause
> The Stage has more effect than public laws.

The last act ends with the King presenting a forlorn maiden with a dowry of ten thousand pounds and trotting home like a good boy with the Duchess of Cleveland.

Mr. Arden's *Nell Gwynne* (1871) was simply a musical extravaganza. But in Wills' *Nell Gwynne* (1878) the idealization of the character was carried another step in advance. The means by which Nell extricated herself from her difficulties and defeated the machinations of the Duke of Buckingham and the Duchess of Portsmouth, who are hoist with their own petard, did infinite credit to her ingenuity. But the main interest centred in the scene where, tossed about by conflicting feelings—the affection for an old lover suddenly recalled to life on his reappearance, and the loyalty which the woman believes to be owing to the King, who had raised her to her position—Nell struggles with herself to yield in the end reluctantly to what seems to her the more imperative claims of the two.

Such is Nell Gwyn as depicted in modern dramas. It is superfluous to point out that the real Nell, as seen in everyday life, was a very different creature indeed. But to judge from recent experiences, it is not the function of the historical drama to teach history, unless we define the latter as chronologized fiction.

DALY CATALOGUE PRICE LIST.

Whatever may be the shortcomings of the Catalogue of the Daly Collection (recently dispersed in New York), the auctioneer has made amends by printing a list of the prices realized by the books. This is a step in the right direction, and the hint might very well be acted upon by our own leading auctioneers. The lots, amounting to nearly four thousand, occupy just over

twenty small quarto pages, each page containing four columns, the system adopted being merely that of recording the lot numbers and corresponding prices. Such a supplement to the catalogue (which is published by J. O. Wright and Co., booksellers, New York) should prove valuable for future reference.

With this useful list of prices before us, we are enabled to give particulars of the sums realized by the more important among the Dickens and Thackeray items, which formed so notable a feature of the Daly Library:—

DICKENS.

	Dollars.	£	s.
"Sunday under Three Heads," 1st ed., 1836	75	15	0
"Sketches by Boz," 1st ed., 3 vols., 1836-7	150	30	0
"The Pickwick Papers," original numbers, 1836-7	62	12	8
"The Pickwick Papers," Victoria ed., 1887, extra illustrations, &c.	105	21	0
"Memoirs of Joseph Grimaldi," 1846, extended to 2 vols. by insertion of extra plates, playbills, portraits, autograph letters, &c.	260	52	0
"The Strange Gentleman," 1837, the Hermand copy	38	7	12
"The Strange Gentleman," 1837, a "prompt" copy	35	7	0
"Sikes and Nancy," a reading, with Dickens' autograph	25	5	0
"The Loving Ballad of Lord Bateman," 1839	43	8	12
"A Christmas Carol," 1st issue, 1843	32	6	8
"To be Read at Dusk," 1852, reprinted from the *Keepsake*, of which it is stated that "only one other copy has ever occurred for sale"	31	6	4
"The Chimes," 1858. Presentation copy from the author to his son Charles	105	21	0
"Mr. Nightingale's Diary." Copy used by Wilkie Collins, who acted in the play	75	15	0
"Great Expectations," 1861, 1st ed., 3 vols.	36	7	4

The following items of Dickensiana also realized good prices:—

R. W. Buss' manuscript commentary on the illustrations of "Pickwick," with an account of his brief connexion with that work, and containing pen-and-ink sketches by himself	90	18	0
Original MS. of "His Brown Paper Parcel," one of Dickens' contributions to "Somebody's Luggage," the Christmas number of *All the Year Round*, 1862	360	72	0
Collection of 150 autograph letters, including 100 by Dickens	610	122	0
Collection of 326 original letters of and to Dickens	1,000	200	0
Dickens-Cattermole correspondence, with sketches by Cattermole for his designs in "Master Humphrey's Clock"	160	32	0
Forster's "Life of Dickens," 3 vols. octavo, extended to nine vols. folio by insertion of extra illustrations, portraits, views, playbills, autograph letters, &c. (Mr. William Wright's similarly extended copy of the work, 12 vols., realized £500 at Sotheby's in 1889)	1,080	216	0
An Account of the Origin of the "Pickwick Papers," by Mrs. Seymour, with Dickens' version and her reply, &c., together with a portrait of Seymour (an original drawing), the original letter of Dickens to Seymour commenting upon his design for "The Stroller's Tale," and seven original drawings for "Pickwick," three of which were not used	1,750	340	0

The contents of this remarkable volume cost Mr. Daly £561 at Sotheby's in 1889, the sum of £61 being realized for Mrs. Seymour's very scarce pamphlet, this being her own copy, with MS. notes and corrections. It also contained the following unpublished and undated letter addressed by Seymour's son to the purchaser of his father's "Pickwick" drawings:—

Though it would afford me much pleasure to gratify your inquiries into the circumstances connected with the original designs for "Pickwick" which you purchased of me on the 11th inst., I can (I fear) add little to what ought to be pretty well known on the subject by this time. But as you seem to require a sort of warranty for your purchase, or some little addition to your stock of *anaderta* upon a subject of interest, the following brief statement of facts is very much at your service:—The six drawings in the scrap-book which you purchased of me were done by my father, Robert Seymour, the well-known artist, and are the original designs for "Pickwick." The two illustrations, "The Runaway Chaise" and "The Pickwickians in Wardle's Kitchen" have never been engraved—*i.e.*, as far as I may rely on an estimate of probabilities which amount to conviction in my own mind. Of the four out of the six original drawings which were etched, I should say that the slight sketch for the scene of the dying clown (illustrating "The Stroller's Tale") was the first sketch for that subject, but of this you may, perhaps, be able to form an accurate judgment for yourself, if you compare it with the published version and with Dickens' criticism contained in the letter which you possess. You are, however, certainly in error in the notion that my father was engaged upon that design on the night preceding his death; and it is an error evidently derived from a statement of Dickens, who, it is well known, carried his bias for fictitious narrative to ultra-professional length. I have several times heard my father say that Dickens had the drawing in his possession some time before that event. At the same time, to allow C. Dickens his due, it must be admitted that he showed considerable sense of dramatic propriety in the alteration he suggested for Dr. Slammer's attitude (the illustration "Dr. Slammer's Defiance of Jingle"). I am rather sorry now that I did not preserve the letter, though Dickensonian (or) literature has little attraction for me. I quite agree with you that the best of the drawings is that in which Mr. Pickwick addresses the Club, which is full of humour, and contains also those suggestions of sporting adventure which were to form the groundwork of the book. I allude, of course, to Mr. Winkle's sporting equipments, &c.

The long letter to my father, in which C. Dickens congratulates him upon the success of the first number of "Pickwick," *our mutual friend*, and proposes various alterations in designs for further illustrations, at the same time inviting him to meet Chapman and Hall at his lodgings at Furnival's Inn, is the only one of the letters from Mr. Dickens which I preserved. My father accepted the invitation, and that, I believe, was the first and last time that they met.

With regard to the pamphlet, "Account of the Origin of the 'Pickwick Papers,'" I am sorry to say that I am unable to furnish you with a copy, but I have a few odds and ends of my father's works still by me, though not all for sale, which, as you take an interest in those works, you might perhaps like to see. At all events, as I shall be in town in a few days, I will call upon you with some of these.

Yours truly,

R. Seymour.

The Seymour drawings in Mr. Daly's collection were reproduced for the first time in Mr. F. G. Kitton's "Dickens and his Illustrators," where will also be found a complete account of Seymour's association with "Pickwick," together with a biographical sketch of that clever but unfortunate artist.

THACKERAY.

	Dollars.	£	s.
"The Snob [and the Gowesman]," 1829-30. Original numbers, bound	250	50	0
"Flore et Zephyr," 1836. With an original drawing by the Author, a study for the sixth plate	850	170	0
"Flore et Zephyr," another copy, 1836. Mounted	420	84	0
"The National Omnibus," Vol. I., 1838-9	20	4	0
"The National Standard of Literature," &c., Vol. I., 1853	25	5	4
"The Loving Ballad of Lord Bateman," 1839. (This work is also included among the Dickens items.)	42	8	10
"The Corsair," 1839-40. The original fifty numbers	55	11	0
"Second Funeral of Napoleon" and "Chronicle of the Drum," 1841	175	35	0
"Vanity Fair," 1847-8. First issue, with extra title and rustic design afterwards cancelled, wrappers, &c.	150	30	0
"The Book of Snobs," 1848	60	12	0
"An Interesting Event." By M. A. Titmarsh, 1840. The copy is said to be unique	210	41	0
"History of Pendennis," 1849	42	8	8
"The Kicklebury's on the Rhine," 1850. With double set of plates	45	9	0
"Rebecca and Rowena," 1850. Plates in two states	35	7	0
"Henry Esmond," 1852	60	9	12
"The Newcomes," 1854	44	8	0
"The Virginians," 1858	31	6	15
"The Four Georges," original numbers of *Cornhill Magazine*, 1860, with 10 portraits inserted	42	8	8
"The Four Georges," 1861, with cancelled title	25	5	0
"The Four Georges," 1879. Unique copy, 2 vols., 36 portraits and views inserted	122	24	8
"The Adventures of Philip," 1862	30	6	0
"Roundabout Papers," 1863. Original proof sheets of the *Cornhill* article, with Thackeray's manuscript corrections	130	26	0

The following items also realized good prices :—

	Dollars.	£	s.
"William Makepeace Thackeray at Clivedon Court." Fifteen lithographic plates after Thackeray's drawings, 1885. Privately printed	165	33	0
"Thackeray's Reminiscences," by his Daughter. New York, 1895. Unique copy, with sixteen original drawings by Thackeray inserted, together with portraits and autograph letters. Cost Mr. Daly less than a thousand dollars	2,325	505	0
"Essay on the Genius of George Cruikshank." The original *Westminster Review* article enlarged to 3 vols. by the addition of 600 illustrations, portraits, original drawings, &c.	307.50	60	10
The Brookfield Correspondence, and other private letters, MSS., and unpublished Sketches from 1817 to 1855. This Collection is stated to have cost Mr. Daly 10,000 dollars. Many of the letters have never been published	16,200	3,240	0

A FORGOTTEN POET.

In "An Old English Miscellany" edited by Dr. R. Morris for the Early English Text Society will be found a poem entitled "A Love Rune," now generally attributed to Thomas Hales, a Franciscan Friar, who wrote about the middle of the thirteenth century. That there were genuine English poets before Chaucer is of course an accepted fact, but it must be acknowledged that these old poets are as a rule more delightful to the philologist than to the general reader. "A Love Rune" ought to prove an exception. In it we have a beautiful poem, written a century before Chaucer, and highly finished as though it had been Chaucer's own. It breathes a perfect spirit of charity and tenderness. Here is no gloating over the repulsive side of life, and death, and the pains of Hell, such as defaces so much of our medieval poetry, no coarseness of expression, no harsh asceticism. It is true that the poem is in praise of celibacy, which is the writer's counsel of perfection, but he resorts to none of the unwholesome arguments employed by so many of his fellows. He contents himself with setting forth with singular beauty the vanity and instability of earthly love, and the enduring perfection of the love of Christ. He pleads with one of "Christ's maidens who earnestly besought him that he would make for her a love rune, whereby she might best learn how to take another true love, and one that of all men would guard a free woman best." In the extracts here given, amounting to less than one-half of the whole poem, the metre, and, in almost every case, the rhyme of the original has been faithfully preserved. The diction has of course been more or less modernised. After an introductory stanza describing the occasion and purpose of the poem, in the six following stanzas the poet enlarges upon the imperfections of earthly love, and passes on to the vanity of wealth and beauty, and the superiority of the Heavenly Love :—

Is a man rich in worldly weal ?
The more his heart shall pine and ache ;
And sleep, for fear of them that steal,
Shall all night long his eyes forsake.
In thought on thought how like a wheel
He turneth for his riches' sake !
Yet at the last what doth it heal ?
Death from him all at last will take.

Where now be Paris and Heleyne,
So fair of old, and bright of blee ?
Arsadas, Tristram, and Dideyne,
Ysonde, and all their company ?
Sir Ector in his might and main,
And Caesar rich in this world's fee ?
They all are vanished from the reign,
As from the bow the shaft doth flee.

'Tis now as though they never were,
For all the wonders of them told,
And we that live, we take no care
How they with pain were brought to mould ;
How, after all their travail here,
Their heat it turned to bitter cold :
So frail the world, so false a fere !
O fool, that of the world is bold !

What though he were so rich a man
As Harry our King in worldly gear ?
So fair of face as Absalon,
That had upon this earth no peer ?
Soon would his pride and pomp be gone,
And no man to it more give ear ;
If thou wilt choose a true le-man,
The one true Knight I show thee here.

Ah, sweet, if thou but only knew
How goodly is this gracious child,
How fair of face, how bright of hue,
How glad of cheer, of mood how mild,
His winsome love, his trust so true,
His heart so free, his wisdom wild,
Thy choice thou never more would'st rue,
Or deem that thou hadst been beguiled.

The two following stanzas, describing the might, riches, and generosity of this Lord, thus conclude :—

If thou wilt love him word and deed,
And if thou live his true le-man,
Thou shalt go clad in richer weed
Than King or Kaiser e'er did on.

The poem then proceeds :—

Of that fair house if aught be told
Built by the wise King Salomon,
Of jasper, sapphire, and of gold,
And many another costly stone,
Fairer than that a thousand-fold,
So fair it may be said by none,
A house is thine to have and hold,
If thou but live his true le-man.

It standeth on a rocky hill,
And shall not move, it is so strong ;
To undermine it dig who will,
The walls thereof he cannot wrong.
There's healing there for every ill,
And bliss, and joy, and glee, and song,
Maiden, to thee, if so thou will,
This house and all within belong.

There friend from friend ne'er turned away,
The least there never lost his right,
There is nor anger, strife, nor fray,
Nor envy there of any wight.
All with the angels there do play,
In peace and love, and Heaven's own light,
O maiden, who so blest as they
Who to this Lord their troth have plight ?

The next four stanzas dilate further upon the majesty of the Lord, and upon the beauty of the "gem-stone" and "treasure" of maidenhood. The two following stanzas must conclude our extract, although one would fain quote the actual conclusion, and its pious envoy :—

Thou shalt hear tell of many a stone
That is of virtue and of grace,
Of Amethyst, and Calcydone,
Of Lectary, and of Topase ;
Of Jasper, Sapphire, and Sardone,
Smaragde, Beryl, and Crisoprase,—
Above all other precious stone
These be the first in every place.

But, maiden, as I here have told,
A better gem-stone is thy dower,
And better worth a hundred-fold,
Than all of these in their colour ;
It is y-wrought in Heaven's fine gold,
Full fillèd all of fine amour,
Thou, that hast this, O, keep good hold !
So bright it shineth in Heaven's high bower.

Reviews.

THE FRENCH AS COLONISTS AND EXPLORERS.*

A charge often brought against Frenchmen is their inability to give practical issues to excellent theoretical reasoning. M. Renan once drew the picture of a European federation in which each nation was called upon to fulfil the *rôle* best suited to it; upon Germany devolved the task of speculative research, to which France was to give literary shape; while England undertook to draw the practical conclusions. Take the instance of political and social science; to Rousseau, to Montesquieu, to Comte Europe owes the propagation of those theories which now form the warp and woof of its everyday life; and yet France has been unable to give herself a stable Government. The same incapacity to meet practical issues shows itself in her colonial policy. We have before us a batch of books containing enough science to build up an empire. Here are men of observation, full of shrewdness and sagacity, and infinitely more versed in administrative law and financial science than Clive or Warren Hastings; and yet the growth of prosperity in the French colonies is imperceptible. After all, it is easy for France to console herself for this defect of character. Philosophers have taught that, if empires pass away without leaving other vestige of their existence than ruins, the excellence of literary expression remains unimpaired.

We may begin with the countries on which France exercises little influence. The former head administrator of the Shanghai French concession, M. Bard, writes on China. After an interesting analysis of the Chinese character, its love of ceremony, its disdain of accuracy, and its perfect indifference to the value of time, comes an account of the Chinese home, the condition of women, and the religion. From the people we rise to the Government, the extraordinary Chinese Civil Service, with its intricate system of examinations, the finances, the maddening currency, the administration of justice, the army, and finally trade. The figures in the latter chapter tell against France. Against 371 English firms in 1898 and 101 German, France could boast of only 29. Out of a total number of 31,566 ships calling at Chinese ports and leaving them in 1897, with a tonnage of 32,519,929 tons, England claimed respectively 17,388 and 19,651,112, while France rose only to 361 and 123,122. Such a paltry result is extraordinary when one remembers that, as early as 1253, Saint Louis sent missionaries to China, and that France and the Far East have been, since then, in constant inter-communication. M. Bard tells us that so far had the missionaries insinuated themselves into the Emperor's favour that in the seventeenth century one of them established in Peking a gun foundry. Up to 1897 the protection of all Roman Catholic missions devolved upon France. At that date, as is well known, Germany undertook to protect her own missions, with the result that the Bay of Kiao-chau was speedily occupied. There are some interesting photographs in the book.

From the Far East to the East the transition is easy. Again Saint Louis and Louis XIV. are referred to as historical precedents; again the pessimistic note is struck—by M. Charles Loiseau. The war between the Turks and the Greeks turned to the advantage of Germany. The mistake of France, it appears, was not to allow the small Slav States to join Greece in the struggle. Hitherto, the Slavs, who in the Balkans ought to play the part of the "predominant partner," have been artificially divided into petty States, "serving," as Prince Nicholas of Montenegro said, "as small change in the accounts of the larger Powers." The extent of the diplomatic mistake was pointed out in the *Figaro* by M. Vallroy when he wrote the significant phrase:—"There exists no longer, in the capital of the Ottoman Empire, any other influence than that of the Emperor William II." But the blow may be parried by an alliance with the natural enemies of Germany, the Austrian Slavs, especially now that Russia pays only an academic attention to the Balkan question. Here M. Loiseau bitterly criticizes the Department of Foreign Affairs, the archaic distribution of Consular posts in Croatia, the appointments of incompetent Ambassadors at Vienna, and the general indifference in high places to the Austrian crisis. The leading idea of the book is ably defended by a survey of the historical aspects of the question. Nevertheless, this attempt to renovate the fatal racial policy to which the Second Empire devoted its energies seems a slight anachronism.

On the colonies proper we have to notice four books, three of which are on Central Africa.

M. Pierre Mille is one of the most brilliant correspondents of the *Temps* and the *Débats*. The book which he now publishes on the Independent State is the outcome of the letters sent to the *Temps* when the Congo railway was opened two years ago. It is melancholy enough for French colonial expansion. The French project of a road from Stanley Pool by the valley of the Ruilon did not succeed; the Congo railway has made it useless. When M. Mille landed at Libreville, the capital of the French Congo, he found "a garden, three or four houses, a few negroes' cabins, some attempts at plantations." The towns in the Independent State wore a different look. "Brazzaville is a station, Leopoldville a town." Some traits, however, are consoling for Frenchmen; in 1898 the Congo State numbered only one colonist, a gardener, who had decided to plant rubber trees instead of gathering what grew in the forest. All the activity was State-activity, which is eminently French. The workmen who constructed the railway were Cingalese, French voters in fact, and the education received about Saint-Louis or Dakar was such that, wherever they went, they spontaneously erected the French flag. The genius which made the unity of France under the old *régime* is not quite extinct. But the most characteristic fact was the presence in the Governor-General's office of *Cyrano de Bergerac*, and of MM. Gohier's and Huysmans' works. Someone was buying some hippopotamus bones, and M. Mille, upon inquiry, found that they were destined for M. Anatole France. "Go to Africa," the ironist had said, "bring me back a god, perhaps the one we are awaiting." They brought him back ivory. After the notes taken during the journey up the Congo comes an account of the administration of the Independent State. Perhaps M. Mille passes too lightly over the conduct of the whites towards the natives. Last year M. Hess, of the *Figaro*, in a book published by Calmann Lévy, drew up a terrible indictment against the powerful companies which work the State. Behind the brilliant figures of the annual Budget are the unknown atrocities, news of which leaks out little by little. The sons of Cham have always been doomed to suffer at the hands of the whites, their masters, whether Mahomedan or Christian.

In the French Congo the once powerful Samory, who only the other day was leading the contented life of a deposed chieftain pensioned by France, has just received Christian burial. M. André Mévil has become his biographer. The life of the Sudanese Abd-el-Kader is well known. In 1860, at twenty-five, he is taken prisoner in one of the numerous wars between rival clans. He escapes and takes refuge with a marabout. Later on he became in his turn a chieftain and organized an army which now and then came into collision with the French troops. The struggle lasted sixteen years and ended in 1898 by the capture of the wily chieftain. It is due to Samory that in 1891 a French

* "Les Chinois d'Aujourd'hui." By M. Bard. Paris. Colin. Fr.4.
"Le Balkan Slave et la Crise Autrichienne." By M. Charles Loiseau. Paris. Perrin. Fr.3.50.
"Au Congo Belge." By M. Pierre Mille. Paris. Colin. Fr.3.50.
"Samory." By M. André Mévil. Paris. Perrin. Fr.3.50.
"Jours de Guinée." By Pierre d'Espagnat. Paris. Perrin. Fr.3.50.
"En Territoire Militaire." By Louis de Grandmaison. Paris. Plon. Fr.3.50.
"Au Congo. Impressions d'un Touriste." By Baron E. de Maudat-Grancey. With illustrations and map. Paris. Plon. Fr.3.50.
"Le Tour d'Asie." By Marcel Monnier. 2 vols. "L'Empire du Milieu" and "Cochin Chine, Annam, Tonkin." Paris. Plon. Fr.5.
"La Traversée de l'Afrique. Du Zambèze au Congo Français." By Edouard Foa. Paris. Plon. Fr.4.

column attacked by mistake at Warina part of the English West India Regiment. However, the conquest of the Sudan, in spite of the unfortunate Marchand incident, is a brilliant, if often melancholy, record of military heroism and success.

Africa attracts others than soldiers. M. d'Espagnat, who is a poet, speaks of an excursion in Guinea where he has seen the progress of the Germans. "The patient Teuton race," he writes, "has made its way . . . the old Roman blood vivifies no more the world." Then he tells the story of the capture by nine men of a village of two hundred blacks, who became in time excellent German auxiliary troops.

On the whole, in spite of pessimistic figures, the future is not hopeless for the partisans of French expansion. In French literature to-day no effort is made to throw a veil over past mistakes. The crisis is looked at squarely in the face by men resolved to establish a better state of things. And as courageously as ever Frenchmen are pioneering in every quarter of the globe. It is not men of pluck and endurance that are needed, but less red-tapeism and lobby intrigues. This is the one lesson taught throughout the vivid pages of Baron de Mandat-Grancey in the book in which, during a trip to the Congo as the guest of the King of the Belgians in 1898, he contrasts constantly the success of the Congo Free State with the slow development of a region not less rich, but badly governed, the French colony of the Congo. Baron de Mandat-Grancey, who knows Africa, who knows the negro, and above all knows men and things, frankly avows that he thinks it a mistake for France to try to colonize. The Congo Free State succeeds because it is governed by one man, and not by a bureaucracy. All this may be true, and we earnestly advise all persons interested in colonial methods, as well as the mere lover of notes of African travel, to procure Baron de Mandat-Grancey's book. But when the foreign reader notes the admirably instructive pages of a Marcel Monnier, who has published two brilliant volumes on his journeys in China, Cochin China, Annam, and Tong-king, or the fresh documents of an Edouard Foà on his overland trip from ocean to ocean in the broadest portion of Africa, he feels that, at least, the so-called degeneration of "Latin energy" is a myth. This journey across Africa obtained for M. Foà the grand gold medal of the Paris Society of Geography. The reader of this account of it will not be long kept in doubt why the scientific results of the exploration are so important that they are to be published in a separate volume. What we have here, accompanied by illustrations, is a narrative of the march of the expedition, with curious passages by the way on the manners of the natives and the ways of the jungle animals. There are appendices containing more technical information and an admirable index.

We have kept for the end M. de Grandmaison's interesting account of General Galliéni's methods of colonization. Before becoming Governor of Madagascar, General Galliéni pacified Upper Tong-king. Under his orders served Lieutenant de Grandmaison, who now recounts his past experience. His chief's methods are entirely different from any we have yet seen. M. de Grandmaison wishes neither to people a colony with emigrants nor to exploit the natives; France must simply civilize the conquered race, gradually raise them up to her level, and then treat them as adopted children. The main instruments in this colonial work would be the Roman Catholic missionaries. The proposed end is a noble one, but we are not sure whether the missionaries might not be, after all, as little welcome to the natives as the sergeants of a certain European Power, who, according to one story, collect taxes by threatening to chop off so many right hands when the rubber is not forthcoming, or as the Catholics and Protestants who are so largely responsible for the present Chinese embroglio. And then the Anti-Clerical majority in the Chamber might propose a lay schoolmaster instead of a priest as a vehicle of civilization. M. de Grandmaison is certainly right when he protests against the red-tapeism of the Ministry of the Colonies, always jealous of any spirit of enterprise among its subordinates.

ANCIENT IDEALS.

Ancient Ideals. By Henry Osborn Tyler. 2 vols. (Macmillan Co., 21s.)

The object of Mr. Tyler's elaborate and in many respects interesting volumes is to give an account of the various embodiments of the ideal among different peoples from the dawn of history until the Christian era. Religion being the most universal incarnation of human ideals, for religion is the poetry of the masses, the greater part of the book before us is taken up with sketches of the many religious types existent in the world. But the ideal becomes likewise incorporate in art and poetry and the social organization, and we have, therefore, some, though necessarily perfunctory, notices of artistic and social life. The principle of classification adopted by the author is that of race. The division does not appear to us to have been carried out consistently. How are we to account for the conjunction of Chaldea and China (it is true that some of the people who settled in the Middle Kingdom may have dwelt originally in Babylon), whilst the Phœnicians, whose religious importance is greatly underrated, are not mentioned in the group, and the Hebrews, in whom, as we are frequently told, the religious genius of the Semitic race reaches its culminating point, are relegated to the middle of the second volume? The separate position assigned to Israel is probably owing to its relation to Christianity. "Israel's inspiration," we are told, "led up to Christ's revelation. To our apprehension of Christianity is needed our understanding of its direct antecedent." Such an arrangement is nevertheless indefensible. In Christianity the author finds the universal and final religion which "comprises all positive and valid elements of previous life and thought." This prepossession on Mr. Tyler's part—we are speaking from a purely critical point of view—detracts considerably from the value of his work, for it has unconsciously, no doubt warped his judgment and coloured the whole of his critical estimate. We give two instances selected at random. In Buddhism, which, like Krishnaism, was a protest against the prevailing type of Brahmanism—its extreme sacerdotalism, its rigid spirit of exclusiveness its narrow ideals of life—"there is no god." The Christian conception of God—the only one acknowledged by Mr. Tyler as true—is, of course, unknown. But may it not be said that the moral order is the god of Buddhism? Nowhere else, except in some of the Greek tragic poets, do we find such a vivid realization of the supremacy of the moral order, the quality, effects, and results of all good or evil actions in this life or in the lives to come. "In Buddhism," continues the author, "there is no principle of sin, no adjudging of an act wrongful because transgressing the will of the doer's god, who is powerful to punish." Certainly the Christian definition of sin does not apply to the Buddhistic conception of evil. To Buddha, ignorance is but another word for sin in the moral world. But no one is more alive to the prevalence of evil in this world and the need to be ever on the alert lest the evil principle should gain the upper hand. The distinguishing principle of Buddhistic ethics, which it has in common with original Christianity, might have been pointed out by Mr. Tyler. It is the divorce of morality from metaphysics; the essence of religion is placed in the moral law and obedience to its behests. More justice should have been done to the fine but inadequate Buddhistic moral ideal of passive virtue. (Buddha would have converted the world into a vast monastery.) Buddhism, as well as Christianity, proclaims the apotheosis of the cross.

In the first volume Mr. Tyler deals with Egypt, Chaldea, Asia, India, Iran, and Greece; the second part treats of Rome, Israel, and Christianity. It would, of course, be out of all question to follow the author in his detailed exposition of succeeding religions and philosophical systems. The outlines given are fairly accurate and not too sketchy on the whole. But many of the statements and conclusions reached appear to us, to say the least of it, extremely doubtful. Is it true—*e.g.*,

that "Assyria has accomplished nothing in literature?" The Chinese moral ideal—strange to say, Mr. Tyler sneers at the only truly religious man China has ever produced, the mystic Lao-Tsze—is preferred to the Egyptian and Assyrian ones. Yet the Chinese have the religious faculty in its most elementary form. Their morality is of the earth, earthy. Confucian ethic rests on a rational basis, and its chief test of actions is their utility. To learn to understand the past, to study the history of bygone ages is the whole of practical wisdom. And "Madame Etiquette" was the idol of Confucius' heart. In the account of Zoroastrianism the point to be emphasized is not so much its dualism as the ethical character of the religious revolution accomplished by the prophet. The conception of Ahriman arises indeed from an ethical motive; to maintain in its unsullied purity the character of Ahura. And Ahriman himself would in the end rise up regenerated and join in the universal hymn of praise and thanksgiving.

In his treatment of Israel and Christianity, Mr. Tyler lays aside the gown of the philosopher for that of the preacher. We have no objection to the transformation, and we readily acknowledge the spiritual insight and felicity of characterization frequently exhibited by the author in his running comments on Old and New Testament history. But from a critical point of view, an account which all but ignores the points of religious contact between the Hebrews and other members of the Semitic family, the slow and gradual growth of the naturalistic Jehovah cult into a sublime ethical religion and the development of the religion of the "Sermon on the Mount" into subsequent Christianity, has a strictly limited value. Nevertheless, we strongly commend Mr. Tyler's book to the attention of all interested in the subject.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF OUIDA.

Critical Studies (Unwin, 7s. 6d.) seems a strange title for a book from the tempestuous pen of Ouida. Let us hasten to add that no one need be deterred from its perusal by the fear that its contents are over-critical, or that the hand of the writer has lost its imaginative cunning. Looking at the list of subjects treated, which range from the romances of D'Annunzio to the policy of Mr. Chamberlain, and from the poems of Mr. Wilfrid Blunt to the decadence of the Latin Races, one is reminded of the sentinel in *Iolanthe* who sang "I am an intellectual chap, And think of things that would astonish you"; but when one reads the essays, one finds that Ouida the philosopher is not so different from Ouida the novelist after all. There is the same unframmelled cataract of words, the same fearless preference of the picturesque to the essential fact, the same fascinating recklessness of statement. Ouida, the novelist, used to tell us that an undergraduate might sit up all night carousing, and yet stroke the Oxford eight to victory in the morning. Ouida, the philosopher, tells us that the Society of Authors is "an association for the multiplication and publication of inferior works," and goes on to draw all sorts of startling inferences from this startling premiss. Who but Ouida would have been capable of either the one statement or the other?

Perhaps the most characteristic section of Ouida's more or less synthetic system is the chapter on the ugliness of modern life as compared with the beauty of life in the middle ages. The theme affords a splendid opening for enthusiastic eloquence. It is only necessary to describe the middle ages in the manner of a poet, and modern life in the style of a sanitary inspector, in order to make the contrast striking. And that is pretty much how Ouida goes to work. "Try and realize," she writes, "what life was like when Chaucer walked through Chepe. . . . Read Froude's description of a sea-going merchantman of Elizabeth's days and contrast it (what?) with the captain of a modern liner. You will at once see how full of colour and individuality were the former lives; how colourless, unlovely, and deprived of all initiative are the latter." But, if you know your subject, you will not perceive anything of the kind. On the contrary, you will know that the medieval merchantman suffered from scurvy, drank to excess, and knocked her apprentices about, and that the tradesmen of Chepe lived a very monotonous life indeed, working far longer hours in far more unhealthy conditions than does the modern tradesman, and hardly ever taking a holiday. When one comes to think of it, how many years of wedded life did Mr. and Mrs. Gilpin pass before they could contrive that "day in the country" which is such an ordinary incident of a modern commercial career?

With charming inconsistency, Ouida, who is so full of rapturous enthusiasm over the beauties of nature, is full of wrath because they have been made accessible to tourists:—

> Zermatt, so late a virgin stronghold of the Higher Alps, is now a mere cockney excursion, and sixty thousand trippers invade its solitude with every summer, plodding like camels in a string, vexing the air with inane noises, offending the mountain stillness with songs to which the bray of mules were music, insulting the crystal clearness of the heavens with the intrusion of their own ludicrous, blatant, and imbecile personalities, incapable even of being silent and ashamed.

They are burning words, but they will not stand analysis. If modern trippers sometimes behave badly, we have no proof that medieval pilgrims behaved much better. Chaucer's Canterbury pilgrims certainly were not silent and ashamed; and Chaucer, being a poet, probably idealized them and refined the tales with which they beguiled the way. Nor is it altogether a sign of deterioration that people not specially cultivated and refined are willing, nowadays, to take long journeys in quest of the picturesque. The medieval people whose lives Ouida finds so beautiful were, for the most part, absolutely indifferent to the picturesque. Like Bishop Berkeley they were "put out of humour by the most horrible precipices," or, like Master John de Bremble, they spoke of the great Saint Bernard as "a place of torment"; and their idea of an attractive landscape was a garden laid out with mathematical precision. Whence it seems to follow that Ouida would have done well to make a closer study of the middle ages before exalting them at the expense of the age in which she lives.

"THE EGYPTIANS IN THEIR FOG."

In Egyptian Chronology (Nutt, 7s. 6d. n.), an attempt to educe a rational system from the ancient schemes of chronology, Mr. F. G. Fleay has made a resolute endeavour to solve a problem which he has investigated with a more minute care than has been bestowed upon the subject for many years past. The inherent difficulty of the problem has had a fascination for Egyptologers ever since the days of Sir Gardner Wilkinson, and every hieroglyphic scholar has propounded his own views, which seldom agreed with any one else's. Roughly speaking, there have been two strongly-opposed schools of chronologers, the one upholding the "long scheme," which fixes the date of Mena, the first King of the first dynasty, at about 5000 years B.C., more or less, whilst the other adopts the "short scheme," which would place his reign nearer 3000 B.C. The long schemers have had it all their own way of late. Without going so far as Champollion Figeac (5867 B.C.), Mariette took 5004 as the date of Mena's accession, Brugsch cut it down to 4400, and Petrie put it back to 4777. No one, on the other hand, would have anything to say to Wilkinson's 2320 B.C., Stuart Poole's 2717, though Lepsius' 3892 has always had some supporters. The difference between the schemes is mainly due to divergent opinions on the vexed question whether the ancient lists of dynasties should be regarded as continuous and consecutive, or whether some dynasties were contemporary with others. The difference amounts to the rejection of perhaps ten dynasties from the consecutive list, and their transference to a position of subordination under one or other of the twenty remaining dynasties. This theory of contemporary dynasties, ruling in different parts of Egypt, has been a favourite with many Egyptologers, and there are several curious gaps in the

monumental records, and other data, which seem to support such a view. The short schemers have found a vigorous recruit in Mr. Fleay, who, with every desire to establish a high antiquity for Egyptian history, finds himself compelled to date Mena no earlier than 2924 B.C.

How he arrives at this date would require a long and complicated explanation; but this much may be said. Starting from the discovery that the only two ancient schemes of the dynasties that include the whole period from Mena to Okhos (the "Redactor" of Manetho and the Sothis Book preserved by Synkellos), though differing in the total of years, agree in allowing only twenty successive dynasties (the rest being regarded as contemporary), Mr. Fleay adopts the Manethonic order, and relegates dynasties vii.-xi., xiii., xiv., xvi., xvii., xx., to a position of contemporaneity or subordination, as the case may be. He then examines the ancient authorities—the Turin papyrus list, Manetho, the "Redactor," Synkellos, Eratosthenes, Herodotus, Josephus, Africanus, and Eusebius—with a view to seeing how far, on this hypothesis, their widely divergent figures for the kings' reigns, and their sums of the reigns for each dynasty, can be reconciled. The various conjectures and emendations, the additions of omitted years and corrections of ones to tens and *vice versâ* (on a theory of copyists' errors), are extremely ingenious, though they leave us with the impression that, nevertheless, the several lists and figures are hopelessly corrupt and irreconcilable. The chief alterations have to be made in the early dynasties, whilst for the later history the divergences are comparatively insignificant. The main results, as shown in one of the many elaborate tables with which Mr. Fleay endeavours to lighten the task of the bewildered reader, are the making dynasty xi. contemporary with v.; and vii., xiii., xiv., with xii.; and xv., xvi. with xvii. and xviii.; and arranging all the dynasties from xvi. to xxx. in a double row.

Mr. Fleay leaves no stone unturned that may affect his conclusions. He investigates the Gnothic cycle, Sed days, vague years, and epacts; corrects Mahler by Eisenlohr; examines the gaps in the Apis stelae; relentlessly (but we think rightly) throws over the datum supposed to be derived from the quarrying of alabaster at Hatnub by Una under Merenra; and subjects every chronological point to searching criticism. How far his conclusions are to be accepted can only be decided after they have been submitted to a long and critical examination, and checked by all existing materials. In any case he has done a considerable service in bringing together for the first time in synchronistic form all the data of the ancient authorities, and he has at least shown that ingenuity may do a good deal towards explaining their discrepancies. One of the most interesting points in his book is his theory that the "divine" reigns were really dynasties.

OTHER NEW BOOKS.

The Antarctic.

Nothing is more striking in the history of geographical discovery than the difference in the attitude of the average man towards the North and South Poles respectively. Though both poles are equally magnetic in the scientific sense of the word, it is hardly too much to say that the North Pole attracts and the South Pole repels; and the public which was enthusiastic over the exploits of Nansen is little more than coldly tolerant of the exploits of Dr. Borchgrevink. All the more credit is due, therefore, to the geographers and other men of science who have lately laboured so hard to arouse us from our apathy towards Antarctic exploration; and all the warmer welcome is due to the book, THE ANTARCTIC REGIONS (Sonnenschein, 7s. 6d.), in which Dr. Karl Fricker summarizes all that is known about these inhospitable regions. Dr. Fricker is an enthusiast, though his style is rather ponderous than flamboyant, and he tells us what explorers have done in order to make it clear that there still remains a great deal for explorers to do. Some 120 pages are devoted to the narrative of the voyages of the various navigators—Cook, Ross, Dumont d'Urville, Biscoe, &c. Then follows an encyclopaedic description of the various territories discovered, and to some extent explored—the South Orkney and South Shetland Islands, the Dirk Gerritz Archipelago, Wilkes Land, Victoria Land, &c. There is a careful account of the climate, the flora and fauna, and the ice; and there is finally, a chapter on the future of Antarctic discovery.

Dr. Fricker's great anxiety is that Germany should be "mindful of what it still owes to science," and take a prominent part in the investigation. It is a thing which Germany can very well do without fear of international complications. No delicate questions are likely to arise in relation to the partition of Antarctica, to "spheres of influence," or to the open door. And Germany has lately been bestirring herself in the matter. At all events there is a plan for penetrating the Antarctic Circle from the meridian of Kerguelen, at a cost of 950,000 marks to be raised by private subscriptions, aided by Government subsidy. But the money is not yet forthcoming. No doubt the mailed fist has other work in hand besides the cracking of the great ice-barrier; and in the meantime Belgium, England, and the United States are busy. So Dr. Fricker has to end with this urgent appeal to his countrymen:

> Will Germany and German science again commit the oft-repeated mistake, of being too late, and be content to accept the leavings of others? The prize is great, and independent of the inestimable results for geophysical science, the German scheme can contribute to prove the existence or non-existence of an Antarctic continent, as well as the connexion of Wilkes Land and Enderby Land. We Germans should never forget what has been done for the advancement of science by the governments and private individuals of small and mostly poor nations such as Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Holland, and Belgium. German prosperity is advancing on all sides. . . . Not merely the rich, but everybody who possesses knowledge of, and interest in, this undertaking can contribute his mite and aid in the realization of this aspiration.

No international jealousy shall hinder us from hoping that the aspiration may be realized quickly. German rivalry could flow in no more worthy channel; and the recent discovery of the South magnetic Pole by Dr. Borchgrevink should give it a fresh impetus. Let us add that Dr. Fricker's book reproduces many interesting old maps, and many pictures from Ross and Dumont d'Urville, and ends with an exhaustive and well-arranged bibliography.

War Verse.

It will be remembered that, when Mr. Rudyard Kipling paid his first visit to South Africa, he was presented with a poetical address, written, in imitation of his own style, by a soldier of the Cape Town garrison. The military bard who thus did honour to the civilian bard was Mr. Edgar Wallace, of the Royal Army Medical Corps, and the poem, together with other poems, is now printed in volume form, under the title WHIT IN BARRACKS (Methuen, 3s. 6d.). If they do not prove that Mr. Wallace is a great and original poet, they at least prove that he is an apt pupil of his master. The point of view and the mannerisms are alike Mr. Kipling's. So are the choice of language, and the use of the refrain. Remember "Belts," and then read—

> And it's W'or! Orderly, hold his hand,
> I'm not going to hurt you so don't be afraid.
> A ricochet! God! what a mess it has made.
> And it's W'or! and a very unhealthy trade.

Remember "Bobs" and then read "Arthur":—

> Wot does the Gen'ral know? sez I; Wot does the Gen'ral know?
> 'O, 'e's a Prince o' the Royal Blood, an 'e's on'y got up for show.
> But I 'chanced' kit-inspection, an' thought it a 'eert';
> But 'e put me down, smart, for a tunic an' shirt!
> An', insult to Injury, cheeked me for dirt!
> Did Arthur!

The poem in the collection that is most likely to attract notice is, perhaps, "The Prayer." Here, too, the source of

inspiration is obvious; though the descent from the sublime to the colloquial does not suggest Mr. Kipling so much as Mr. Henley. We quote the first and last stanzas:

O God of Battles! Lord of Might!
A sentry, in the silent night,
I, 'oo 'ave never prayed,
Kneel, on the dewdamp sands, to say,
O see me through the comin' day
But, please remember, though I pray,
That I am not afraid.

O God of Battles! Lord of Might!
'Ere, in the silence of the night,
My 'umble prayer is prayed!
All life an' death are one to you!
If I must die—O 'elp me to!
In that last moment, see me through—
My God! I *am* afraid.

On the whole, though we have noted the limitations of Mr. Wallace's verses, we like them.

In the Waiting Time of War, by Aubrey N. Mildmay (Sonnenschein, 2s. 6d.), is a smaller volume, and the verse in it is of a more conventional character, and of unequal merit. It is, in fact, rather poetical journalism than poetry—better than the average, but not quite inspired.

The Renaissance.

The Renaissance in Italian Art (Sculpture and Painting), Part III. (Simpkin and Marshall, 5s.), completes Mr. Selwyn Brinton's handbook for students and travellers on the Italian Renaissance. Milan, Perugia, and Rome are the three sections into which he divides this present treatise; Leonardo, Raphael, and Michelangelo are the three great masters to whom the separate chapters of the book are devoted. The aim and title of the work is ambitious, and the performance is not quite worthy of them. In the first place the author's method is clumsy. He writes a chapter or two upon the master, Leonardo or Raphael, as the case may be, and after giving a biographical sketch and account of his principal works, with an abundance of flowery rhetoric, he proceeds to add what he calls an "analysis," in which much that he has already told us is again related and occasionally some of his former statements are contradicted. This system naturally produces much repetition and leaves the unhappy reader in a state of hopeless bewilderment. In the second place, Mr. Brinton is not always a safe guide for either students or travellers. He has visited most of the places he describes and appears to be tired with a genuine enthusiasm for his subject. He has read Crowe and Cavalcaselle, is well acquainted with Pater and Symonds, and quotes Müntz or Morelli at every page of his book. None the less, he fails to discriminate between the works of Raphael and those of his followers, and ascribes pictures that were plainly executed by Giulio Romano—the Vierge au Diadème, the Perla and the Spasimo, the St. Michael and the François I., the Naples Madonnas, and the portrait of Joanna of Aragon—wholesale to the great Urbinate. Again, he dilates with rapture on the wonders of Leonardo's Medusa and the beauty of his "Lucrezia Crivelli," works which have long been rejected by sound critics, while he contemptuously dismisses the lovely Virgin and St. Anne of the Louvre as a school picture. In the same way, he ascribes the charming Florentine Madonna, which forms the frontispiece of his book, to Piero della Francesca, although most of us recognize in it the masterpiece of Alessio Baldovinetti, with whose style the types, colouring, and technique alike agree. But Mr. Brinton ignores recent research, and has apparently never read Mr. Berenson's exhaustive criticism of the Florentine and Umbrian schools, or Mr. Herbert Cook's studies of Milanese artists. Even this, however, does not excuse him for repeating the old fable that Leonardo died in the arms of Francis I., when that Monarch happened to be absent from Amboise at the time of the painter's death, or leaving out all mention of the interesting letter recording the Cardinal of Aragon's visit to the great master in his closing years. Perhaps the best part of Mr. Brinton's book is his description of the frescoes in the Borgia Apartments of the Vatican, in which he takes Dr. Steinmann for his guide, and gives free rein to his admiration for Pinturicchio's lively imagination and graceful art.

Renaissance and Modern Art (Macmillan Co., 6s.) is the attractive title of Mr. W. H. Goodyear's work dealing rapidly and informingly with various arts from the early part of the fifteenth century until the present time. "Modern civilization dates from the Renaissance, and was created by it," is the text on which Mr. Goodyear writes with the help of some 200 illustrations of architecture, wood-carving, sculpture, and paintings. Mr. Goodyear exhorts us to no small amount of reading. To understand the Renaissance, we might say in our haste "read John Addington Symonds," but Mr. Goodyear names most of those historians whose works support his theory that only true philosophy of modern history is that which moves from the Renaissance as its elementary basis. For the art student there could be no sounder or more pleasant guide than the author of "Renaissance and Modern Art"; to those who know the period covered, Mr. Goodyear's book is a useful book of reference. The excellent index and the illustrations—the latter too small to give a full idea of beauty—make the volume one that all students should keep ready to hand.

In the "Spacious Days."

Two more volumes of the transactions of Queen Elizabeth's Privy Council have now been issued, with admirable prefaces, as usual, by Mr. J. R. Dasent—Acts of the Privy Council, Vols. XX. and XXI. (Eyre and Spottiswoode). They extend only from Michaelmas, 1590, to Michaelmas, 1591, and differ in no important particular from the volumes immediately preceding. The only event of these twelve months which still lives in popular history is the sea fight at the Azores between Sir Richard Grenville's one ship, the *Revenge*, and the whole Spanish fleet; and of this glorious little episode we hear nothing. Other ships are mentioned, but not the *Revenge*; and other seamen, but not Grenville. There are, however, the instructions sent to Admiral Lord Thomas Howard. He had a free hand, and was treated with rather unusual liberality in the matter of supplies. If he could not intercept the Plate fleet, he was at liberty to go to Newfoundland and prey on the enemy's fishing vessels. But his first object was the Plate fleet, and he knew that this year it would be exceptionally rich, for he had sent home word that its value was estimated at twenty millions. Yet, as Mr. Dasent remarks, he was caught napping. Mr. Dasent, of course, does not retell the whole story, but in a few concise words he suggests that Grenville plunged into the fight in the hope that his less enterprising commander-in-chief would be obliged to come to the rescue. It is true that Howard's half-a-dozen ships, with a few victuallers and pinnaces, were absurdly unequal to the fifty-three Spanish men-of-war; but, judging from what Grenville himself achieved, six *Revenges* and six Grenvilles would have crippled the entire force of Spain. As long as the sea power of Spain remained unbroken, there was always a certain fear of invasion. Beacons were carefully maintained, and pressgangs were constantly at work in the sea-board counties. Still, these chronic alarms had their compensations, at any rate to our southern ports, whose importance and prosperity they increased. It was better to be a sailor than a soldier in Elizabeth's time. Drake and Frobisher had very liberal ideas as to contraband of war, and made the whole sea very unsafe, from Dover to Gibraltar. They gave constant employment to the Admiralty Courts, and the Courts often found that the goods in question had somehow melted away before the delivery of judgment. Thus, the sailor might gain wealth; the discharged or broken-down soldier often had nothing but a begging licence. We note, as another effect of the war, that, in spite of the general use of gunpowder, archery was everywhere enjoined, not only as being a good recreation, but also in the interests of the decaying trade of the bowyers, fletchers, stringers, and arrow-head makers. With this object, the Council sent a circular letter to the lords lieutenants of counties requiring them to see that all such games as were prohibited by

law—namely, "bowles, dysing, carding, and such like," should be strictly discontinued in favour of archery. One wonders how far such an order was effective, or another order substituting bear-baiting for stage plays on Sundays and Thursdays. The reason for this latter order seems to have been simply that bear-baiting "and like pastimes" were "maintained for her Majesty's pleasure, if occasion require." Apparently the Council recognized no limits to its power. Long before money-lending Bills were heard of, it exercised an equitable jurisdiction, somewhat peremptorily, in favour of poor debtors, and took cognizance of much that would generally have been left to the ordinary process of the law. One is surprised, indeed, at the wide range of its interference in purely private matters. Its orders were often arbitrary, and sometimes, we suspect, illegal; but it may be defended as the mainspring of the whole machine of Government in critical times. After all, there are grievances in these days, such as railway unpunctuality, organ grinders, and the price of gas, for which Burghley, Hatton, and Hunsdon would have found speedy, if unscientific, remedies.

Birds of the Air.

Miss Evelyn H. Pollard deals with this subject in the particular sense in THE BIRDS OF MY PARISH (Lane, 5s. n.), while Mr. W. P. Pycraft treats of the matter in a general way in THE STORY OF BIRD LIFE (Newnes, 1s.), which he tells with skill for the "Library of Useful Stories." Both volumes are worthy of the attention of all young people whose taste lies in the direction of the elements of ornithology. There are some 13,000 known species of birds, and about many of these much may be learnt from these two volumes. The parish of which Miss Pollard writes is that of Haynford, and we gather that the gardens of Haynford Hall must be a paradise of birds, who, in exchange for so much care and forethought, have given the author of "Birds of my Parish" constant pleasure and occupation. Miss Pollard errs, perhaps, on the side of the "chatty," but she is always light and often amusing. Mr. W. P. Pycraft is of more serious value, and none the less welcome. Every child is by nature a naturalist, and every child will be greatly aided in following his instinctive hobby by reading this admirable "Story of Bird Life."

Holiday Dreams.

We regret that we cannot welcome the reviviscence of the English essay in Mrs. Dew-Smith's collection entitled THE DIARY OF A DREAMER (Unwin, 6s.), although she, at least, gives us an agreeable volume of light and often charming papers. But her previous book, "Tom Tug and Others," had taught us to expect something of subtler meaning than is to be found in the present volume of sketches. The quotation from Dr. Bridges,

> The idle life I lead
> Is like a pleasant sleep
> Wherein I rest, and heed
> The Dreams that by me sweep,

is appropriate enough to her work; but some of the dreams are a little too ephemeral, a little too much lacking in humour and grip, to be worthy the "heed" implied in the fact that they have been carefully written for publication. Mrs. Dew-Smith gives us a companion for an idle hour in the country when the sun prevents exercise and the peace of moor or sea inclines one to toy with another's dreams.

Much commendably diligent research has gone to the making of PICTURES OF THE OLD FRENCH COURT, by Catharine Bearne (Unwin, 10s. 6d.). It will be found a useful repository of facts by those who are interested in the lives of the later Valois Queens. We do not find it so good, however, as the same author's previous work on the early Valois Queens, which was reviewed in our columns. The facts, so carefully accumulated, are not presented with that graphic touch which pleases the general reader for whom, in view of the pictures and the attractive get up, we imagine the book to be intended. The pity is the greater because the volume really contains much good work.

Mr. James Hamilton Wylie's "Ford Lectures," delivered at Oxford in the Lent Term of the current year, are published under the title of THE COUNCIL OF CONSTANCE TO THE DEATH OF JOHN HUS (Longmans, 6s. n.). They constitute an important contribution to the study of an episode in religious history on which a great deal of controversial ink has been spilled. It will hardly permit itself to be read by any one who is not burrowing for information about the Council of Constance. But Mr. Wylie frankly ranges himself with those who value *matériaux pour servir* more than lofty generalization or picturesque description. He has at any rate paved the way for some more picturesque successor, whose task will be lightened by the perusal of his pages.

GOD'S WORD IN GOD'S WORLD is the title of a popular illustrated report of the operations of the British and Foreign Bible Society from its institution in 1802 to the present time. It is written by Miss G. B. Stuart, and published at the well-known house in Queen Victoria-street.

The appearance of a 7th edition of A GUIDE TO THE UNPROTECTED IN EVERY DAY MATTERS RELATING TO PROPERTY AND INCOME (Macmillan, 3s. 6d.) proves that this little manual of instruction in the rudiments of business is meeting with the appreciation which it deserves. But surely the writer is wrong in suggesting that, when a banknote is lost, you have only to write to your banker to get it "stopped." A banknote is a negotiable instrument, and payment cannot be refused to a *bona fide* holder for value. People who are in the habit of leaving banknotes lying about should bear that in mind, and guides to the unprotected should warn them of it.

From the Robinson Printing Company we have received THE TRINIDAD REVIEWER for 1900. It is a second issue of a year-book which we reviewed about a twelvemonth since. The paragraph devoted to Trinidad literature runs as follows:—

> The remarks we made in our previous issue with respect to the apathy, the seeming indifference, of the Trinidadian to attain intellectual success are as applicable now as when they were written.

FICTION.

"The Crimson Weed."

THE CRIMSON WEED (Duckworth, 6s.), by Mr. Christopher St. John, is an original and clever book. The prologue tells of the wild love of the beautiful Countess Maria Anguissola for an altogether unworthy person. The Countess is the soul of romance, but unfortunately she throws the treasure of her love into the lap of a stolid English artist, who hides from her the fact that he has a highly respectable wife and family at home. Gilbert Otway, like the other people of the book, is admirably drawn—"Every move in his life had been characterized by moderation and caution; and the psychologist might have been excused for laying heavy odds against him as a starter in the race of romance." The book thus opens with the clash of temperaments and develops on those lines. The romantic Maria Anguissola dies after the birth of her son who becomes the leading figure in the book. His fortunes are excellently well related, Mr. St. John's style being a plastic medium enabling him to convince the reader in moments of high tragedy or in the lightest mood of comedy. The quotation from Bacon, "Revenge is a kind of wild justice which the more man's nature runs to the more ought law to weed it out," gives the keynote of "The Crimson Weed." The working out of the admirably planned story we recommend the reader to discover for himself. Mr. St. John—to use a phrase from the book—writes "in the captivating style of the man who can write but has never written for the world." Here we have romance that does not clash with the *Zeit-verhältnisse*, and passion made probable to even an end of the century reader. To one detail, however, we must call attention. Mr. St. John is not fortunate in his quotation of the well-worn quatrain, No. LXXI., from Omar, beginning "The Moving Finger writes": we feel sure it will surprise him to know that the four lines contain no less than fourteen small mistakes.

"When the heart is young."

There are many books nowadays not written particularly for boys and girls, but which address themselves intentionally or without intention to the simple, honest, boyish people who, without caring a fig for literature, like a book with a story—obvious, exciting, pseudo-romantic. Mr. Oxenham's A Princess of Vascovy (Bousfield, 6s.) fills this want to perfection. Those who have not drunk of the founts of romance, those who have not followed too closely in the footsteps of the writers of fiction during the last 20 years, will find much in his book to entertain. All the corners of the earth are included in the *Wanderlust* of the first book; all the well-known emotions of the human heart are spoken of under the heading of *Heimweh* in the second. Of course, it has all been done before, but it is clearly and sometimes cleverly done, and as, we say, bound to be popular with those who wear the rose of youth—mentally or materially.

Such a book also is that of Miss Evelyn Everett-Green, Monica (Ward, Lock, 6s.), which tells a simple, pleasant story of the Trevlyns, of Castle Trevlyn, in the dear old, simple, pleasant manner, never offending, never delighting, never doing more than depicting, skilfully enough, the externals of life.

In rather a different manner, but of the same school, is Mrs. Burnett-Smith's (Annie S. Swan) The Burden-Bearers (Hutchinson, 3s. 6d.). Here the story, although equally strong in moral intention, is grotesque by reason of the *insouciance* of the style and plot. But Annie S. Swan is above criticism. All three books are atrociously illustrated.

Eleanor's Hero, by E. Everett-Green (Sunday School Union, 3s. 6d.), is suitable for younger girls, to whom we may recommend also The Temptation of Olive Latimer, by L. T. Meade (Hutchinson, 6s.). Mrs. Meade's industry in book-making is something stupendous. Two and three books from her pen frequently stand upon our table at the same time.

Mr. B. L. Farjeon offers the novel reader a new sensation by producing The Mesmerists (Hutchinson, 6s.), under the same covers as his play of that name. His intention is, of course, mainly for our delight, but he also wishes to anticipate those industrious persons who make a play out of a novel and make their profit out of the novelist at the same time. The supernatural in fiction is always welcomed by a large section of readers, and Mr. Farjeon has long since learnt how to please this class. "The Mesmerists" is cleverly written and well planned.

In the case of The Man Stealers, by M. P. Shiel (Hutchinson, 6s.), the idea is better than the execution. It is a story of a French conspiracy to kidnap the Duke of Wellington, and the pages are liberally peppered with sensations. We cannot conscientiously say, however, that we were very deeply interested by the narrative.

Had My After Dream (Unwin, 6s.), a somewhat satiric sequel to the late Mr. Edward Bellamy's "Looking Backward," appeared while the fame of that widely read book was still fresh we have no doubt it would have been highly successful. But at this late date, when the unnamed author feels it is necessary to subjoin a brief outline of the story told by Mr. Bellamy, it will, we fear, meet with no great welcome. This is regrettable, as the continuation or skit is cleverly worked out and well written, although the humour here and there is forced and a little crude.

The Beachcombers, by Gilbert Bishop (Ward, Lock), belongs to one of its publisher's gift-book series, but whether to the "New Reward," the "Round Table," "The "Gift Book," the "Prize," or the "Captain" Library, is not quite clear. It is well bound and illustrated, and will do well for a school prize or Christmas present. The story is of "slave-trading under the Union Jack."

Robin Hood, by A. Alexander, F.R.G.S. (Burleigh, 6s.), is what it sounds, a tale of the merry forest, with King Richard and Little John and all the band complete. It would be better if the people did not speak in blank verse. Listen to this:—"'Tis said, my lord, that little babes when grown amongst the flowers wild partake like them o' virtues rare, and are not known by casting doubt to sin against those Master's laws." Why "flowers wild" instead of "wild flowers"?

Miss Duffus Hardy writes in her well-known style of Mac Gillroy's Millions (Simpkin, 6s.) a fluent and amusing story on somewhat old-fashioned lines.

LIBRARY NOTES.

Paris has this year been the centre for the International Congress of Librarians. The members have visited, during their brief sojourn, the celebrated library of Prince Roland Bonaparte, one of the most important private collections of books. They have also seen the Retrospective Exhibition of Books at the Paris Exhibition and the Château, Museum, and Library of Chantilly. M. Léopold Delisle conducted them through the Bibliothèque Nationale, and there was a final meeting at the Sorbonne. Some of the librarians decided to prolong their sojourn in Paris in order to draw up a report for their respective Governments on certain libraries which they will visit in detail.

A supplement to the *Library Association Record* gives a valuable paper by Mr. C. W. Sutton, Librarian of the Manchester Public Libraries, on "Special Collections of Books in Lancashire and Cheshire," which brings up to date a paper read before the association by Mr. J. H. Nodal in 1879. Mention is made of thirty-seven public institutions and fifty-nine public libraries, in which 279 special collections find place; and the catalogue is by no means exhaustive, for there are other private collections about which information is not at present forthcoming. This record goes far to justify the oft-repeated assertion that Lancashire holds the premier position among English counties in regard to its libraries. The richest treasures in Lord Crawford's collection and the rarities of the Rylands Library of course receive special notice, as well as many unique possessions of private persons, men of letters, and wealthy merchants. The principal features of the various municipal libraries are particularized, and it is satisfactory to learn that nearly all make a speciality of local collections. A perusal of Mr. Sutton's sixty pages affords a pleasant glimpse of the wealth of books and manuscripts in the two counties, and we echo his hope that the special collections in other localities may be similarly investigated and noted.

Another publication of the Library Association makes its appearance in the form of the "Year-book" for 1900. Besides the purely official information there is a chronicle of the association's educational efforts on behalf of those engaged in or desirous of entering upon library work. The classes have been fairly well attended, but there is a complete dearth of candidates for the professional examination. Probably a modification of the very high test at present imposed would have a good result, and the standard could be gradually raised. The questions are for the most part too academic. The association has submitted to the Royal Commission on Local Taxation its views on the troublous question of the assessment of libraries to rates and taxes, and a memorandum by the hon. secretary clearly states the present legal position and the arguments in favour of exemption. Indexes of papers and articles published by the association and a list of all the public libraries of the United Kingdom, as well as the principal libraries in the British colonies, are given in this useful volume. The programme of proceedings in connexion with the annual meeting of the association to be held at Bristol, September 25 to 28, has been issued.

Mr. F. W. Borwick has been appointed Superintendent of the Reading-room of the British Museum, in succession to Mr. W. R. Wilson, who transfers his services to the department of printed books.

Some time ago we mentioned that the authorities of the University and public libraries at Aberdeen were in consultation with a view to admitting the public to the use of the University Library. Arrangements have now been made for the purpose. Any one desirous of using the library may obtain tickets subject to the same regulations as apply to the public library, with the addition that every intending borrower must pay a subscription

of 5s. annually. The University committee, however, may remit the subscription when it thinks fit. Borrowers will have access to the books and periodicals in the libraries of both King's and Marischal Colleges for purposes of reference and may take out at least two volumes at a time.

We recently referred to the desirability of issuing special lists of the books and records supplied to the public libraries by the Government. The Librarian of Nottingham forwards a copy of the Catalogue of Historical Publications, printed by her Majesty's Stationery Office, which is circulated among Nottingham readers. This sufficiently serves all purposes if, as may be presumed, all the works enumerated are contained in the library.

The Bermondsey Public Library will no longer be open on Sundays. The vestry have decided, by thirty-nine votes to nine, to close it on the ground that the attendance was comparatively small and comprised mainly the same individuals as on weekdays. This seems to be the experience of many other metropolitan libraries.

A motion that the Public Libraries Acts be adopted for the Heston and Isleworth district, including Hounslow, has been shelved for six months by a resolution of the urban council carried with a narrow majority of one vote. The reason adduced for delaying the matter was that the ratepayers should first be consulted, but, as recent amendments in the Acts have laid the power of adoption upon the local authority, it is doubtful whether any expenditure in taking a poll can be legally incurred. The postponement may involve the loss of a suitable site for a library which is now obtainable.

The foundation-stone has been laid of a fourth public library for Hampstead at Sarre-road, Mill-lane. There will be the usual reading-rooms and accommodation for 10,000 volumes as a lending library.

A new library has been erected at Barmouth to contain the books of Miss Frances Power Cobbe, which are a gift to the town. The site for the building was presented by the Cambrian Railway Company.

OBITUARY.

Professor Nietzsche had been insane for about ten years before his death. The fact has not, perhaps, any necessary bearing on the value of the philosophy associated with his name, though the rival school of Max Nordau may be excused for thinking that it has. But we are not of those who regard that philosophy as a serious contribution to human thought, or as in any way worthy of a countryman of Kant and Hegel; and those who have written reverently of Nietzsche, in this country, at any rate, have failed to convince serious philosophical students. Nothing is easier than to find a quasi-philosophical justification which will seem plausible to superficial thinkers for anarchical hedonism and the rejection of moral laws; and this is practically what Nietzsche did. He had his followers, as the prophet Harris had; for human folly is infinite, and there is always a public for the fantastic and extravagant. But he was no more a philosopher, in the strict sense of the word, than Laurence Oliphant was; though, like Laurence Oliphant, he often said striking things and sometimes said true things. His most striking note was, no doubt, his denunciation of our modern Humanitarianism. Perhaps our Humanitarianism needed a protest, and it is, at any rate, instructive to see the case against it stated. But if Nietzsche's disciples had rigidly carried out the doctrines which he preached, they would have knocked him on the head when they found him bereft of reason—and possibly at an even earlier stage in his career. As it is, his view that the weak should die will probably be illustrated by the attitude of posterity towards his teachings. He may be remembered as a meteoric and eccentric genius; but we do not think he will be remembered as a great original thinker.

Not only Cambridge but England suffers a severe loss in the death of Professor Henry Sidgwick at the age of 63, which is announced as we go to press. He was certainly not the least distinguished member of a family that has done much to uphold a high standard of English culture, the brother of William Sidgwick, a famous Oxford tutor, of Arthur Sidgwick, perhaps the most successful teacher of classics living, who, though a Cambridge man, now carries on at Oxford the fame of his brother, and of Mrs. Benson, the wife of the late Archbishop of Canterbury; and he married the lady who presides over Newnham College, and is the sister of Mr. Arthur Balfour. No man has done more than Professor Sidgwick to promote, or perhaps we may say to revive, in England a serious study of Ethics as a science. This he accomplished by the very fact that he was not the apostle of a new creed but an impartial, dispassionate philosopher, dealing with morals in a strictly scientific and historical spirit. His mind and training inclined him to subtlety and compromise rather than to any clear and broad solution of the problems which confront the ethical thinker. His books on moral philosophy include "The Methods of Ethics," 1874, "Outlines of the History of Ethics," 1886, "Practical Ethics," 1898, and a large number of papers on various sides of the subject. He was, however, not only a philosopher but a statesman, though he never entered public life; and his "Elements of Politics," 1891, "Principles of Political Economy," 1883, and "Scope and Method of Economic Science," 1885, show the same fine analytical power as his works on morals, though they are not likely in the future to rank quite so high. He was an assiduous supporter of the Society for Psychical Research.

The death is just recorded, at the age of seventy-four, of Thomas Faed, R.A., the popular Scottish painter, who has been appropriately termed "the Burns of Art." Among his numerous pictures, nearly all of which possess an undoubted charm of homely sentiment or pathos, that which is the most attractive from a literary and personal point of view is indubitably the portrait-group of "Sir Walter Scott and his Literary Friends at Abbotsford," the group comprising (in addition to Sir Walter) Lord Jeffrey, Lockhart, Wordsworth, Hogg, Moore, Campbell, Sir Adam Fergusson, Professor Wilson, Sir David Wilkie, R.A., &c., although it should be explained that they never assembled together under Scott's roof. The principal figure (viz., that of Sir Walter) is seated in the foreground, reading aloud from a manuscript to those around him. This painting was disposed of at the Gillott sale, about twenty years ago, for 910 guineas. *À propos* of Mr. Faed's portrait-group, it may be interesting at this moment to print the following unpublished letter, sent by the artist in reply to queries from Mr. F. G. Kitton, who was then preparing some notes on the Portraits of Scott:—

24a, Cavendish Road, St. John's Wood, N.W., Dec. 6, 1897.

Dear Sir,—I think I painted Sir Walter Scott and his friends in the year 1849. I had sittings from only four of the characters represented—namely, Sir Adam Fergusson, Professor Wilson, Lockhart, and Mr. Thomas Thompson. I was greatly obliged to Mr. John Murray, the publisher, of Albemarle Street, who allowed the run of his splendid gallery of portraits.

The picture was painted for the late Alex. Dennistown, of Golfhill. Mr. Dennistown, of Roslea (Rosslee, Helensburgh), was his eldest son—they are both dead, and I don't know where the work is. It was published by the late Mr. James Keith, of Edinburgh, and a most successful publication it was. It was engraved by my brother James, of Edinburgh. I painted Sir Walter from two or three portraits by the big men of the day. The room that the figures are represented in was the dining-room of Abbotsford. I spent a day in sketching it, and lunched with Mr. Hope, who, I fancy, married Mr. Lockhart's daughter. That is about all I can remember, and I can scarcely see to write it. I am, and have been, half blind for five years. Yours truly,

F. G. Kitton, Esq. Thomas Faed.

Sir John Adye was a man of letters as well as a man of war. His books were "A Review of the Crimean War to the Winter of 1854-5," "The Defence of Cawnpore by the Troops under the Orders of Major-General C. A. Windham, in November, 1857," "Sitana: a Mountain Campaign on the Borders of Afghanistan in 1863," "Recollections of Military Life," and "Indian Frontier Policy."

By the death of Mr. Robert Burns Begg, F.S.A.Scot., of Kinross, another link with Robert Burns has gone. Mr. Burns

Begg was a grandson of Isobel Burns, sister of the Scottish poet, and was the author of an interesting "Memoir of Isobel Burns." He was also the author of a "History of Lochleven Castle," "The Lochleven Angler," and an account of "Witchcraft in Kinross-shire."

Only a fortnight ago Professor Dowden was drawing attention in our columns to Professor L. Petit de Julleville's encyclopædic "History of French Language and Literature." The news that PROFESSOR JULLEVILLE is dead will be heard with sorrow in all literary circles. He was a scholar of the best French type, had held many high educational appointments, and been decorated with the Legion of Honour. He had written the history of the French stage as well as of French literature, and his "Les Comédiens au Moyen Age" was one among several of his books that were crowned by the Academy.

Correspondence.

"NEW LIGHT ON SIR WALTER RALEIGH."

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—In reference to Mr. J. P. Stone's letter in your last issue, in which he states that in the *Month* for June, 1891, he printed selections from the report of the "Examinations" at Cerne, I wish to point out that my belief that the documents had entirely disappeared had every apparent warrant. In the article on Raleigh in the "National Dictionary of Biography," in which they are mentioned, they are spoken of as being no longer accessible. All the biographers of Raleigh, including Mr. Stebbing, in his recently revised "Life," are ignorant of their existence. Moreover, in my article in the *Fortnightly Review* in February, 1899, in describing the newly discovered MSS. about Kyd and Marlowe, I mentioned Baker's note on the Cerne documents, and expressed my regret at not being at that time able to trace them. Though my article was widely commented on, from no quarter was any hint given that the Cerne documents had been already rediscovered and in part printed. Probably my article escaped Mr. Stone's notice as completely as his in the *Month* did mine. On my return to town I will certainly make myself acquainted with it.

But while acknowledging unreservedly his priority in printing and utilizing selections from the documents, which I was justified in looking upon as quite unknown, I consider that I may fairly claim to have rendered a service to the study of Raleigh's life by giving the papers a wider publicity than they had evidently hitherto obtained, and by studying them from an entirely new point of view. Mr. Stone, as he mentions, has dealt with them in connexion with the visit of Giordano Bruno to this country, "and as evidences of the growth of free thought in England at the end of the sixteenth century." I, on the other hand, have treated them in their relation to the charges of Atheism brought in the preceding year against Marlowe, Kyd, Harriott, and others, and in their bearing upon Raleigh's biography. That the documents throw "new light" upon various phases of Sir Walter's life seems to me unquestionable. Whatever changes of religious belief Raleigh may have gone through—and the question is too complicated to be summarily decided—the report of the discussion with Ironside gives a unique picture of his controversial method, and explains in a quite novel way how his reputation for "Atheism" was acquired. And, apart from this, the highly important allusion by Sir Walter to his Oxford career, the glimpses of the relations between himself and his brother Carew, the picture of his social life during his retirement at Sherborne, the curious revelations of the attitude towards him both of the Government and of his west-country neighbours during an obscure period of his career—all these points fully justify the claim that the "Examinations" at Cerne cast "new light upon Sir Walter Raleigh."

FREDERICK S. BOAS.

A HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Professor Dowden thinks he could render English literature a greater service as a publisher than he does as a professor. Lovers of literature will judge otherwise. They might well wish, however, that he could become a great publisher without ceasing to be, as he humbly calls himself, a "poor professor."

Unfortunately, it is not possible to gainsay Professor Dowden's lament, that the History of English Literature has yet to be written—a critical history of literary thought, philosophic in its grasp of inner meaning and organic filament, appreciative and literary in its judgment; a book that will be a discipline in literary culture as well as an introduction to literature itself.

The English literary genius seems incapable of large views and the study of world movements of thought. Witness the innumerable hand-books, monographs, and period studies in English thought, all of which may be very good, but they are no substitutes for one great book. To study a great movement we either break it up or mark it off in some arbitrary fashion, either to suit the writer or the plan of the series. The inner meaning and movement of thought eludes any such effort to break it up into convenient bits.

Taine's History of English Literature is an effort of literary history on a large scale and in the light of certain large general ideas, but his ruling ideas were the set words of a scientist rather than the spiritual alertness of a philosophic interpreter.

Surely the time has now come for English scholarship to discharge its duty to itself and the great literature it professes.

Yours truly,

Burnside-cottage, Caldwell. WM. STARK.

THE MODERN LIFT FORETOLD.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Mr. Hamonet's interesting note on "Rabelais and the Phonograph" in your issue of Saturday is quite in the spirit of the late Edouard Fournier, who wrote three volumes called "Le Vieux-Neuf" to show that most modern inventions were foretold centuries ago. His theory was that "whatever is new has only been forgotten." But even Fournier, with all his encyclopædic knowledge, did not know Paul de Kock. It may be interesting to your readers to find that that gay and too-much-neglected novelist foretold the invention of the modern lift or elevator by the use of which the New York "sky-scraper" tenements are made habitable. The following passage occurs in *L'Amant de la Lune*, Part II., Chap. 7. This novel was published about 1835, nearly thirty years before the lift was invented:

> — Madame Boursicoff? dit Félicia en passant devant la loge du concierge, loge vitrée de tous les côtés, ce qui lui donne l'aspect d'une lanterne.
>
> — Au cinquième, l'escalier à gauche, au fond de la cour.
>
> — La Comtesse de Boursicoff loge un peu haut! dit Isidore, en hochant la tête.
>
> — A présent, répond Bouchonnier, les appartements sont aussi beaux, aussi bien décorés au cinquième qu'au premier. Ils ont ensuite l'avantage d'avoir une plus belle vue. Je crois même que maintenant la mode est de se loger haut.
>
> — C'est très-bien, mais alors on devrait faire monter les visites que l'on reçoit en ballon ou en panier, comme dans les mines.
>
> — Il est probable, vu l'état de progrès dans lequel nous vivons, que l'on s'occupera de cela, et dans quelques années on aura trouvé une mécanique qui remplacera les escaliers . . . car l'escalier est terriblement raseur!
>
> — Et fatiguant, dit Isidore, qui suivait Félicia et son cousin.

Unquestionably the hydraulic elevator is as plainly indicated here as the Crystal Palace of 1851 was foreshadowed by Chaucer's "Palace made of glass." I am yours &c.,

A. H. MILLAR.

MILLER'S TEXTUAL COMMENTARY.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—I must trust to your sense of justice to provide me with a little space to show that your editorial plea, that the Western Text "exists ready to hand in the 'apparatus criticus' of Tischendorf," is no reply to my contention that it was practically impossible for me to include that unpublished Text amongst the continuous Texts of Westcott and Hort and others, which I have examined in the formation of my own Text.

1. It should be noticed at the outset that Western readings, except those which are rejected by Tischendorf, Westcott and Hort, the Revisers, and the Received Text—that is, by *all* the four—have all their evidence stated on my pages.

2. Tischendorf wrote thirty years ago; the votaries of the Western Text are now at work, and have not yet presented their continuous Text, and stated the readings which they intend to support.

3. Tischendorf not only does not point out specially the readings in question (all of which he rejects), but further than this he does not even tell us which he considers to be Western. He catalogues his evidence without any such discrimination.

4. The only way, therefore, by which I could have got at them would have been to select them myself, perhaps taking some of them from literature more or less floating, or, as you vaguely say, from "sundry editions of MSS."

5. This course, besides being open to constant objection, would have been the more laborious and troublesome, because in my own mind I am sceptical about the Western Text proving anything at all like what the votaries of it fondly imagine. I am waiting till their case is presented, and then I will examine it with all the candour in my power.

6. Such an increase in my labour would have swamped my entire attempt.

On the whole, the purport of your reviewer's suggestion (coupled with high condemnation of me for not doing as he wishes) would have been to make one side of the controversy (which in my book I have kept in the background as much as I could) to accomplish the work of the other. No surprise can be created if, not having just come into the world, I respectfully maintain, also on general grounds, that I have been right in not going out of my way to undertake so hazardous and gratuitous a task.

EDWARD MILLER.

Oxford, Aug. 25.

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

One of the most interesting announcements in the art world is that "A Descriptive and Historical Catalogue of Pictures and Sculpture at Apsley-house" has been prepared by Evelyn, Duchess of Wellington, for publication during the autumn by Longmans. There are some famous pictures in the Apsley-house collection—a fine Correggio ("Christ on the Mount of Olives"), captured from Joseph Bonaparte in Spain, and others by Teniers, Velasquez, Claude Lorraine, and Jan Steen. The specimens of Wilkie's work are specially good, and include his "Chelsea Pensioners reading the Gazette of the Battle of Waterloo"—painted for the Duke of Wellington—and the full-length portrait of George IV., in Highland costume, which was damaged by a stone during the Reform Bill riots. Of the battle pieces the most celebrated is Sir William Allan's "Battle of Waterloo, with Napoleon in the Foreground," which the Duke is said to have voted, "Good, very good—not too much smoke." Among the portraits in the collection are several of Napoleon, and these, no doubt, will be included in the fifty-two photo-engravings with which the Duchess of Wellington's "catalogue" is to be illustrated.

Van Dyck will also figure prominently in the art volumes of the autumn. Many visitors to the magnificent exhibition at Antwerp a year ago in celebration of the tercentenary of the birth of Van Dyck hoped that some worthy memorial of the collection would be preserved, and it is satisfactory to know that the opportunity for doing so was not allowed to pass. Fifty paintings were selected and reproduced by photogravure; and these are to be published here in volume form by Messrs. Sampson Low. The pictures were collected from all parts of Europe for the tercentenary exhibition, among the English contributors being the Queen, the Duke of Norfolk, and the Duke of Westminster. Besides the photogravures and introductory matter, there will be a hundred pages of descriptive text by Max Rooses, Conservateur du Musée Plantin-Moretus. The volume will be bound, the announcement mysteriously adds, "in a strangely striking half-parchment binding."

A large illustrated *édition de luxe* of Hans Christian Andersen's Fairy Tales has been in course of preparation for some years in Denmark. It has recently begun to appear in parts, and will be completed by Christmas. It will be published in Copenhagen by the Nordiske Forlag, and translations will appear simultaneously in French, German, Swedish, Russian, and Czech. There will also be an English translation by Mr. Brackstad, to be published in this country by Mr. Heinemann, and in America by the Century Company. The illustrations have been engraved on wood by the first wood engravers of the day—Florian, Rousseau, Closs, Bauer, Bentals, Kresse, and Dana.

Captain Mahan has joined the miscellaneous band of historians of the South African war, and is also pledged to write a book on "The Problem of Asia." Both works will, of course, be published in this country by Messrs. Sampson Low. His "Story of the War in South Africa" includes a chapter on the transport of the troops, but deals very largely, we believe, with the operations ashore. South African books form a leading feature of Messrs. Sampson Low's autumn programme, for they are also publishing *The Times* "History of the War," in five or six volumes, details of which we have already given.

The Palimpsest Gospels, first discovered by Mrs. Lewis and Mrs. Gibson in the Sinai Convent, have been much written about and fully photographed since the result of the ladies' labours was first given to the world in 1891, but it is only now that the some four hundred photographs of the actual MSS. have been collected into volumes. These prints of the ancient Estrangelo Syriac characters convey a correct and vivid idea of the original writings, and should be of immense value to all scholars and students of the subject. Thanks to the courtesy of Mr. Allenson, of Ivy-lane, who first suggested the issue of the volumes, we have seen one of the sets of four books which Mrs. Lewis is now permitting to be sent to four fortunate recipients. Cambridge, to which University Mrs. Lewis may be said to belong, is to hold two copies, one finding a home in the Presbyterian College in that town; Manchester is to have one at the Rylands Library, and one will be sent to Germany. There will be no likelihood of further issue, and thus the volume, which has been six years in preparation, is never likely to find its way into London again. Oxford and the British Museum will have to journey to Cambridge to study the photograph reprint of these extraordinarily interesting manuscripts.

Mr. Andrew Lang, having exhausted the primary colours, has fallen back on grey as the tint for his annual Christmas volume. "The Grey Fairy Book" will be published, as usual, by Messrs. Longmans, who also promise another Golliwogg book. This will show us the Golliwogg's Polar adventures, a theme that suggests wondrous and fearful joys.

Among Messrs. Bell's art publications, besides Mr. Lionel Cust's Van Dyck, are to come this month "Bottiecelli and his School," by Count Plunkett, and "Fra Angelico and his Art," by Professor Langton Douglas of Adelaide; a study by Dr. G. C. Williamson of the water-colourist "Pinwell and his works"; a catalogue by C. F. Bell, Assistant Keeper to the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford, of "The Exhibited Works of Turner"; a volume by Mr. Walter Crane on "Line and Form," uniform with his "Bases of Design"; and an historical study by Mary F. S. Hervey of Holbein's "Ambassadors"; and in the "Great Masters Series," besides the "Peragino" just published, volumes on "Sodoma," by the Contessa Priuli-Bon; "Memline," by W. H. J. Weale,

and "Della Robbia," by the Marchesa Burlamacchi. Lady Dilke's work on French art will be continued by "French Architects and Sculptors of the Eighteenth Century."

The same publisher's well-known "Endymion Series" will be continued by "The Poems of Edgar Allan Poe," illustrated by W. Heath Robinson, with an Introduction by H. Noel Williams; and the new volume of the "Ex Libris Series" will be on "German Book Plates," translated by G. Ravenscroft Dennis from the German of Count zu Lehningen-Westerburg. Mr. Reginald Blomfield, the author whose larger work on Renaissance architecture is well known, has compiled for Messrs. Bell a "Short History of Renaissance Architecture in England (1500-1800)." Other books from the same house to appear at once or shortly, are the life of "Coventry Patmore," by Basil Champneys; "Voices of the Past from Assyria and Babylonia," by H. S. Roberton; and "Side Lights on English History," collected by Ernest Henderson.

The new list of books in preparation at the Clarendon Press contains, after "The English Miscellany" just mentioned, Mr. A. T. Quiller-Couch's "Treasury of English Poetry," which he has had in hand for the past seven years. The new anthology makes a volume of nearly a thousand pages, but, printed on Oxford India paper, will be handy in size. Mr. Quiller-Couch has paid particular attention to the minor poetry of the present century. Another important item is a volume by Professor Skeat, entitled "English Etymologies." "Studies in Foreign Literature" is also included, "being the Taylorian Lectures, 1889-1899, delivered by S. Mallarmé, W. Pater, W. P. Ker, H. Brown, A. Morel Fatio, E. Dowden, F. W. Rolleston, W. M. Rossetti, P. Bourget, C. H. Herford, and H. Butler Clarke."

The Clarendon Press has taken over the "History of the Church of England from the Abolition of the Roman Jurisdiction," by the late R. W. Dixon, M.A., the first four volumes of which were published by Messrs. Routledge and Son. Volumes V. and VI. are now in preparation. Among the other announcements which figure in the list for the first time are "Studies in History and Jurisprudence," by the Right Hon. James Bryce; "The Polyphonic Period of Music," by H. E. Wooldridge, M.A.; and "The Topography of Baghdad," by Guy L'Estrange.

Messrs. Longmans' list has many important items. Some have already been announced—Mr. Winston Churchill's story of "Ian Hamilton's March," for instance. One of several works of travel will be "Armenia," by Mr. H. F. B. Lynch, in two volumes. To turn to history, the second volume of the late Sir William Hunter's "History of British India" and the third volume of Mr. Gardiner's "History of the Commonwealth" are in the press. A new and cheaper edition of Professor Lawrie's "Historical Survey of Pre-Christian Education," originally published in 1895, will be ready in the autumn. New works by Dr. Charles Gross, of Harvard, entitled "The Sources and Literature of English History from the Earliest Times to about 1485," and by Professor William Bright, entitled "The Age of the Fathers" (two volumes), are also in preparation. The classical languages are represented by a new translation of "The Odyssey of Homer," by Mr. Samuel Butler; while "Morte d'Arthur" has been edited from the Thornton MS., with introduction, notes, and glossary, by Mary Macleod Banks. Messrs. Longmans also announce a work by the president of the Society for Psychical Research, Mr. Frederic W. H. Myers, in two volumes, entitled "Human Personality and its Survival of Bodily Death." Mr. Myers aims—so the announcement runs—"at presenting in continuous form the bulk of the evidence, experimental and otherwise, which points to human faculty operating below the threshold of ordinary consciousness during the life on earth, and to human faculty continuing to operate after the body's decay." Several volumes of essays are in the list, among them "Surveys, Historical and Economic," by Mr. W. J. Ashley, author of "English Economic History and Theory," and "The Tents of Shem: Essays on South Indian Subjects," by Stanley P. Rice, Indian Civil Service. There is a translation in the press, too, of Paul Kristeller's "Andrea Mantegna," by Mr. S. Arthur Strong.

Among the works announced in Messrs. Sampson, Low's autumn list, besides those already referred to, are "Britain's Austral Empire," with forty photogravure portraits by Mr. Percy F. Spence and letterpress by Mr. G. Firth Scott; "The Inhabitants of the Philippines," by Mr. Frederick H. Sawyer; "Sailing Alone Around the World," by Captain Joshua Slocum; and the twentieth and concluding volume of "Twentieth Century Practice of Medicine," dealing with tuberculosis and containing an appendix and index.

THEOLOGY.—Messrs. Skeffington's list includes a manual of Confirmation and Holy Communion, by Canon Knox Little, entitled "Be Strong." A volume of thirty new sermons, by the Rev. J. B. C. Murphy, under the title of "Till the Night is Come," will also appear in the autumn, as well as a new and revised edition of the Rev. H. J. Wilmot Buxton's "The Child of a Great Century." Mr. Buxton's work, published last year, is being brought up to date, with references to the war in South Africa, the troubles in China, the S.P.G. Bi-Centenary, and so on. Mr. Buxton's "Words by the Way," fifty-seven sermons which have been appearing in quarterly parts, will be ready in book form during September. New volumes of sermons and readings, by Mr. J. Paget Dyson, the Rev. R. Brooks Eggs, the Rev. C. W. Fullmer (preached at Barkisland, Halifax), and the Rev. S. C. Lowry, Vicar of North Holmwood, Surrey; as well as "A Book of Prayer for Boys" (including the complete Office of Holy Communion), by the Rev. E. L. Bevan, Vicar of Bremar, are also announced by Messrs. Skeffington for the autumn.

Theological works figure also largely in Messrs. Longmans' list. "The Conception of Immortality: the Ingersoll Lecture, 1899," by Professor Josiah Royce, of Harvard, is stated to be nearly ready; and "Priesthood and Sacrifice: a Report of a Conference held at Oxford, December 13 and 14, 1899," edited by Professor Sanday, is due during September. The following are among the numerous theological volumes announced as being in the press:—"The Eucharistic Sacrifice," by Dr. A. G. Mortimer, Rector of St. Mark's, Philadelphia; "Meditations on the Sermon on the Mount," by Jacques-Bénigne Bossuet, Bishop of Meaux, translated by F. M. Capes; and "Faith and Progress: Sermons preached at the Dedication Festival of St. Barnabas' Church, Pimlico, June 10-17, 1900," edited by the Rev. the Hon. A. Hanbury-Tracy, with an introduction by the Rev. T. T. Carter.

A new "two-version" edition of the Bible will be published this month by Mr. Henry Frowde. The Authorized Version has been printed with all the differences of the Revised Version placed in the side margins, while in the centre column are the indispensable marginal references. The Bishop of Gloucester writes a preface.

Mr. Austin Dobson will edit the new edition of Leigh Hunt's "Old Court Suburb" which Mr. Freemantle will publish in the autumn, illustrated by Mr. Herbert Railton and Mr. Edmund J. Sullivan. Each chapter will be brought up to date, and the book will contain reproductions of the fashion plates of the period.

Mr. Heinemann announces "A Little Tour in France," by Henry James. His descriptions have been supplemented by a series of about a hundred drawings by Mr. Joseph Pennell.

Mr. Henry James' "The Soft Side," which we announced last week, is published not, as we said, by Messrs. Skeffington, but by Messrs. Methuen.

Mr. Thomas Burleigh will shortly publish a handbook of dramatic art, under the title of "Elocution and Stage Training," from the pen of Mr. Maxwell Ryder.

There is to be published in the United States a new "Life and Writings of Thomas Jefferson," by Professor S. E. Forman, of Johns Hopkins University. The most authentic life of Jefferson at present is that edited by Paul Leicester Ford.

Mr. Edwin Markham's new volume of poetry is to be published in the early autumn by Messrs. Doubleday, Page, and Co.

Professor Lombroso's daughter, Paola Lombroso, has published a volume entitled "Problems of Happiness," in which she entirely disagrees with her father's views.

Mr. Robert Anning Bell, who illustrated the *Midsummer Night's Dream* a year or two ago, has illustrated *The Tempest* for Mr. Freemantle on a somewhat more elaborate scale.

Owing to the large number of translations of Buddhist works from various Oriental languages which have made their appearance during the past ten years, Messrs. Methuen are about to issue a fourth edition of Mr. E. M. Bowden's work, "The Imitation of Buddha," which the author has rearranged and revised throughout. The general plan of this Buddhistical anthology will not be altered, but the new edition will contain many fresh quotations from the sacred and semi-sacred literature of the Buddhists. The book will be ready towards the end of the year.

FICTION.—On September 6th Messrs. F. V. White and Co. will publish John Strange Winter's seventieth book, which will bear the title of "A Self-made Countess: The Justification of a Husband"—a satire on society methods in matrimonial matters.

"In Male Attire" is the title of Mr. Joseph Hatton's new novel to be published by Messrs. Hutchinson at the latter end

of September. It ran serially in Australia and New Zealand and in the United States and India and in the *People* at home.

Messrs. Brentanos, of New York, announce for publication two of Mr. Bernard Shaw's earlier stories—"The Irrational Knot" and "Love Among the Artists."

PERIODICALS.—The new diaries of Marie Bashkirtseff, lately discovered in Paris, and covering the last year of the young artist's life, begin to appear to-day in the *Gentlewoman*. There will also be published a correspondence between Marie Bashkirtseff (incognito) and Guy de Maupassant.

This month's number of *Scribner's Magazine* contains an article by W. D. Howells, being a record of his personal relations with James Russell Lowell.

A new bi-monthly review, the *Revue de Synthèse Historique*, is announced for immediate publication in Paris by the house of L. Cerf, 12, rue Sainte-Anne, at 15 francs per year, 17 francs for foreign countries. The editor, M. Henri Berr, says that the review is intended to be not merely a work of erudition, but a guide, indicating "the state of the work already accomplished and still to be done, and, consequently, helping to direct research."

A new German monthly, rather reminiscent of "The Yellow Book" is "Die Insel, Herausgegeben von Otto Julius Bierbaum, Alfred Walter Heymel, and Rudolf Alexander Schroeder." Both the letterpress and the drawings are fanciful, not to say eccentric, but the names of Johannes Schlaf, Richard Dehmel, and Frank Wedekind are an assurance that ideas will not be wanting. There is in it a curious mingling of ancient and modern. Side by side with drawings by Behmer and Th. Heine are reproductions after Balthasar Le Mercier, an early seventeenth-century French engraver, and after Flaxman. A prologue to Sophocles' "Antigone," by Hugo von Hofmanns, is particularly good, and so are some remarks by Meier-Gräso on the influence of the painter Millet on modern æsthetics. The journal is altogether much more interesting than the ordinary German magazine, and is far beyond it in printing, paper, and general get-up.

Books to look out for at once.

SOUTH AFRICA—
"The Great Afrikander Conspiracy." By J. Barlow Swindells. Ward, Lock. 1s.
"With the Boer Forces." By Howard C. Hillegas. Methuen.

FICTION—
"The Conquest of London." By Dorothea Gerard. Methuen. 6s.
"The Fourth Generation." By Sir Walter Besant. Chatto and Windus. 6s.
"A Man of the Moment." By Morrice Gerard. Ward, Lock. 3s. 6d.

SPORT—
"Hints on Hockey." By Frank de Lisle Solbé. Blackwood. 1s.

NEW EDITION—
"The Conquest of Plassans." By Émile Zola. Chatto and Windus. 3s. 6d.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

ART.

Perugino. (Great Masters in Painting and Sculpture). By *G. C. Williamson*, Litt.D. 7½×5¼in., 160 pp. Bell. 5s. n.

FICTION.

The Seen and the Unseen. By *Richard Marsh*. 7½×5¼in., 320 pp. Methuen. 6s.

A Daughter of the Witches. By *Joanna E. Wood*. 7½×5¼in., 342 pp. Hurst & Blackett. 6s.

A Spider's Web. By *Emilia A. Gosnell*. 7½×5in., 251 pp. Burleigh. 2s. 6d.

The Autobiography of Allen Lorne. By *A. MacDougall*. 7½×5¼in., 312 pp. Unwin. 6s.

The Autobiography of a Quack. By *S. Weir Mitchell*. 7½×4¾in., 114 pp. Unwin. 3s. 6d.

In the Tolls. By the Author of "Nearly Wise." 7½×4¾in., 201 pp. Stevens. 1s.

MILITARY.

Famous British Regiments. By *Major A. Griffiths*. 7½×5in., 144 pp. Unwin. 2s. 6d.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Tramping with Tramps. By *J. Flynt*. 7½×5in., 308 pp. Unwin. 6s.

POETRY.

Leafing Willows. By *O. Burbidge*. 7×4¾in., 48 pp. Browning: Thorp.

POLITICAL.

Municipal London, 1900. By *C. A. Whitmore*, M.P. 7½×4¾in., 90 pp. Black. 1s.

REPRINTS.

Lectures on the English Comic Writers. (Temple Classics.) By *William Hazlett*. 6×4in., 301 pp. Dent. 1s. 6d. n.

The Romance of the Rose. (Temple Classics, Vol. I.) Englished by *F. S. Ellis*. 6×4in., 291 pp. Dent. 1s. 6d. n.

Macaulay's Critical and Historical Essays. (Temple Classics, Vol. I.) 6×4in., 398 pp. Dent. 1s. 6d. n.

SCIENCE.

The Path of the Sun Illustrated by Diagrams. By *W. Sandeman*. 7×5in., 132 pp. Manchester: Sherratt.

Photometrical Measurements. By *W. N. Mildmay*. 6¾×4¼in., 39 pp. Sonnenschein. 2s. 6d.

Text-Book of Zoology. Part II. By *Dr. O. Schmeil*. Trans. by *R. Rosenstock*. 7½×5¼in., 305 pp. Black. 3s. 6d.

THEOLOGY.

A Dictionary of the Bible. Vol. III. Ed. by *J. Hastings*, D.D. 11×7¼in., 956 pp. T. & T. Clark. 28s.

The Relation of the Apostolic Teaching to the Teaching of Christ. By the *Rev. R. J. Drummond*, B.D. 9×5¼in., 432 pp. T. & T. Clark. 10s. 6d.

The Old Testament History for Young Students. By the *Rev. C. J. Hamer*. 7×5¼in., 196 pp. Allman. 1s.

CHESS.

Address "Chess": LITERATURE, Printing House Square, London.

PROBLEM No. XLVII.
By Rev. J. JESPERSEN.
BLACK.

WHITE.
White mates in two moves.

PROBLEM No. XLVIII.
By ADOLF SCHUMER.
BLACK.

WHITE.
White to play and draw.

Problem No. 49, by S. Loyd. White (6 pieces)—K at K R 4; R at K sq; B at K Kt 3; Kt at K Kt 2; pawns at Q Kt 7, Q R 7. Black (3 pieces)—K at K R 8; B at K Kt 8 and Q R sq. Three moves.

Problem No. 50, by S. Loyd. White (3 pieces)—K at Q B sq; Q at K R 8; Kt at Q 5. Black (4 pieces)—K at Q R 7; R at Q Kt 5; B at Q Kt 8; pawn at Q B 7. Three moves.

GAME No. XXV.—Played in the Paris Congress, 1867.

WHITE. S. Loyd.	BLACK. W. Steinitz.	WHITE. S. Loyd.	BLACK. W. Steinitz.
1. P–K 4	P–Q B 4	16. Q–K 2 (f)	R–Kt
2. P–K B 4 (a)	P–K 3	17. P×R	Q×P ch
3. Kt–K B 3	Kt–Q B 3	18. Q–Q 2	Q×R
4. P–Q B 3	P–Q 4	19. Castles	R–B
5. P–K 5	kt–K R 3 (b)	20. B–B	Q×B
6. B–Q Kt 5	B–K 2	21. P–K R 3	R–Q B sq
7. P–Q 4	Castles	22. P–K Kt 4	R–B 6
8. B–Q 3 (c)	Q–Q kt 3 (d)	23. R–Q sq	R–B 3
9. Q–B 2	P–Kt (e)	24. P–Kt 5	Kt–B 4
10. P×P	Kt–Q P	25. Q–K 2	P–K Kt 3
11. Kt×Kt	Q×Kt	26. B×Kt	K P×B
12. R×P ch	K–R sq	27. P–K 6	Q–B 4 ch
13. B–Q 3	B–Q 2	28. K–B sq	Q–B 5
14. Kt–B 3	K R–B sq	29. P×P	K–Kt 2 wins.
15. P–Q R 3	P–Q Kt 4		

(a) In the Steinitz defence this move is not recognized as useful. Kt–K B 3, followed by P–Q 4 is better. As played, White never castles.

(b) Kt–R 3 is not often good. Here there is no objection to it, and it can only be thus developed.

(c) Having gone to Kt 5, it was better to play B–Kt, though that would open the Q Kt file.

(d) A good attack comes of this, which it is not easy to meet.

(e) Black is not afraid of the threat B×P ch, which amounts to little.

(f) A grave error, as will be seen at once. The game is only interesting as an example of chess between the greatest problemist and the greatest player of any period.

GAME No. XXVI.—Otto Röthing defeated Marshall in the following game at the New York State meeting:—

PETROFF DEFENCE.

WHITE. O. Röthing.	BLACK. J. F. Marshall.	WHITE. O. Röthing.	BLACK. J. F. Marshall.
1. P–K 4	P–K 4	21. Kt–B	Kt–P (f)
2. Kt–K B 3	Kt–K B 3	22. B–P ch	K×B
3. Kt×P (a)	P–Q 3 (b)	23. Q–Q 3 ch	Kt–B 4
4. Kt–K B 3	Kt×P	24. Kt–K 3	Q–Kt 3
5. P–Q 4	P–Q 4	25. Kt×P	R–Q sq
6. B–Q 3	B–Q 3	26. Q–B–Q sq	R–K B sq
7. Castles	Castles	27. R–K 5	K R–B sq
8. R–K sq (c)	P–K B 4	28. Q–K 4	Q–Kt 3 ch (g)
9. P–B 4	P–B 3	29. Kt–Q	R×R ch
10. Kt–B 3	B–K 3	30. K–B 2	P–K Kt 3
11. Q–Kt 3	Kt–B 3	31. K–K 2	R–Q 5
12. P–B	P–B	32. Q–P ch	K–B 3
13. Kt–Kt (d)	B–P	33. Kt–Q 5	R–Q sq
14. B–P	Kt–B 2	34. Q–K B 7	kt–Kt 2
15. B–B 2	Q–B 3	35. P–K R 3	R–Q B sq
16. B–Kt 5	Q–B 2	36. P–K Kt 4	R–B 7 ch
17. B–R 4 (e)	Q–R 4	37. K–K 3	P (Q 5)–Q 7
18. B–Kt 3	B–B	38. P–Kt 5 ch	K–B 4
19. B–B	R–Kt 5	39. Q–B 3 ch and wins.	
20. Kt–K 5	Kt–K 3		

(a) An old-fashioned variation of the Petroff defence. This is the usual way. Now, P–Q 4, Kt–Q B 3 and other moves are common.

(b) Not Kt×P at once because of the reply Q–K 2.

(c) P–R 4 at once is also good and is often adopted.

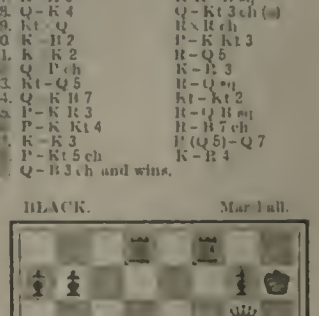
(d) It is dangerous to open the K B file, which is one result of this tempting exchange. The pawn can be won back, but Black has now many powerful chances.

(e) Good, because now B–Kt 3 will at any time make his King's position safer.

(f) Evidently Marshall relied upon this move, but apparently without good reason.

(g) We assume there was some miscalculation here. Most probably Black overlooked that the Kt would remain pinned. Otherwise the obvious play would be to remove the Kt discovering and attacking White's Queen. In any case White had the better game.

BLACK. Marshall.



WHITE. Röthing.
White to play his 41st move.

Literature

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NOTES OF THE DAY.

It is instructive to find that the same trouble about the retail price of books which disturbs the trade in England is also disturbing it in the United States. There it is the department stores which cut the prices; and the American Publishers' Association is preparing a scheme to refuse to supply those stores unless they mend their ways.

* * * *

Whether the stores will be amenable to this kind of treatment remains to be seen. As they have capital, it will be easy for them to kick if they care to do so, by the simple device of adding publishing departments to their businesses or financing publishers who do not belong to the Association. The authors, with whom the final decision necessarily rests, are hardly likely to refuse to write for them if they offer satisfactory terms; for the argument that presents itself to the average author's mind is the simple one that the more retail prices are cut the more copies of a book are likely to be sold. The American publishers believe that they can demonstrate to the stores that "it will not be a bad thing for them" to agree to sell their books at the same prices as the booksellers; but that is doubtful. The stores probably do not sell the books for the sake of the direct profit, but use them as a lure to attract customers who may then be persuaded to purchase other commodities. In that case "cutting" is an integral part of the scheme, and they will not easily be induced to abandon the practice.

* * * *

The traditional conservatism of *Blackwood* is illustrated by a dialogue of the dead in which the inventor of printing and a certain Yellow Editor discuss the uses and abuses of the printing press. The editor boasts of the power which he has acquired, and Gutenberg sets him in his place:—

> Indeed, if my invention be thus perverted, it were better it had never been made. The printing press in my hands was an instrument of luxury, not a means of irresponsible power. Yet even my contemporaries called it a black art. What would they say of it now, if they heard your boastful rhetoric? No; it is not for you to claim a kinship with Gutenberg. Truth and lies, beauty and squalor, do not acquire the same value because they are both printed.

There is a grain of truth, no doubt, in the writer's denunciation of the cheap press. But lies used to prevail and injurious influence to be exercised by persons unworthy of it centuries before the Yellow Press came into existence. Without it the story of "Jenkins' Ears" got floated and made a war, and the harm done by the *New York Journal* in embroiling America with Spain is trifling compared with the harm done by fanatics who stirred up war in the middle ages. And the difference lies in this. The Yellow Press educates the people while it misleads them, so that they gradually get to be critical of its loose statements; the medieval fanatics misled but did not educate.

* * * *

Apropos of the paper in our last week's issue on "The Joys of Writing," we note a letter in a New York paper from a Mr. Joel Benton, in which the subject assumes the magnitude peculiar to the products of the Western Continent. "One pleasure," says Mr. Benton, with perhaps a touch of tautology, "that is peculiar and without an exact parallel elsewhere belongs only to the author. It is that electric titillation that comes but once, yet lives in memory while life lasts, the unique pleasure of seeing one's thoughts for the first time in print. It is a sensation indescribable—not to be communicated—but which seems to bear some token or prophecy of immortality. Your utterance now, though centuries may pass, seems enshrined and secure. It may even outlast the Pyramids." If this passage (in which the penultimate sentence is somewhat obscure) aroused in us a certain electric titillation, we can only apologize to Mr. Benton, whose position in the world of letters is described by himself in the title of his letter "Authorship: the Pleasures of this Pursuit: by one who has known them long."

* * * *

The late Sir William Fraser, in his will, directed his executors to devote part of his estate to the foundation and endowment of a home for necessitous persons, giving preference to authors or artists who, either from non-success in the professions of literature and art, or from other causes, are in reduced circumstances. The home is now in course of erection at Colinton, a small village lying a few miles to the south-west of Edinburgh. The buildings will comprise twelve houses, with a large hall and a reading room which are to be used in common. The regulations for admission have not yet been drawn up and are entirely in the hands of the executors.

* * * *

What is to be the name of the important thoroughfare which the London County Council is about to construct between Holborn and the Strand? Perhaps there is something to be said for the suggestion of a correspondent, who writes:—"A glance at the plan of the projected street (as published recently in the *Daily News*) shows that it will run through a prominent part of

what may justly be termed 'Dickens' London,' and this necessarily means the removal of some of the houses and localities immortalized in his stories. In Wellington-street, Strand, there yet remains the building which constituted the office of *Household Words* in the novelist's time; Somerset House (Navy Pay Office), was the scene of the early labours of his father, John Dickens, who, in 1809, married Elizabeth Barrow at the church of St. Mary-le-Strand, close by; in Clare-court, Drury-lane, Dickens himself (when a boy at the Blacking Warehouse, Hungerford Market) was wont to frequent an *à la mode* beef-house (now non-existent) for his mid-day meal. Turning from fact to fiction, we find mention of Clare Market, the New Inn, and Portugal-street, in the pages of 'Pickwick'; in the latter thoroughfare still stands the picturesque old tenement (doomed, like the rest) which has found public favour in the supposition that it is the veritable 'Old Curiosity Shop'; Sardinia-street plays a part in the Gordon Riots of 'Barnaby Rudge,' and No. 58, Lincoln's-inn-fields, which was familiar to Dickens as the sometime residence of Forster, his biographer, is immortalized in 'Bleak House,' as the home of Tulkinghorn, the lawyer. 'Jo's burial-ground' of 'Bleak House,' between Drury-lane and Catherine-street, has quite lately been wiped out of existence, and Kingsgate-street, Holborn, being memorable as the home of Mrs. Gamp, in the line of the new street, is likely to share the same fate. It was at St. Clement Danes that Mrs. Lirriper was united in matrimony to 'poor Lirriper,' as faithfully recorded in the Christmas number of *Household Words*, 185. Remembering those associations with England's favourite novelist, what could be a happier designation for the new street than 'Dickens Avenue?' We already possess a Shaftesbury Avenue and a Rosebery Avenue, so why not continue this method of nomenclature? I commend the suggestion to the L.C.C. for their serious consideration."

* * * *

With reference to a correspondent's inquiry as to a Literary Correspondence Club, Mr. H. R. Hall (address, Helmsley, West Side, Wandsworth-common) writes:—

> I beg to answer your correspondent's query re an Essay Club. I am the honorary secretary of a club which was started in 1885, and has gone on continuously since. We call it the Scarborough Essay Society, as most of the members were then living at that place. We are now, however, widely scattered. The plan we adopt is to select 18 subjects each year. Of these three are selected every other month, leaving a choice for writing. Every member is expected to write each time, but obliged to do so three times in the year. The essays are circulated during two months among the members for mutual criticism. I do not know that our standard is particularly high, but I think the thing is valued by most of us.
>
> Being now away from home temporarily I am unable to forward rules, &c., but will do so for your correspondent if he will address me at my home.

* * * *

Mr. Th. Bentzon, in the *Century*, deals with Père Didon. It is curious that he has little to say about the really valuable work achieved by that popular preacher. Père Didon's eloquence will probably be forgotten before very long. Most of what he said about reconciling religion and science was nonsense—for the reason that he knew no science worth speaking of. His *Life of Christ* proved that he was not a scholar; and set many critics wondering whether there was not something in modern Roman Catholicism incompatible with scholarship. But he did good work as an educationist, and really, to a certain extent, reformed French schools. His tour of the English schools, in quest of hints on discipline and the organization of athletics, left pleasant memories behind it; and Mr. Bentzon records that he was the author of a variant on "We are none of us infallible, not even the youngest of us": "There is no surer way of not knowing anything at forty than to know everything at seventeen." As a matter of fact Père Didon himself did not know a great deal at sixty; but that circumstance does not affect the value of his epigram.

Judging from a great deal that has been said lately about the public schools, one wonders that Père Didon found anything to admire in them. Mr. Rouse, who knows his subject well, makes out in the August *Contemporary* that assistant masters are miserably underpaid. Mr. F. Verney, in *The Times*, complains of the "absolutely contemptible educational training" given to all boys except those near the top of each form, and Dr. Spencer has given in the same review a lurid picture of the "athletic master." There is another side to all these views of which we shall hope to hear something. May not Mr. Verney's letter to some extent suggest an answer to Mr. Rouse's article? Certain it is that the profession is overstocked by inefficient men, many of whom would have done much better if they had become bank clerks. The schoolmaster's profession offers an immediate (if small) income without apprenticeship, a healthy life, and exceptionally long holidays. These are advantages (as compared with other professions) for which the schoolmaster must expect to pay. Similar instances of ill-success to those which Mr. Rouse quotes could be quoted by hundreds among lawyers, doctors, and clergymen. Mr. Rouse gives £120 as the average salary of an assistant; but he admittedly leaves out of account the largest and best known public schools. Is the average any higher for the clerical profession, leaving out the "superior" clergy, who may be taken to equal the headmasters? (We agree with him that the headmaster's salary is, as a rule, disproportionate.) More and more also is being done in the way of pension schemes for assistant masters. The prospect is on the whole, we fully admit, too uncertain for good men—and Mr. Verney should be reminded that there *are* good men in the profession, and many of them study it with far more seriousness and zest than they did ten or twenty years ago.

* * * *

Friday, Sept. 7, was the day of the celebration of the bi-centenary of James Thomson, the poet of "The Seasons," at Southdean Manse, near Jedburgh. The celebration at Ednam some time ago was a trifle premature, Thomson having been born on the 7th (as it is generally believed, although some writers say the 11th) September, 1700. While Ednam has the honour of his birth, most of his early life was spent in Southdean. His father, who was a minister, removed to that parish when the future poet was only two months old. There James Thomson spent the first fifteen years of his life, and there he received impressions which were never effaced. The old manse in which he lived stood near the "silver Jed," whose "pastoral banks" according to himself first echoed to his Doric reed. The scenery described in "The Seasons" is in many cases that of the parish of Southdean. There is appropriateness in celebrating there the two-hundredth anniversary of the poet's birth. Among those delivering addresses we find Sir George Douglas, Judge Willis, and the Rev. W. S. Crockett, of Tweedsmuir.

* * * *

The author of "The Prisoner of Zenda" and "Rupert of Hentzau" is to make another effort to get into the House of Commons. Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins, the politician, is not nearly so well known as Anthony Hope, the novelist, and the circumstance has probably been forgotten by most persons that the former contested the Wycombe Division of Bucks in the Liberal interest in 1892. He was unsuccessful then, and it remains to be seen whether he will be more fortunate in the Falkirk Burghs. Perhaps Mr. Hawkins in accepting the invitation to contest this particular Scottish constituency did not fail to observe that it is exceedingly consistent in its inconsistency, and during the last fifteen years has changed its politics at each successive election, returning a Unionist and a Liberal alternately.

* * * *

An article in the *Gentleman's Magazine* on Dr. John Hawkesworth throws an interesting light on the condition of the profession of letters in the eighteenth century. Hawkesworth began life as nobody in particular, and succeeded Dr. Johnson as Parliamentary reporter to the publication in which his career is related. He edited the *Adventurer* on the lines of Johnson's *Idler* with such distinction that the Archbishop

of Canterbury exercised an ancient privilege and made him an LL.D. without examination. He wrote a novel, which was not unlike "Rasselas," and he edited the works of Swift. Finally he was commissioned by the Earl of Sandwich to write up Cook's voyages, from his log, and Sir Joseph Banks' diary. It was hack-work, and it would be hard, in these days, to find an instance of hack-work being better paid. In one of Hawkesworth's letters we read that he received

> Applications from half the booksellers in London, none of whom offered me more than five thousand pounds, without allowing me a single copy. Mr. Strahan offered me six thousand and to furnish me with all the copies that I had engaged to give away, which being twenty-five amounted to seventy-five pounds.

The book was not so successful as was expected, and was unfavourably criticized. According to Mr. Morris, the writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine*,

> One of the faults most rightly found with him is that he put classical allusions into the mouth of the Captain, though he must have known that the mate of a Whitby collier could have had but little opportunity to study Aulus Gellius.

Attorney-General Thurlow criticized the book in the House of Commons as "a mere composition of trash." Horace Walpole was no less severe. It is said that he died of a broken heart as the result of these censures.

* * * *

Mr. George Serrell contributes to *Temple Bar* a sparkling essay on the light which Milton's sonnets throw on Milton's personal character. He considers that they reveal the poet as "a man of bitterness and prejudice," ready to "impute evil motives," while wearing "a somewhat arrogant air of superiority," and also as a *poseur*, given to inventing arrogant excuses for not risking his precious skin even for causes which he believed to be good. The case is made out from the sonnet written "when the assault was intended to the City"; and Mr. Serrell wants to know why Milton, "a man in the flower of his age, at thirty-four, a man with no special family ties, a man skilled in the use of weapons, a man pronounced in his hostility to the Royal cause," was not among the defenders. And then comes the indictment.

> Or supposing that there was good ground for his thinking that he could serve his country better elsewhere, why need he, when Skipton was animating his "brave boys" with the assurance, "I will run the same fortunes and hazards with you," have sat down to pen the expression of his devout hope that as he was a poet he might *not* "run the same fortunes and hazards" as his commonplace neighbours—might be exempt, not only from the perils of those who were fighting at Brentford, but even from the losses and injuries that might befall the quiet stay-at-homes? No doubt he was justified in his proud assertion that it was in his power as a poet to give to whom he would a fame that should extend
>
> O'er lands and seas,
> Whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms;
>
> but even if he had already—which assuredly he had not—achieved a name in England equal to that of Pindar or Euripides in Greece, it would have been one thing for Alexander the Great to spare the house of Pindar and a very different thing for Pindar, had he been alive, to ask to have his house spared when all his fellow-citizens' houses were demolished.

Mr. Serrell will also surprise a good many readers by pointing out the true significance of a certain line that is often quoted. It comes from the sonnet fired off at the ministers of religion who objected to the poet's desire to facilitate divorce.

> One line in this sonnet [says Mr. Serrell] has attained permanent celebrity; and strangely enough the sonnet is about the last place where one would antecedently expect to find it. If one were asked to guess of whom it was first said
>
> Licence they mean when they cry Liberty,
>
> it would be a very natural "shot" to answer, Of some persons who were advocating great facility of divorce and who spoke of it as Liberty. In fact, it is spoken of persons who are opposing facility of divorce—who are standing up for the rigid maintenance of the marriage-tie; and Milton's curiously untenable proposition is that if those who are advocates of freedom generally shrink from advocating a relaxation of the marriage-tie their so-called love of freedom can be nothing better than love of licence. Did ever able man put his pen to a more hopelessly wrong assertion?

Altogether, it is rather a new Milton that Mr. Serrell introduces to us.

* * * *

Future biographers of Christina Rossetti should note that the poetess, at various periods of her career, favoured certain pet animals. Here is a quotation from an unpublished letter, written by her to a correspondent in 1883:—

> What a pity that our pets were so lacking of distinctive features! One of the funniest was an ordinary tabby cat who "made a Y" against a half-high fender to warm herself. [Here follows a sketch showing the back view of a cat sitting with its forelegs extended upwards like the upper part of the capital letter Y]. And if this was one of the funniest you may think what the others were. Another early delight was a dormouse; but it did nothing more wonderful than hold its food in its hands, and after being hopelessly lost came to light again in a drawer, whither it had gone presumably to hibernate. We never rose to the rank of a dog. I had two squirrels at different times, but neither of them became familiar. A summer blue bird which escaped out of an open window cost me more tears than many a more serious trouble. And one of the dearest of all was a bullfinch, whose bows and love-making I remember after (say) thirty years!

* * * *

We have already referred to Calmann Lévy's new edition of Balzac, the copyright in whose works has just expired. An extremely interesting little book which Balzac wrote in collaboration with Horace Raisson, and which he printed and published himself, is the most rare of any of his works. A new edition was published in 1854 and it is almost impossible to find a copy of it at present. There are some curious chapters in this book, which is entitled "Le Code des honnêtes gens." Balzac declares that thieves form a special class in society and that they contribute to the working of the social order—"they are the oil for its machinery." He draws a picture of life without thieves, no more prisons, no police, and no law courts. There would certainly be an economy, but what should we find to talk about, and what could be substituted for the *rôle* of the thief on the stage?

> Some sixty thousand public officials earn their living thanks to our thieves! What an industrial and commercial class! What life they put into a State, and how they cause the money to circulate!

The whole book is a keen satire on the manners and customs of the times in which Balzac lived.

* * * *

In a long article in one of the French journals, Nietzsche is called the Renan of Germany. "In many ways" (the writer says) "the life of these two great thinkers has a certain analogy. Nietzsche was the son of a Protestant pastor and Renan was educated in a Catholic seminary. By different ways they both arrived at conclusions which had certain points of resemblance. The decisive crisis came to Renan through the influence of scientific ideas, and to Nietzsche, like Ruskin, through his enthusiastic admiration for beauty. It was this love of the beautiful which made Nietzsche repudiate Christianity. He declared that he could not accept a religion which gloried in sorrow and suffering. Renan's idea was that the ultimate happiness of mankind would come through the triumph of 'the divine' of which certain men well versed in science would be the priests. Nietzsche does not pronounce the word 'divine.' He thought that the happiness of humanity would come with the appearance on earth of men so elevated through the cult of

beauty that this 'super-man' will differ from the men of to-day much more than our contemporaries differ from the animals." The writer of this article maintains that the fundamental idea of the two philosophers is the same belief in the unlimited progress of mankind towards a higher morality. The difference is that whilst Renan does not deny that the germs of the divine joys of the future may be found in the Gospel, Nietzsche would sweep away all the traces of the Christian religion. This difference may be accounted for, concludes the writer, by the fact that Renan from his earliest childhood was a Catholic and there is a beauty in the Romish Church not to be found in the puritanical severity of German Protestantism, a severity from which Nietzsche revolted.

* * * *

A correspondent writes:—

Professor Henry Sidgwick, who has passed away deeply regretted by all in this country who are interested in philosophy, was a thinker whose work and position are not difficult to estimate. He had not a strikingly original mind, and yet embodied many of the best points of the English scholar. He was patient in analysis, averse to all display, very anxious to make ethics scientific and reasonable, and, though careful to do justice to others, keenly critical of those who, like T. H. Green, seemed to him to run up a great construction on a perilous foundation. But he lacked heat, force, and the conviction of the strong believer, qualities which, no less than insight, are necessary to supreme success in philosophy.

It was probably his cool temper and wish to be scientific which led him to take the utilitarian or hedonist side in ethics. The assumption that the mainspring of conduct is a desire for happiness appears to give a solid, common-sense foundation for moral philosophy. The same constitutional bent inclined him to put so much of his strength into history and criticism. Of his work in this direction his "Outlines of the History of Ethics" is a favourable example. Failing as it does to treat the development of ethical speculation in the light of a central principle, the book is dull to read; but its thoroughness and fairness make it valuable for reference and teaching. His weak point in philosophy was metaphysics. How little he understood the subject may be gathered from a remark he once hazarded, that metaphysics bears the same relation to philosophy that metageometry bears to ordinary rational mathematics; how little he cared about it is shown by the following story which he used to tell of himself. A German student wrote complaining that he had read the "Methods of Ethics" and could not find a comprehensive "Weltanschauung" there. The professor kindly sent a brief statement on a post-card which gave complete satisfaction. Afterwards he felt that he had given himself away. He had forgotten what he wrote on the post-card, and would be in an awkward position if the same request were ever made again. It would be intolerable to think he had circulated two contradictory "Weltanschauungen"!

The "Methods of Ethics" was, of course, his great work. Its plan and general character made it useful to students, and it has gone through many editions. Its author spared no pains to make it as perfect as he could. With characteristic candour he was ready even on important points to modify his opinions in accordance with recent advances in ethical science. The plan of the work is mainly critical. The author reviews the chief current systems of moral philosophy and gives an adhesion, distinct but not very forcible, to hedonism. The chapter on free-will is typical of his attitude. He evidently does not like determinism, but marshalls the arguments in its favour and concludes that they preponderate. His political and economic writings, though they share in the good qualities of his philosophical work, are much less important and have not had the same popularity.

At Oxford Sidgwick's speculative opinions were unpopular and his influence slight. At Cambridge it was much greater, owing to his residence there. Though his nature forbade the least attempt at securing disciples or founding a school, his thoroughness and sincerity gained him the gratitude and admiration of his pupils; while the wit and humour of his informal speeches and conversation gave him a personal charm which can hardly be realized by those who only know his writings.

The Revival of the Blue-stocking.

In the case of illustrious women the professional visits of Miss Sarah A. Tooley seem to be as inevitable as quarter-day. The latest celebrity to be interpreted and exhibited by her is Miss Beatrice Harraden, with the result that a portion of Miss Harraden's philosophy of life appears in the current number of the *Humanitarian*. We gather therefrom that it is Miss Harraden's opinion that men ought to sweep carpets, and that women ought to go in for examinations. The sweeping of carpets exercises the deltoid and other muscles that seldom get a chance, besides stimulating the action of the liver, and might, therefore, be beneficial to any one of either sex who follows the sedentary calling of literature. As regards the passing of examinations, with which the sweeping of carpets need by no means interfere, we are very much of Miss Harraden's way of thinking—not only for the reasons which she assigns but also for other reasons. Examinations, Miss Harraden holds, "are a sort of literary gymnastics to strengthen and expand the mental muscles." It is rather of the study in view of the examinations than of the examinations themselves that this should be said; but that is a detail. Miss Harraden obviously cannot have meant that it was advantageous for girls to go in for examinations unfortified by preliminary study. At the same time it seems to us that she has omitted to mention the real reason which makes examinations a valuable feature of female education. Where they are eminently serviceable is in correcting certain tendencies of the human mind which are apt to take a particularly strong hold upon the minds of girls. One cannot, perhaps, put it better than by saying that examinations emphasize the importance of distinguishing between "there" and "thereabouts"; and that this is a distinction which women who have never been in for examinations often do not learn to draw at all. One has only to pick up a woman's cookery book to be faced by a literary example of the shortcoming—the casual use of the word "some" indifferently as a liquid measure and as a weight avoirdupois. One has only to go into a law Court and hear a lady tell a story in a witness box, without any intent to deceive, to find other exemplifications of it. To check this habit of inaccuracy is one of the uses of examinations. Another use lies in teaching that what one happens to know about a subject is not necessarily co-extensive with the knowable. It is instruction of which we all stand more or less in need; but women need it more than men, because it is still true that, as a rule, their education has been a less wide one, and because the fact we have referred to is not so often impressed upon them in the course of conversation with those who know more than they do. Any one who has heard women who have not been to Girton, or taken London degrees, discussing theology with theologians or politics with politicians must be aware that this is so. To express strong opinions without first making sure of their facts is a feminine characteristic due to no "double dose of original sin," but simply and solely to the haphazard methods of feminine education. By all means, therefore, let girls take Miss Harraden's advice, and train their mental muscles by preparing for examinations, and test them by passing examinations. And let them by no means imagine that by so doing they will forfeit the attractions appropriate to their sex. There is, no doubt, a popular prejudice against the "blue-stocking"; but it is none the less a solid historical fact that the women who have been most admired by men—whatever their moral or physical characteristics—have been women who could have passed examinations if they had liked, and to whom that derisive epithet "blue-stocking" was applicable:—Madame de Staël, Madame de Sévigné, Madame Necker, Mademoiselle de Lespinasse, and a host of others, in all countries and all ages, whose names will occur to every reader.

IRISH MUSTERING CRY AGAINST THE DANES.

SUGGESTED BY GERALD GRIFFIN'S BATTLE CRY OF THE O'DRISCOLLS.

Hurry down! hurry down! hurry down ever,
From wrack-ridden mountain and red, rushing river,
Stern horsemen and footmen with spear, axe and quiver,
Hurry down! hurry down! your dear land to deliver.
Haste! oh, haste! for in cruel might clustering
Far and near the fierce Nordman is mustering.
Haste! oh, haste! or the daughters ye cherish,
The bride of your bosom shall far more than perish.

Lo! how he toils down that narrow pass yonder,
Ensnared by his spoils and oppressed by his plunder!
Flash on him, crash on him, God's fire and thunder!
And scatter and shatter his fell ranks asunder.
Smite the wolf ere he slinks from the slaughter,
Rend the shark ere he wins to deep water.
Pursue and hew him to pieces by the haven
And feast with his red flesh the exulting sea raven.

ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES.

Personal Views.

THE WRONG KIND OF PERSONAL VIEW.

A little while ago I was allowed to lament in these pages the Scarcity of Personal Views in every-day criticism. I suggested that reviews would be more interesting and even a little valuable if every reviewer spoke his mind with sincerity and freedom. But, of course, this assumes that every reviewer has a mind—a rash assumption, perhaps. It assumes that he has the power of making his individual opinion interest even those who agree with him. It presupposes also the knowledge of good and bad in literature on the part of the critic, the existence of a standard which he admits in common with all persons of judgment and taste. It cannot have escaped notice that the persons who are most anxious to air decided opinions in print generally lack the knowledge and ignore the standard. As usual, fools rush in where angels fear to tread. This is a danger. How can it be met? Only by exerting all our influence on the side of the angels and bearing down the folly of the fools by a patient insistence upon the merits of what is excellent.

Nearly half a century ago Matthew Arnold, discussing the "Function of Criticism at the present time," urged those who had to deal with the mass of current English literature to endeavour "to try it, so far as they can, by the standard of the best that is known and thought in the world." The duty seems to be so clear that it is strange it should need any urging. Yet how necessary it is to urge it must be painfully evident to every one who has any appreciation of "the best that is known and thought." And in these days, when the name of critic is assumed so easily, and the world is flooded with printed matter, so much of it, from every point of view, worthless, it is more than ever necessary for the duty to be insisted upon and kept constantly in view, and, even at the risk of wearying, drummed into the public ear. Amid this flood of books it is hard for the critic always to keep his feet. There is so much that is absolutely bad that anything even a little good seems by comparison a work of superior merit. Add to this the fact that constant condemnation is a weariness of spirit, and you have the reason why even critics of insight and understanding sometimes mistake geese for swans. As we watch the swirling, frothing eddies of the flood, we must often feel quite out of heart and out of patience. Our hearts sink at the thought of all this misapplied energy. Our patience is not equal to the task of detaching from amongst so much that is worthless the little that has any distinction of thought or expression to recommend it. We are inclined to accept Matthew Arnold's view that the mass of current English literature is "better disregarded." And yet, if we are to keep up a standard at all, we cannot altogether disregard it. We cannot even be content to discuss only the work that has merit. If we do this, we allow judgment to go by default in favour of the strident advocates who mistake violence for power, crude inexperience for originality, absence of form for evidence of genius, and absence of sense for the highest form of literary art.

So large a body of criticism is now afraid to have any opinions of its own, is ready to cluster round any smoking chimney which may be for the moment pointed at as the true guiding pillar of cloud, that a few determined disciples can very soon raise a new Master to the position of a Prophet. If only every critic would say what he thought and, to the best of his ability, give his reasons for so thinking, things would rapidly improve. It is the prevailing deference to what are supposed to be the "best opinions" that is so disheartening. A's work must be remarkable because B and C say so, and D, E, and F take up the tale, although in their private opinion A is either a humbug or a fool. Every critic ought to take for his motto the wise words of foolish Polonius—

This, above all, to thine own self be true.

But, at the same time, there is a danger from those who to their own selves are true. They may be sincere and yet foolish. The only way to deal with them is, so far as may be possible, to prevent them from obtaining a hearing. Certainly they ought not to be able to air their folly in quarters which have a reputation for taste and good sense. Certainly we ought never to find in a periodical professing such aims as does the *North American Review* such an article as it presented to us recently upon "A Neglected American Poet." Who Mr. Montgomery Schuyler may be we do not know. What he is can be gathered from his ridiculous panegyric of a certain George Alfred Townsend. Mr. Townsend appears to combine the vocation of poet with the profession of a descriptive reporter on the daily Press. Mr. Schuyler is evidently himself in the latter line of business as well, nor does he see anything incompatible in the two callings. He remarks cheerfully that "Mr. Townsend's journalism and his literature have rubbed off on each other." Here is a passage that illustrates both Mr. Schuyler's exquisite critical perception and his refined style. :—

> I remember he reported the trial of Tilton against Beecher, in the course of which some old love letters came to be read, and noted the effect with which the reading fell upon the plaintiff in the suit, who had been one of the parties to the correspondence. According to my distant memory, the notation was something like this:—"How like the foghells on familiar coasts, whence one must steer, though homesick," and so forth. Fancy coming upon such a figure in a newspaper report of a sensational trial in this present year of grace.

Fancy, indeed! Then as to the influence of Mr. Townsend's journalism upon his poetry. First of all, here is a verse from a "poem" on Abraham Lincoln :—

Corndodgers dipped in maple juice he ate with thankfulness:
An ox-steak when the preacher came the family to bless:
Rye coffee with molasses sweet (he never used a fork,
But with his knife, ten months a year, poked down the salted pork).

And, according to Mr. Schuyler, "this portrait is worthier of the national Pantheon than any ideal figure that has been made or that is likely to be made"! Another journalistic touch may be noted in the rhyming of "belles-lettres" with "debtors." This shocks even Mr. Schuyler, though he naively admits that he would have no ground of complaint if "debtors" were rhymed with "letters." In this case why not spell it "detter" at once? Of Gibbon Mr. Townsend sings—

> The vast procession of mankind
> Like some great circus seemed,
> In his kaleidoscopic mind
> Metempsychosed or dreamed.

"Metempsychosed" is wonderful, and what on earth does it mean? One more instance of journalism "rubbing off on poetry" and I have done with this justly-neglected poet. He adorns his collected poems with "pictures of the author's parents and of his birthplace and of his dwelling-place, and even of the tomb he has built for himself." What could be more touchingly "journalistic" than that? Of course, the article is not worth a moment's serious consideration. But the fact that it gains admission to the *North American Review* we are obliged to consider seriously. One hoped that this sort of foolish puffing of nonentities was confined to the irresponsible newspaper, obliged to find a new sensation every day, and putting up with a new poet when there is no military hero or defaulting solicitor handy. If the reviews take to trumpeting neglected poets who clearly deserve no better than to be neglected, and to letting persons devoid of critical faculty make themselves foolish in this way, where shall we look for "a dam against the unconscionable scribbling of the age?"

This kind of Personal View reduces one to despair. Better than this almost would be the old-fashioned method which damned poets because their works were not popular. If they were genuine poets, it did them no lasting harm, whereas an article like this debases the public taste. It ought merely to excite derisive mirth; but, unfortunately, the public gathers its opinions mainly from what it reads about authors instead of from reading them. A true poet is underrated at first, but in time criticism ranges itself upon his side, and the public shift their ground with easy nonchalance. What is so deplorable about puffs of third and fourth rate writers is the fact that they unsettle the public mind. The only way to make people acknowledge a standard in literature is to keep before them the best and the reasons why it is the best. What critics who care for literature must do is to persist in telling the public how far their idols fall short of what is even mediocre according to a true standard. They can bear witness to the greatness of the great and the insignificance of the little. They can determine that the world shall,

> When the Forts of Folly fall
> Find their bodies by the wall.

"H. A. MILTON."

MOOR PARK AND WAVERLEY.

[By J. PENDEREL BRODHURST.]

The daily newspapers have just been announcing the discovery that Sir Walter Scott once visited at Moor Park when it was in the occupation of the grandparents of a clergyman now living, who vouches for the statement. Considering Scott's interest in Swift, that he was his editor, and, in a way, his biographer, it is likely enough that he was anxious to see Moor Park, where Swift as a youth of 22 went to reside as secretary to Sir William Temple (for £20 a year and his board); where later, when the relation between the young man and his employer had ripened into friendship, he wrote "The Battle of the Books," an offshoot of Temple's essay on ancient and modern learning, and where he was thrown across the path of Esther Johnson (Stella), who lived at Moor Park with her mother, the companion of Temple's sister. Moreover, Scott's host at Moor Park was Mr. Robert Lang, who may, perhaps, have been some connexion of his "good friend" as Lockhart calls him, the "Fiscal" for Selkirkshire. Sir Walter's presence in the neighbourhood of Farnham is, however, unimportant in itself. It becomes significant only in relation to the possible genesis of the title of "Waverley." It has often been stated that the name was suggested to him by reading the "Annales Waverlienses," the chronicles of the premier Cistercian house in England. I know not whether Scott ever read that, no doubt, highly seductive bit of light literature, but the thing is likely enough. For the confident declaration that Waverley Honour owed its name to the great religious house in the pleasant Surrey valley, I know of no authority beyond inherent probability. There is nothing, I fancy, about the matter in Lockhart—I do not remember and cannot find anything there. But memory is treacherous and indexes are more treacherous still. Nor do I find aught upon the point in the "Journal" or the "Letters." Yet it is impossible to dwell upon the early days of Swift without taking some interest in Waverley Abbey. The property which goes with the present house of that name, hard by the scanty but picturesque ruins of that old foundation, almost adjoins Moor Park, and Scott was not the man to miss seeing what was left of so famous a place as Waverley.

But there is a suggestive collocation of dates bearing upon the matter. Sir Walter's Edition of Swift, with his sketch of the Dean's life prefixed, was published, in nineteen volumes octavo, on the 1st of July, 1814. Seven days later "Waverley" came out. Scott had been engaged upon the Dean ever since 1808. For at least six years, therefore, he must have been familiar with the name of the monastic ruins which lay so close to the scene of Swift's early life, and so pleasing and melodious a title for his novel would be sure to suggest itself. On the other hand, "Waverley" was begun in 1805—if we may take the first chapter literally, on the 1st of November of that year—and so fundamental a matter as the name of the hero and of his ancestral roof-tree is hardly likely to have been an afterthought. We are, therefore, compelled to leave unsettled the interesting but unimportant speculation whether Scott was introduced to Waverley Abbey by his studies in Swift, or had known the name and seized upon it for his own purposes long before.

Sir Walter could certainly not have turned his thoughts to a pleasanter spot. We all talk and write too much about the beauty of places near London. It is an irritating Cockney trick, explained but not justified, by the circumstance that most people whose business it is to write live in this capital, and are necessarily better acquainted with its outskirts than with those, say, of Sheffield or Birmingham, which are equally beautiful. But for a soft southern scene nothing could be more agreeable than Waverley, in the Wey valley, quite close to Farnham. The Waverley Abbey of to-day is, to no inconsiderable extent, built out of the ruins of its namesake. Thanks to this and other quarrying, little of the Cistercian buildings remains; but that little is exceedingly pictorial, with its sequestered surroundings and its plentiful cloak of ivy. It is a truism that the monks usually pitched their tents upon smiling and productive spots. "He who lives a good life is sure to live well," says the song, and assuredly the Cistercians of Waverley lacked none of the kindly fruits of the earth. To this day the soil is exceptionally rich; and Cobbett, who was born at Farnham, and began to learn gardening in the old orchard of the monks, tells us that "though I have now seen and observed upon as many fine gardens as any man in England, I have never seen a garden equal to that of Waverley." Ten families of the seed of the patriarchs, with all their dependants, could not, he thinks, have consumed the fruit of that garden. It would appear, however, from his ingenuous statement, that the gardeners and other

workmen, assisted by the observant youth who was afterwards to make himself so disagreeable to certain persons, succeeded in consuming three-fourths of the produce. To the Radical pamphleteer and author of the "Rural Rides" Swift at Moor Park had doubtless been a tradition. The "Tale of a Tub," we know, he studied eagerly as a boy, and he must often have passed the little gabled cottage close to the entrance to Waverley Abbey, on the way to Moor Park, in which "Stella" lived during, and after, Swift's two terms of residence with Sir William Temple. The place is still full of interest for every student of the life and work of the massive and masculine genius of Dryden's cousin.

A PROPHET OF YESTERDAY.

In Europe, at least, there can be no denial of the fact that during the last decade Emerson has lain neglected on the library shelves. There is a time for sowing and a time for reaping and a time for the valuation of the garnered corn. The once widely welcomed essays, or rather lectures, of the middle of the century—"Representative Men," "English Traits," "Conduct of Life," "Society and Solitude," and so forth—did their admirable transcendental work; they "interested and instructed," and passed, if not into the limbo of philosophic ideals, at least into the grey ways of the outmoded. Of course, Emerson has had a hundred publishers and his readers have not been few; but what of his influence at the present time? Messrs. Ward, Lock, who issue his COMPLETE PROSE WORKS (2s.), will, I dare say, find reason to be satisfied with their enterprise. But one fears that "these admirable radicals" of the fifties are joining that class of writers spoken of by booksellers as producers of books "which are not greatly read, but which people buy and give to one another." If this estimate of the writings of Emerson should approximate to the truth it were regrettable, for his worth remains as high as when he was spoken of as "the most shining intellectual glory and the most potent intellectual force" of the new world. "His legacy to the world," it has been said, "is not a system, not a creed, not an observance, but a stimulus, an impulse to a perfect life." The high priest of transcendentalism, Emerson nevertheless sounds a note of what may be called spiritual utilitarianism, commercialism of the ideal. It is no doubt, in some measure, this interesting graft of Yankee acumen upon Teutonic stock which caused the lectures to make so immediate an appeal, and which now, after the passing of half a century, robs them of force and universality. The rules for the conduct of life seem to have lost something of the greatness with which one's memory had clothed them. "Give a boy address and accomplishments, and you give him the mastery of palaces and fortunes where he goes"—this is one of many similar apophthegms from which the glory seems to have departed. The new order changeth giving place to older forms of wisdom, less transient than the fashionable philosophy of the "roaring forties." But if on the re-reading of Emerson one is apt to be critical it must be owned that a thousand charms of style and thought remain. Fortunately, the idealist may be welcomed in many other guises than that of social teacher. Emerson stimulated thought and inspired action, and his writings will always delight by reason of their sincerity and skill:—

To clothe the fiery thought
In simple words succeeds,
For still the craft of genius is
To mask a king in weeds.

This is, in his own words, the task he himself was able to accomplish. His most burning ideas are always stated with a clearness and simplicity which wins confidence; his views, however "new" in their day, are set forth with classic precision. A potent charm to be added to many of the essays is the keen American wit expressed by a man of exquisite culture. Many a pleasant truth springs out at us as we turn his pages; "Necessity is the law of all who are not self-possessed." "So deep are the sources of surface-action that even the size of your companion seems to vary with his freedom of thought." "The novels are as useful as Bibles, if they teach you the secret, that the best of life is conversation, and the greatest success is confidence, or perfect understanding between sincere people." But many would be inclined to dispute such *dicta* as "What is true anywhere is true everywhere," or "Society has really no graver interest than the well-being of the literary class," or "The genius of reading and of gardening are antagonistic, like resinous and vitreous electricity."

Although the present volume does not contain Emerson's verse, his poetic vein is so often shown and so many articles are prefaced by his verses that one may glance for a moment at his lyrical capacity. A favourite theme of poets is their inability to capture the elusive ideas which haunt their brain. Thus Emerson:—

Deal gently with us, ye who read!
Our largest hope is unfulfilled,—
The promise still outruns the deed,—
The tower but not the spire we build.

Our whitest pearl we never find;
Our ripest fruit we never reach;
The flowering moments of the mind
Drop half their petals in our speech.

These are my blossoms; if they wear
One streak of morn or evening's glow
Accept them; but to me more fair
The buds of song that never blow.

Now compare with this a poem of about the same period on the same subject, the well-known "Fata Morgana":—

A blue-eyed phantom far before
Is laughing, leaping towards the sun;
Like lead I chase it evermore,
I pant and run.

It breaks the sunlight bound on bound;
Goes singing as it leaps along
To sheep-bells with a dreamy sound,
A dreamy song.

I laugh, it is so brisk and gay;
It is so far before, I weep;
I hope I shall lie down some day,
Lie down and sleep.

Or take the verses of a later date containing the lines:—

Youth now flees on feathered foot,
Faint and fainter sounds the flute,
Rarer songs of gods; and still
Somewhere on the sunny hill,
Or along the winding stream,
Through the willow, flits a dream;
Flits, but shows a smiling face,
Flees, but with so quaint a grace,
None can choose to stay at home,
All must follow, all must roam.

This is unborn beauty. . . .

Set these three poems side by side and we see at once that Rossetti is the poet pure and simple; that Stevenson has poetic inspiration—drawn, indeed, slightly from Rossetti in this instance—and that Emerson, with all his great qualities, is here, at any rate, merely an accomplished writer expressing himself in verse of moderate charm.

As a lay-preacher of wide sympathies and high aspirations his fame is assured, but the re-reading of his works inevitably reminds one of the flight of time. His teachings were addressed to the young people of a young nation. They were often little better than sublimated commonplace or well-expressed counsels of perfection. Yet his occasionally trite philosophy wears the glowing crown of imagination.

Over his head were the maple buds,
And over the tree was the moon,
And over the moon were the starry studs
That drop from the angels' shoon.

E. M.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT WORDS.

During a recent discussion in *Literature* Mr. W. H. D. Rouse regretted the injury our language had sustained from the loss of many words which had, in the course of time, become obsolete. Though I was unable to agree with him on the main points of our dispute, I most heartily concurred in this. Why (I have often asked myself) do not those who are so anxious to increase the scope of the language seek to do so by the revival of good English words rather than by the introduction of corrupt terms? It may be that many of the old words we occasionally meet with never at any period passed beyond mere provincialisms. But what then? Each old pre-Chaucerian monk who helped to sow the early seeds of our literature was a man of provincial training who, when he "undertoke

In englysshe for to make a boke,"

used the dialect of the district where stood the convent in which he had been educated. Such was Robert of Gloucester; such were many whose names are less familiar. That which we speak and write to-day is extensively made up of provincialisms which were adopted as part of the general language of the nation, a fact which I regard as a sound precedent in favour of adopting any useful word which, even up to the present, may not have received the stamp of general usage.

Moreover, there is a multitude of good words which, after being freely employed by great writers, passed out of use and were lost to us. For my part, I always feel grateful to a modern author who attempts the restoration of some old word which ought never to have become obsolete, when (and herein I confess lies some danger) this is done naturally and without archaic affectations. For example, with what excellent effect does the old verb "to swink" do duty where Sir Samuel Ferguson describes the smiths in his poem "The Forging of the Anchor."

"Hurrah!" they shout, "leap out, leap out!" bang, bang, the sledges go;
And thick and loud the swinking crowd at every stroke pant "ho!"

We still "work" and "labour," why should we not also "swink" as our fathers did before us? Moreover, though it is here used in the body of a verse, it is one of a list of rhyming words of which we have hardly more than a dozen. A language not too rich in rhymes can ill spare any word that may help a poet out of the difficulty in which poets have occasionally been placed since Gower did not disdain to perpetrate the following couplet:—

The doughter eke Canace hight,
By daie bothe and eke by night.

As if the reader might suppose the fair Canace to have had an auxiliary name which it was her custom to assume when darkness descended upon her father's realm!

A propensity to reject old words is not of modern growth, nor does the loss entailed upon literature by this tendency belong exclusively to these latter days. Continuing John de Trevisa's version of Ranulph Higden's Polychronicon down to "the yere of our Lord 1460," Caxton says, "I, William Caxton, a symple persone, have endevoyred to wryte fyrst over all the sayd book of Polycronycon, and somewhat have changed the rude and old English, that is to wete, certain words, which in these days be neither usyd ne understanden."

At about the same time, Skelton uttered his complaint against the language, in his "Boke of Philip Sparrow":—

Our natural tonge is rude
And hard to be enneude
Wyth polyshed termes lustye
Oure language is so rustye.
. . .
I wot not where to finde
Termes to serue my minde
Gowers englyshe is oldo
And of no value is tolde.

So, for his epitaph on Dame Margery's sparrow, Master John Skelton falls back on his Latin; which is the *reductio ad absurdum* of Doctor Johnson's refusal to disgrace the walls of Westminster Abbey with an English inscription. The use of "told" in the last line illustrates the way in which many words have lost meanings which once belonged to them. "Of no value is told," or, as one might say "reckoned" or "esteemed." This meaning, together with the kindred meaning in which it is used with the noun "tale" in L'Allegro, has disappeared almost so completely that I once heard of a reader, who, referring to the lines—

And every shepherd told his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale,

said, "No doubt the tale the shepherd told was the old, old story." To picture Milton's shepherd making love to a shepherdess instead of counting his sheep is to introduce a more romantic episode; but I question if it is what the poet meant.

Apart from words which have disappeared entirely from our language, those which have partly or wholly lost their former significance might be classed roughly thus—those to which it would be impossible to restore original meanings, because of the totally different meanings they have had for many generations; and those which, though they still retain their true meanings, suggest ideas which would cause their general use to be regarded as an act of questionable taste. Gascoigne, writing "in prayse of Zouche late the Lady Greye of Wilton," whom he "found in a homely house," begins—

These rustic walles whome caukred yeares deface,
The comely corps of seemely Zouche enclose,
Whose auncient stocke deriude from worthy race,
Procures hir praise, where so the carkas goes.

That poet would now be a bold man who complimented a lady on her graceful "corps" or spoke of the praise which greeted her from all who beheld her lovely carcase. One might even hesitate (in this age of special trains and special editions) to sing, with Francis Beaumont, to the girl of one's heart—

Wake gently, wake,
Part softly from your dreames;
The morning flies
To your faire eyes,
To take her speciall beames.

Though this is hardly a case in point. Neither, perhaps, is the old Chaucerian "cursedness"—"Whan thritty tirauntz ful of cursednes"—familiar to us in the "cussedness" of the American humorist. In the following stanza from Tuberville—

Let Zeuxis Grapes not make him proude at al,
Though Fowles for them did skyr against a wall:
For if he should assay my Love to paint,
His art would fayle, his cunning fist would faint—

we feel glad to meet with the expressive, if at all times somewhat slighted, old word "skir," to fly (of the use of which there are only two instances in the whole of Shakespeare). But we would not insist on the "cunning fist" of Zeuxis, nor commend the phrase as happy and appropriate; it is an instance of the way in which the legitimate use of a word in certain connexions may suggest, by association, a vulgarity to modern ears. The same may be said of many phrases, though these be compounded of words used in their ordinary everyday meaning, as in Drayton's "Quest of Cynthia":—

Long wandering through the wood, said I,
"O whither's Cynthia gone?"
When soon the echo doth reply
To my last word—"go on!"

This is a counterpart of the mystical voice which called to Tennyson's Galahad "Ride on! the prize is near." To a contemporary of the poet there would be nothing of the low comedy of verse in this last line; but to us the Echo's reply would suggest an exclamation which (if we may trust the comic

journals and the occasional evidence of our own ears) is usually contracted into a forcible but ungraceful monosyllable.

Among the words to which it might be impossible to restore original meanings, for the reason that they have for so long had entirely different ones, would be such terms as "nice," which until nearly the end of the sixteenth century still meant foolish.

> The letter was not nice, but full of charge,
> Of dear import.

The Elizabethans were, however, already using it as a synonym of "precise" or "exact" ("spite his nice fence") as well as in its original meaning. In the title of Beaumont and Fletcher's drama *The Nice Valour* its use may be regarded as to some extent ambiguous, the character of the play admitting of its being understood either way; but there can be no doubt as to the sense in which Bianca uses it, in the *Taming of the Shrew*,

> I am not so nice,
> To change true rules for odd inventions.

a remark very pertinent to the present subject, and containing a valuable hint for those who so often corrupt the language in their efforts to improve it. The distorted meaning which we now usually attach to "nice" is, I believe, a growth from an ignorant use made of it by an eighteenth century bluestocking. "Dapper" is another word which has acquired for all time a meaning utterly incongruous to the true one—"hardy," "courageous," or "warlike." Even Milton speaks of the "pert faeries and the dapper elves," though it is not his least merit that he often uses a word so as to make a knowledge of its original meaning necessary to a correct understanding of the passage where it occurs; witness the first line of that which, taken separately, is one of the finest specimens of *rima ottava* in our language—to wit, the final passage of Lycidas:—

> Thus sung the uncouth swain to the oaks and rills,

that is, the unknown or obscure swain. This passage, like the one in which Tennyson's "prime swallow dips his wing," might convey a false idea to some readers, because we still retain "uncouth" as we do "prime"; whereas such a phrase as "the rathe primrose" would in many cases convey no idea whatever, since "rathe" is a word which has practically disappeared. It is in relation to such words as this that English writers who possess the requisite knowledge of their native language and literature might do much to counteract the tendency of which Mr. Rouse spoke with justifiable contempt.

The particular type of literary underbreeding which consists in the rejection of plain terms and a craving for new-fashioned words which are considered more elegant or more striking may be characteristic of a certain kind of contributors to our newspapers and popular magazines; but by them it is usually displayed in the neglect of words still in common use. It is by a revival of words which (to quote Caxton once more) "in these days be neither usyd ne understanden," that is to any extent, that writers of better literary training and taste might benefit us. I have mentioned Sir Samuel Ferguson's use of the verb "to swink," which was also used as a noun. "Let Austin have his swink to him reserved." In another Chaucerian line, the shield of Troilus is "thirled," that is, pierced by arrows. We know from Burns, that "thirl" is, or was, a familiar word in Lowland Scotch. A good expressive word it is, and worthy of being advanced once more from the vocabulary of the peasant to an accredited place in literature. Troilus himself, being sinewy and powerful, is "weldy," a derivative of the verb "to wield"; while the Squire in the Canterbury Tales is "wonderly deliver and great of strength"—a line which is considerably weakened when modernized, as it has been, into "of wonderful activity and strength." In Scott's novel, Evan Dhu says of Edward Waverley that he is clean made and "deliver," but this is the only instance I can recall of the word being introduced, with this old meaning, by a modern writer. In the Man of Law's tale, the husband of Custance casts her adrift in a rudderless boat, through another woman's "egge-ment." In *King Lear*, Edmund expresses himself more forcibly when he speaks of our being "all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on"; but in the older passage the sense is expressed in a single word with which we are still in touch through the phrase to "egg on."

Within the limit of this article, it would be impossible to give a complete list of those words which, having become more or less obsolete, might be revived with advantage; but a few additional instances may be given. In Spenser and in Surrey we find the useful word "revested"—"The pleasant spot revested green," but how few modern authors have availed themselves of it. It is, still, however, a recognized word. This can hardly be said of "fromward," which is also used by Surrey. We have "toward," "hitherward," and so on; why not "fromward?" In bidding us prepare for disappointment of our hopes, old Thomas Fuller warns us to "forethink what may come hereafter." We still "foresee," why should we not "forethink?" If in want of a synonym for "sorrowful" why should we not remember the "grieful pains" of Tuberville's lover, who, in another poem, speaks of his bed as once a "restful," but now a "careful" place! Here are two antithetical words, one of which we have retained while discarding the other, except in its sense of wary or cautious. I think it is Mill who says that it may be good to alter the meaning of a word, but that it is bad to let any part of the meaning drop.

In this age of the cheap newspaper, the popular magazine, and the ubiquitous novelist, the English language is in greater danger than it has ever been from ingenious persons of inadequate literary training or judgment. Therefore, it may not be out of place to glance, in passing, at the evil which may ensue from an incorrect use of legitimate words, no less than from corrupt innovations. A fault of this nature may be committed intentionally, and be so trivial as to count for little; though authors of standing should avoid furnishing a precedent to which inferior writers can appeal in justification of grosser errors. When Tennyson wrote—

> The fields between
> Are dewy-fresh, browsed by deep-udder'd kine,

he undoubtedly knew that cattle do not browse fields but graze them; but "browsed" gives superior fulness to his verse and the difference in meaning is slight. Some time ago I met with an amusing instance of the way in which the real meaning of a word may be ignored, in connexion with a picture illustrating an incident in a serial story by a popular author. It represented, during a storm at sea, a cabin on board ship, in one corner of which an elderly gentleman was crouching in a state of abject alarm, while beneath we were informed that "terror incarnate started from his eyes." Had he himself been described as an incarnation of terror, it would have been simple and easily understood; but terror in the flesh starting from his eyes was a little puzzling; the more so as the artist had wisely refrained from depicting so extraordinary a phenomenon.

At the beginning of this article, I referred to the old pre-Chaucerian monk whose native speech was the dialect of his own district, and through whose labours as a chronicler our language was recruited from the homespun English of the peasant. At the present day, if it is to be enriched by the restoration of old terms which were used by our forefathers, the task must rest mainly with the English scholar; for it seems to require a certain amount of literary culture to enable a writer to resist the temptation to use "fine" words. This is a propensity from which even the best of our peasant poets is not always free. In Tennyson's poem, Dora (who lived with her uncle, farmer Allan) "abode" at the farm, in good sound Anglo-Saxon; whereas Burns' Mary did not "abide" by Afton Water, though this would have suited his rhyme perfectly; she "resided" there, like the young lady who proceeded to her residence in a public conveyance instead of going home in an omnibus.

WILLIAM CAIRNS.

THE THEATRE.

"ENGLISH NELL"—"SWEET NELL OF OLD DRURY"—"IN THE SOUP."

Probably there are not two other actresses in London so different in person, in temperament, in technical accomplishment as Miss Marie Tempest and Miss Julia Neilson. And it is only charitable to suppose that the difference between them is still less marked than the difference between either and Nell Gwyn. That being so, the fact that they are just now both purporting to present Nell Gwyn to the playhouse public is a curious indication of the real value to be set on historical personages in the theatre. About the actual Nell Gwyn we know a good deal, and what is not known can by adult persons only too easily be guessed. Fortunately, the actual Nell Gwyn is not to be thought of for stage purposes. The modern audience—necessarily decorous if not necessarily moral—demands an unreal Nell Gwyn; but there are varying degrees of unreality, as you may see by passing from the Prince of Wales's to the Haymarket. There is the unreality which consists in tactful selection from known facts, in telling the truth but not the whole truth; that is the artistic way of handling a ticklish subject, and it is the way of Messrs. Anthony Hope and Edward Rose in *English Nell*. To get the real woman, we should only have to add some qualities of character and details of behaviour, ugly qualities and worse details, to the personage presented by Miss Marie Tempest. Miss Tempest is *petite*, so was Nell. Miss Tempest is saucy, Nell was brazen. Miss Tempest is generous, Nell was kindhearted. Miss Tempest is an enlightened and high-minded patriot; Nell pointed out, when mistaken for her French Catholic rival, that she was "the Protestant ——." The difference, then, is a difference only of degree. The fictitious Nell is here only the real Nell toned down. Miss Tempest is enabled to give us something of the truth not only by her own temperament but through the conscientiousness of her author, a man of letters as well as a man of parts, who cannot fly in the face of history, though he is obliged to veil a feature here and there. Nothing, indeed, could be happier than Mr. Hope's reconciliation of his historical knowledge with his gentlemanly instincts. Animalism, as his readers very well know, is not at all in his line. The heroines of his novels are coquettes, everyday or romantic, as the case may be, coldly imperious as Queens in a Court of Love, or "precious" as Princesses in the Pays de Tendre; but rude, fierce, elemental passion they have none. I do not remember the faintest hint of sensualism in any one of his works. Now to omit the sensualism not only from Nell Gwyn but from Charles and his whole Court, and yet to present a picture of Monarch, mistress, and courtiers, which is, at any rate, of superficial plausibility is no small feat. It is necessarily attended by one serious drawback. The relation of Nell and Charles cannot be made the central interest of the play; such love intrigue as all plays of the lighter kind require cannot be their love intrigue. Hence we are invited to follow the fortunes of a wholly fictitious pair of sweethearts, and the fortunes of this pair, Simon Dale and the Lady Barbara, excite only a mild interest. Simon, I fear, is a fool, and the Lady Barbara a stick. With what relief one turns to the roguish Nell, cracking jokes with a sly wink and a pout about her "virtue," and to Charles with his easy-going, cynical enjoyment of life! How gladly one would see more of the wicked pair! But the proprieties and Mr. Hope's naturally chaste muse forbid. At one moment, perhaps, the chastity of that muse verges on the ludicrous. "If only you had not been a King, Charles," says Nelly, with a sob in her voice, "you and I might have been ——." She would, it would seem, add "Darby and Joan" or (in the *rococo* classic style of her age) "Baucis and Philemon." Fortunately the curtain descends and cuts the sentimental incongruity short. Delightful, the roguery of Miss Tempest's Nell. Excellent, the dry humour of Mr. Frank Cooper's King Charles.

If at the Prince of Wales's you have the unreality of tactful suppression, at the Haymarket you have quite another unreality, that of sheer and tactless invention. In Mr. Paul Kester's *Sweet Nell of Old Drury* you have a Nell Gwyn who, in Mrs. Poyser's phrase, would have to be "born again and born different" to be in the least like the actual woman. She is, for all the text reveals to the contrary, a virtuous lady who carries on a platonic flirtation with the King through the medium of drawing-room ballads. She has a deadly enemy in Judge Jeffreys, whom she outwits by masquerading in his wig and gown, and stealing compromising letters from his pocket. In a word, the whole thing is nonsense. The beautiful Miss Julia Neilson, calling herself Nell Gwyn, remains quite unmistakably the beautiful Miss Julia Neilson. Charles, played by Mr. Fred Terry, is *en bois*.

A farce by the late Mr. Ralph Lumley, now to be seen at the Strand, is called *In the Soup*, because at the close of the second act all the personages are put to sleep by an opiate in the *consommé*. It is a wild and whirling absurdity of a sort which only sanguine believers in theatrical progress can venture to call old-fashioned. Mr. James Welch is amusing enough, but it is a pity that better work cannot be found for so conscientious and thoughtful an actor.

A. B. WALKLEY.

Reviews.

NORWAY.

In issuing Boyesen's NORWAY, which has reached several editions in America, for the Story of the Nations Series (Fisher Unwin, 5s.), the publishers have been well advised, though it is scarcely doubtful that a slight abridgment of the earlier and an enlargement of the later chapters by some competent hand would have enhanced its value for English readers. The author, whose early death has prevented a personal revision, admits in his preface that he has sacrificed proportion to the necessity of treating his subject dramatically. Hence the long period of union with Denmark (1387-1814), which embraces the Reformation, occupies less than fifty pages; while the period for which the Saga Literature is the chief authority takes up three-quarters of the work. If we compare the dates, it is as if a writer, in relating the story of England, were to use up half his space upon the British and Saxon periods, and then devote two-thirds of the remainder to the Norman and Plantagenet Kings.

There are obvious disadvantages in this plan, especially in regard to the object which this series may be presumed to have in view. The Story of a Nation should surely comprise a careful and continuous estimate of its social and political development; and if the people acquiesced for centuries in the extinction of their independence, and yet are distinguished to-day by an intense patriotism and a robust national life, it is of the first importance to explain the causes of so complete a change. Possibly the drain of the constant migration to the south under the Vikings combined with later sanguinary feuds at home to produce a kind of exhaustion in the race from which it took long to recover. On this difficult point Boyesen's book, which is mainly concerned with a distant past, quite fails to satisfy the reader. But as a popular history of Norway to the close of the Middle Ages it is likely to hold the field, for the writer had a profound acquaintance with the old Norse Sagas, while the ease and grace of his simple style seem to revive their very spirit. This edition is judiciously illustrated, chiefly from antiques and characteristic local scenery. It is, perhaps, natural for a Norwegian patriot of to-day to avert his gaze from a time when his countrymen seemed to be politically dormant, hibernating, as it were, in preparation for the spring of a lusty rejuvenescence. But the centuries so lightly passed over in this book are just those in which national progress in the rest of Europe was most conspicuous; and one cannot doubt that, even in Norway's darkest days, the foundations were being slowly laid for that remarkable revival which took place within living memory. The English visitor, while enjoying the hospitality of Norwegians in their marvellously beautiful land, cannot fail to

be attracted by the character of the people. Through their kindly and homely way they seem to him, as in fact they are, more like relations than strangers; and he will not forget that the intelligence and sturdy independence of the race contributed largely to the making of his own nation. If he be sometimes irritated by a certain placid indifference to the value of time, this may help him to solve the problem of Norway's long hibernation, for he will remember that the Arendian seclusion of glen, forest, and fjord, so restful to his own wearied spirit, is not exactly favourable to the growth of new ideas. And yet, as Mr. C. F. Keary shows in a chapter appended to this book on the recent politics of Norway, the temper of the people is now strongly democratic; and the introduction of universal suffrage, which comes into force in the present year, is likely to make this tendency more pronounced. Boyesen well points out in his closing pages that, though Norway with her small population can "cut no great figure in the world," she can vie with the best in the arts of peace; and it needs no prophet to foretell a high future for the country which can boast of Grieg and Nansen, of Ibsen and Jonas Lie.

RECENT VERSE.

The poets and poetesses who bloom in the summer are as numerous as ever this year. Though too many of them still put bad and indifferent together with good work there are several to whom this remark does not apply, while it would not be difficult to collect from the general output a fairly substantial volume of lyrics which should possess real worth and interest. In such a volume there would certainly be more than one contribution from a modest little grey pamphlet by Maud Curwen, THORKEL MANI AND OTHER POEMS (Rentell, 1s. n.). The title piece ranks decidedly above the average as a specimen of hexameters, and a little more revision would have made it very good indeed. Miss Curwen's exercise is noticeable for the success which has attended the difficult search for spondees of full weight and value. She has found for her thirty-four lines a fair proportion of disyllables which are natural spondees, but she is less successful in observing the natural dactyl, as witness the following lines:—

> There where his *bondsmen first* found them, e'en there rose
> the smoke of the homestead.
> Many now followed the *White Christ, the* old gods were
> lonely and weary.
> Down to the echoing *sea strand where* rays of the sun may
> fall on me.

As a dactyl "bondsmen first" is a veritable mouthful.

Technically speaking a higher level is attained in other poems and measure, but all the verse in the book shows real poetic feeling and imagination. To two poems in blank verse, "Entering Achill" and "The Mad Musician Speaks," we can turn with unalloyed pleasure. They are both a little too long to quote, but here is a fine sonnet:—

> The wind this evening in the tossing pines
> Chants the fierce hymn that it has sung of old,
> An immemorial song. The rain-drops cold
> Dash in our faces, and the ruined vines
> Trail on the trampled earth, the river twines
> With angry murmur through the barren wold
> To reach the ocean, the black night doth fold
> The world in its embrace as day declines.
>
> Ah, God, we part! As through the gathering night
> Yon lightning-flash along the stormy skies
> Revealed each hidden pine—so hearts lay bare,
> Soul leapt to soul, clear seen in dazzling light,
> And now we dare not seek each other's eyes
> Lest we should find too deep a knowledge there.

In AD ASTRA, Mr. Charles Whitworth Wynne gives us rather a fine poem, luxuriously printed on hand-made paper, and published by Messrs. Grant Richards at seven shillings and sixpence net. "The night of sorrow," as runs the Shakespearian motto, "now is turned to joy"; for text St. Matt. xxiii., 37-39 is taken (the passage on the two great commandments); and the book is dedicated "To an Unknown Goddess." We mention these introductories advisedly since they are thoroughly indicative of the character of the poem and the trend of its thought. The opening stanzas are, with good judgment, plitted in quiet tones and are quoted as adequately representative of Mr. Wynne's style:—

> The leaves are falling fast, and Winter drear
> Steals on apace with fingers rough and cold,
> With marble touch his hoary hand doth sear
> The very heart-strings of the poor and old—
> The little songsters in the leafy wold
> Are quiet now, no more to charm the sky
> With rapture of a love that cannot die.
>
> All things must die, all things must have an end
> That tell of a beginning and a birth,
> All things must die, and soon or late must lend
> Their little pile of dust to swell the earth,
> But Love came with us in our baby-mirth,
> Love came beside us, taught us how to smile,
> And Love will guide us through Death's dark defile.

A little later on, however, where a more personal note is struck, the note of despondency is too strongly emphasized. Doubtless it is accentuated designedly in order to heighten the effect of the saner condition of mind which it is the author's intention presently to describe. Still the spectacle of a young poet deliberately sitting down alone to pine luxuriously after the "some one to love" who will probably come to him in the fulness of time is a mournful object for contemplation. There is a morbidness in the attitude which reminds one of the youth who wept copiously on escaping from a shipwreck because, as he said, if he had been drowned there would have been no sweetheart to lament his loss. But all this is soon flung aside, the poet rises into a self-contained enthusiasm for and confidence in the wisdom of a universal Plan, unfathomable yet none the less divine. On one or two minor points we think that a poem of this kind gains nothing by the introduction of stanzas upon the world-wide dominion of the Anglo-Saxon race. And in quite another direction we are at issue with Mr. Wynne's use of the word "Philosophy." "Self," he cries, "is the basis of Philosophy," and again:—

> Only to hearts devoid of human feeling
> Only to natures cold as thy cold creed,
> Can thy trite truths, Philosophy, bring healing.

And there is more of the same sort, all true enough if applied to one philosophic system or another, but obviously unfair to Philosophy in its broadest sense.

The poems in A MODERN PROPHET, by Eleanor Gray, which goes clad in the neat green uniform peculiar to some of Messrs. Kegan Paul's five-shilling publications, are very unequal, though some of them will repay perusal. "Vashti" is too fragmentary to be very effective, though there are good passages in it; while the story of Stradella is the merest sketch of the tragedy of his stolen love, his oratorio, and his assassination. That such a theme can be treated shortly and yet with tremendous force is shown once for all by Browning's "In a Gondola," a touchstone which it would perhaps be kinder not to approach too closely to the piece under discussion. And is not this rather a far-fetched simile?

> The night is kind, the stars bend over us
> So whitely clustered, like the bosom's snow
> Of some sweet mother bending o'er her babe.

In point of verse-craft "A latter-day friendship," a poem on the evolution of women, in the form of letters between two women friends, is not a success, the feet appearing, in many lines, to "buckle-up" through overcrowding. "You write as poets write," begins one friend to the other, yet the style of the letter

alluded to serves only to remind us of that of the famous bank-clerk who tried (and failed) to say what he had to say over the counter in rhetorical blank verse. Far more interesting are the strong couplets upon Adam de la Halle, the hunchback and troubadour of Arras, and the author of "Le Jeu de Robin et de Marion," the first comic opera, we think, in existence. This poem should send many to the records of that queer career. The sonnet sequence, too, called "Eloise to Abelard" is well and sympathetically written.

Sonnet sequences are also much in evidence in Mr. J. S. Ingram's SONNETS AND OTHER POEMS (Black, 3s. 6d.), very few of which have been previously published, in spite of the fact that their accomplished author is now well on in years. A notable instance to the contrary, however, is afforded by the last poem in the book, "The Memory of the Dead," which was first published in the Irish "Nation" in 1843, and has since been more than once reprinted in collections of Irish verse. It is better known, perhaps, by its first line, "Who fears to speak of Ninety-Eight?" and has had the distinction of setting many a heart beating in a cause the justice and expediency of which it does not come within the province of *Literature* to discuss. Outside our range, too, politically speaking, are the poems addressed to 1899, to England and to Mr. Kruger, though here we cannot restrain a protest against the allusion to the Transvaal as the Helvetia of the South. One turns with greater pleasure to the sonnets. In these Mr. Ingram stands revealed as an enthusiastic admirer of Comte, to whose social philosophy is due the series of poems called "The Religion of Humanity," while the ode upon "The Triumph of Humanity" is based upon the conception of the Supreme Being which was a main outcome of his system of thought. In the first series, too, the "Love and Sorrow," it is easy to discern the influence of Comte's mind, in the intense recognition of the value and utility of perfect womanhood (mellowed here by a tender and chastened sympathy), and in the reverence for Dante, an echo of whose sublimity rings here and there through verse to which clings something of the atmosphere that one associates with old cathedrals, dim and finely windowed.

Love and sorrow have also gone to the making of Mr. John Cornwaile's YVONNE (Burleigh, 1s. 6d. n.), a poem which shows him to be an ardent and loyal lover, and a diligent hunter after phrases in which to set forth his devotion. More often, it must be confessed, he returns empty handed from the chase, still we find (if the term conveys anything to our readers) a certain "liquidness" about his verse which, taken together with the above-mentioned attributes, makes it easier to forgive him some doubtful rhymes, a few obscurities, and an occasional metrical audacity.

A little saddened by "Yvonne" we look for something to restore the balance, which swings over with a vengeance upon our taking up BACCHUS AND BOHEMIA, written and published by Mr. Alexander Miller of Glasgow. In these short pieces Mr. Miller lives and loves and enjoys the good things of this world in a truly catholic and enthusiastic spirit, and there is no doubt whatever as to the swing and "go" of his metres. It gives a pleasant sense of security to know that you can start on your way through a lyric with no risk of having to put the brake on to avoid obstructions, and you may read almost any one of these songs aloud with never a fear of that kind. Only (and the title should prepare you for this) be a little careful of your audience. It is all, or nearly all, extremely rollicking and jolly, but it is also, alas! here and there irresponsible to the verge of offence.

THE FISHER SPIRIT AND OTHER POEMS (The Unicorn Press, 6d.) is much more worthy of Mr. T. W. H. Crosland than the little book of his we alluded to a few weeks ago. In this booklet of eight poems, only one of which is of any length, there is both thought and style, a true feeling for the significant word and the dignified rhythm. We quote one of the poems, "The Yeoman," as apt to the times, though we doubt the truth of its contrast between the city and the town:—

Across the counties came the sound
Of war-drums that his fathers knew;
He had no heart for horse or hound,
He said, "Am I not English, too?"

All the old ardours in his blood
Leapt like the flame from smitten steel,
And, to himself revealed, he stood
A buttress of the commonweal.

So that, if cities give their pride
To strengthen England's righteous arm,
Men, too, are bred by countryside
And quiet grange and folded farm.

Mr. Patchett Martin has already referred in these columns to Mr. A. H. Adams, and we have kept for special notice his MAORILAND AND OTHER VERSES (the Bulletin Newspaper Company, Sydney, 3s. 6d.). His love for and pride in his own beautiful country is a pleasant feature of his poems. He is seen to less advantage in his more amatory poems. Here his passion sometimes betrays him into fervid and ecstatic reminiscences which often quite seriously interfere with his metre. In calmer moods, however, he can write such touching and tender lines as are to be found in "A lament" and "A lullaby." "A song of failure" is vigorous, while "And yet—" gives very poignant expression to the tender doubt with which it is concerned. But it is too long to quote, and we give instead a few couplets from a rather striking study, "The Australian":—

Rearing his cities in the sand,
He builds where even God has banned.

With green a continent he crowns
And stars a wilderness with towns.

His gyves of steel the great plain wears,
With paths the distances he snares.

A child who takes a world for toy,
To build a nation, or destroy.

His childish features frozen stern,
A nation's task he has to learn.

From feeble tribes to federate
One splendid peace-encompassed State.

But if there be no goal to reach,
The way lies open, dawns beseech!

Enough that he lay down his load
A little further on the road.

So, toward undreamed-of destinies
He slouches down the centuries.

He often, too, strikes well the lyrical and personal note:—

The world has grown so grey, love,
The weary world so wide;
And autumn seems to stay, love—
'Twas autumn when you died.

And everything is strange and new,
For all my world has died with you
It lacks the light you gave.
And sad-eyed dusk awaits alway,
And the nights wedge in the narrow day
Like the walls of an open grave!

CRICKETING REMINISCENCES.

The close of the cricket season is an appropriate time for reminiscences, and as the cricketer reviews the experiences of the last few months—months which have provided him with wickets of every description, changing at times with great suddenness "from lively to severe"—he will like also to be reminded of the fortunes that alternately smiled and frowned upon the players of an earlier generation. Such amusement is afforded to him by a perusal of THE WALKERS AT SOUTHGATE

(Methuen, 15s.). The author, Mr. W. A. Bettesworth, has been assisted by Mr. E. T. Sachs in putting together the host of reminiscences supplied by old cricketing friends of the Walkers. His book—admirable as it is in many respects—is uneven in merit. The various contributors have perhaps been a little too anxious to commemorate every detail of their connexion with the famous brothers; and the British passion for statistics—greater even than our love for the national game—has always stood in the way of a really first-rate book on cricket. Until some writer is content merely to hold up the mirror to nature on the cricket field we shall not have a Peter Beckford or an Isaac Walton of the bat and ball.

There is, however, a good deal in this book which should appeal to the ordinary reader. In their varied experiences, as leaders of Harrow cricket, founders of Middlesex cricket, and organizers of the famous Southgate Club which lowered the colours of the United England Eleven, the brothers Walker saw a vast amount of that human nature which is common to both "drybobs" and "wetbobs." Both of them are fond of colour.

> To Mr. Alfred Walker belongs the credit of inventing the ne plus ultra of flannels. For a year or two he appeared in brilliant red flannel trousers, and it is rumoured that once, when he was waiting at Colney Hatch Station to see some cricketer off who had been playing at Southgate, he happened to raise his leg just as an express appeared in sight, and the driver, thinking that it was a danger signal, brought his train to a full stop amidst considerable excitement.

Another equally human story is told of Tom Emmett, the famous Yorkshire bowler. In a match between Yorkshire and Middlesex, Tom bowled the late Mr. I. D. Walker with a fast ball, which twisted considerably more than the breadth of the wicket.

> Everybody was astonished, and no one more so than I.D., who, quite taken aback, stood for a moment looking at the destroyed wicket. Whereupon Tom Emmett, in the fulness of his satisfaction, walked up to him and said, "We ca' that oot in ma coontry."

In the chapter of reminiscences contributed by Professor Case we come across a graphic picture of the stickler for form as he appears on the cricket field.

> I was playing on August 1st and 2nd, 1864, for Middlesex v. M.C.C., and was fielding close to Thoms, the umpire, when Mr. Charles Marsham was clearly stumped off Mr. V. E. Walker's bowling, and Thoms gave the famous decision, "Not out—out, I mean." I believe that the dispute arising out of this equivocal response lasted all lunch-time, but I heard nothing of it. When, however, we went out again, Charles Marsham, who had the letter of the law on his side, reappeared at the wicket, but, having thus asserted his right, in a proper spirit deliberately knocked his wicket down first ball, and to this day appears in the cricket scores as "hit wicket, b. V. E. Walker."

In Talks with Old English Cricketers (Blackwood, 6s.), Mr. A. W. Pullin ("Old Ebor") has now and again had some difficulty in getting his "Old English Cricketers" to unburden themselves. Sometimes in his relief at getting them to say something he has attached undue value to their words. On the whole, we think, the great hitter, Mr. C. I. Thornton, has responded most freely to the interviewer's call. There is a relish of romance (we do not mean romancing) in his reminiscences of his mighty hits. After reading them one sees in the mind's eye balls flying about in all directions, over chimney tops, down vast terraces to the sea, through conservatory windows. The air is pregnant with disaster. But Mr. Thornton has not told "Old Ebor" one of his best stories. A cricketer with whom Mr. Thornton was unacquainted turned up to play on a side of which the latter was captain. With a view to arranging the order in which the side should go in to bat he was asked what sort of a player he might be. "I am not a W.G.," was the answer, "but I may as well tell you in confidence that I have never made 0." "Put him down eleven," added Mr. Thornton, "he cannot have seen much cricket."

PHILOSOPHY.

Vague Idealisms.

The increased study in England of German philosophy—a revolt against the dominance in the world of thought of the experimental methods of physical science—has led of late to a good deal of speculative activity which if not, it is to be feared, always very fruitful. The pleasure of metaphysical speculation is quite distinct from that of a simple search for truth. It provides a mental gymnastic, and the intellect, like the body, enjoys the mere consciousness of its own activity. An acrobat is able through certain acquired qualities of bone and muscle to assume an infinity of postures, none of which will be of much service to him in performing the ordinary physical duties of life. So in the world of abstract thought, a mind of sufficient subtlety can devise an immense number of "points of view," and yet produce scarcely any definite and pregnant thought. Nevertheless, it may be admitted that the "point of view" is often stimulating; it may flood a category of thought, a body of facts with a new light. We are, however, entitled to ask that it shall be lucidly expressed and realize itself in concrete illustration. This is what was done by Emerson—whose essays consist mainly of a vast number of points of view. Mr. Santayana, in his Poetry and Religion (A. and C. Black, 6s.), includes an appreciative essay on Emerson; but, unlike Emerson, he himself, endowed with a large philosophic vocabulary, too often goes astray in recondite abstractions. He is a metaphysical acrobat whose gyrations leave an impression of suppleness and flexibility rather than of strength.

In the attempt to prove the identity of poetry and religion—"poetry is called religion when it intervenes on life, and religion, when it merely supervenes upon life, is seen to be nothing but poetry"—he has a subject eminently suited to all kinds of excursions into the abstract. He has a great idea that our age has relapsed into barbarism because it has lost the ideal; it is ignorant of the past because it regards it only as a mechanical stepping-stone to the present. "Existences that cause one another exclude one another; each is alien to the rest inasmuch as it is the product of new and different conditions. Ideas that cause nothing unite all things by giving them a common point of reference and a single standard of value." This, despite its apparent profundity, seems to us the merest word chopping. If "existences" cause one another, they are not the product of new and different conditions. The study of these conditions is one of the most fruitful and familiar pursuits of the modern thinker. Are there any "ideas that cause nothing"? Certainly not, if we mean ideas embodied in human action. If we mean pure conceptions of the mind, it would be interesting to identify one which we can use to-day as a standard of value for the whole course of past human history. Mr. Santayana, Platonist as he is, requires a Socrates to bring him to book. How would that uncompromising inquirer have dealt with the assertion that the essential conception of philosophy is "that the destiny of emotion is to pass into objects which shall contain all its value while losing all its formlessness"? These intellectual gymnastics do not encourage us to find in this book the sound guidance of a clear-headed thinker. Nor do we find this expectation in any degree agreeably falsified in the essay, to take one instance, on Shakespeare. Shakespeare, we are told, does not give us "all that the highest poet could give because he is without a philosophy and without a religion." And the reason for this is given in a remarkable paragraph which tells us that modern taste is "largely exotic, largely a revolution in favour of something ancient or foreign." This has prevented the true expression of either the old or the new. "The strange idea could thus gain admittance that art was not called upon to deal with everything; that its sphere was the world of polite conventions. The serious and sacred things of life were to be left unexpressed and inarticulate." Anything further than the plays of Shakespeare from "the world of polite conventions" it is difficult to imagine; and Mr. Santayana does not seem able to recognize that Shakespeare is not a philosopher nor a theologian because he is a dramatist.

The Rev. P. Hately Waddell, an idealist of a different type, the author of CHRISTIANITY AS AN IDEAL (Blackwood, 3s. 6d.), moves, like Mr. Santayana, too consistently in a world of abstractions, though he has a clearer idea of what it is he is driving at. That the Christian ideal must appeal or should appeal to-day not as of old to faith and emotion only but to man as a thinking being is the thesis which he states and restates in an immense number of academic phrases. It is a thesis which as a statement not tested, not amplified by a direct application to life and experience, remains a mere theological formula; and we fear that readers of Mr. Waddell's book will find the expectations formed by his attractive title disappointed. But they will find a good deal that is suggestive in his book—such passages, for example, as his contrast of the Greek and the Hebrew view of the world. The former, which recognizes "the unity of man and the world in one rational ideal," is undoubtedly prominent in the religious thought of the day, as is also the Hellenic temper of free inquiry. And the religious thinker of the present day will find a curious bond of union with a too much neglected mediæval philosopher who, across ten centuries, in which materialism and dogma have too often stifled the true voice of religion, speaks to us of the inner light of the spiritual reason—in the study, namely, of Scotus Erigena, who has lately been recalled to us in a careful and thoughtful volume by Miss Alice Gardner, called STUDIES IN JOHN THE SCOT (Frowde, 2s. 6d.), in which the apparent inconsistencies and mediæval prepossessions of Scotus are shown to throw into relief the true originality and even modernity of his conceptions.

Evolution and Conduct.

In EVOLUTION (Methuen, 5s.), Dr. Jevons inquires to what extent evolutionism, if accepted as a theory of the universe, does, or rather should (for in an illogical world, such as ours, men's actions are but little affected by their theoretical views), influence human thought and conduct. He notes the variety of conclusions reached by men who, although differing on most points, agree in looking upon themselves as authorized exponents of scientific truth. Dr. Jevons disputes their infallibility, not so much on the ground of bad science, as on that of bad metaphysics.

> Much learned dust
> Involves the combatants, each claiming truth,
> And truth disclaiming both. And thus they spend
> The little wick of life's poor shallow lamp
> In playing tricks with Nature. . . .

Dr. Jevons holds that we are all born speculators. Religious and scientific truth both start from assumptions for which there is little or no evidence. "The axioms of science are not and cannot be proved either by experience or in any other way; on what does the man of science ground his belief in them? On faith." Religion and science alike have their root in faith. "We believe in the axioms of science because we wish to believe that they are true. There is no reason except there first be faith. . . . We believe in the principles of morality not because we can prove them or bring evidence to show that a man ought to do what is right, but because we wish to believe, and because we have faith in the right." We need not pause to inquire whether e.g., the law of causation is not an induction from facts; but surely there is a radical distinction between the man who adopts a working hypothesis, not accepting it as truth, until sufficiently verified, and the metaphysician, who takes his unverified conjectures for facts and raises on them a structure as unstable as the foundation on which it rests. Dr. Jevons, however, is practically at one with the "common-sense" school in holding that the dictates of consciousness are to be implicitly received, and that we have an intuitive knowledge of certain ideas, and the reality of the ne'uell. "The natural world is directly apprehended as at once in our consciousness and beyond it. . . . The reality of existence, of knowledge, of goodness is not an inference, but a matter of direct apprehension." We have no space, of course, to discuss the idealist position. The belief in an external something independent of perception is certainly incapable of scientific proof. Among the best essays in this interesting and suggestive book are those which deal with "Pessimism," "Optimism," and "Progress." The author defines progress as the "continuous approximation to the ideals of truth, beauty, goodness, and holiness," and human evolution "as the progressive revelation of the ideal in and to man." To the evolutionist, who is neither unduly optimistic, nor severely pessimist, but moderately hopeful, progress means nothing more than adaptation, and an act is only moral when it is conducive to the general well-being. Still even here there is room for ideals, and there are other forces and influences operative in human progress than the struggle for life and the survival of the fittest.

AN ESSAY ON MENTAL CULTURE, by G. A. Hight (Dent, 3s. 6d. n.), has a promising title. On the cultivation of the mind there is much that is new to be said as social conditions change. But, unfortunately, the book lapses at once into metaphysics, on which too many barren works have already been written; and is devoted to an exposition of the writer's own philosophy, which is founded on perception, and holds that all error proceeds from reason. Here and there some shrewd and well-expressed thoughts will be found on such subjects as the relation of the will to belief.

Dr. J. Hutchison Stirling's WHAT IS THOUGHT? (Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark, 10s. 6d.) contains a general statement of his philosophic position conveyed for the most part in the form of criticisms on the great German thinkers. It is written in his well-known abrupt conversational style, full of solid learning and a vigour which age has not diminished. Many passages breathe an almost lyrical fervour; and, if there is often no effort to make the meaning plain in detail, we always feel that the writer is intensely in earnest with his subject. Dr. Stirling's philosophy is a form of Personal Idealism and his criticism of Kant from that standpoint is true and well put. On Hegel he is less convincing and, as in earlier works, he wastes much time in arguing that Hegel's system was substantially at one with his own.

THE SCIENTIFIC BASIS OF MORALITY, by G. Gore (Sonnenschein, 10s. 6d. n.), is a bulky volume, decidedly ambitious in its scope and promise. Its object is "to place the subject of human conduct upon a comprehensive scientific basis, and supply a rational want." Unfortunately, the author does not seem to have made a very careful study of ethics, or to have formed very definite notions about science. "The limits of science," he says, "are virtually boundless." The work is a rich mine of quotations, largely from the poets, with occasional verses which seem to be of the author's own composition. But it does not throw much light on the basis of morality.

OTHER NEW BOOKS.

Counsels of Health.

The latest addition to the "Temple Cyclopædic Primers" is THE HUMAN FRAME AND THE LAWS OF HEALTH, by Dr. Rehmann and Dr. Seiler (Dent, 1s. 6d. n.). The book is divided into two sections. The first is concerned with the structure and activities of the body. Here the outline of human anatomy is excellent, a great deal of clear information about the more important structures being packed away in a small compass and illustrated with useful diagrams. But the statements regarding physiological function are not always so satisfactory. One result, probably an inevitable one, of the brief and condensed style adopted is that even the most complicated processes have to be dismissed in a few lines, and though the facts stated in these lines may be accurate enough so far as they go, yet the reader is apt to derive from them that half-knowledge which is of doubtful advantage, together with a fallacious idea of the simplicity of matters about which in some cases the most recent research has found out little more than its own ignorance. To a certain extent the second section on the laws of health exhibits similar defects. In the middle of a mass of ordinary facts that every one should know, there suddenly appears a somewhat dogmatic pronouncement on some measure of practical hygiene as to

the necessity or possibility of which there is by no means general agreement, while the trail of the faddist is distinctly over such a dictum as that drinking water must not be brought through leaden or iron pipes—a thing that is constantly done without any ill-effects being produced. The translation from the German original has been made by Mr. F. W. Keeble, and to him are possibly to be ascribed one or two slips that may be noticed in the book—in particular the persistent use of the word typhus where typhoid is doubtless meant.

We have received a new, revised, and cheaper edition of Dr. Yorke Davis' HEALTH AND CONDITION IN THE ACTIVE AND SEDENTARY (Sampson Low, 2s. 6d.). It is a sensible book which airs no fads; but its value would be greater if the author, who insists very emphatically on the need for exercise, would descend to more particulars, and point out the advantages of calisthenics, and particularly of free gymnastics—the easiest kinds of exercise for the dweller in cities to obtain and those which can be most easily adapted to the exigencies of any particular organ.

THE WAY TO BE WELL, by Mrs. Yorke Smith (Wells, Gardner, Darton, 3d.), gives good advice to girls in the matter of preserving their health. Among other things it gives concise directions for performing some of those Swedish exercises which are so useful in keeping the human organism in good trim.

War Books.

Mr. John A. Buttery, the author of WHY KRUGER MADE WAR (Heinemann, 3s. 6d.), is a journalist who has lived and sub-edited in the Transvaal; and his book is apparently a *rechauffé* of newspaper articles. They have the incisiveness that one expects from the work of the man on the spot, and illuminate the British case with anecdotes and circumstantial details. The relations, for example, of Mr. Kruger—that foe of financiers—with the financial house of Lewis and Marks are set forth in a manner that must be exceedingly disconcerting to pro-Boers; and the prevalent corruption among Transvaal officials is illustrated by typical cases—the case, for instance, of "Old Schutte," head of the police, who embezzled £13,000, and was, nevertheless, permitted after a brief holiday to resume the reins of office. There are also some accounts, derived from Boer sources, of the British reverses at Magersfontein, Colenso, Spion Kop, and Stormberg. In the case of Spion Kop it appears that the Boers agree with General Buller that Colonel Thorneycroft's retirement was well advised. There was no water; the trenches were enfiladed; schanzes could not be made; and the height had little value as a strategical point. Colonel Thorneycroft, therefore, "did the only thing possible." The impression certainly grows that that gallant officer has been hardly used and censured with injudicious haste.

WITH THE BOER FORCES (Methuen, 6s.), by Howard C. Hillegas, a correspondent of the *New York World*, is, we believe, the first description of the war from the point of view of the enemy's laagers. It is not a consecutive history, but a series of essays on such subjects as "the composition of the Boer army," "the generals of the war," "foreigners in the war," &c.; and the accounts of such military episodes as are related or referred to often differ from those which our own generals have sent home. We are told, for instance, that 350 burghers cleared our men off Spion Kop, though we had been given to understand that the evacuation of that eminence was not due to the burghers at all, but to the shell-fire; and the story of Paardeberg is told without mention of the exploit of the Canadians. Such omissions do not inspire confidence in the accuracy of the author, or dispose us to accept, without confirmation, such statements as that, when Delagoa Bay was blockaded, "the vessels which succeeded in passing the blockading warships were invariably consigned to Englishmen, and without exception these were unpatriotic enough to sell the supplies to agents employed by the Transvaal Government." His book, however, is good reading, and contains some good stories, and some graphic pictures. It will be news to most Englishmen that, when General Cronje surrendered, "a fancy dress ball was held in Johannesburg, in honour of the event, and a champagne dinner was given within a few yards of the Government buildings in Pretoria"; and this picture of laager life is interesting:—

> General Meyer pitched quoits with his men, General Botha swapped tobacco with any one of his burghers, and General Smuts and one of his officers held the whist championship of their laager. Rarely a burgher touched his hat before speaking to an officer, but he invariably shook hands with him at meeting and parting. It is a Boer custom to shake hands with friends or strangers, and whenever a general visited a laager adjoining his own, the hand shaking reminded one of the President's public reception days at Washington. . . . Many of the burghers could not restrain from exercising the habit, and shook hands with British prisoners, much to the astonishment of the captured.

On the whole Mr. Hillegas writes as a pro-Boer, and without that respect for British soldiers which would probably be hammered into him if he himself had occasion to meet them face to face upon the field of battle; but he is also keenly alive to the military deficiencies of the burghers, and is particularly severe upon Joubert, who, he thinks, if he had known his business, might easily have stormed Ladysmith, and raided Natal to the sea. Possibly he is right. Some of our own military experts have expressed the same opinion. But his military criticism shows, on the whole, more ignorance than knowledge of military matters; and it is really his anecdotes that make his book interesting. This is rather a good story of some Boer boys who "bailed up" a hundred Highlanders at Magersfontein:—

> One of the young Boers approached them, then called his friends, and, scratching his head, asked "What shall we do with them?" There was a brief consultation, and it was decided to allow the Highlanders to return to their column. When the young burghers arrived at the Boer laager with the captured rifles and bandoliers, General Cronje asked them why they did not bring the men. The youths looked at each other for a while; then one replied, rather sheepishly: "We did not know they were wanted."

Political Economy.

Mr. A. H. Gibson's little treatise on NATURAL ECONOMY (Birmingham: Cornish Brothers), was intended, he tells us, to form the first portion of a work on Political Economy, which he has not as yet been able to complete. It is an attempt to think out, on independent lines, those preliminary postulates which are occasionally ignored or taken for granted by writers of economic text-books. The term Political Economy, Mr. Gibson thinks, is generally used in a vague way to embrace the whole science of human economics, and confusion of thought has resulted from the lack of distinction between its various divisions. These he names Natural Economy, subjective and objective; Cosmopolitan Economy, Communital Economy, and Individual Economy. It is with the first of these that he deals in this book. He seems to us better able to think for himself than to express his thoughts clearly for others, and we doubt whether any valuable end is served by his new terminology. Not content with the ordinary terms used by economists (some of which, in truth, would bear improvement), Mr. Gibson has, with praiseworthy industry, evolved a new set for himself. It may be prejudice on our part, but, on the whole, we find them more difficult to understand than the old. Moreover, his style is not clear; a beginner might find the following sentence, for example, a little breathless:—

> It will be obvious, from what is stated above, that the happiest economical condition obtains when the potential surplus ratio is greatest, not necessarily in a human community, that all the possible surplus products may be evolved, as the alternative object of improving the conditions of existence may take the direction of rest from, or partial cessation of, production; but the ultimate objects of human existence can only be gratified, in a degree directly dependent on the greater or less potential surplus ratio.

But if the little book cannot be regarded as a strikingly original or profound contribution to economic literature, it

shows a patient and praiseworthy effort to analyse and explain the elementary truth which must be grasped by every student of the science.

Before Raphael.

The number of works on Italian painters which have lately appeared in print, or are in course of preparation, is truly marvellous, and if visitors to the picture-galleries of Europe are not thoroughly well acquainted with the contents of these museums and with the qualities of the different schools represented, it will certainly not be for lack of opportunities of instruction. Already two separate series, dealing with the chief Italian artists, and for the most part written by authors of marked ability, are in progress, and now we have a third, published by the Catholic Truth Society. Its first two volumes (6d. n. each), which have appeared simultaneously, are FRA ANGELICO, by Virginia Crawford, and SANDRO BOTTICELLI, by A. Streeter. Both are square in shape, and are simply but tastefully bound in grey and white boards. Each little volume has a portrait of the painter whose name it bears. That of Fra Angelico is reproduced from a work ascribed to another Dominican master, Fra Bartolommeo, of San Marco, while the fine head of Botticelli is taken from the painter's own fresco of The Destruction of Korah in the Sistine Chapel. As might be expected, the authors of these books both write from a Roman Catholic point of view, and Mrs. Crawford quotes largely from Rio's "Art Chrétien" as well as from the works of Montalembert and other approved Roman authorities. Mr. Streeter is more critical and accurate in his description of individual paintings, and has evidently studied Morelli and Richter as well as Müntz and Symonds. But many of his ascriptions would be hotly disputed by these critics, and both the Madonna in the Louvre and the so-called Casa Canigiani Madonna at Vienna, as well as the panels illustrating Boccaccio's weird story of Nastagio degli Onesti, all of which he includes among Botticelli's genuine pictures, have long been recognized to be the work of inferior assistants. On the other hand, the present writer omits all mention of the Ambrosiana Madonna, one of Botticelli's most perfect and indisputable works, and does not allude to his noble portrait of Giovanni de' Medici in the Uffizi. The beautiful Adoration of the Magi in the Hermitage Gallery is certainly not, as Mr. Streeter tells us, a large picture, although it is still finer in quality than the well-known Adoration of the Uffizi. On the whole, however, both of these little monographs are well and carefully put together, and their convenient size and cheapness will not fail, we feel sure, to commend them to that large class of travellers who shrink from embarking on more solid literature.

Books on the exploits of the various regiments in our Army have been frequent of late; but Major Arthur Griffiths' FAMOUS BRITISH REGIMENTS (Unwin, 2s. 6d.) pleases us better than the rest. It is not merely a dull catalogue of stirring deeds, but has numerous anecdotes scattered about its pages, clears up many points obscure to the unprofessional reader—the difference, for instance, between the three sorts of artillery, and between rifle regiments and regiments of the Line—and pays particular attention to recent events in South Africa. It is a pity that the author could not find space to deal with the Royal Engineers. His book is so short that his apologies for omitting them will hardly seem satisfactory to sappers.

A somewhat pathetic interest is attached to the essay on SIR WILLIAM WALLACE: THE HERO OF SCOTLAND, by P. H. M'Kerlie, F.S.A.Scot., F.R.G.S., &c. (Glasgow: Morison Bros.), owing to the death of the writer on the very day on which it was published. Mr. M'Kerlie was the last of the male descendants of Wallace's friend and companion Kerlie, who was slain when the Scottish hero was captured; and the present eulogy of Wallace was written in view of the unveiling of the memorial which has been erected on the spot where, according to tradition, the capture occurred. Although it is claimed for the paper that it "contains fresh information about the traitorous opposition he (Wallace) had to encounter in his struggle for Scottish independence," there is really little in it that is new to those familiar with the various biographies of Wallace.

Mr. Thiselton-Dyer has told us that the Princess Augusta of Saxe-Gotha originated the Botanic Garden at Kew in 1759, but it was not until the year 1841 that it became a public scientific establishment. It is now so well-known that the volume of photographs which Mr. E. J. Wallis has taken of its principal features is sure of a welcome. One of the most successful page illustrations of this memorial of the ROYAL BOTANIC GARDENS (Effingham Wilson, 2s. 6d. n.) is that of the Rhododendron Dell, but all the 30 photographs are good.

Professor Wilbur M. Stine's PHOTOMETRICAL MEASUREMENTS (The Macmillan Company, 6s. 6d.) is an admirably clear little book on a difficult subject. A great part of the space is naturally occupied with descriptions of photometers and of the many—mostly disappointing—efforts that have been made to discover a satisfactory standard of illuminating power. But there is also a good deal of theoretical matter, for the author rightly holds that the blind following of bare directions is not enough to ensure results of value in an operation so beset with pitfalls as the measurement of light, unless the reasons for these directions are also appreciated. The concluding chapters deal particularly with the photometry of the incandescent lamp and the arc light, special attention being paid to the former as a comparison light. As a pleasant novelty in a book of American origin the "u" is not omitted in words like colour and vapour.

FICTION.

The Pseudo Romance and Real Romance.

Many readers of current fiction incline to the view that a romance differs from a novel in that one is clothed in the trappings and the phraseology of a distant period and the other tells its tale of the people, and in the diction, of to-day. Now there is a very much subtler difference than this, and it happens that two sincere and clever authors have just produced books which may go to show that it is not only the trappings which make a romance. Mr. Ernest Rhys' book THE WHISTLING MAID (Hutchinson, 6s.), with its clever picture of Welsh life and manners in the fourteenth century, is one of the best examples of the "costume" romance that we have seen of late years. The period is the historic one of Isabella and her paramour Mortimer. Luned, the charming (in the theatrical sense) Welsh girl, whose life and love and adventures we read, is full of spirit and local colour. Like many another historical novelist Mr. Rhys mingles the fortunes of his heroine with those of some of the great persons of the day. Again following the lines of the great romances, Luned is soon to be found in the "grey tunic and coat, and boy's hose" of a pretty page. In this disguise she acts after a fashion hardly likely to deceive the most naïf of fourteenth century ladies and gentlemen. But that is a convention of the pseudo-romance "and the public like it best." The author, however, uses well his special knowledge of the country to give his people the right historic air and frequently captures something of the feeling of his period; but, alas, he leaves us unconvinced. The fate of the young mistress of Rhos comes so pat, the re-creation of the atmosphere is so carefully planned that one hears the wheels go round and becomes slightly bored with the clever machinery.

On the other hand, Mr. R. Murray Gilchrist creates the real romance. His period is to-day or yesterday, but his story contains the essentials of "fair fortunes"—it is for all periods. THE COURTESY DAME (Heinemann, 6s.) possesses all the sweetness and rusticity of a pastoral, but through it a thousand lights and shades of human passion are seen to play. The author appears to face every difficulty which the ordinary novelist would avoid, and overcomes them all with the delicacy and mastery of an artist. He is always original; you cannot forecast his coming chapter. If occasionally the grace of his diction hints an affectation it is balanced by his admirable use of rustic

phrases and his power to fix the right word at vital moments. In the delightful story of Anne Wilehest's love for the invalid Lord Bostern we have real people, we know their passions and feel the weight of their tragedy. This is the story: "He had made her idolize him; the highest gratification she would ever know, the highest she ever wished to know, was the delight of being by his side, of listening to his voice, of watching his eyes." But to this romance of the soul, to this striking analysis of temperaments, Mr. Gilchrist adds a complete and entertaining picture of the Peakland country and its people. We knew of his power to reproduce many of the qualities of these country folk, but in "The Courtesy Dame" (a name given to Anne by the rustic people), he shows their hearts with a power rarely equalled in fiction. The story will, we think, immediately grip the reader and hold him until he reaches the last sad and beautiful chapter.

There is one weakness in the story. That the author should make so acute and generous a man as his Lord Bostern think that he could assure the future worldly happiness of his beautiful, devoted friend, the courtesy dame, by marrying her either to his pleasant kinsman Stan, or her early faithful lover Jud, strains the reader's powers of belief. At the eleventh hour of Bostern's life, when every moment of Anne's presence is paradise enough to him, and every glance of his eyes is an ecstacy to her, he plots and plans to send her from him. This makes an interesting situation, of course, but at what cost! That the man with all his grace and tact and love should so misread the heart of Anne pains the sympathetic reader.

In the telling of this story of the devotion of a beautiful and gifted girl of the people to the "spirit" of a noble gentleman, Mr. Murray Gilchrist puts severely from him all temptation to become involved in rhodomontade, yet writes with a fine sense of colour and freedom from the conventions. But he understands the depth and purity of human love as few novelists do, and with that knowledge style is easy. A poet's heart inspires many a tender, deep passage in the book; a love of lovely things—evanescent, mysterious, yet unfailingly real. To write a novel in the historical manner of Mr. Rhys is to prove oneself a skilful maker of stories, an earnest student of a country and a period, but to invent, compose, and place before us a vital study of the heart, almost an epic of the beautiful compensations of a pure passion, such as may be found in "The Courtesy Dame," is an accomplishment of true merit.

Antipodean.

Mr. William Sylvester Walker ("Coo-ee") has gained some reputation for his stories of antipodean life such as those contained in "When the Mopoke Calls" and "From the Land of the Wombat." In his new book, NATIVE BORN (Long, 6s.), he attempts a considerable novel in the same manner. If the longer book lacks something of the vigorous style of the sketches, we are compensated by the skilfully drawn characters and by the deeper sense of Australian life which the continued narration gives. "Native Born" has in it that note of melancholy which all bushmen know and something more than a mere echo of the melody and sentiment which one connects with the land of Adam Lindsay Gordon. But there is laughter and love, too, in Mr. Walker's straightforward, clearly-told story—

'Twas merry 'mid the backwoods, when we saw the station roofs,
To wheel the wild scrub-cattle at the yard,
With a running fire of stock-whips, and a fiery run of hoofs,
Oh the hardest day was never then too hard!

gives the keynote of his work. The prologue and *envoi* in rhyme are admirable in sentiment, but lacking in beauty and even technical skill.

"FitzJames."

Miss Lilian Street must lack something of humour to name her hero FITZJAMES (Methuen, 6s.). It is too suggestive of Thackeray's "Jeames of Buckley Square." But, quite apart from the title, FitzJames is ridiculous in many ways. "Galt FitzJames was in his forties. Known far and wide as a poet, a consummate artist, and critic, he was greatly loved and greatly feared. He had an atmosphere that was unique, electric, stimulating; and his secret lay not so much in his genius proper as in his bewildering personality." That is how he appears to Miss Street, but to the reader who can only construct him from his conversation and actions he seems to be what children call a "silly," and one that, if he were not the conception of an evidently sincere lady, we should be inclined to call something far stronger. His chat with Ruth about her painting bears a "bewildering personality" that leads him to suggest to an artist at work with oils upon canvas that she shall "wash that sky out, and that, and that, now at once!"

Correspondence.

THE HOME-READING UNION.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—May I be allowed to remind your readers that the syllabus of subjects for the Twelfth Reading Season of the National Home-Reading Union is ready?

For the information of those who are not acquainted with the Union, I should like to state that its aim is, briefly, to render reading attractive and profitable by issuing lists drawn up by authorities of the best books in various subjects, and by publishing magazines which contain introductions to the subjects under study, suggestions as to the best methods of reading the prescribed books, answers to questions, and criticism of essays as well as news of other readers' doings.

The subjects included in the "Young People's" Course are:—I. History and Biography, with special reference to King Alfred and his Times; II. Literature (Shakespeare, Prose, and Poetry); III. Travel; IV. Romance and Humour; and V. Nature-Study (for this, special editions of Richard Jefferies' "The Open Air" and "Nature near London" have been obtained).

For the "General Course"—a section intended for those who have but little leisure—the subjects are:—

I. Social Science; II. The Reformation and the Revival of Learning (for this group special editions of the following have been obtained: Kostlin's "Luther," "Froude's "Erasmus" Hudson Shaw's "Lectures on the Oxford Reformers," and Mrs. Charles' "Chronicles of the Schönberg Cotta Family); III. Geology; IV. Italy in the Revival of Learning; V. Rome; VI. Travel; VII. Biography; VIII. Novels, Essays, and Poetry; and IX. A group of books specially chosen for Sunday School Teachers.

The Special Course Section is intended for more advanced students who desire to receive systematic tutorial help, and includes the following subjects:—I. English History, from 1789; II. Modern English Literature; III. The Tragedies of Shakespeare; IV. Browning; V. Mediæval and Early Renaissance Literature; VI. India; VII. French History, 1275-1789; VIII. German Lyrical Poetry; IX. Education; X. Astronomy.

Full information may be obtained from the secretary, National Home-Reading Union office, Surrey-house, Victoria-embankment, W.C.

Yours faithfully,
MARIA C. MONDY, Secretary.

TRANSLATIONS OF TOLSTOY.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Coming across a volume entitled "Vicious Pleasures," by "Count L. Tolstoi," and knowing that Count Leo Tolstoy never wrote a work under any name of that kind, I examined the matter, and have come to the conclusion that the book mentioned is a translation of a French volume made up of five essays written by Tolstoy between 1880 and 1890, and put together by Mons. E. Halpérine-Kaminsky, under the title of "Plaisirs Vicieux." The preface reads as though a work written and arranged by Tolstoy were being offered to the public; the dates of the different articles are not given, and the one, "Church and State," which happens to have been written first, is put last in

the volume, being, one must admit, a strange ingredient in a book on "vicious pleasures."

Having gone thus far it occurred to me to look at another volume of Mons. Halpérine-Kaminsky's translations, "Plaisirs Cruels." This, again, is a title Tolstoy has never used; and, again, the book is offered, not as a compilation made by the translator, but as though it were a book of Tolstoy's own arranging. No dates are given to the separate parts; they consist of an essay on vegetarianism, "The First Step" (which is re-named "Les Mangeurs de Viande"); of two long extracts from books by Tolstoy; of a letter from Tolstoy to a correspondent; and of an article, "La Chasse," the real author of which is not Leo Tolstoy but Mr. Vladimir Tchertkoff.

That Mons. E. Halpérine-Kaminsky should publish this essay under Tolstoy's name is the more peculiar in view of the fact that Tolstoy wrote a preface commending this essay of Mr. Tchertkoff's, and that Mons. Halpérine-Kaminsky was not merely aware of the existence of this preface, but actually makes use of it in "Plaisirs Cruels," with the result that Tolstoy is made to appear to praise his own work in the following strain:—

> It is to be hoped that the article before us will produce a salutary influence on those who read it. God grant that it will have many readers, especially among the young.
>
> Yours truly,
>
> AYLMER MAUDE.

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

Whatever else the autumn may bring forth, students of Shakespeare and Dickens, at least, will be well provided for. Most of the Dickens items we have already enumerated, but one or two other announcements are made to-day. For students of Shakespeare there will be a fresh edition of his works, just as another edition—Dent's Larger Temple Shakespeare—closes with the twelfth volume, containing, among other things, a new life of the poet by Mr. Israel Gollancz, the editor, who, by the way, has written "An Introduction to Shakespeare" for the new Temple Primers. The latest set is to be the "Knickerbocker Edition," of Messrs. Putnam, in fifteen volumes, with notes. The last volume will include a glossary, an index of characters, and several famous critical essays on Shakespeare. The chief feature of the "Knickerbocker Edition," however, will be some hundreds of illustrations in outline by Mr. Frank Howard, and photogravure frontispieces reproduced from the Boydell gallery. Messrs. Putnam, too, are publishing the "New Study of the Sonnets of Shakespeare," by Mr. Parke Godwin, and will probably have it ready by the end of the month.

A fresh campaign by the Baconian zealots is also threatened. Mrs. Elizabeth Wells Gallup, who assisted Dr. Owen in the preparation of the later books of "Sir Francis Bacon's Cipher Story," claims to have discovered and deciphered the mysterious secrets which Bacon, she would have us believe, buried in his writings. She tells the story in "The Bi-literal cipher of Sir Francis Bacon," which Messrs. Gay and Bird are to publish on this side of the Atlantic. Greene, Peele, and Marlowe, as well as Shakespeare, all go by the board; Sir Francis explains to Mrs. Gallup that their dramatic works were written by him alone. The proofs, she says, are "overwhelming and irresistible."

The Countess von Arnim, who, it seems, is the real Elisabeth, of the "German Garden" and "A Solitary Summer," will shortly publish a volume of quaint children's verses from German sources which are being illustrated by Miss Kate Greenaway. Her maiden name was Beauchamp, and she lives in North Germany, twelve miles from the shores of the Baltic Sea. The neighbouring town is Stettin.

Some months ago Mr. Gordon Duff, of the Rylands' Library, Manchester, and a few serious students of bibliography formed a small society, whose membership is limited, we believe, to fifty, for the purpose of reproducing pages of interesting old books—preference to be given to work of little known printers which at the same time possesses genuine character. This week members have received the publications of the society for the year 1900. At first sight some may feel disappointed at their guinea's worth, but half an hour spent in careful examination of the plates should suffice to bring a self-congratulatory smile to the face of each member. In all, forty-two collotype reproductions from as many books printed in the fifteenth century have been distributed. No trouble has been spared in making these reproductions as perfect as may be, and, printed at the Oxford University Press, the series is in all respects worthy of praise. For the most part books in the British Museum and the Bodleian Library have been requisitioned, but a Statius, printed at Rome *circa* 1470, at C.C.C., Oxford, has been used, as, too, volumes in All Souls' College, Oxford, and the University Library, Cambridge. Among the most satisfactory pages from a decorative standpoint is an example in Gothic type by Bartolommeo da Cremona from a folio volume, "Nic. de Ausmo, supplementum," dating from 1473, in the Bloomsbury collection. The two-column page, by reason of its melodious capital M.'s, the vigour and beauty of each letter, above all, perhaps, because of its just spacing, would have delighted the late William Morris. Here, indeed, is a printed page possessed of much of the attraction of one traced by a skilled scribe in some quiet monastery; it has unity, dignity, significance as a design. Those to whose initiative the formation of the society is due are to be congratulated on thus enabling members to study at leisure characteristic and beautiful specimens of the splendid youth of printing.

As a gift to his fellow members, Dr. Konrad Burger has caused to be distributed three additional plates. His instructive note on these may appropriately be quoted:—

> In the last century two catalogues of incunables appeared almost simultaneously, which are of interest as being the first in which to any great extent facsimiles are given of the types employed for the books described in them. The first is Placidus Braun's "Notitia historico-literaria de libris ab artis typographicae inuentione usque ad annum MD. impressio, in bibiotheca monasterii ad SS. Vdalricum et Afram Augustae extantibus." This was published in 1788-89, and has eleven plates of alphabets engraved on copper. The other is the "Verzeichniss typographischer Denkmaler welche sich in der Bibliothek des regulirten Horherrenstiftes des heil. Augustin zu Neustift in Tirol befinden," of Franz Gras, published at Brixen in two parts; the first, dealing with the fifteenth century, in 1789, the second (sixteenth and seventeenth centuries), in 1790. Each part has six engravings on copper. On inquiry at the monastery of Neustift some time ago, I was informed by the then librarian, P. Leander Felder, that no copies of Gras' work, of which only 100 copies were printed, remained there, but that they had three copper plates belonging to it. I was very kindly allowed to print impressions from these plates, and I am glad of the opportunity to hand them over to my fellow members of the T.F.S. A comparison with the book of Gras shows that these plates were not used in it; his plate I. contains five alphabets only, that here numbered I. has six, the fourth being an addition. It must be admitted that the copper plates, engraved by Gras with his own hand, are markedly inferior in accuracy by those of Braun, and are useless for the identification of types, though of distinct interest to the historian of printing.

The elaborate "Universal History" in course of publication by the Bibliographisches Institut at Leipzig is to be published in English in eight volumes by Mr. Heinemann in London, and by Messrs. Dodd, Mead, and Co. in America. The work is under the direction of Professor Helmolt, and some of the first historians of the day are contributors. The English edition will have an editorial introduction on the general idea of universal history by the Right Hon. Professor James Bryce, M.P. It will be illustrated by coloured and black and white plates, and also by numerous maps. The first volume will appear towards the end of this year, and the succeeding seven at quarterly intervals.

In connexion with the announcement of the Scottish Text Society's intention to issue an index of Scottish MSS. before 1600, it is interesting to observe that the index is to include all Scottish MSS. in British and Continental collections—original texts, copies, translations, or recensions—of which the language is Early or Middle Scots or Northern (where there is no evidence of composition by a Northern English writer). There is really no such thing as a distinctive Scottish language or dialect in the earliest Scottish literature. Wyntoun and Barbour show no distinct separation in language between England and Scotland. Barbour's "The Bruce" is really Saxon, and is sometimes spoken of as "Northern English." It is not till about the close of the fifteenth century that we find Scottish poetry couched in a language, or dialect, distinct from that of England. The recognition by the Scottish Text Society of "Northern" is significant. Such an index as the society intends to compile will be very valuable, and it is to be hoped that all those possessing MSS. will co-operate with the society's committee, so that the index may be made as complete as possible.

"Tronçons du Glaive" is the title of the new book by Paul and Victor Margueritte. It commences this month as a serial in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and will form the second volume of "Une Epoque." "Le Désastre" was the first volume of this work, and the "Tronçons du Glaive" comprises, in the form of a novel, the events which took place during the period of the "Défense Nationale," from October, 1870, to March, 1871.

A new book by Tolstoy is to see the light this autumn, called "The Slavery of our Times," containing the conclusions which he has reached from a study of modern industrialism. It will be translated by Mr. Aylmer Maude and published by the Free Age Press, which describes itself as existing for the publication of "Tolstoyan and kindred literature," and which has published during this summer some handy little paper-covered volumes at 3d. each, containing some of the smaller "Tolstoyan" works, as "Letters on War," "Thoughts on God," "Religion and Morality," "Letters on the Personal Religious Life," "Some Social Remedies," and the recently written "Patriotism and Government." There is talk, we believe, of a collected English edition of Tolstoy's works. The bibliography of them is certainly not without its difficulties, as is shown by the letter which we have received from Mr. Aylmer Maude, and which appears in another column.

Dickens will figure in Messrs. Dent's autumn publications with "The Holly Tree Inn and the Seven Poor Travellers," containing photogravure and text illustrations, by C. E. Brock. There will also be a farcical comedy in three scenes, entitled "The Gentlemen in the Next House," adapted from "Nicholas Nickleby," by Isabelle M. Pagan. To Dent's "Master Musicians" Series will shortly be added a volume on Mendelssohn, by Stephen S. Stratton. The following volumes are in preparation for the Temple Cyclopædic Primers: "The English Constitution," by the Right Hon. Leonard Courtney; "The Making of English," by Henry Bradley; "Child Life," by W. B. Drummond; "The British Empire," by George R. Parkin; "International Law," by F. S. Smith; and "Education," by Foster Watson. Mrs. Gaskell's "Cranford" will be added to "The Temple Classics" next month, and among the other volumes in preparation for the same series are Lamb's "Letters"; Heine's "Buch der Lieder" (in the original); Augustine's "City of God"; Horace's Odes; Coleridge's "Biographia Literaria"; Jeremy Taylor's "Holy Living," and Lady Mary W. Montagu's Letters. Dr. Horton's volume on "Alfred Lord Tennyson," in the "Saintly Lives" Series, will be ready shortly, and will be followed by "Alfred the Great," by the Rev. D. Macfadyen. The next addition to the "Mediæval Town" Series will be "Florence," by E. G. Gardner, and volumes on "Constantinople," by W. H. Hutton; "Assisi," by Lina Duff-Gordon; "Prague," by Count Lutzow; "Siena," by R. L. Douglas; "Rome," by Norwood Young; "Mediæval London," by H. B. Wheatley; and "Bruges," by E. G. Smith, are in preparation. Among Messrs. Dent's other publications will be Captain Marryat's "Peter Simple," in the "Illustrated Romances" Series, and the first volume of a new series entitled "The True Annals of Fairyland," edited by William Canton, and illustrated by Charles Robinson. The first volume will be "The Reign of King Herla."

Messrs. Bell have entered into an arrangement with the New York publishing house of Holt and Co., and will in future issue their books over here. The first publication under the new agreement will be Mr. Ernest Henderson's "Sidelights on English History." The same publishers are preparing a series of "Handbooks to Continental Churches," uniform with their English "Cathedral Series." The first volumes on "Chartres," by Mr. H. J. L. J. Massé, and "Rouen," by the Rev. T. Perkins, will be ready this month. The volumes will deal not only with the cathedrals but with the other important churches in each town. In their "Handbooks of the Great Public Schools," the next volume, "Eton," by A. Clutton Brock, will be published in two or three weeks: "Winchester," by R. T. Warner, at the beginning of November, and "Harrow," by J. Fischer Williams, about a month later. To Bell's Standard Library are being added "Gaspary's "History of Italian Literature," translated by Hermann Oelsner (the first volume of which will probably be ready this month), and Gray's Letters, edited by the Rev. D. C. Tovey. A list of Messrs. Bell's other principal announcements appeared in last week's *Literature*.

Messrs. Ward, Lock, and Co.'s publications this month will include a new religious tale ("The Cross Triumphant"), by Mrs. Florence Kingsley, whose "Titus," it is said, had a circulation in America as large as Mr. Sheldon's "In His Steps." Other stories for the month will be "The House of Giants," by "Yorick Everett"—a name which is stated to "veil the identity of a famous novelist"—"Three Little Maids," by Ethel Turner, and "A Son of Austerity," by George Knight. The next volume in the New Minerva Library will be Darwin's "Coral Reefs," with a reproduction of the portrait by Collier in the National Gallery and Professor Judd's introductions.

"Reminiscences of Oxford," by the Rev. W. Tuckwell, is one of the chief books announced in Messrs. Cassell's new list. It begins with Oxford in the Thirties, and deals with life at the University for the next twenty years, giving reminiscences, among other men, of Dr. Jowett, Max Müller, Dr. Pusey, Cardinal Newman and Dr. Arnold. Biography is represented in Messrs. Cassell's list by a memoir of Dr. Landels, the Baptist preacher and lecturer, by the Rev. Thomas D. Landels, his son. Dr. John Clifford, who followed him in the presidential chair of the Baptist Union, writes an introduction to it. Two books on military matters are announced, one being a review of the military situation in 1900, by Mr. Arnold-Forster, M.P., entitled "The War Office, the Army and the Empire," and the other being a record of the training college of the R.E.'s and R.A.'s, by Captain Guggisberg, R.E., entitled "'The Shop': The Story of the Royal Military Academy." The Far East is represented by a popular account of the history of China by Mr. Alexis Krausse, under the title of "The Chinese Crisis: Its Causes and Effects." There are several art announcements, including a sketch of the contents of "The Wallace Collection at Hertford House," by Mr. M. H. Spielmann. The Fine Art work on "The National Gallery," edited by the President of the Royal Academy, will be completed by the publication of the third volume, dealing with the British Masters and Modern Schools. In fiction Messrs. Cassell will publish the new novel by Mr. J. M. Barrie, entitled "Tommy and Grizel," which ran serially in *Scribner's Magazine*; and many reprints of popular tales and new books for boys and girls. The list also announces "Cassell's Cyclopædia of Mechanics," a new work edited by Mr. Paul N. Hasluck, editor of the "Building World" and "Work"; a volume of selections from English verse—mainly intended for dramatic recitation—entitled "The Troubadour," edited and annotated by Mr. Philip Gibbs; and a new series of readers for country schools, written by Arabella Buckley to meet the requirements of the Code of 1900-1. The series is called "Eyes and No Eyes," and gives a succession of lessons on country objects, with illustrations as a special feature of the books.

Mr. Grant Richards has opened his season this week with the Rev. W. J. Dawson's drama "Savonarola"; the first volume of Mr. K. D. Cotes' "Social and Imperial Life of Britain"; Mr. Oswald Crawfurd's novel "The New Order," and a little book on "How to Write for the Magazines," by one who manages to make "£600 a year from it." Later will follow a volume of "Rectorial Addresses: Delivered before the University of Edinburgh, 1859-99," edited, with an introduction, by A. Stodart-Walker; the two volumes previously announced of "Characteristics of Men, Manners, Opinions, Times, &c," by Anthony, Earl of Shaftesbury, edited by John M. Robertson; "Three Plays for Puritans," by G. Bernard Shaw; "The Struggle for Success: A Study in Social Compromise, Expediency, and Adaptability," by A. Stodart-Walker; "Ethical Democracy," edited by Stanton Coit; a life of "Jean Paul

Marat: The People's Friend," by E. Belfort Bax; "Memoirs of Edward Hare, C.S.I., late Inspector-General of Hospitals, Bengal," by Major Edward Hare; "The Story of Burnt Njal," the late Sir George W. Dasent's translation from the Icelandic of the Njals Saga, with a prefatory note and the introduction abridged from the original edition of 1861; Vol. III. of "Heresies: Or Agnostic Theism, Ethics, Sociology, and Metaphysics," by H. Croft Hiller; "The Confessions of St. Augustine," with an introduction by Alice Meynell (the first number of a "Religious Life Series"); "What is Catholicism?" by Edmond Scherer, with an introduction by Dr. Horton; "Unto You Young Men," by Archdeacon Sinclair; "The Handy Man: and Other Verses," by Harold Begbie, and "Clothes and the Man," by "the Major" of *To-Day*, a book of masculine modes and manners. About a dozen novels and a number of children's and miscellaneous books complete Mr. Grant Richards' programme for the season.

The first volume of "The Writings of James Madison" (uniform with "The Writings of Jefferson," "Washington," &c.), edited by Gaillard Hunt, will be published by Messrs. Putnam towards the end of the month. There will be six or seven volumes in all. Later the same publishers will issue another volume of essays by Charlotte Perkins Stetson (now Mrs. Gilman) entitled "Concerning Children." Among their other new announcements are a life of "Roger Ludlow, the Colonial Law-Maker (1590-1664)," by John M. Taylor, author of "Maximilian and Carlotta,"; a volume on "Medical and Surgical Nursing," edited by Dr. H. J. O'Brien, Professor of Clinical Surgery at Hamline University; and a new English edition of Dock's "Materia Medica for Nurses," revised in accordance with the British Pharmacopœia. Some new volumes in the "Story of the Nations" Series are "The American Colonies," by Helen Ainslie Smith, a history of the thirteen colonies which now form the United States of America from their foundation to the declaration of Independence, 1625-1783, and "The United States of America" (1783-1900). This will probably be published in two volumes, and is being written by Mr. A. C. McLaughlin, Professor of American History in the University of Michigan.

Messrs. Pearson began their autumn season this week with the record of the Siege of Mafeking ("Besieged with B.-P."), by Mr. J. Emerson Neilly, the *Pall Mall Gazette* correspondent. Another book to follow very shortly will contain the autobiographies of the youth of the thirty-four celebrities of the day, including the Duke of Argyll, Madame Patti, Mrs. Langtry, Sarah Grand, and many other representatives of Literature, Music, the Stage, and so on. "In the Days of My Youth," as the volume is called, is edited, with an introduction, by T. P. O'Connor, M.P. Messrs. Pearson will bring out on the 19th inst. new novels by F. Frankfort Moore ("Conscience or Coralie") and Paul Cushing ("God's Hand"). In October Messrs. Pearson and Co. will publish an historical tale, by Agnes Giberne, of the great war between England and France in the first decade of this century, entitled "Roy: A Tale in the Days of Sir John Moore."

Messrs. Sands are publishing in England four books by Mr. Charles Garvice, whose work, though little known in this country, is extremely popular in America—viz., "The Outcast of the Family," "The Heart's Desire," "A Coronet of Shame," and "Nance." Messrs. Sands will also publish, besides a few novels, a second series of Military Dialogues by Lieut.-Colonel Newnham-Davis: "The Bystander," by Mr. Ashby-Sterry (mainly from his weekly column in the *Graphic*); a book on "Billiards for Beginners," by John Roberts, and a little series of handbooks of games by R. F. Foster, dealing with "Dice," "Poker," and "Chess."

Mr. John Long starts his new autumn novels on the 15th inst. His list includes "The Realization of Justus Moran," by Frederick Carrel, who wrote "The Progress of Pauline Kessler"; "The Way Out," by G. B. Burgin; "I'd Crowns Resign," by J. MacLaren Cobban; "Men of Marlowe's," by Mrs. Henry Dudeney; "Yolande the Parisienne," by Lucas Cleeve (Mrs. Howard Kingscote); "The Strength of Straw," by Esme Stuart; "The Ivory Bride," by Thomas Pinkerton; "The Luck of a Lowland Laddie," by May Crommelin; "A Tenner in London," by Fergus Hume; "Jean Keir of Craigneil," by Sarah Tytler; and "Straight Shoes," by G. G. Chatterton. In miscellaneous literature Mr. Long will publish "Happiness: Its Pursuit and Attainment," by the Rev. W. J. Kelly, and "Glimpses from Wonderland," by John Ingold.

Messrs. Hodder Marshall and Son will shortly publish a "Life of Samuel Richardson," the novelist, by Miss Clara Linklater Thomson. It will utilize the unpublished correspondence of Richardson in the Forster Library at the South Kensington Museum. There has been no complete life of Richardson since that of Mrs. Barbauld, published in 1804.

The Jurors of the Paris Exhibition have awarded a Grand Prix to the Collective Exhibit of Books organized by the Publishers' Association, with the assistance of Sir E. Maunde Thompson, K.C.B., and Mr. F. Macmillan, for the Liberal Arts Sub-Committee of the Royal British Commission.

The Sanitary Publishing Company, Ltd., announce as ready shortly "Essays on Consumption," by Dr. J. Edward Squire, physician to the North London Hospital for Consumptives. An introduction is contributed by Sir William Broadbent.

The price of Miss Annabel Gray's new book "The Mystic Number Seven" should be 3s. 6d., not 6s. as stated in our review on August 25th.

Books to look out for at once.

ART—
"Botticelli and his School." By Count Plunkett. Bell & Sons. £2 2s. n.
"Fra Angelico and his Art." By Prof. Langton Douglas. Bell. 12s. 6d. n.

BIOGRAPHY
"Richelieu, and the Growth of the French Power" (Heroes of the Nations). By Dr. J. B. Perkins. Putnams. 5s.

CHINA—
"How to read Chinese War News." Fisher Unwin. 1s.

FICTION—
"Wounds in the Rain." By Stephen Crane. Methuen. 6s.
"The Man that Corrupted Hadleyburg," and other Stories. By Mark Twain. Chatto & Windus. 6s.
"A Son of Austerity." By George Knight. Ward, Lock. 6s.
"Three Little Maids." By Ethel Turner. Ward, Lock. 3s. 6d.
"The Dishonour of Frank Scott." By M. Hamilton. Hurst & Blackett. 6s.
"The Angel of Clay." By W. O. Partridge. Putnams. 5s.
"The Secret of the Crater." By Duffield Osborne. Putnams. 5s.

MISCELLANEOUS—
"Wild Sports of Burma and Assam." By Colonel Pollok and W. S. Thom. Hurst & Blackett. 16s. net.
"Talks with Barbara." By Elizabeth Tompkins. Putnams. 6s.
"A Book for All Readers." By A. R. Spofford. Putnams. 7s. 6d.

REPRINTS—
"The Cricket on the Hearth," "A Christmas Carol." By Charles Dickens. 2 vols. Putnams. 6s. each.
"Ned Myers." By James Fenimore Cooper. Putnams. 5s.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

ART.

Altdorfer. (The Artists' Library. Vol. III.) By *T. S. Moore*. 8¼×7in., 48 pp. Unicorn Press. 2s. 6d. n.

Goya. (The Artists' Library. Vol. IV.) By *W. Rothenstein*. 8¼×7in. 38 pp. Unicorn Press. 2s. 6d. n.

BIOGRAPHY.

John Ruskin. By *R. E. Pengelly*. 7¼×1¾in., 127 pp. Melrose. 1s. n.

DRAMA.

Savonarola. By *W. J. Dawson*. 7¼×5in., 112 pp. Grant Richards. 3s. 6d. n.

FICTION.

Path and Goal. By *Ada Cambridge*. 7¼×5¼in., 297 pp. Methuen. 6s.

Winefred. By *S. Baring-Gould*. 7¼×5¼in., 309 pp. Methuen. 6s.

Senator North. By *Gertrude Atherton*. 7¼×5¼in., 307 pp. Lane. 6s.

A Prick of Conscience. By *Alan St. Aubyn*. 7¼×5¼in., 315 pp. Digby Long. 6s.

Many Days After. By *C. Howell*. 7¼×5¼in., 311 pp. Digby Long. 6s.

The Conquest of London. By *Dorothea Gerard*. 7¼×5¼, 324 pp. Methuen. 6s.

Sons of the Morning. By *Eden Phillpotts*. 7¼×5¼in., 458 pp. Methuen. 6s.

The Soft Side. By *Henry James*. 7¼×5¼in., 391 pp. Methuen. 6s.

HISTORY.

Voices from the Past. From Assyria and Babylonia. By *H. S. Robertson*. 7¼×5¼in., 219 pp. Bell. 4s. 6d. n.

LITERARY.

The Tutorial History of English Literature. By *A. J. Wyatt*. 7×5in., 223 pp. Clive. 2s. 6d.

MILITARY.

With the Boer Forces. By *H. C. Hillegas*. 7¼×5¼in., 318 pp. Methuen. 6s.

MISCELLANEOUS.

How to Write for the Magazines. By "*£500 a Year from*." 7¼×5¼in., 119 pp. Grant Richards. 2s. 6d.

POETRY.

Attempts in Verse. By *C. H. Hoole*. 9×6¾in., 134 pp. Rivingtons. 4s. 6d.

The Finer Spirit. By *T. W. H. Crosland*. 7¼×4¼in., 32 pp. Unicorn Press. 6d.

Gleams through the Gloom. By *Marcus S. C. Rickards*. 7¼×5¼in., 127 pp. Baker.

POLITICAL.

Why Kruger Made War. By *J. A. Buttery*. 7¼×5¼in., 297 pp. Heinemann. 3s. 6d.

REPRINTS.

Urquhart and Motteaux's Rabelais. Vol. III. (The Tudor Translations.) Edited by *W. E. Henley*. 8¼×6in., 431 pp. Nutt. £2 11s. n. the three vols.

The Novels of Victor Hugo. The Laughing Man. Vols. III. and IV. 7¼×5¼in., 306+261 pp. Dent. 2s. 6d. n. each vol.

Father Anthony. By *Robert Buchanan*. 8¼×5¼in., 126 pp. J. Long. 6d.

A Man of Mark. By *Anthony Hope*. (The Novelist. No. XIV.) 9×5¼in., 124 pp. Methuen. 6d.

Miranda of the Balcony. By *A. E. W. Mason*. 8¼×5¼in., 124 pp. Macmillan. 6d.

SCIENCE.

Agricultural Zoology. 2nd. Ed. By *Dr. J. R. Ains*. Translated by J. R. A. Davis. 7¼×5¼in., 312 pp. Methuen. 3s. 6d.

SOCIOLOGY.

Social and Imperial Life of Britain. Vol. I.—War and Empire. By *K. D. Coles*. 9×5¾in., 683 pp. Grant Richards. 7s. 6d. n.

SPORT.

Gentlemen v. Players. Ed. by *E. S. Ashley-Cooper*. 7¼×4¾in., 175 pp. Arrowsmith. 2s. 6d.

THEOLOGY.

The Reformation in Great Britain. (Oxford Church Text Books.) By *W. O. Wakeman* and *L. Pullan*. 6¼×4¾in., 162 pp. Rivingtons. 1s.

Literature

Published by The Times.

No. 152. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1900.

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NOTES OF THE DAY.

The impression gains ground that Lord Monkswell's Copyright Bill will really be passed into law next Session; and it must be very gratifying to the members of the Society of Authors to know that the firm but reasonable attitude of the Society on the question of Canadian Copyright has largely contributed to bringing general copyright legislation within the range of practical politics.

* * * *

It is now a long time since the Society of Authors grasped the fact that the Canadian difficulty was really the key to the whole position. So long as copyright legislation threatened to make trouble between Canada and the Colonial Office, Governments were naturally very shy of touching it; and so long as Canada wanted to be empowered to override Imperial Acts, and to refuse protection to authors who did not print in Canada, the clash of interests made trouble unavoidable. It was necessary, therefore, to educate Canadian opinion, and the Society of Authors set itself this task, and even went so far as to despatch ambassadors to Canada for that purpose. Mr. Hall Caine undertook a mission as long ago as 1895, but the compromise which he favoured—the "H. C. Compromise," as it has sometimes been called—conceded a good deal more than the Society intended to concede. The question entered on a fresh phase with the death of Sir John Thompson—the great friend of the Canadian printers—and the accession to power of Sir Wilfrid Laurier. Other negotiations were opened by Mr. Gilbert Parker and the Society's secretary, with satisfactory results.

* * * *

Roughly speaking, the change that has come over Canadian opinion is this. A little while ago the Canadian publishers wanted to be free to "pirate" any author who did not obtain the protection of the Canadian law by producing a Canadian edition of his books, printed in Canadian territory. Now they are satisfied with a law which will enable any publisher to contract with any author for the exclusive right of publication, in Canada, of any work, and will protect him against the competition of copies printed elsewhere. Nothing could be more reasonable; and this is the arrangement embodied in Lord Monkswell's Bill, which also includes many other copyright reforms for which we might have had to wait a long time if the difference with our Canadian cousins had not been composed.

* * * *

The original intention was to close the Ruskin exhibition at Coniston last Saturday; fortunately, however, for those who during the past few days have been in the Lake country, it was afterwards determined to postpone the closing until to-day. Between seven and eight thousand persons have visited the exhibition, we understand, and the sixpenny catalogue—applied for by many who could not themselves fare to Coniston—has gone into three editions. The receipts should bring into the range of the practical the formation of a permanent Ruskin museum at Coniston, towards which many objects have already been given. In one of the cases there was on view a punning letter "To Papa, on his birthday, May 10, 1831. From his affectionate son, J. R." It begins:—

> Sadness with me is quite a *rara avis*,
> My disposition is not that way bent,
> For with me even to be grave is *gravis*,
> Which gravies want some solace of merriment—

a not unpleasant reminiscence of the boyhood of Ruskin the sage.

* * * *

At the meeting of the Institute of Journalists our old friend the New Journalism was roughly handled by Sir James Henderson. Are not these attacks on the New Journalism being a little overdone? Those who have studied newspaper history know—what some of those who talk about it do not seem to know—that almost all its alleged faults existed in a much worse form in the older journalism. The trivial personalities of "social diaries" can easily be paralleled from the early numbers of the *European Magazine*. No contemporary society paper would dare to say such things as the society papers of the beginning of the century said about Mr. Coutts, the banker, and the actress whom he married. No contemporary comic paper would dare to print such coarse jokes as disfigured the comic papers before *Punch*. Even reviewing is more courteous nowadays than in the days of our rude forefathers. The new journalism, like all other human creations, has its faults; but, on the whole, we have moved forward, and not backward, since the days of Colonel Sheridan and of the *Eatanswill Gazette*.

* * * *

It is curious at this time of day to find the writer of a letter in the *Spectator* being allowed to revive, without comment, the old legend about an original French version of Wolfe's elegy on "The Burial of Sir John Moore." This writer says it "is not an original composition of the Rev. Mr. Wolfe's, but a very happy and spirited translation from the French of, I

think, an unknown writer of lines descriptive of the hasty burial of Colonel de Beaumanoir, killed in the defence of Pondicherry when it was taken by the British under Sir Eyre Coote." As a matter of fact, the writer of the French version is by no means unknown. That version is the work of the ingenious Francis Mahony, commonly called Father Prout. Mahony had an extraordinary aptitude for verse translation, and his French rendering of Wolfe's poem appeared in the first number of *Bentley's Miscellany* in 1837. He had previously played a similar jest on Tom Moore, translating some of his verses into Latin or French and then charging him with plagiarism. In the case of Wolfe's elegy, in order to add a touch of personal interest to his version, "Father Prout" invented a mythical Colonel de Beaumanoir, and killed and buried him at Pondicherry. Thus he set going the legend of the original French version "Les Funérailles de Beaumanoir," which a scholar like M. Octave Delepierre accepted without question in his book on Parodies, but which has been scotched and killed more than once. A writer in *Notes and Queries*, by the way, has recently been pleading for a standard text of Wolfe's Poem. On points of punctuation and spelling editors have been very irregular; and sometimes they vary on points more important, as the following alternative versions show:—

But half our heavy task was done
When the clock { struck / told } the hour for retiring:
And we heard the distant random gun
{ Of the enemy / That the foe was } sullenly firing.

The version in Archdeacon Russell's "Remains" of Wolfe could, we suppose, be taken as the canonical text.

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Professor Rhys, it may be presumed, has been giving at the British Association some foretaste of his forthcoming work on "Celtic Folk-lore: Welsh and Manx," which is among the announcements of the Clarendon Press. The folk-lore of Wales is a field that has been very insufficiently cultivated by comparison with many of its Celtic and Teutonic neighbours, and Professor Rhys is essentially the man to make good the deficiency by completing the excellent work he has already done in this field. One good work that Professor Rhys is doing is to remind the good easy souls who are fond of talking of the characteristics of the pure Celt how mixed a breed the pure Celt is. His theory (based at least on an unusual acquaintance with Celtic history, legend, and language) is that both waves of Celtic immigration, the Goidelic and Brythonic, were to a great extent absorbed (as proved by the non-Aryan syntax of the languages) by the races already inhabiting the country. Of these Professor Rhys distinguishes the early cave-dwellers and the tall, fair race that conquered them, the history of these earlier races being the source of the fairy legend and folk-lore of the Celts.

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It has often been said that the penny dreadful is responsible for the youthful criminal, and now the attempt has been made to make Madame Sarah Grand responsible for the misdemeanour of a young lady who was found wandering about London in the attire of a boy. It comes, said the young lady's father, of reading books like "The Heavenly Twins." Angela, in that novel certainly did something of the sort, but it does not follow that Madame Grand is any more to be blamed in this particular instance than Harrison Ainsworth is to be blamed for the eccentricities of the man who was discovered, the other day, doing the Solomon Eagle business on account of the outbreak of the plague at Glasgow. Whether the wearing of "rational dress" is an integral part of Madame Grand's philosophy of life is, indeed, doubtful—the inevitable result of expounding philosophy in the guise of fiction. We know exactly why, in what circumstances, and to what extent Mr. Herbert Spencer considers that top hats and dress [illegible] are incompatible with the higher life; but Madame Grand's views on the division of skirts can only be inferred, and are apt, as the case before us shows, to be inferred erroneously.

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A correspondent writes:—*A propos* of the recent note in *Literature* on the subject of the Daly Catalogue, I suggest that the interest of the accompanying price list would have been much enhanced by the addition of the names of the purchasers of at least the more important items. With reference to the shortcomings of the catalogue, I am in a position to state (on the authority of some of the buyers) that a good many valuable items were unrecognized, or ignored, in the cataloguing, and consequently were practically given away at the sale. As an instance I may mention that a copy of J. Westland Marston's tragedy "The Patrician's Daughter" is entered as having "the MS. Prologue inserted"; no hint is given that this is in Dickens' autograph, and the result was that it changed hands for the miserable sum of ten dollars (£2). Writing to Macready (who recited the Prologue when the play was produced at Drury-lane in 1842), Dickens said:—"The more I think of Marston's play, the more I feel that a prologue to the purpose would help it materially, and almost decide the fate of any ticklish point on the first night. Now I have an idea (not easily explainable in writing, but told in five words) that would take the prologue out of the conventional dress of prologues quite. Get the curtain up with a dash, and begin the play with a sledge-hammer blow. If, on consideration, you should agree with me, I will write the prologue heartily."

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Father Clarke had done good work for the education of Roman Catholics as the Principal of Clarke's Hall, at Oxford; and Roman Catholics will probably admit that it was work that badly needed to be done, and still needs to be extended. In spite of the popular belief that the Jesuits are great educators the fact remains that, both here and abroad, they produce no very great results. Even in professedly Roman Catholic countries the best contributions to scholarship and science are rarely the work of Roman Catholics; and the few notable exceptions that come to mind are mainly furnished by men who have joined the Roman Church after their education was finished. The reason has been that the principal seats of learning are "lay" institutions, which Roman Catholics avoid. The foundation of Clarke's Hall, giving Roman Catholics the opportunity of getting a sound education without exposing themselves to the untempered winds of theological criticism, was a step in the right direction; and Father Clarke was the man to guide it to success. He was a convert to Rome. He had rowed in the Oxford boat, and been a Fellow and Tutor of St. John's.

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India loses an eminent journalist by the death of Mr. Grattan Geary. He was the editor and proprietor of the *Bombay Gazette*, and had previously edited the *Times of India*. He was also the author of a book of travel, "Through Asiatic Turkey: A Narrative of a Journey from Bombay to the Bosphorus," published in 1878.

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Mr. John Sands, who has died at Dunnichen, Forfarshire, was the author of a very interesting work on St. Kilda and its Islanders. Among his other books the best known is a volume entitled "King James's Wedding, and other Rhymes." Life on the islands to the west and north of Scotland had a strange fascination for Mr. Sands, and he took a strong personal interest in the crofters and fishermen. He was the inventor of the method of communication between St. Kilda and the mainland which is known as "the St. Kilda Post."

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One of the most delicate of the young poets of France has passed away recently in Albert Samain. Born in 1859, he was, with Alfred Valette, Louis Denise, Louis Dumur, and others, one of the founders of the *Mercure de France*. Less eccentric than some of his associates of the "symbolist" school, he remained loyal to the sonorous rhyme of traditional French verse. But he also introduced the muse of French poetic utterance into quiet

and less known byways. Not since the *précieux* of the seventeenth century had French poets been so tender and subtle as Samain in such lines as these, which are like a sonnet of Keats:—

La vie est une fleur que je respire à peine,
Car tout parfum terrestre est douloureux au fond.
J'ignore l'heure vaine, et les hommes qui vont,
Et dans l'Ile d'Email ma fantaisie est reine.

Mes bonheurs délicats sont faits de porcelaine,
Je n'y touche jamais qu'avec un soin profond ;
Et l'azur fin qu'exhale en fumant mon thé blond
En sa fuite odorante emporte au loin ma peine.

J'habite un kiosque rose au fond du merveilleux,
J'y passe tout le jour à voir de ma fenêtre
Les fleuves d'or parmi les paysages bleus ;

Et, poète royal en robe vermillon,
Autour de l'éventail fleuri qui l'a fait naître
Je regarde voler mon rêve, papillon.

Albert Samain leaves two volumes—"Le Jardin de l'Infante" and "Au Flanc du Vase," and materials for a third, the "Chariot d'Or," which the *Mercure de France* will undoubtedly publish. A one-act play in verse, *Polyphème*, is also completed.

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Mr. F. G. Kitton writes:—In many of the obituary notices of the late Sir John Lawes it is asserted that Dickens composed the verses on "The Blacksmith," which appeared in the first number of *All the Year Round*—a statement obviously based upon Forster, who, quoting a letter received by him from Sir John when preparing his biography of the Novelist, observes that the aforesaid verses were composed by Dickens and repeated to Sir John while he (Dickens) was walking about the Rothamsted Estate during his visit in 1859. I venture to warn future bibliographers, however, that there is good authority for declaring that the actual author was Dickens' friend, B. W. Procter ("Barry Cornwall"), who anonymously contributed to the same journal several poetical compositions of a like character. Evidence of this is afforded by an "office" set of *All the Year Round*, in which the name of the author has been officially appended (in manuscript) to each article, &c., which I imagine was done at the time of publication. The venerable baronet's memory must, therefore, have played him false in this particular instance.

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M. Octave Uzanne, happening during his holidays in the Normandy country to find himself in the neighbourhood of the little hamlet of Gruchet-Saint Simeon, made a pilgrimage to the quiet home where M. Maurice Maeterlinck has taken refuge. His description of the retreat of the author of "The Treasure of the Humble" is characteristic:—

Am I really in France? At the end of the avenue . . . I behold a simple bright, attractive, building, with a Directory air, much the sort of house, if I remember well, which I saw near Breskens above Bruges, and even in the neighbourhood of the canals of Middlebourg, in that incomparable Walcheren, which is like a miniature Dutch province, with a Japanese physiognomy. Here, in a wall which has the tones of butter, white windows are set in shutters painted a lively green, the Flemish green, gay, intense, like the green of a plate of spinach, that has not been chopped. The imposts of the windows are lined with red, and the whole is for the eye like the joy of a polychrome song. All about, meadows and orchards. In front a little garden, behind a white circular gate, and full of pretty simple plants, like a country curate's garden. . . . Within, the house is of a holy simplicity, so rich in intentional harmonies that you might believe a Ruskin or William Morris had passed that way. Yet there is nothing but white woodwork without pictures or other accessories. . . . In the study of the writer of "Wisdom and Destiny," I see on the table and among the books, a flight of friendly bees who do not appear to be disturbed by our approach. A dozen or more are quenching their thirst about a little lake of honey which appears to have been intentionally poured on the carpet. Maurice Maeterlinck tells me of his taste for apiculture. Even in childhood he was interested in his father's beehives, and he knows the habits of all the different bee tribes. He is now finishing a long chapter on "The Life of Bees," which will form the third part of his next book, the title of which, still uncertain, may possibly be, he confesses, "The Double Garden," in this sense, that he will cultivate there in turns the favourite garden plots of his science and his literature.

Publishers' Readers.

We naturally have no intention of bearing a hand in the dispute which has broken out between the author of "The Christian" and the authoress of "The Master Christian" in the halfpenny morning papers. The personalities in which the latter has thought right to indulge have as little interest for literary people as her announcement that she does not read her opponent's works "on principle." Principles should be capable of definition; and this particular principle seems to be as nebulous as the principle on which some people refuse to begin fires, whatever the weather may be, before November. What is interesting, however—and even important—is the light which the controversy throws upon the perils which beset the profession of publisher's reader. It appears—or, at all events, it is stated—that, in the days when both these writers were obscure, one, in the capacity of literary adviser to Messrs. Bentley, recommended those publishers to have nothing to do with the other, and consequently incurred her undying antipathy. The reason certainly does not seem to us sufficient to explain the rancour; and one is glad to know that rancour does not always result in such a case. Mr. James Payn, in his entertaining reminiscences, confesses that he was responsible for the rejection by a great house of "John Inglesant"—which afterwards had an enormous sale, and earned its author a great reputation. It had bored him in manuscript, and he erroneously concluded that, in print, it would bore the community at large. The interesting part of the story lies in the fact that it never entered his mind that the author would bear him any malice, or would be more likely to denounce him in print than to lie in wait for him with a cudgel. His one painful reflection was that he had lost his publishers a "good thing," and his relief was great when the head of the firm assured him that he, too, considered the book in question very dull, and its success a thing which no man could be expected to foresee. And that, of course, is the line which any publisher's reader ought to be able to take without any fear of injury from men with big sticks or ladies with sharp tongues. He is not a critic in the usual sense of the word, and his duty is not to the author but to his employers. He is merely—or, at least, mainly—called upon to answer the question, "Is there or is there not the promise of success in this book?" Even when work appeals to him he must harden his heart against it, if he fears that it will only be appreciated by the few. And he must also be prepared, in other cases, to report:—"This is sad rubbish, but it is what the public want." But the quarrel before us shows how important it is that these reports should be regarded by publishers as absolutely confidential. Mr. George Bentley, it seems, revealed the name of his reader to the writer of the book read. Even if he had not told her she would probably have had no great difficulty in finding out. It is, in fact, a great deal easier than it ought to be to ascertain such things; and as some women are as sensitive to criticisms of their books as other women are to criticisms of their personal appearance, much greater secrecy ought to be observed. One is almost tempted to suggest that authors, like the competitors for prize poems, should be required to enclose their papers of identification in sealed envelopes to be opened only after the reader had sat in judgment on their works. Even if this proposal is impracticable, all possible discretion should be exercised in order to avoid setting men and women of letters by the ears.

Personal Views.

TRANSLATIONS.

Has the art of translating ever been estimated at its proper value, in spite of everything that has been said and done in its favour?

There is no doubt that an important section of the public takes a very keen interest in the literatures of foreign countries, and as there are after all very few people capable of reading a work in the original, recourse must necessarily be had to translations. How and by whom are these translations made? This is a question to which nobody pays any attention. It is generally imagined that translating is a kind of hack work which demands no special literary qualities, a task necessarily inferior, to be performed hastily and painfully. The translator himself, despised and ill-paid, is largely responsible for the existence of this deplorable idea in the mind of the reader; he has a distinct tendency to minimize the value of his work; he does not realize that he ought to be, as Goethe has said, the interpreter of the nations, and that he plays a *rôle* of extreme dignity and importance in spite of the fact that a certain measure of inaccuracy is inherent to all translations.

There is hardly any important English work which has not been translated into French. In the eighteenth century the number of translations from the English was enormous. The influence of Voltaire, above all, contributed powerfully to the translation of many English works into French. In the preface to the first edition of the French version of the "Travels of Captain Lemuel Gulliver," the Abbé des Fontaines invokes the authority of Voltaire as a plausible excuse for his undertaking. But the translators of this epoch were content with a purely relative fidelity, and their theory of the art of translation was more than questionable. In this connexion, it is interesting to read, together with the preface already mentioned, the letter which the Abbé des Fontaines wrote to Swift when sending him a copy of the second edition of "Gulliver's Travels," and also the admirable letter which Swift wrote him in reply. (The works of Jonathan Swift, D.D., edited by Sir Walter Scott, Bart., Second Edition, Vol. XVII., p. 125.) The poor abbé, so roughly handled by the Dean of St. Patrick's, expresses, nevertheless, the current ideas of his time on the art of translation. According to him, the translator is at liberty to rearrange, excise, make additions, without scruple:—"Au reste," he says, "je me suis figuré que j'étais capable de suppléer à ces défauts et de réparer ces pertes par le secours de mon imagination. . . ." Further on he observes:—". . . Je proteste que si j'eusse trouvé dans mon auteur des traits piquants dont l'allusion m'eut paru marquée et naturelle et dont j'eusse senti le rapport injurieux à quelque personne de ce pays-ci, je les aurais supprimés sans balancer comme j'ai retranché tout ce qui m'a paru grossier et indécent." And he refers to his translation as "un ouvrage ingrat qui ne flatte point la vanité et qui n'en peut jamais inspirer qu'à un esprit extrêmement faible et superficiel." It is in accordance with these principles that the majority of the best English authors of the eighteenth century were translated. A faithful translation is impossible, nay, it was severely condemned, and the Abbé des Fontaines, writing on the subject of a rival version which was said to be on the point of publication, says:—"Si elle est littérale et si elle est faite par quelque traducteur ordinaire de ce pays-là (the Hague, Holland), je prononce sans l'avoir vue qu'elle est fort mauvaise et je suis bien sûr que quand elle paraîtra je ne serai ni démenti, ni détrompé." Similarly, the famous Abbé Prévost translated Richardson's novels, Targe translated Smollett, Laplace gave a version of Tom Jones, and eight volumes of the "Théâtre Anglois" (translating among other things "Love's Last Shift" by "La Dernière Chemise de l'Amour"); in a word, all the English authors of the time were completely disfigured and travestied.

In the first half of this century the translator renounced the privilege of adapting the original work to the taste of the French public, and he made strenuous efforts to reproduce his author faithfully, although his love of "fine writing" often led him to take unwarrantable liberties with the text of the original. Defauconpret translated Walter Scott, Amédée Pichot translated Byron, Henri Blaze translated Goethe. Later on Emile Montégut and François Victor Hugo translated Shakespeare. The influence of the new historical method was already beginning to make itself felt. There was a distinct tendency to render accurately and faithfully the different aspects of a work without paying any attention to the prejudices and susceptibilities of the public. But at this moment the literary output began to increase in enormous proportions. People wanted to know, and know quickly—there was so much to learn. What then was the use of laying too much stress on scholarly accuracy and fidelity? It occurred to a well-known publisher that there was "money" in French translations from the "English." The competence of the translator was a matter of no moment to him. His only ambition was to pay as little as possible. The result was that the market was flooded with a mass of inferior translations. Then, in the same collection, appeared "pêle-mêle" Jane Austen and Miss Braddon, Dickens and Mayne Reid, the Brontës and Miss Cummins, Bulwer Lytton and Thackeray, Mrs. Wood and Mrs. Gaskell. No discretion was exercised in the choice of authors, no attention was paid to the manner in which the works were rendered. In spite of this, the public bought these deplorable translations by thousands and the success of the enterprise seemed to justify the publisher.

Nevertheless, the French public tired of translations. For several years it seemed to prefer its own authors—the Goncourts, Zola, Daudet, Maupassant. The trade of the translator languished. A few isolated volumes were issued by different publishers, but they met with no success.

It is of the utmost importance that the general reader who takes an interest in English literature should be able to find the works of his favourite author or authors in the same collection. The writer of this article has had considerable experience in the matter and has often had occasion to notice how necessary it is for a foreign author to have his works published in one uniform collection. But how few have realized that necessity. Usually, the author, whether from indifference or because he is over sensible to flattery, gives the right of translating his works into French to the first comer without even inquiring whether his translator is a competent and properly qualified person.

Now, one cannot too earnestly warn the English author against the horde of translators who offer to disfigure and mutilate him at pleasure. One has not always the good fortune to meet with a Baudelaire who will turn out a translation more rich and magnificent than the original. The would-be translator almost always writes in French for permission to translate, whereas certainly the most elementary prudence demands that he should write in English in order to show the author, the victim elect, that he can, at least, express himself in that tongue. Sometimes the author grants the required permission by letter or, failing

this, he refers the translator to his literary agent, and the latter, without further formalities, hastens to demand sums of money which the hapless wight is incapable of paying. Meanwhile, the work itself suffers and no one troubles about the fate reserved for it. The translator has a vague smattering of English, having studied it more or less at school; with the help of the dictionary he will turn out laborious absurdities, and the result will be an unspeakable translation written in a jargon which has nothing French about it but the spelling. The bulk of these would-be translators, old maids, professors' widows, literary failures, journalists, do not know the language which they affect to translate, and they are equally ignorant of their own. Little reck they of the proprieties and delicacies of the language, of which Dryden speaks—"To know them requires not only learning but experience of life and good society. . . It appears necessary that a man should be a nice critic in his mother tongue before he attempts to translate a foreign language. Neither is it sufficient that he be able to judge of words and style, but he must be a master of them too: he must perfectly understand his author's tongue and absolutely command his own." These antiquated sentiments almost provoke a smile. It would be so easy to show the English authors how they have been ruined in French. Thomas Hardy is completely distorted, whereas he, of all men, requires intelligent translators, men with sufficient enterprise to visit his beloved Wessex, the intimate and characteristic background of his works. Stevenson has been wretchedly done; his translated works, almost unreadable in French, are scattered among all the publishers of Paris, and the result is that Stevenson is totally unknown to the reading public, whereas he ought to be one of its favourites. There is no necessity to found a Society for the Protection of Foreign Authors, since it would be so easy to undertake the task themselves. All they have to do is to make serious inquiries into the competence of those who propose to subject them to the dangerous test of translations, and to obtain guarantees that their work, which they have taken the trouble to write in good English, shall be rendered into good French, that their thought and their style shall be reproduced as exactly and faithfully as the tongue into which it is to be translated will allow. The painter does not have his picture engraved by a whitewasher, the sculptor does not have his statue cast by a stone-cutter, and we do not have our watches mended by a blacksmith.

HENRY D. DAVRAY.

"READING MATTER."

Once upon a time—it is not really so very long ago—the popular magazines, as they understood popularity in those days, were "repositories," as the good old term was, of literature, and were edited by men of letters. Nowadays they are edited by men of business, and are repositories of what is known to those men of business indifferently as "stuff" and "reading matter." It is a literary development hardly less important in its way than the transition from classicism to romanticism or from romanticism to realism; and the irony of it lies in the fact that it is due in part to the spread of education and in part to the progress of the arts. The schoolmaster went among the masses and taught them how to read, often without raising the general level of their intelligence much more than he might have raised it by teaching them to stand on their heads or to walk on the tight-rope. The men of science discovered a cheap and easy process of reproducing photographs. When these two things happened the hour had come; and when the hour came the man came also. He was nobody in particular, but he had an idea that was worth a good deal more than the proverbial five hundred thousand francs. Like another philosopher, he asked himself:—"What, in the name of the Bodleian, has the general public to do with literature?" But he went a step further than that philosopher and realized that, though the general public had nothing to do with literature, it might be persuaded to have a good deal to do with reading matter—especially if the reading matter were accompanied by pictures. He gave the public what it wanted—a penny weekly paper in which absolutely useless information jostled absolutely obvious jokes about landladies and mothers-in-law, and a sixpenny magazine which the most illiterate could understand—and his reward was not slow in coming to him. He prospered and still prospers as the founder of an ingenious new industry deserves.

These remarks are suggested by a manual entitled "How to Write for the Magazines" (Grant Richards, 2s. 6d.) by a writer who professes to make "£600 a year from it." We do not know which to admire more: the light-hearted, business-like Philistinism of this philosopher, or his ingenuity, while dispensing a good deal of useful information, in keeping other information, no less useful, up his capacious sleeve. His hints on such matters as the folding of MSS. and the procuring of photographs are admirable; his advice to young authors to write not what they want to write but what the public wants to read is sound, and no one can say that it is not required: the stories in which he relates how he has himself driven celebrities into consenting to be interviewed are as instructive in their way as the parable of the importunate widow. Where he fails, if at all—and we rather suspect that the failure is deliberate—is in indicating the great principles which underlie and inform the public taste and curiosity, and in pointing out the exceedingly simple means by which material for the gratification of that taste and curiosity can be got together. The broad rule is, we take it, that the magazine public is indifferent to the great events that shake the world, but likes to hear about everything that is odd, and curious, and out of the way. Concerning a great thinker, for example, it does not want to know what he thinks, but what he drinks, and whether he drinks it with his meals or whenever he happens to be thirsty. A discussion of the policy of a statesman would leave it cold, but a list, with photographs, of statesmen who wear eye-glasses would arouse its respectful interest. And it likes its curiosities grouped under some general heading. "Remarkable Monuments," "Wonderful Waterworks," "Famous Drinking Cups" are titles which indicate one group of articles always sure of a market, though it takes some time and trouble to collect the necessary photographs. Groups of celebrities preferably contemporary celebrities such as "Eminent War Correspondents," "Actresses' Mothers," "Infant Prodigies" are also welcomed by editors: and a polite and insidious letter-writer can generally get his work done for him by the celebrities themselves. We know some magazine-writers, indeed, who send out printed forms, something like census papers, which they request the celebrities to fill up for them. But the simplest of all magazine articles are those which are written round "faked" or mutilated photographs, whether of persons or of places. You can tickle your readers' palates, for instance, by showing them what St. Paul's Cathedral would look like if it were rebuilt in Rosherville Gardens, or what would be the effect of transporting the Pyramids from Cairo to Primrose Hill. Or you can cut full-length photographs in half and illustrate "the Legs of the Bishops," as a certain popular monthly lately did. The letterpress, in the latter case, is easily composed: all that is necessary being to criticize the legs and consider how far they helped the owner in climbing the ladder of preferment.

It is usual to speak contemptuously of this sort of thing; we may even, at one time or another, have spoken contemptuously of it ourselves. But, with this manual in front of us, we are disposed to chant a palinode. For the author introduces himself to us not as a literary man, but as a manufacturer of "stuff"—not as an artist, but as a craftsman. He does not pretend that it is more dignified to turn out reading matter than to make

boots and shoes. He merely shows us how to do it according to the rules, and points out that there is money in it. And why not? Surely the world needs reading matter as well as literature, and there is no more reason why everything that is printed should be a work of art than there is any reason why every man should always talk like a book. The statement has been published that Mr. Kipling regularly buys *Answers*, a certain well-known weekly, because "there are times when a fellow doesn't want to think," and most of us occasionally feel and act as he does. Just as there are times when we can enjoy bread and cheese and beer better than any of Joseph's most sublime culinary creations, so there are times when the most intellectual of us would rather examine even the gaiters of the Bishops than study their contributions to biblical criticism. Let us be duly grateful, therefore, to those who give us the opportunity of thus unbending. So long as they do not pose as men of letters they are doing us no injury; and we gather from "How to Write for the Magazines" that those of them, at all events, who succeed in life are no more guilty of such arrogance than are the compilers of wine merchants' circulars, and of the prospectuses of public companies.

THE ROMANCE OF THE ROSE.

When Socrates was lying in prison under sentence of death he called to mind an oracle which had given direction to all the energies of his mature life—an oracle which had bidden him pursue as his vocation the art of poetry—*τὴν μουσικήν*. Convinced of the supreme excellence of "divine philosophy," he had regarded the oracle as an exhortation to follow out his philosophic ambitions. For he believed that philosophy was the finest and most essential poetry. But as the end of his life faced him, he began to consider the possibility of misapprehension. Suppose the oracle should have borne its literal sense after all! With quiet and characteristic humour he set himself in those last few days to render a literal obedience by turning some of the Fables of Æsop into verse, an exercise about as easy and graceful to his seventy years as the gymnastics of an Egyptian tumbler. There are few men who have not, at some time in their lives, experienced the same return upon one's self, but scarcely with the sanguine urbanity of Socrates. Even so the romantic poetry of France, as it drew near its destined close, began to be affected with doubts whether it had not mistaken its mission.

The poetry of France had drawn its inspiration from the light-hearted casuistry of the Courts of Love. Reared in an environment of leisure and irresponsible luxury, Poetry had lent itself to all the quaint conceits and fantasies of chivalrous and artificial passion. As it found itself likely to die of sheer old age and inanition, anxious self-questionings began to make themselves felt. Perhaps the Love which had engrossed its whole attention was not the Love which is the true inspiration. So the dying poetry of the troubadours made a return in its last moments, and, with a self-mocking humour, began to hymn quite a different order of emotions under the disguise of Love.

It is in one of the most famous of mediæval poems—a work which, in spite of subsequent centuries of neglect, exerted a universal influence on the mediæval mind and became the most valuable document of mediæval humanity—that this return has been made. The "Romance of the Rose," a translation of which has, as we mention elsewhere, just appeared in the "Temple Classics" Series, was begun by a young poet who was steeped in the traditions of the troubadours. The history of Guillaume de Lorris is a mere lacuna, but there is no reason to doubt his description of himself as a young man of twenty-five. His poem has all the characteristics of youth; delight in beauty posing as passion, voluptuous reverie mistaken for melancholy, self-absorption passing for obsession. The "Romance" is the relation, converted into a story by the simplest process of allegory, of the incidents of a courtship which seems to have had nothing unusual about it. It is modelled on the refined and subtly superficial discussions of the Courts of Love. The psychology of the passion is developed as it would be in a circle of indolent knights and ladies, gathered in one of the sunny castle gardens of old France. The whole setting is voluptuously aristocratic—lawns smooth and bright as emerald, arbours of holly and holm and hornbeam, groves of "graceful birch with silvery bark," shimmering aspen, maple, ash, hazel, dark olive and squirrel-haunted beech, shaded pathways of "bruised mint and fennel savouring sweet," and from this delicious seclusion—

> Rondelettes burst forth amain
> To merry tunes of old Lorraine.

The dark outer world of lowering wastes, wild-eyed and beast-like Jacquerie, squalid *ruelles* of plague-stricken Paris, does not penetrate with the suspicion of a sigh. There is a conclusion—surely a spurious conclusion—to the first part of the "Romance," which makes the Lover happy with his Love.

The Rose was never plucked by Lorris. Like the Adrienne of Gérard de Nerval she withered in a convent, or was worn by a bolder lover. But Guillaume de Lorris was of those whom the gods love. Forty years after, the dead poet's work was taken up by a writer of very different calibre and temperament—a Jean of Meun, on the Loire, who was called Clopinel, because of some deformity. This clerk, deeply read in all the learning of his time, thoroughly bourgeois in his contempt alike for chivalrous fantasies and ascetic dreams, with an added bitterness of humour springing out of the consciousness of physical deformity, was to give utterance in caustic self-mockery to the death-bed repentance of Romantic Love. He dissects the passion with the ruthless precision of a man who is incapable of feeling or at least of enjoying it. The mere sexual appetite he would treat as any other appetite, neither to be glorified nor suppressed. The glamour which troubadours would throw about it is only the figment of indolence and luxury. True Love is but friendship under another name, whether of man for man, or man for woman.

A new spirit had entered into the Middle Ages, which is exemplified in many other matters besides this of Love. It was a secular, bourgeois, almost Philistine spirit, protesting with many a gibe and flout against the monastic ideals, but equally unsympathetic to the thoughts and motives that worked in the Reformation, through Luther, Calvin, or Knox. It derived much of its inspiration and sustenance from the worldly wisdom of men like Horace. Jean de Meun is the intellectual progenitor of Chaucer, Erasmus, and Montaigne.

But there was also the new leaven of another spirit at work. It is very conspicuous in the sympathies of such a passage as this:—

> Light-heart and gay
> Goes many a beggar by the way,
> But little heeding though his back
> Be bent beneath a charcoal sack.
> They labour patiently and sing,
> And dance, and laugh at whatso thing
> Befalls; for havings care they nought,
> But feed on scraps and chitlings bought
> Beside St. Marcel's, and dispend
> Their gains for wassail, then, straight wend
> Once more to work, not grumblingly,
> But light of heart as bird on tree,
> Winning their bread without desire
> To fleece their neighbours.

Villon and Rousseau, perhaps even the French Revolution, are latent in this halting, cynical, loveless clerk of Meun.

Now that the "Romance" has been rendered into English—for the first time since Chaucer—it is to be hoped that others besides the professional student will make acquaintance with this invaluable document of medievalism. Mr. Ellis is to be congratulated on the manner in which he has performed his task. We shall await with interest the completion of the work.

"THE NEEDLE'S EXCELLENCY."

In the year 1640 a little oblong folio, some 8in. by 5½in., showing the richest and clearest copper-plate designs for point lace and embroideries, was so popular among early Stuart ladies that it had reached its twelfth edition. John Taylor, the Water Poet (1580-1651), was the lucky producer of the book; he prefaced the patterns by three or four pages of descriptive verse and a few sonnets (*more suo*); his employer was James Bater, who sold "at the Signe of the Marigold, in Paules Churchyard"; the title of the little work was "The Needle's Excellency," and it was stated to be "inlarged with diuers newe workes as needle workes purles and others neuer before printed."

It is a fascinating relic; and it has a fascinating frontispiece, whatever the eleven preceding editions may have had. A fair orderly garden is shown in it, with an abundance of neat flower-beds and neat paths for its perspective, and with its foreground occupied by three ladies. One, who is grave and who is labelled "Wisdome," stands with a book between her fingers; the centre one sits on a low stool at needlework, comfortably tall-hatted and caped, her work-box on her knees, and her label setting her out as "Industrie"; the third, all liveliness and frolic, named "Follie," holds up her hands in amused amaze at the others' occupations. Looking at the group, in their Tudor-Stuart costumes, they seem a vivid representation of the opening of Scene 3 in Act I. of *Coriolanus*, where Valeria enters upon the other two Roman ladies crying,

> What! Are you sewing here! . . . Come, lay aside your stitchery! I must have you play the idle huswife with me this afternoon! . . . You would be another Penelope! . . . I would your cambrick were as sensible as your finger that you might leave pricking it for pity!

Valeria, Virgilia, Volumnia were to all intents and purposes Tudor-Stuart ladies, although they figure as Romans. John Taylor spoke of what he saw under his own eyes. Shakespeare saw the same; and Shakespeare had it in his mind when he wrote what has been quoted, when he made Hamlet stride in to Ophelia "as she was sewing in her closet," when he made Baptista bid Katharine "Go! Ply thy needle!" when he recalled Lavinia's "pretty fingers" which "could have better sewed than Philomel," when he caused Othello to lapse into tender memory of his murdered Desdemona, crying out, "So delicate with her needle!" and when he allied needlework with others of his heroines, in passages which will flash into memory readily.

Not, however, that the Water Poet's text fails of zest, self-administered. His verses possess it in every line, albeit possibly not for reasons anticipated by him. Thus, his First Sonnet is on Henry VIII.'s divorced "faire Katharine, Daughter to the Castile King," and he narrates how

> . . . . her dayes did passe
> In working with the Needle curiously,
> As in the Towre, and places more beside,
> Her excellent Memorials may be seene.

The little domestic scene makes a rare background to the sad story of Katharine told in the history books. Again:—Of this poor Katharine's sole child, Mary Tudor, Taylor says Sonnet II., her

> . . . . workes are likewise in the Tower,
> In Windsor Castle, and in Hampton Court,
> In that most pompous room called Paradise.

Of Elizabeth, Sonnet III., he says,

> . . . . howsoeuer Sorrow came or went,
> She made her Needle her companion still,
> And in that exercise her time she spent,
> As many living yet doe know her skill.
> Thus she was still a Captive or else crown'd,
> A Needle-woman Royall and renown'd

Taylor's other Sonnets are not less acceptable. One of the "high borne Ladies" he praised was "Mary, Countesse of Pembroke," a mistress of "stitchery" as well as the corrector of her brother's "Arcadia" written at her earliest leisure. Says Taylor,

> She wrought so well in Needle-worke that shee
> Nor yet her workes shall ere forgotten bee;

and he states how

> Braue Wilton house in Wiltshire well can show
> Her admirable workes in Arras fram'd.

Then he praised "Elizabeth, wife of Lord Robert Dormer, deceased," saying,

> And though her reuerent selfe with many dayes
> Of honourable age is loaden deepe,
> Yet with her Needle (to her worthy prayse),
> She's working often ere the Sunne doth peepe.

It is admirable testimony. Leaving the Sonnets and turning to the general descriptive verse, there is proof how closely Taylor looked at "The Needle's Excellency" displayed around him. His sub-title is "The Praise of the Needle," and he says,

> Yea, till the world be quite dissolu'd and past,
> So long at least the Needles use shall last,

because

> A Needle (though it be but small and slender),
> Yet it is both a maker and a mender.

Also, with halberds, casques, rapiers, and petards, all around him as he plied on the Thames, and collected wine dues there for the Lieutenant of the Tower, he takes to dignifying the needle as a weapon, saying,

> And more the Needles honour to aduance
> It is a Taylor's Javelin, or his Launce.
> And for my countries quiet I should like
> That woman-kinde should use no other Pike!

What he incidentally says of Tudor-Stuart garments is of great value; a needle being, according to him,

> A grave Reformer of old rents decay'd
> [It] Stops holes, and seames, and desperate cuts display'd;
> And thus without the Needle we may see
> We should without our Bibs and Biggins bee,
> No Shirts or Smockes our nakednesse to hide,
> No garments gay to make us magnifide.
> No Shadowes, Shapperoones, Ca[illegible], Bands, Ruffs, Kuffs,
> No Kerchiefs, Quoyfes, Chin-clouts, or Marry-Muffes,
> No Cros-cloaths, Aprons, Hand-kerchiefs or Falls,
> No Table-cloathes for Parlours or for Halls,
> No Sheetes, no Towels, Napkins, Pillow-beares,
> Nor any Garment man or woman weares.

It might be a laundry-list, it goes so searchingly into the linen-press, into the nursery, and pieces of personal gear sent, say, to Datchet Mead for bucking and whiting, with a certain Falstaff in their company.

The Water-Poet at length, in enumerating his points, says,

> Thus is a Needle prov'd an Instrument
> Of profit, pleasure, and of Ornament.
> Which mighty Queenes haue grac'd in hand to take,
> And high borne Ladies such esteeme did make,
> That as their Daughters' Daughters up did grow
> The Needles Art they to their Children show.

But his Needle-Women Royall and Renown'd and his Daughters' Daughters need never fear that their craft had but one department, to keep in which would soon bring weariness. Far and wide, into vista after vista, went the Needle's Excellency, Taylor assured them. They could sew, or stitch, for ornamentation, for beauty. At their choice, they could produce

> Flowers, Plants, and Fishes, Beasts, Birds, Flyes and Bees,
> Hils, Dales, Plaines, Pastures, Skies, Seas, Rivers, Trees.
> . . . . .

Moreover, Posies rare, and Anagrams,
Sigunique searching sentences from Names,
True History, or various pleasant fiction,
In sundry colours mixt, with Arts commixion.

. . . . .

There's nothing neere at hand, or farthest sought,
But with the Needle may be shap'd and wrought.

Even the stitches, or methods, by which they could embody their picturesque inclinations were set down by Taylor in long variety. He told of as many as seven kinds of "workes," these being Rais'd, Laid, Frost, Net, Purl, Tent, Cut. The last he distinguished as "rare" and "Italian"; was it the stitch used to make "the slip-tire, the tire-valiant, or any tire of Venetian admittance," which Falstaff swore would suit the brew of Mistress Ford? Fourteen different stitches were also catalogued in verse by Taylor for his high-borne ladies. These were Spanish, Irish, Rosemary, Mowse, Bred, Farne, Finny, Fisher, Queen, New, Chain, Whip, Back, Crowse. It is a pity that, though the names of a few of these still linger, there is no knowing which was Mowse, say, or Queen, or Rosemary, in the apparel to be seen by us as Holbein painted it.

There had to be teachers of the correct execution of these difficult Workes and Stitches. Whilst Taylor was still keeping his tavern in Long-acre, there was struggling into acceptance a Cook-Book writer, Hannah Wolley, who, at the end of a volume issued by her twenty years after Taylor's death, in 1671, "The Queene-Like Closet or Rich Cabinet," sets out how she will likewise "teach to embroider at peoples homes for four shillings the day. . . . If any Person desire to speak with me, they may find me at Mr. Richard Wolleys House in the Old Bailey in Golden Cup Court." In order to attract her clients she persuaded them that "it is more commendable a great deal to wear ones own work than to be made fine with the Art of others," and she added, with printing emphasis, "Any *fool* may be made fine with cost, but give me those who can be neat and nobly habited with a reasonable charge."

We cannot turn from brocades, gold and silver braid, spangles, thread-papers, "huzzifs," spools, silks, and crewels without a short allusion to Cowper's evidence about them. Writing "The Task," in 1784, he waxes eloquent on what his companions were producing in the tranquillity of a fire-side winter evening. He says:—

. . . . the needle plies its busy task,
The pattern grows; the well-depicted flower,
Wrought patiently into the snowy lawn,
Unfolds its bosom; buds, and leaves, and sprigs,
And curling tendrils gracefully disposed,
Follow the nimble fingers of the fair.

Again, take what he says of Patchwork. According to him, it was not only a piece of delicate, refined and artistic workmanship, as it was when delicacy and refinement and art were put into it by "ladies of quality" and gentlewomen, but a pretty meaning lay at the back of all the patches. They were snips from the gown cuttings of lady-acquaintances, sent to the friend who was industriously making them into a whole as emblems of friendship and admiration. Consequently, when Mrs. King, of Portenhall, gave Cowper "a kind Present of a Patchwork Counterpane of her own making," and he wrote his Poem of Thanks to her, he was urged to cry, with all his courteous and gentle humour,

Should every maiden come
To scramble for the patch that bears
The impress of the robe she wears,
The bell would toll for some!

And oh, what havoc would ensue!
This bright display of every hue
All in a moment fled,
. . . .
Each picketing a shred!

JENNETT HUMPHREYS.

BEZA.

The life of Beza reviewed in our columns the other day was the first life of Beza written in the English language. Let us hope that it may do something to prevent Beza from being forgotten by English Protestants. The illustrious Reformer is remembered by too many of us only as the man who presented the Codex Bezæ to the University of Cambridge. He ought to be remembered also as one of the most picturesque figures in the history of Protestantism, and distinctly the most human figure in the history of Calvinism. He was a scholar and a gentleman, whereas Calvin was only a scholar; he had been a man of the world before he became a man of God, and he remained a man of the world afterwards. His *bonhomie* was such that the Genevans said that they would rather go to hell with him than to heaven with Calvin; he was a poet of great versatility—the precursor, in different veins, one might almost say, of Herrick, of Sternhold and Hopkins, and of Mr. F. C. Burnand.

There is a prevalent belief that Beza wrote improper Latin verses in his unregenerate days; but this is hardly in accordance with the facts. The charge was originally preferred by Roman Catholic calumniators; and a certain number of Protestant writers, accepting the Roman Catholic estimate of the verses, have apologized for them. If they had taken the trouble to read the notorious "Poemata" they would have discovered that there was very little in them to apologize for. That branch of the subject, therefore, may be left. After Beza had found religion, he imitated Clément Marot in writing a metrical version of the Psalms; but his superiority to Clément Marot was not so much poetical as moral. Clément Marot got into trouble with the spiritual powers at Geneva for playing backgammon in an inn with the prisoner of Chillon; and Beza's comment on his rival's character and conduct was:—"Mores parum Christianos ne in extrema quidem ætate emendavit." One cannot help thinking that professional jealousy had as much to do with the verdict as righteous indignation.

Finally Beza was a comic poet. His performances in that direction are naturally little dwelt upon by the majority of his Protestant biographers, but they are interesting all the same. Together with Henri Estienne, the printer, and some other humorists, he was engaged in the composition of a burlesque entitled "Cuisine Papale." As a sample of Beza's humour we may offer a rough translation of the passage in which President Lizet, burner of heretics, bewails the loss of his nose:—

O nose that must with drink be dyed,
O nose, my glory and my pride,
O nose that didst enjoy aright,
Nose, my alembic of delight.

My bibulous big bottle nose
As highly coloured as the rose,
It was my hope that thou would'st share
My shifting fortunes everywhere.

A Churchman's nose thou wast indeed,
The partner of his prayers and creed,
Proof against all doctrinal shocks,
And never aught but orthodox.

It is poor fooling; but, of course, Beza's reputation no more depends upon it than General Baden-Powell's reputation depends upon

You may bet your boots
It's the gun that shoots
The high velocity shell.

His reputation, in fact, does not depend upon his books at all, though he wrote eighty-seven of them, including a Life of Calvin, which is, in most respects, better than Bungener's. His real claim to our respect is as a man of action, who could do any number of things at once and do them all very thoroughly. He was the first Rector of the University of Geneva; and when the University chest was empty, and the salaries of the professors could not be paid, he acted as *locum tenens* for all of them, without losing

either his health or his high spirits. After Calvin's death he took Calvin's place as the head of the Genevan theocracy; and in that capacity he became a veritable Pope of Protestantism, protecting Protestant interests at all the Courts of Europe, and steering the Genevans themselves through the most troubled period of their history.

For one thing it was during his *régime* that the ministers of religion first learnt not to be afraid of the plague—a thing which Calvin had signally failed to do. The change of tone which he introduced in this regard can be clearly illustrated by two extracts from the Registers of the Council of the City. The entry referring to the epidemic of Calvin's time runs thus:—

> The ministers appeared before the Council confessing that it was their duty to go and offer consolation to the sufferers from the plague, but that not one of them had the courage to do so. They begged the Council to overlook their weakness, seeing that God had not given them the grace to brave and overcome the peril with the intrepidity required.

Calvin does not seem to have considered that the situation called for any particular action on his part. But, when a similar, though graver, epidemic broke out in Beza's time, the ministers were thoroughly well kept up to the mark; and we read that:—

> Though M. de Bèze vehemently insisted that he should not be exempted from the duty of comforting the plague stricken, his colleagues refused to grant his request—not because they wish to spare him, but because they must keep him among them as long as God will let them.

Evidently Beza was a man of finer courage and character than Calvin. The Libertines used to set their dogs at Calvin; one does not picture them setting their dogs at Beza. We find him displaying his courage again during the long religious wars which began in 1589. There had been atrocities; Genevan peasants had been roasted alive over slow fires; the Genevan soldiers wanted to retaliate at least by pillaging; but Beza would not let them. He paraded and harangued them; told them that they were degrading Geneva to the level of a brigand's cave, and bade them make instant restitution of the plunder which they had taken. It is recorded that they obeyed him; and there could be no better proof alike of his courage and of his force of character.

Another occasion on which Beza figures picturesquely is the famous Escalade. The Duke of Savoy had tried to rush the town at night, in time of peace. There was a rough and trouble in the streets. A brave woman, who was making soup for an early breakfast, flung the scalding fluid, saucepan and all, out of window on to the heads of the intruders; the guard turned out and fought *en déshabillé*; the enterprise was defeated. Beza, who was now an old man and very deaf, had slept through the fighting undisturbed, and only heard what had happened on the following morning. Though he had now retired from the active duties of the pastorate, he dressed himself and went down to the Cathedral, where he mounted the pulpit stairs, and called upon the congregation to sing Psalm cxxiv.:—

> If the Lord had not been on our side, now may Israel say: if the Lord himself had not been on our side, when men rose up against us.

It was the old Reformer's last public appearance—and a fitting one, giving the last dramatic touch to the most dramatic incident in Genevan annals. He lived till 1605, but he was growing feebler and feebler. He suffered from no actual malady, but it was obvious to all that the light was flickering out. His intellect, however, was clear until the last, and the picture of his last days, drawn by his friend La Faye, recalls Bunyan's picture of the Christian pilgrims waiting in the Land of Beulah for their summons to cross the river to the shining city.

The venerable Company of Pastors in conclave resolved that no day should be allowed to pass without at least two of their number paying him a visit. For the rest, "he found his pleasure in reading grave and pious colloquies and sermons, and particularly in those words of Augustine—*Long have I lived; long have I sinned. Blessed be the name of the Lord!*" And, at the last, "Without pain and without a struggle, all his senses, as it seemed, failing him simultaneously, in one single instant, he gave back his soul to God, his bodily pilgrimage having last eighty-six years, three months, and nine days, and forty of his years having been spent in the holy office of the ministry."

And so he died—the most human of the Genevan Reformers—the only one of them whom one would greatly care to know if he were still living in our midst.

THE DRAMA.

"A DEBT OF HONOUR."

Questions of literary plagiarism are apt to receive much more attention from the public than they deserve. For one person who can take an interest in the artistic merits of a novel or a play there are a score who find personal disputes between authors far more piquant. Nothing is so rare as plagiarism, the deliberate pilfering of plots and "motives" and "situations"; nothing is so common as their undesigned coincidence. Plagiarism is rare because literary dishonesty does not pay. Undesigned coincidence is common because two authors presenting the same theme before the same public are bound, partly by the inherent conditions of the subject, partly by the lawful requirements of the public, to travel over much the same ground in much the same way. Mrs. W. K. Clifford has written and published in the *Anglo-Saxon Review* a drama turning upon the relations of a man with two women, one of whom is his mistress, the other his wife. Mr. Sydney Grundy has written a drama on the same subject, which has been produced by Mr. George Alexander at the St. James's; and Mrs. Clifford says that hers is remarkably like hers. Though she does not bring a charge of plagiarism, she is puzzled and chagrined by the coincidence. Her chagrin is natural, but her bewilderment is uncalled for. The truth is that out of the many dramas which may be based on a given theme there is always one which may be regarded as the drama proper to that theme, and writers with the same dramatic instinct will always select that one drama. The drama of a man between two women is bound (1) to divide the sympathy of the audience between the two women, (2) to bring the women face to face in a crucial scene, and (3) to remove one of the women by a catastrophe. For, unless there is a balance of sympathies, there is no real conflict of forces, in other words no drama. Not to bring the two women face to face would be to shirk the *scène-à-faire*, the most exciting situation which is possible in the given circumstances and which, therefore, the audience will not dispense with. And one of the women must be removed before the curtain descends or we should have a cynical conclusion which the average theatrical audience, certainly the average English audience, would never stomach. Some subsidiary features are equally inevitable. For an English audience both women must be virtuous—that is, the mistress must be as innocent in intention as the wife; and, that being so, their meeting must be one of mutual pity and sympathy, not of recrimination. It is possible for the author of *La Gioconda* to balance the sympathies of an Italian audience by crediting the wife with all the virtue and the mistress with the task of artistically inspiring the man; it is possible for him to make their meeting a war-to-the-knife between these two forces of domestic affection and artistic inspiration. Neither course would be possible to an English dramatist. His lines are plainly marked out for him in the directions I have indicated. Now this identity of direction is what puzzles and vexes Mrs. Clifford. It really indicates that she and Mr. Grundy both know their business; they have independently arrived at the same goal by the same road, because they have given their subject its natural development, they have extracted from it the one drama which it contains. This is the commonsense of a very simple matter. But it is not a view

which is ever likely to console the one who has the mischance to be second in the field; nor will it ever get due recognition from the public, which is more amused by dramatists' squabbles than by cool consideration of the laws of dramaturgy.

So much for the inevitable points in two plays developing the same theme. As a matter of fact I do not think these points are the best things in Mr. Grundy's play. Their very inevitability discounts their effect in advance. It is in the points which were not inevitable, in which Mr. Grundy's invention—or rather his skill in applying observation—has had free scope that he seems to me at his best. Thus his scene of the parting between Carlyon and his mistress was not necessarily involved in his theme, and it is certainly the strongest thing in the play. Without wasting a word or a pause or an attitude it shows with great skill the inherent superiority of the mistress to the man—her self-abnegation contrasted with his egoism, her wealth of tenderness with his emotional poverty, her clear knowledge of him with his inability either to appreciate her or to realize himself. She makes the parting easy for him by assuming a forced levity to hide her agony of heart, and succeeds so well that he actually departs congratulating himself that he is no longer to waste his life on so heartless a woman. The scene is admirable not only as a bit of adroit stage-writing, but in its neat, biting irony as a "criticism of life." If only that ironical treatment had been sustained and pushed home! If only Mr. Grundy had been at the pains to show what a miserable creature *au fond* this Carlyon is, and had held him up to our contempt in the end! But that was not to be, partly, I suppose, because the part was written for Mr. Alexander, who must, even at the risk of a contresense, figure as a more or less "sympathetic personage," and partly because Mr. Grundy did not desire to write a play which should leave a bitter taste in the mouth. So Carlyon gets his worldly success, his seat in Parliament, his wife's promise of forgiveness, in short the prospect of "living happy ever afterwards"—and all this over the dead body of his deserted mistress! In reality, this is a ferociously cynical conclusion, but it is carefully wrapped up and coated with sugar, so that the public swallow it as a pleasant *bon-bon*.

Another point by no means inevitable is the device by which the scene of the two women is brought about—a well-meaning blunder of a good-hearted, puzzle-headed little friend of the wife's, who, finding her pining for some active piece of benevolence, suggests that she cannot do better than visit and console a poor woman in distress. The woman, of course, is the deserted mistress. A clumsier dramatist would have adopted some cheaper expedient—an incriminating letter accidentally read or a challenge levelled by the distracted mistress at the wife's peace of mind. Mr. Grundy's expedient is not only more fresh and human in itself, but it serves as the pretext for elaborating a subsidiary character into something very quaint and genial. This character, by the way, is admirably played by Mr. Esmond. Miss Fay Davis, too, is very sweet as the innocent mistress, Miss Julie Opp very handsome, if nothing more, as the wife, and Mr. Alexander very comfortably (if—as I have hinted—somewhat inopportunely) Alexandrine as the husband.

A. B. WALKLEY.

Reviews.

THE FUNCTION OF WAR.

Social and Imperial Life of Britain. By Kenelm D. Cotes, M.A. Vol. I.—War and Empire. (Grant Richards, 7s. 6d. n.)

This is the first volume of a series, the general method of which will be best inferred from the titles of those which are to follow. After "War and Empire" will come "The Diversity of National Life," which will discuss the influence of Britain, geographically considered, in training its inhabitants for the task of empire, and will depict the character of the successive bands of invaders who occupied it. When national life has been exhibited as the result of these geographical and ethnological causes it will be shown how this national life became imperial in the northern seas and the Mediterranean, and finally achieved its destiny on the oceans. A third volume will treat of "The Geography of Sea Power and Empire." In this it will be shown how the path of empire has been marked out, how the European horizon has widened, how pioneers have pushed their way into the unknown, and in the end covered the sphere with a network of roads by land and sea.

"Geography studied in this way," says Mr. Cotes, "shows that by the plan of the world empires are placed where lands connect the maritime regions, that all empires have depended on sea power, that sea power only falls to a people whose plebeians are armed and therefore free." We are not sure that any one of these three propositions will bear examination, and the dark saying that "empires are placed where lands connect the maritime regions" is too much for us. Does Mr. Cotes mean that an empire must necessarily border on more than one sea, and intend by this to lead up to the principle that "all empires have depended on sea power?" Assuredly neither Russia, China, nor the United States are dependent on sea power, any more than were the ancient empires of the Assyrians, Medes, and Persians. The Austrian Empire, with its single port, is by no means dependent on sea power; neither is the German Empire, though the Germans appear to be perfectly miserable because it is not so. What Mr. Cotes probably means is that a maritime empire is dependent on sea power, which is a truism. Nor can we concede that "sea power only falls to a people whose plebeians are armed and therefore free." We see no necessary connexion between sea power and the arming of the plebeian landsman. The plebeian has universally been armed in the sense intended by Mr. Cotes, except where he has been held in slavery, or a state equivalent to slavery. But the instances in which maritime power has been developed to such an extent as to make it the mainstay of empire are few indeed.

Mr. Cotes, to tell the truth, is weakest in his generalizations; and the "Laws of Imperial Life," for which he claims something of the merit which belongs to scientific discovery, do not strike us as either original or important. Where he succeeds is in bringing a vast number of illustrations, drawn from many distant sources, to bear on the various stages of his argument. He has read widely and to good purpose, and he has a keen sense of historical analogy. The main drift of his volume is to show that national life, character, and organization have in this country been chiefly moulded by war and its results. This indicates a strong reaction against the doctrine that history is no mere record of reigns and campaigns, but has its true roots in the legal, economic, and literary aspects of society. It is too often forgotten that down to the reign of Charles II. English society rested on a system which made every free man a soldier. In England, as Mr. Cotes puts it, the plebeian had been armed ever since the Anglo-Saxon immigration, and adopted every change which made military equipment more effective. The consequence was that feudalism was earlier checked and counterbalanced, and the substantial liberty of the subject achieved. The arming of the plebeian raised his industrial *status*, and prepared the nation for the part it was destined to play in transmarine conquest and colonization. In this island the first condition of all empire, as laid down by Bacon—"that before all things the breed of men be stout and warlike"—was fulfilled at an early date, and there were circumstances which enabled Englishmen to start in the race for the world's dominion with other advantages. Notwithstanding some faults incident to the work of a youthful writer, Mr. Cotes has produced an interesting volume, and we shall be glad to hear of the publication of a further instalment of what should prove to be a work of permanent value.

NORFOLK.

Norfolk. By Wm. A. Dutt. (Dent's County Guides, 4s. 6d. n.)

"We Norfolk folk, or 'North Folk of East Anglia,' are firmly of opinion that there is no county in England to compare with our own." With these words Mr. Dutt commences his little book on Norfolk in the series of "County Guides," published by Messrs. Dent and Co., and all Norfolk men will no doubt agree with him. But we may go further, and say that this book certainly affords some justification for this healthy patriotism. This series of County Guides is not of the ordinary guide-book type, containing a list of places to be visited, ticketed and described as separate items, which, however accurate and instructive, can hardly fail to be dry. On the contrary, there is not a dull or a dry page in the present volume.

The book is divided into three parts, of which the first, and longest, by Mr. Dutt himself, contains the account of "Norfolk: its Story and Scenery." A short introduction deals with its geological features, which have largely conduced to the present undulating and diversified appearance of the country; this is followed by an historical summary from its earliest Iberian or Euskarian inhabitants of the Neolithic period, whose remains are to be seen in the "Shrieking Pits" at Aylmerton, near Cromer, in the lake-dwellings at Wretham, near Thetford, and in the flint-workings near Brandon, to their Iceuian conquerors and so to Roman, Saxon, Danish, Norman, and modern times. Short as it is, this sketch gives a more picturesque and accurate account of Norfolk history than is to be found in more elaborate books, such as Mr. Walter Rye's "History of Norfolk." At the present day, as the author shows, Norfolk is peculiarly attractive not only to the archæologist, from the number of its Churches—there are more than a hundred within a twelve-mile radius of Thetford—its Castles, and its old Halls, but also to the sportsman, or to the simple tourist. We have no fault to find with the arrangement of the sixteen itineraries, and the headings are attractive. "The City of Churches" describes Norwich; "Peggotty's Port" describes Great Yarmouth; "Byways and an old Turnpike," the road from Norwich through Caistor and Wymondham to Thetford; "A Royal Town and a Flint Village," Thetford and Brandon; "Anne Boleyn's Country," Aylsham, Blickling, and Cromer; "By the Wild North Sea," the coast route from Yarmouth through Caister, Cromer, Cley, and Wells to Hunstanton; while seven itineraries are devoted to the glories of Broadland, with its quiet streams, its wide stretches of reed-bounded meres, and its magnificent sunsets. Each itinerary takes the form of a narrative in which writer and reader wander together, finding new beauties in well-known scenes and fresh objects of interest in out-of-the-way districts. There is, too, in these pages something of the glamour of the country, of the open expanses of common and the invigorating breeze, the song of birds, the hum of insect-life. Natural history and sport are dealt with by specialists in the second part. The papers are short, but contain good hints for the sportsman, the fisherman, the cyclist, and the tourist who is interested in geology, botany, entomology, or ornithology. That on "Bird-life," by the Rev. R. C. Nightingale, is particularly good. In a third part comes a list of places to be visited, a gazetteer and an index.

We have noted very few mistakes or omissions. By a curious oversight, which should be corrected in a future edition, the itineraries are numbered "one" to "seventeen" in the headings, but the seventh is omitted. On p. 21 it is stated that "the Cathedral suffered a good deal *during the Reformation*, when the people of Yarmouth, who wanted a workhouse, petitioned the Lord Protector that it might be pulled down for the purpose." This should, of course, be "after the Civil War," the Lord Protector being Oliver Cromwell. More might have been said about the Church of St. Peter Mancroft, in Norwich, which is one of the most interesting in the county. The fine round towers of St. Julian and St. Mary Coslany, at Norwich, are most certainly not Saxon (p. 25); that of the former is Early Norman, while that of the latter is of the same age as the Church, viz., Perpendicular. To come to more modern times, we should not do our sea-fishing with a rod (p. 241); we should use the square frame round which the line is wound, and which is employed by the fishermen all round the coasts of Great Britain.

There are a number of good maps; and many illustrations, full-page and vignette, by Mr. J. A. Symington. The book is charmingly got-up, with a flavour of the eighteenth century about its appearance. We recommend the tourist to make it his *vade mecum* for a ramble through Norfolk.

PLATONISM AND THE LADIES OF THE RENAISSANCE.

Les Femmes de la Renaissance. By R. de Maulde la Clavière. Paris, 1898. (Perrin, Fr.7.50.)

To give his readers a better comprehension of the periods of history with which he was dealing, M. Renan would often allude to contemporary events or creeds, and, *à propos* of Greece or Israel, expatiate on the Crimean War, the Commune, or Socialism. The same method has been adopted by M. de Maulde la Clavière, with the added excuse that the epoch of which he treats—the Renaissance—bears some resemblance to our own century. Our contemporaries, like those of Marguerite de Navarre, are tormented with the same Pagan desire for happiness here below. It is only the means of securing this end that have changed; scholars, noblemen, especially noblewomen, were devoted to the cult of Plato. At first France showed some hesitation in adopting what she considered as an Italian importation; but the women having become adepts of the new creed, it finally flourished in France as in the rest of Europe. This attempt at happiness, however, was short-lived; it lasted the few years of Francis I. and Henri II.'s reign. The corruption of the Valois Court, the stern reality of civil war, and the spirit of France itself—always too ready to laugh down enthusiasms and an ideal—quickly killed it. Marot knew the Platonists and was in high favour with them; Ronsard and Du Bellay were quite opposed to them—a proof that the noble adepts had become much less numerous.

The book falls into two separate parts; in the first part, we have a very interesting study of the manners of the sixteenth century; the chapters on marriage, on the education of children are both instructive and amusing, especially as by a trick of the author they are constantly written in the present tense, producing the illusion that he is speaking not of manners and customs three hundred years old, but of our present "decadence":—

L'instruction s'est fort répandue, tout le monde veut en avoir, plutôt par amour-propre que pour correspondre à des besoins réels; il en résulte qu'on se préoccupe moins d'armer quelques intelligences d'élite, et davantage de vernir superficiellement la banalité des esprits. Le monde est encombré d'aimables jeunes hommes, types de correction mondaine, saluant bien, dansant bien, se tenant bien à table, pourvus d'ailleurs de quelques bribes latines ou grecques, élégamment bisifs, et, dans cet état, orgueil du bon commerçant qui a l'honneur de leur donner le jour et de leur assurer des revenus. Leur côté faible, c'est qu'encore imberbes ils connaissent trop la vie; l'esthétisme ne les a menés ni aux illusions ni à l'enthousiasme; mais ils sont docteurs en évaluation marchande de telle demoiselle à la mode et de son mobilier.

These observations apply almost as much to one of Gyp's favourite characters as to a young contemporary of Erasmus. In the second part of the book the author becomes frankly the scholar. The value of Platonism as a system of ethics is discussed, its perils duly set forth, its fair exponents' lives elaborately recounted. This is how Platonism is defined:—

Pour être heureux, il faut s'élever au-dessus de la matière,

et établir le monde sur une philosophie de l'amour. . . . L'art consiste à réaliser autant que possible la plénitude de la vie, c'est-à-dire à tirer du christianisme une philosophie esthétique. . . . La doctrine d'amour s'était retugiée étioler dans les cloitres, comme dans une serre chaude, et laissait la place libre au vice. . . . Il faut rendre au monde la philosophie méconnue, traduire l'amour comme il doit l'être, par des impressions, par la sensibilité, et non par l'esprit; c'est pourquoi Castiglione a dit: On ne voit Dieu que par les femmes.

All this is very vague, no doubt, and not calculated to satisfy the philosophical historian, but the author may plead that to define such a subtle creed is to take away part of its charm.

M. de Maulde la Clavière has the love of a scholar for the slight detail, the mere fragment of a letter; he has spent long hours in a library in company with the fair shadows of Isabelle d'Este, Anne de France, Marguerite de Navarre; he knows, even better than Bayle, the gossip and scandal of their brilliant little courts, and can name the exact sums of money which Arctino extorted from Italian noblewomen; he has not forgotten the story about Joan of Arragon's various portraits, especially the one that that old pedant Nifo had the audacity to write out in all its details; but, unfortunately, he forgets at times that his readers are not so familiar as he is with this special branch of history, and he has a bewildering way of proceeding at times by a series of allusions which are disconcerting.

The book is a bulky quarto and some of the chapters might easily be cut down, yet it is incomplete. France and Italy were not all Europe in the sixteenth century; Platonism, the cult of beauty and love, flourished also in England, and in England, too, there reigned a Queen who encouraged it. Of all the Princesses introduced by M. de Maulde la Clavière to his readers, none was so thorough-going a Platonist as the "Virgin Queen" Elizabeth. The doctrine gave rise in England to works that have been more lasting than Cardinal Bembo's or Vivès' treatises. Sir Philip Sidney and Spenser might have held as great a place in the book as the innumerable unknown Italian poets that the author loves to quote. "An hymne of heavenly love" is, to our thinking, well worth all the rhymes of Saint-Gelais, Héroët, and Salel. But M. de Maulde la Clavière is an erudite historian who cares little for paths that others have trodden; he has discovered a new land, and guides us in it with the enthusiasm and perhaps the insistent earnestness of an antiquary displaying his treasures.

AN AMERICAN ON ENGLISH POLITICS.

An Outline of Political Growth in the Nineteenth Century. By E. H. Sears. (Macmillan, 12s. 6d. n.)

"Sapere in aliena republica" was a phrase used a good many centuries ago to convey a warning tinged with something of reproach and a large measure of irony. But, nowadays, we are all wise in the affairs of other nations, and to display our wisdom, or our want of it, is regarded as a sort of literary obligation. We really do not see why a literary man should take upon himself to pass moral sentence on statesmen and the policy of empires. In the days when we committed to memory the Kings of Israel and Judah we were expected to distinguish between those who did right in the sight of the Lord and those who did evil; and this involved the less incongruity because the matter had been decided for us by the public opinion of the Israelites themselves. Without this black or white ticket attached to each name the list of the Hebrew Sovereigns would have been intolerably monotonous, and the label facilitated the task of getting the names by heart. But we feel it to be a superfluity verging on impertinence when the compiler of a mere outline of recent history seasons his pages with the crudest judgments on those who figure in them; and all the more so when those judgments are founded on the application of a single test of an extremely trite description. Mr. Sears is an American writer who glories in his devotion to the principles of democracy, and sees in the promotion of those principles the only criterion of statesmanship. For him, as might be expected, Lord Beaconsfield's policy was simply "a wicked waste of blood and treasure," and Mr. Gladstone earned "lasting honour" by granting a "brave little people" their independence after the disaster of Majuba. At a later stage in his work, when Mr. Sears has bestowed a little more attention on South African questions, his opinion of the Boers undergoes considerable modification, though he still thinks that the primary cause of the war was nothing less (he probably means "nothing more") than Anglo-Saxon greed. Mr. Sears seems to have been under the impression that by the time his work issued from the press Lord Salisbury would somehow have disappeared from the scene. At any rate, he writes of the Prime Minister and his present administration in the past tense, and very grotesque reading it is:—

> Lord Salisbury's administration was not in the end successful. He was not a great leader or a great executive (*sic*). He lacked the energy and the intrepidity which characterized Lord Palmerston; he had not the intellectual breadth or the moral elevation of Mr. Gladstone. In no direction did he show great vigour and ability; and his foreign policy was so timid and cautious as to give offence even to his own party. He soon found himself confronted with problems of a peculiarly difficult and delicate character—problems which would have taxed the resources of a statesman of first-class genius, and which proved too formidable for Lord Salisbury's astute but halting diplomacy. In handling them he gradually lost the confidence of the nation.

Probably by this time Mr. Sears has repented of these conspicuously silly remarks, which only serve to show how perilous it is for a writer who can only take his cue from others to sit in judgment on the contemporary statesmen of foreign countries. Had Mr. Sears exercised more self-restraint in this respect he would have had leisure to correct some of the inaccuracies which disfigure his pages. One who knows so much as he does about the shortcomings of English Cabinets ought not to be under the impression that the Lord Chancellor holds office for life; and there is something irresistibly ludicrous in his statement that Australia was discovered by the Portuguese in the earlier part of the fifteenth century, and "is designated Terra Australis on the maps of that period." Mr. Sears, as might be anticipated, is most worth attention when dealing with the affairs of his own country. With all his attachment to democratic principles he does not appear to be satisfied with the existing condition of American politics; and he expressly congratulates Great Britain on the fact that she has not yet experienced the full force of democratic tendencies. "Her civil service has not been corrupted by the spoils system; her finances are not controlled by the untrained masses; her laws are not framed at the instigation of the lobby; her diplomats are not appointed for party reasons." It augurs ill for the cause of civil service reform in the United States that President McKinley, reversing the policy pursued since Garfield's death in 1881, withdrew last year an immense number of offices from the application of the rules which throw the civil service open to the public without party nomination. On the President's side it is alleged that the offices so restored to the "spoils system" after all numbered no more than 1,000. The National Civil Service Reform League estimates them at 10,000. If this reactionary policy is persisted in, one of the few hopeful signs for the future of American democracy will have vanished.

"THE EVIL EYE."

In Horns of Honour (Murray, 10s. 6d. n.) Mr. F. T. Elworthy treats a subject similar to that of his former book "The Evil Eye," in an equally interesting manner. His scope is wider than his title indicates, and he propounds the theory that the purpose of many ornaments was to ward off the evil eye from the wearer by drawing it to the ornaments. Thus the warrior adorned his helmet with a thing much like the crest of a

cock, that creature being an enemy of the evil one, as it is of ghosts—though, possibly, the ghosts dislike the light of which the cock is herald, rather than the cock himself. Some of us may have fancied it incongruous that Michael Angelo should have represented Moses as adorned with horns, but it seems that the word translated "shone" means "sent forth beams," and that these beams were horns, and thus a link is fashioned to connect Moses with the butting Zedekiah and the German soldier with his pickelhaube. Alexander the Great was called the two-horned. Hannah said "mine horn is exalted in the Lord." Perhaps the oddest horned helmet of which an illustration appears in this book is one of copper, said to be ancient British, found in the Thames. The three high plumes which form the Prince of Wales' crest may be a survival or development of the horns of honour.

Mr. Elworthy had the good fortune to find out in Naples frescoes representing splendid specimens of horns. They are in a side chapel of the Cathedral of San Gennaro, and hand down to us the figures and the faces of members of the old family of the Minutoli. Owing to the darkness of the chapel and the silence of Baedeker and others, few people have taken any notice of these frescoes, which date, it is said, from the thirteenth century. There are twenty-one figures, about life-size, ending at the knees. Two are given in this book in black and white, and one, that serves as a frontispiece, in colour. Every one will remember Jacques' words about setting "the deer's" horns upon his head for a branch of victory:—

> Take thou no scorn, to wear the horn;
> It was a crest ere thou wast born.

A horse-shoe is a symbol of good luck, but its value consists in its crescent shape—the horned moon—and therefore it ought, so to say, to stand upon its head. A Somerset farmer as lately as five years ago had bad luck with his cattle; it was clear that they were "overzeed"; a neighbour "told'n he could'n expect no other, zo long as he did keep the 'oss shoe wrong zide up"; the "heels" were put "up on end" and all was well. Some of the weirdest of the pictures in this book represent what are supposed to be horned Medusæ from Tarentum; the faces have a scared and troubled look, and a sketch of a bronze boss found at Pompeii is quaint in another way, for it inserts the trunk of an elephant between the horns. The Etruscans lived in terror of the "evil eye" and, indeed, may be said to have died in terror of it also, and so their relatives cremated the dead bodies to lessen the material for the evil eye to play upon. But even this might not suffice, and so they placed the ashes in a little urn of pottery shaped like the huts in which they lived, and on the top of this they placed protecting horns. These urns are proved by facts to be found in this book to belong to a remote antiquity. When the mitre is placed upon the head of a newly-consecrated Bishop in the Roman Church his head is spoken of as "armed with the horns of either Testament." Most of us have doubtless wondered at the ingenious ugliness of gargoyles without realizing that their intention was to ward off the evil eye. The early purpose of trepanning was to let the demon, who was in the head, come out, and the illustrations given here disclose the fact that, with this purpose in the mind, no great tenderness of touch was shown. One cure recalls a picturesque sentence of Carlyle; "Si quis graviter scorpione ictus id in aurem insusurret asini, ex tempore curetur." It was once suggested to Carlyle, who was ill, that he should consult a young doctor who was staying in the house, "I would as soon whisper my symptoms into the long hairy ear of an ass"—or words to that effect. A beast stranger than the long-eared ass is to be seen in the "Dorset Ooser" which recalls the days of the hobby horse and mystery.

There is much in this book about the human hand, which plays its part in most unlikely places. It is the glory of the Roman standard, and a sign upon a Roman weight. The red hand of Ulster, which is said to have been brought to Ulster by Phœnicians, is, as everybody knows, the cognisance of baronet. A lighted candle placed in a dead man's hand was long thought to make the company in which it was invisible, and thus it was a favourite with burglars. Hands of interest are to be found on a Wells seal of about the year A.D. 1200, and on the cross of Ashburton. On one hand, of which a picture is presented, a striking creature is a scarabæus, which was in Egypt a sort of resurrection symbol owing, it is supposed, to its persistency in rolling balls of clay. This is, indeed, our old friend the "tumble-bug" of which the late Tom Hughes wrote so charmingly twenty years ago. This with many others of his letters, was republished as "Vacation Rambles," in book form. He wrote from Rugby, Tennessee:—

> The gentleman in question took no notice of me, but went on rolling his lump of accumulated dirt three times his own size with his hind legs, as if his life depended on it. Presently his lump came right up against a stone and stopped dead. It was a "caution" to see that bug strain to push it further, but it wouldn't budge, all he could do. Then he stopped for a moment or two and evidently made up his small mind that something must be wrong behind, for no bug could have pushed harder than he. So he quitted hold with his hind legs and turned round to take a good look at the situation, in order, I suppose, to see what must be done next. At any rate, he presently caught hold again on a different side, and so steered successfully past the obstacle.

On the Dischi Sacri or the plaques Mr. Elworthy has much to say, for he had the good fortune to pick up many at Tarentum in 1895, dating from about B.C. 300; these, like the bands, contain many prophylactics, lyres, ladders, tiger's teeth, wheels of fortune, owl, dove and cock, Osiris' whip, Priapus' pruning-hook, and many other things. It is thought that these plaques were intended to be affixed to the interior walls of houses to ward off the evil eye—in a word—and that a long word—they were meant to be 'apotropaic.'"

BUDDHISM.

Sacred Books of the Buddhists. Edited by F. Max Müller. Vol. II. Dialogues of the Buddha. Translated from the Pâli, by T. W. Rhys Davids. (Frowde. 10s. 6d.)

Of non-Christian religions none has excited in recent years a tenth of the interest that has been aroused by Buddhism, and these ancient "Dialogues of the Buddha" will be very welcome to the large number of enthusiastic admirers of "Gótama, the recluse." Professor Rhys Davids agrees with the late Hofrath Bühler that they are probably "good evidence of the fifth century B.C.," and he sees in them the earliest traditions of the Buddha's teaching, as committed to memory by his first disciples, and handed down orally for some generations, before being reduced to writing. If this view be accepted we have in these remarkable conversations a record of the Buddha's doctrine and method of dialectic at least as authentic and nearly as contemporary as Plato's representation of the dialogues of Socrates. The method of argument employed by the Indian teacher is, indeed, quite different from the Socratic. As Mr. Rhys Davids remarks, in one of the admirable introductions which he prefixes to each of the "Suttas":—

> When speaking on sacrifice to a sacrificial priest, on union with God to an adherent of the current theology, on Brahman claims to social rank to a proud Brâhman, on mystic insight to one who believes in the soul theory, the method followed is always the same. Gotama puts himself as far as possible in the mental position of the questioner. He attacks none of his cherished convictions. He accepts as the starting point of his own exposition the desirability of the act or condition prized by his opponent. . . . He even adopts the very phraseology of his questioner. And then, partly by putting a new and (from the Buddhist point of view) higher meaning into the words, partly by an appeal to such ethical conceptions as are common ground between them, he gradually leads his opponent up to his conclusion. This is, of course, always Arahatship (Nirvâna)—that is the sweetest fruit of the

life of a recluse, that is the best sacrifice, that the highest social rank, that the best means of seeing heavenly sights. . . . There is both courtesy and dignity in the method employed. But no little dialectic skill and an easy mastery of the ethical points involved are required to bring about the result.

No doubt the method has its disadvantages. The *argumentum ad hominem* is never a complete and abstract exposition of doctrine, and in these dialogues we are often compelled to read between the lines. Nevertheless we possess in this important work a reproduction of the Buddha's original teaching, probably more exact than Plato's representation of the teaching of Socrates, because the compilers, the early disciples, were merely compilers, and, unlike Plato, had no independent views of their own to impart. All the dialogues are of the utmost value for the comprehension of the real doctrine of the Buddha, and some rise to the highest plane of the Buddhist creed. Of the others, one of the most interesting is that on "the naked ascetic," in which Gotama explains that mere physical asceticism is not enough to purify the heart, to attain to "Arahatship":—

> And if a man, O Kassapa, wear coarse hempen cloth, or carry out all or any of those other practices you gave in detail, down to bathing in water three times a day, and the state of blissful attainment in conduct, in heart, in intellect, has not been practised by him, realized by him, then he is far from Samanaship, far from Brâhmanaship. But from the time, O Kassapa, when a Bhikkhu (disciple) has cultivated the heart of love that knows no anger, that knows no ill-will—from the time when, by the destruction of the deadly intoxications (the lusts of the flesh, the lusts after future life, and the defilements of delusion and ignorance), he dwells in that emancipation of heart, that emancipation of mind, that is free from those intoxications, and that he, while yet in this visible world, has come to realize and know—from that time, O Kassapa, is it that the Bhikkhu is called a Samana, is called a Brâhmana.

But the dialogues have another side besides the exposition of Gotama's teaching. They indirectly present a valuable picture of Indian life at the time, or at least shortly after the time, of his ministry. The lists of practices condemned, of games, amusements, sports, luxuries, ornaments, cosmetics to be eschewed by the true disciple, the denunciations of magical rites and incantations, quack nostrums, and a number of other references, illustrate in no ordinary way the social, religious, and even political condition and habits of the people of India at an early period. Readers will be surprised perhaps to find that the vulgar delights of hop-scotch, tip-cat, and spillikins were highly appreciated even by "recluses and Brâhmans who lived on food provided by the faithful," and there is a reference to a game played on "a board with eight or ten squares," which looks very like chess. In fine, whether as an historical document or as a very early authentic representation of the Buddha's teaching, Mr. Rhys Davids' translation of the Dialogues of the Nikâyas is a singularly interesting and important work. We should add that these translations of "Buddhist Sacred Books" owe their inception to the enlightened patronage of the present King of Siam and the indomitable energy of the *doyen* of Oriental studies in England, Professor Max Müller.

OTHER NEW BOOKS.

Reprints.

The two latest additions to Messrs. Macmillan's fine Library of English Classics are THE TRAVELS OF SIR JOHN MANDEVILLE and LOCKHART'S LIFE OF SCOTT (3s. 6d. each vol.). The version of Mandeville which the editor, Mr. A. W. Pollard, gives us is that of the Cotton manuscript, in modern spelling. The volume also includes three Hakluyt narratives, the Voyage of Johannes de Plano Carpini, the Journal of Friar William de Rubruquis, and the Journal of Friar Odoric. The two latter narratives have also been reprinted by the Hakluyt Society. Mr. Pollard naturally has a word to say about the genuineness of the Mandeville story. For some of us its accuracy, at any rate, is settled by the account of the atmospheric condition at the top of Mount Athos, where "is the air so clear that men may find no wind there, and therefore may no beast live there, so is the air dry."

The "Life of Scott" is to occupy five volumes, two of which have now appeared. It has not been reprinted apparently since 1850. Its merits are well established. The only question is whether it should rank at the head of English biographies or next after Boswell. Mr. Leslie Stephen in the "Dictionary of National Biography" says that "The biography may safely be described as—next to 'Boswell's Johnson'—the best in the language." Mr. A. W. Pollard, the editor of the present edition, is slightly more indulgent. He says that it "has taken its place, beside 'Boswell's Life of Johnson,' as one of the two greatest biographies in our language." Its bibliography is interesting. Ten years after its first publication—in 1847—Robert Cadell, who was advancing about £30,000 to help the settlement of Scott's estate, stipulated as part of the arrangement that Lockhart should prepare an abridgment of the biography. Lockhart said he would much rather have enlarged it than shortened it. But a proposal which would benefit Scott was not likely to be refused by Scott's son-in-law, who had already devoted to the same purpose all the profits of the original publication. The abridgment was made, and some names and details were inserted which do not appear in the larger work. These additions and alterations Mr. Pollard gives at the end of each volume.

Another series which Messrs. Macmillan are publishing is one of reprints of some of their own books well printed and bound in red covers at 3s. 6d. a volume. We have before us the four series of Frank Buckland's CURIOSITIES OF NATURAL HISTORY, originally written 1857-1865, which every naturalist will be glad to see republished; Richard Jefferies' novel THE DEWY MORN, and Sir Henry Bulwer's HISTORICAL CHARACTERS.

With volume three of the "Tudor Translations," RABELAIS (Nutt, £2 14s. net the three volumes), we sacrifice Sir Thomas Urquhart for Peter Motteux. Motteux was a busy literary hack, for whose migration to England we have to thank the Edict of Nantes. He mastered English with extraordinary facility; but he wrote the language not as Bolingbroke or Beckford or Gibbon wrote French, in the classic and literary manner, but in the familiar vernacular of Fleet-street and Leadenhall-street. "A pert flippancy," says Mr. C. Whibley in his excellent introduction, "replaces Sir Thomas' majestic eccentricity; the slang of the coffee-house makes what poor substitute it can for the curious slang of the study; the facile familiarity of the journal comes forth a bitter contrast with the balanced gravity of scholarship." Motteux was editor of the *Gentleman's Journal*, and died a violent and mysterious death in 1718.

One of the most important books which we owe to the enterprise of the publishers of the "Temple Classics" has just appeared in THE ROMANCE OF THE ROSE (Dent, 1s. 6d.), translated for the first time, since Chaucer, into English. With this we deal elsewhere. Hazlitt's LECTURES ON THE ENGLISH COMIC WRITERS, in the same series, is to be welcomed at a time when we particularly need good examples of the art and practice of sound criticism; and Milton's AREOPAGITICA in a handy form will be greeted at any rate with respect. Mr. A. Rackham provides some capitally-drawn illustrations of the immortal experiences among "several remote nations of the world" contained in GULLIVER'S TRAVELS; and the first volume out of five appears of MACAULAY'S ESSAYS.

Messrs. Sampson Low have a good idea in their new set of "Famous Novels of the Sea" including six of the best known among such novels, Herman Melville's MOBY DICK, a classic now too little read, THE TWO ADMIRALS, THE GREEN HAND, TOM CRINGLES' LOG, MIDSHIPMAN EASY, and THE WRECK OF THE GROSVENOR (2s. n.).

The Wallace Collection.

While we await the volume Mr. Claude Phillips is preparing on the treasures of Hertford-house, Mr. M. H. Spielmann very

opportunely offers us his interesting notes on the pictures and other works of art now on view in Manchester-square. THE WALLACE COLLECTION (Cassell, 1s.) contains certain papers contributed to the *Magazine of Art* at the time when the bequest was made known, their aim being to give a general idea of the extent and value, æsthetic and material, of these wonderful galleries. In Mr. Spielmann's opening chapter, "The Story of the Collection," and in a recent article by the late M. Charles Yriarte, we have no small part of its history, although it is a subject upon which entertaining stories may be written for many a day. For the present, Mr. Spielmann's book is full of carefully collected information and wise comment, and it gives a large amount of particulars essential to the pleasure of a visitor who has not followed the fortunes of the masterpieces now the property of the nation.

A Note on the War.

It may safely be said, we suppose, that no siege in history has produced a book at all similar to the LEAGUER OF LADYSMITH (Eyre and Spottiswoode, 3s. 6d.). Captain Clive Dixon, A.D.C. to Sir George White, is an artist who could do credit to any illustrated journal in existence. He is also a smart officer; and, whatever other services are on record to prove this fact, it would certainly be established by this book, which show him to be a man of unfailing coolness, observation, and humour in the hour of danger. We owe him a debt of gratitude for these excellently drawn coloured pictures of the humours of the siege.

China.

A new edition is opportunely issued of Mr. Demetrius Charles Boulger's SHORT HISTORY OF CHINA (Gibbings, 7s. 6d.). The word short apparently means "short relatively to the magnitude of the subject," for there are about 430 large pages of somewhat small print. A chapter dealing with the events of the last decade is added by a writer whose name is not given, and who has the wisdom to refrain from offering suggestions for the solution of the crisis.

Mr. J. Passmore Edwards having undertaken to pay for the building of a sailors' palace in the Port of London, and funds being required to furnish that palace when it is built, Mr. Frank T. Bullen has written a little book, THE PALACE OF POOR JACK (Nisbet, 1s. n.), giving an account of the scheme, and asking for contributions. It is a vigorous pamphlet, and well worth reading. We wish all appeals to the charitable were written with the same literary skill.

MUNICIPAL LONDON, 1900, by C. A. Whitmore, M.P. (Black, 1s.), is about the County Council and the Local Government Act of 1899. The Act itself, with its schedules, fills about half the book.

The latest Baedeker is a thirteenth edition of NORTHERN GERMANY (Dulau, 8s.). It proves, among other things, that Thuringia would be an excellent substitute for the Black Forest for any one who considers the Black Forest too near to the centres of civilization. Among other attractions Thuringia includes the Goethe country.

SOUTH AFRICA (Allenson, 1s.) relates the personal experiences and impressions of Mr. John Dickie, who made a tour, in 1898, to Cape Town, Durban, Ladysmith, Johannesburg, Pretoria, Bloemfontein, Kimberley, &c. The experiences were normal, and the impressions pretty much those of the average man.

The Great Eastern Railway Company's bright and well-illustrated TOURIST GUIDE TO THE CONTINENT (6d.) increases in bulk. Among the fresh features are particulars of new Ober-Ammergau tours.

The Shropshire Parish Registers Society has printed the register of Fitz—a list of names beginning with the year 1559 and ending with the year 1812. Thirty-seven registers in all have been printed by the enterprise of this Society, a work for which the historians of the future will no doubt be duly grateful.

Mr. Fisher Unwin has sent us another copy of Mrs. Elizabeth Robins Pennell's OVER THE ALPS ON A BICYCLE (1s.), a bright little book which we reviewed not very long ago.

FICTION.

Platform Novels.

The novel with an ulterior object will in most cases depend for its success, as a novel, on a very simple issue—viz., which is it that swings the beam downwards, the story or the ulterior object? If the motive of the writer shows itself merely in a general sympathy with certain social or moral teachings, the story may still hold its own throughout; but if the story has definitely to support some special platform it will probably suffer. We have, for instance, novels written against vivisection in which no one but an earnest member of a Social Science Congress would be likely to find any real picture of life. Mr. Oswald Crawfurd in THE NEW ORDER (Grant Richards, 6s.) has chosen a better way. He is anxious to preach the doctrine of Fair Trade, or modified Protection, which, however large an amount of fiction may appear in the arguments commonly used for or against it, does not, on the face of it, seem likely to provide entertainment for the ordinary novel reader. We must do Mr. Crawfurd the justice to say that his story swings down the beam with a rush. He wants badly to bring the British yeoman back to the land, but his economic theories have no chance against his instincts as a literary man. His arguments for a duty on wheat will, we fear, serve no purpose but to exasperate any orthodox member of the Cobden Club into whose hands "The New Order" may fall, and, indeed, he does not attempt to use any reasoning but such as might be addressed to the limited understanding of a provincial town. But his story of Herbert Strangway, who, with his twin sister, peregrinates the world on a bicycle to show rustic audiences how fair trade may irrigate and fertilize the land, is well told. There is a suggestion of the original type of novel, the story of detached adventures encountered by a particular person in his wanderings; and we have to thank Mr. Crawfurd for giving us in his preface a new word descriptive of the novels which, from "Gil Blas" to "Pickwick," conform to this type—viz., "processional"—only Mr. Crawfurd intends his "processional novel" to describe the course of an idea rather than a person. Despite this exalted aim, we prefer to rank "The New Order" with the old-fashioned stories of a pilgrimage which have stood the test of time, and we quite forget the question of tariffs in following the fortunes of the hero, who picks up another party of bicyclists and takes them along with him from place to place in his electioneering campaign. As a matter of fact, the whole thing resolves itself into a simple love story, the hero of which is not the revolutionary bicyclist at all, but one Robert Sturge, who provides a most excellent character study. But the book is full of pleasant and interesting people moving through the changing scenes of a country road, and there is at the end a capital description of a poaching affray which brings Sturge's love story to a satisfactory climax.

A purpose novel of a different kind is Miss Marie Corelli's MASTER CHRISTIAN (Methuen, 6s.). Here the authoress is completely enthralled by her horror of the Roman Church, and we have some doubts whether the book should not be classed under the heading of Theology rather than Fiction. Miss Corelli, we believe, does not like her books to fall into the hands of reviewers, whom, as a class, she distrusts, and she therefore takes no steps to that end; but in a literary journal one can hardly ignore a work of which 100,000 copies have been sold on publication. For a writer who, we imagine, makes no pretence of studying or depicting life as it really is, this success certainly commands admiration. It is due to a combination of qualities. First, no figure in fiction approaches, in popularity among the masses, that of the religious enthusiast battling against formalism and prejudice against the tyranny and narrowness of "the Churches" and for the supremacy of a broad human charity. This, like the familiar outcry against "cant" and "humbug," appeals very strongly to people whose feelings and generous instincts are stronger than their intelligence, and also to the perhaps still larger class who like to fit the cap on to their neighbours, and who rank precept higher than example.

Still, the gospel of charity, however preached, is a good one, and Miss Corelli heightens the effect by a truly lurid picture of the Church of Rome and its leading representatives. Further, she possesses an immense wealth of florid and fluent rhetoric: and—the case of one of our leading morning dailies is perhaps a proof of it—an abundance of words sometimes touching eloquence and sometimes falling into windy verbiage has a wonderful attraction for a vast number of people. Lastly, the book contains an adequate quantity of that sensational element which, the *Publisher's Circular* informs us, is the chief essential to popular fiction at the present moment. One can hardly keep count in reading "The Master Christian" of the number of suicides, murders, and attempted murders in which the villains of the story are involved. To utilize these qualities with success is a feat one cannot but admire: and it is hardly worth while to dwell on the absurdities of the tale—such as the boy Manuel's interview with the Pope, whom he leaves dumbfounded—or its errors of taste, such as the reference to the private life of a universally respected Roman Catholic family, for which it is impossible to find an excuse. The Cardinal, who is, perhaps, the "hero" of the book, is a fine character, well drawn: Aubrey Leigh, a sort of secondary hero who stands for the enthusiast above mentioned, is a person over whom the judicious cannot but grieve. He calls upon a Roman ecclesiastic at his own house for no purpose but that of lecturing him at enormous length when the latter's time was valuable to him; he does not hesitate to "lie low" when he finds himself well placed for overhearing a conversation in secret; and after rebuking a rather narrow-minded young curate who lost his head at a critical moment, he sends him a rude note to reveal his own identity as the great and popular author Aubrey Leigh, enclosing a number of cuttings from reviews of his highly successful book! Apart from the snobbishness of the proceeding, it is interesting to see in it a trace of the prevalent conviction that a popular writer is necessarily the right person to teach and guide the public on all subjects whatsoever and is always to be listened to with respect. We are afraid we cannot endorse this theory. Miss Corelli herself writes with immense enthusiasm and conviction; her impassioned and effusive plea for Christian charity may do good and can certainly do little harm. But her very want of touch with life and character inevitably inclines one to suspect a similar failure to grapple with facts in her treatment of the Romish Church. And it certainly does not promise well for any real advance in the discussion of such profound and serious subjects as the value of Church discipline and the true method of raising the moral life of the people. This is no question of passion or emotion, but one which needs above all things a wise and statesmanlike consideration of the needs and motive forces of human nature.

LIBRARY NOTES.

The resignation is announced of Mr. E. Gordon Duff, one of the joint librarians of the John Rylands Library at Manchester, whose special knowledge of early printed books must have been of the utmost value in the initiation of the collection. The exhibitions he has organized since the opening of the library have done much to afford an insight into the history of printing and its kindred arts, and proved the best way of displaying the treasures contained in the library. The catalogue, in spite of certain criticisms, is a very valuable basis for further lists, and owes its production entirely to Mr. Duff.

The Diamond Jubilee Library at Weston-super-Mare was opened on September 4th by the President-elect of the Library Association, Sir Edward Fry. Although Weston adopted the Acts as far back as 1886, there had been no attempt to carry them into execution until the conditional offer of a valuable reference library stimulated the citizens to the effort which has completed the library building. As Sir Edward Fry remarked, warmth, light, and a newspaper should not sum up the functions of a library, even in a seaside town with a floating population. He recommended them to read with purpose, and to endeavour to gain full knowledge of one subject, as well as a little of many subjects.

The Australasian colonies are still in the preliminary stage of the public library movement, but it is gratifying to note the earnestness with which they attack the difficulties of distance and organization. The Library Association of Australasia, while unable, as yet, to hold an annual meeting, has established a biennial one. The next gathering will be at Adelaide on October 9th and three following days. A spice of intercolonial rivalry appears in these meetings; the last was held in Sydney, and was a great success. South Australia is invited to make an effort to equal this. The Organizing Committee includes the Chief Justice and the Speaker of the House of Assembly, and the Government has promised liberal assistance.

Some time ago the London School Board prepared a list of books for a Pedagogical Library, selected by experts of the Board as being specially useful to teachers. Feeling, however, that some teachers might not be able to avail themselves, by purchase, of all these text-books, the Board lately issued the list to London Public Libraries, expressing a hope that the works mentioned might be added to the various reference libraries. The list is extensive enough to earn for some of the smaller libraries the reputation of specializing for teachers. Is the progressive London School Board, which is ready to spend money in teaching music and other higher accomplishments to children of the slums, now seeking to thrust a really necessary expense upon other shoulders? There is, too, an old proverb about bringing a horse to the water. If teachers *will* study these books the expenditure may be justified, but even then such a vicarious generosity is ill bestowed if it makes the public library fulfil the functions of the pedagogical.

Annual reports have been issued by the public libraries of Durban (Natal), Leeds, and Tynemouth, also continuations of the Manchester Libraries Quarterly Record, and the Bootle Library Journal. The Durban report contains a striking side-light on the war. We are told that the reading-room was crowded all day with those who had been driven from their homes, and the issue of books increased by 2,212. The list of papers and magazines taken is an excellent one. Leeds has a record of progress in many ways, although the issue of books has decreased. New branches are being freely established and special lists of books published. To encourage juvenile reading 5,500 recently published children's books have been purchased. The Manchester Record and the Bootle Journal both contain lists of works on China and the far eastern question.

Other publications which have come under our notice include library reports from West Ham, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Baillie's Institution, Glasgow, and Hammersmith, also the second number of the Chorley Library Journal. The first mentioned records the results of the fire which so seriously damaged the new central library last year. The work, however, has not been permanently interrupted, and will soon regain its former extent. The staff has been increased owing to the adoption by the Corporation of an eight-hours day. Newcastle notes Mr. David Laing's offer of an art gallery to cost £20,000. A site has been placed at the donor's disposal by the Libraries Committee, who have decided to purchase an adjacent plot with a view to extension. At Hammersmith a new reading-room and book delivery station has been provided. The Chorley Journal contains some interesting notes on books and a list of accessions.

A Glasgow local journal reminds Glasgow people of the treasure they possess in the musical library of Anderson's College, which is open daily without payment. It was bequeathed by the late Mr. William Euing (who also established a lectureship in connexion with the college), and contains some 3,000 volumes and a number of music scores, many of them of great antiquarian interest.

Correspondence.

MULTIPLE REVIEWING AND ITS DANGERS.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—I have only just seen a paragraph in your issue of the 1st (p. 146) in which the story is told of two reviewers conspiring to kill the work of a rival. All three were, it seems, folk-lorists, indeed, the only three recognized authorities on a particular branch of folk-lore. Between them the two wicked plotters wrote seventeen notices, all "damning with faint praise" so that the victim's volumes "fell stillborn from the press."

May I venture, in spite of what you have reason to believe authentic evidence, to express my utter disbelief in the story? The writer who records it, in all good faith I doubt not, had his "leg pulled."

I think I am fairly acquainted with the very small (alas!) world of folk-lore; I have also some knowledge of reviewing, some familiarity with notices that appear of works interesting to folk-lorists. It is simply impossible that any two "recognized authorities" in any branch of folk-lore *could* write seventeen notices between them, for the simple reason that no two could command access to as many papers. But I also wish to add, from my personal knowledge of and friendship with almost every English writer who has any claim to be called an authority on any branch of folk-lore, that not one of them *would* do such a thing even if he could do it. And here I venture to most earnestly deprecate the insertion of anonymous statements of this kind in a paper such as *Literature*. The world of English folk-lore is, as I have said, so small, that there are only two or three writers to whom the statement could by any possibility refer. I am convinced that every folk-lorist would at once think of, let us say, M., W., B., and D. The majority of my fellow students would, I am sure, dismiss the story as incredible. None the less in some cases and with some minds it might do harm. Hence my protest, which, in spite of its belatedness, you will, I hope, insert.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

ALFRED NUTT.

Royal Societies Club, St. James's-street, S.W., Sept. 8.

P.S.—May I add, speaking from very considerable experience, that, in the case of a work appealing to a small public of specialists, it is quite out of the power of any reviewer to make or mar the future of a book?

*** We willingly insert Mr. Nutt's letter, despite the fact that he seems to have quite misread our paragraph. We agree with him that to insert anonymous statements such as he describes would be very undesirable. We agree with him also that such a proceeding as our paragraph described would at the present moment be impossible. Indeed, in the sphere of folk-lore, Mr. Nutt's own testimony would be quite sufficient, for no one can speak with more authority than he. But he apparently did not observe that the event took place many years ago and that all the actors in it are dead. We were careful to state this, and should certainly not have told the story otherwise. We can assure him that the story is a true one and that the writer who records it has not had his "leg pulled." In these circumstances, we are strongly of opinion that the story has a value and well deserved publicity as an illustration of the possible dangers of multiple reviewing. Putting folk-lore out of the question, we are by no means sure that, in these days of great specialization the warning conveyed by the story is likely in the future to be wholly inapplicable.—ED.

LITERARY PIRACY.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Some time since I noticed among the new publications, I think it was in *The Times*, but am not certain of it, Mr. Albert D. Vandam's new book "A Court Tragedy," and having read with great pleasure "An Englishman in Paris," and other stories of this writer, I noted the new book down amongst others for reading in its turn. Lately I sent for it, and what was my astonishment to find on reading it that what purports to be an original story is nothing but an adaptation, in many cases a translation (with the exceptions, as under) of a German story called "Othello," by Wm. Hauff. No hint is given that "A Court Tragedy" is not original, unless the following sentence, given in the introductory chapter of "The Colonel's Story," can be understood by any one:—

> The events I am going to relate to you are partly known to many German Court chroniclers, and so is the legend which preceded these events by a great many years. The latter has been used by at least one German novelist a long while ago.

I have the two books before me, Wilhelm Hauff's "Othello," in the original German, published by Riegers, Stuttgart, 1851, and Mr. Vandam's "A Court Tragedy," published by Chatto and Windus, 1900.

The differences, of little moment, are: In the German "Othello," the story is told in the third person, the hero or villain appears under his own proper name without disguise, and makes the acquaintance of his friend, a German major, on one of the Polish battlefields.

In "A Court Tragedy" there is an introductory chapter, called the "Editor's Story," consisting of about 20 pages, introducing the narrator, an English colonel, who tells the story in the first person, becomes a friend of the hero on one of the Crimean battlefields, the latter for political and other reasons assuming a false name, and appearing in the guise of an operatic singer. The introduction of the foreign singer and the episode referring to her is also new.

With the exception of these alterations, necessitating some slight changes, "A Court Tragedy" is a simple reproduction of "Othello," by W. Hauff. Surely this may justly be termed "Literary Piracy." Yours truly,

July 30. A CONSTANT READER.

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

Many readers of the writings of the author of "Poe's'le Yarns," have inferred that he was likely to be a good letter-writer, and were accordingly specially interested by Messrs. Constable's announcement that a collection, in two volumes, of the late Rev. T. E. Brown's letters was shortly to see the light. Nor, it seems, is the expectation to be disappointed, for we find Mr. S. T. Irwin, the editor of the letters, pronouncing them some of the best letters in the language, and talking of them in the same breath with Gray's and Cowper's, and Byron's, and Lamb's, and FitzGerald's. This is to raise expectation to the highest pitch. Mr. Brown, as perhaps is now generally known, was one of the masters at Clifton College, the school of Mr. Quiller Couch, and Mr. Henry Newbolt. One will look with interest for the reviews of the letters in the *Speaker* and the new *Monthly Review*.

Professor Dowden, who excited wide attention and interest by his advocacy in this journal of a scheme to do for our literature what has been so successfully done for France by the history edited by the late Professor Petit de Julleville, has himself taken no insignificant share in the literary education of his generation, both by his printed books and by his professorial work at Trinity College, Dublin. He has, moreover, been notably successful in training certain other teachers of literature, who are carrying on his good work in other centres. His next book, which is promised by Messrs. Kegan Paul early next month, is devoted to the subject of "Puritanism and English Literature." The view which (perhaps largely owing to Matthew Arnold's phrase, about the English spirit having the key turned on it for a hundred years) has obtained widely that Puritanism was wholly inimical to literature is no longer likely to be held without qualification.

Messrs. Longmans have announced for the 6th of next month the publication of Mr. A. W. Jackson's "James Martineau: a Biography and a Study." It may be hoped that the biography will do something to make the general English reader realize more fully than he would hitherto appear to have done the important influence Martineau exercised during his long life on the higher ethical speculation in this country. Bred in a utilitarian atmosphere, a personal friend of John Mill, he insisted, long before the rise of New Kantianism in England, on the insufficiency of the utilitarian or hedonistic basis for a true theory of morals, and to the end continued to throw all the weight of his character and teaching into the opposite scale. Nor was Martineau altogether enamoured of our latest methods and doctrines with regard to the education of the people. He once professed that he expected to see the day when the State would be called upon to pay the poor parent for lending his child to be educated.

Family history is assuming more and more importance. Mr. J. H. Round's new book, which will be published shortly by Messrs. Constable, is entitled "Studies in Peerage and Family History," and, it is said, will make some amusing revelations on the subject of fictitious pedigrees and throw fresh light on problems connected with the peerage. The proud owners of doubtful pedigrees and fancy coats of arms have not been having altogether a quiet time of it lately, what with the terrible X. of the *Saturday Review* and other inquisitive iconoclasts. And Mr. Horace Round is eminently a man, in *Mr. Punch's* phrase, to "give them fits." Mr. Round, it will be remembered, was the author of a trenchant article in the *Quarterly* on Freeman's flaws and faults as an historian, which made its appearance shortly after Freeman's death. When adverse comment was made on the critic's prudence in waiting till his antagonist was powerless to reply, Mr. Round was permitted to avow his authorship, and was in a position to prove not only that the article had been written while Freeman was alive, but, furthermore, that he had not shrunk from making over his own signature the same charges against Freeman while Freeman was alive. The article is not likely to be forgotten as it was the *fons et origo* of a bitter and prolonged controversy about a point in the account of the Battle of Hastings between Mr. Round, Mr. Archer, and others.

In "Humphry Clinker" Smollett described Walter Macfarlane "the greatest genealogist I ever knew in any country, and perfectly acquainted with all the antiquities of Scotland." The late Sir William Fraser conferred the right upon his trustees to publish the "Genealogical Collections concerning Families in Scotland, made by Walter Macfarlane, 1750-1751." The trustees resolved to print these collections and to present them to the members of the Scottish History Society. They are now in the hands of the society in the shape of two handsome volumes. The work of editor has been done by Mr. James Toshach Clark, the Keeper of the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, who has "endeavoured to reproduce as faithfully as possible the manuscript as it stands." No attempt has been made to fill up the numerous blanks in the narratives, to correct errors, or to rectify the spelling. What Mr. Clark has done is done well, but it is unfortunate that his view of the duties of editorship should have been so very restricted. The present volumes will certainly make the Macfarlane collections much more easily accessible, but they might have been made even more valuable. Walter Macfarlane, who formed the collections, was one of the most accurate antiquaries of his age. He died at his town house in Edinburgh in 1767, and in 1785 his niece, Miss Janet Macfarlane, sold his collection of manuscripts, including his "Genealogical Collections," his "Geographical Collections," and many other papers to the Faculty of Advocates for the sum of twenty guineas! For more than a century the "Genealogical Collections" have been constantly consulted by inquirers into Scottish family history. This mass of genealogical information is now to appear in print for the first time.

A correspondent writes:—

The last novel of Mr. W. E. Norris, "The Flower of the Flock," which has just been published by Messrs. Nisbet, is the latest illustration of the inconvenience to writers and readers alike which is continually being caused by the lack of any legal copyright in a title. A novel with a precisely similar title was written by the late Pierce Egan. It is true, of course, that though there is no copyright in a title *qua* title, a certain measure of protection is given to authors by common law, which recognizes a *property* in a title, but it is much to be desired that the law as to titles could be assimilated with that which governs trade-marks.

Mr. Christopher St. John, the author of "The Crimson Weed," writes to point out that in our appreciative notice of his novel we inadvertently gave a somewhat wrong impression of one point in the story—viz., as to the death of Maria Anguissola. This does not take place early in the book, as a reader might infer from our review. It was in fact to a great extent the way in which her struggle to uproot the weed "wild justice" from her son's mind is narrated that we considered worthy of special commendation.

Messrs. Chapman and Hall's Authentic Edition of the Works of Charles Dickens will begin to appear early in October, and will be completed in 21 volumes, price 5s. a volume, with the original illustrations and a coloured frontispiece to each volume. "Pickwick" will be the first to appear, then "A Tale of Two Cities," and the rest will be published at the rate of two volumes a month.

A translation of Dante G. Rossetti's sonnet series, "The House of Life," by Otto Hauser, is running the gauntlet of criticism in Germany. Most of the reviewers find the poems wanting in warm human sympathy, but praise the grandeur of Rossetti's wealth of ideas. The latest contribution to the series of researches in the History of Modern Literature, edited by Dr. Franz Muncker, is a pamphlet on Sterne and Wieland, proving, from a careful study of Wieland's letters, the influence of the English humorist upon the first modern German romance-writer.

"Semantics," the English translation of Professor Bréal's contribution to the science of meaning, will be published by Mr. Heinemann in October. Professor J. P. Postgate introduces it in a preface. Professor Postgate has given a sum of about £50 to the Council of University College for the encouragement of research in comparative philology. It is hoped that this will form the nucleus of a larger fund.

Messrs. Constable opened their autumn season this week. Among their volumes are the second volume of "Travels in the East of Nicholas II.," written by order of the Tsar by Prince Ookhtomsky, and translated by Mr. Robert Goodlet; "A History of Education," by Mr. Thomas Davidson; "The Mind of Tennyson," by Professor E. Hershey Sneath; "Elementary Studies in Chemistry," by Mr. Joseph Torrey, Instructor in Yale University; and a novel by Marian Bower, entitled "The Puppet Show." Next week the same publishers expect to follow with the "Letters of T. E. Brown"; "Practical Electro-Chemistry," by Bertram Blount; and "The Princess Story-Book," being historical stories collected out of English romantic literature in illustration of the reigns of English Monarchs from the Conquest to Queen Victoria (uniform with the "King's," "Queen's," and "Prince's Story-Books"), edited by Mr. G. Laurence Gomme. The second volume of "The Paston Letters," edited by Mr. James Gairdner, will also be ready immediately, and the third volume will be issued early next month. In the new edition of "The Paston Letters" the separate prefaces and introductions to the three volumes by Mr. Gairdner will be superseded by a general preface and a general introduction in a volume by itself. This prefatory volume will contain a supplement, in which the Roydon Hall Letters, noticed at the end of the third volume, will be printed

from the original MSS. now in the British Museum, with a few other originals. Messrs. Constable have taken over from Messrs. Sands the last work written by the late Mr. Traill, "England, Egypt, and the Soudan," and will publish it towards the end of the month. About the same time they will bring out a history of "The Fight with France for North America," by Mr. J. A. Bradley, the biographer of General Wolfe, and author of "Old Virginia." A volume of sermons by Archdeacon Wilson may be expected about the 24th inst., entitled "Things Old and New"—a selection from the author's sermons preached to his congregation at Rochdale. This volume is an attempt to show that the old truths of revelation gain force from the new truths reached by scientific and historical methods. "Modern Astronomy," by Professor H. H. Turner, should make its appearance early next month, giving an account of the changes and methods of astronomical science during the last quarter of a century. The beginning of October, too, will see Mr. Spenser Wilkinson's new volume of essays on "War and Policy"; Mr. J. Horace Round's "Peerage and other Studies in Family History"; and a book on Hayti by Mr. Hesketh Prichard, entitled "Where Black rules White." Several later volumes should be mentioned before exhausting Messrs. Constable's new list. One is "Ephemera Critica: Plain Truths about Current Literature," by Mr. John Churton Collins, described as "a series of studies in serious, patient, and absolutely impartial criticism, having for its object a comprehensive survey of the vices and defects, as well as the merits, characteristic of current Belles Lettres." Another volume is "Through Siberia," by Mr. J. Stadling, edited by Dr. F. H. H. Guillemard, giving an account of the author's journey through Northern Siberia, the ethnology of the native races, the exile system, and the Trans-Siberian Railway. A third is "Dante and Giovanni del Vergilio," including a critical edition of Dante's "Eclogæ Latinæ" and of the poetic remains of Giovanni del Vergilio, by Philip H. Wicksteed and Edmund G. Gardner.

Yet another edition of Shakespeare is announced. It is to come from Messrs. Blackie and Son. "Blackie's Picture Shakespeare," as it is to be called, will include all the chief plays, in single volumes, with coloured frontispieces and illustrations in black and white. The text will be revised "for home and school," and accompanied by explanatory notes. The two next volumes for Messrs. Blackie's Victorian Era Series will be "Indian Life and Thought since the Mutiny," by R. P. Karkaria, and "Ireland during the Victorian Era," by J. A. R. Marriott. The same publishers announce "The Parliament of Scotland," by Robert S. Rait, which is believed to be the first attempt to treat the constitutional side of Scottish history otherwise than as incidental to the general history of Scotland. The book is based upon the essay on the Scottish Parliament which won the Stanhope Prize at Oxford last year. Mr. Rait has also arranged "The Story of Prince Charlie" from "Tales of a Grandfather" for Blackie's Library of Famous Books. Another interesting item is "The Story of Don Quixote," retold by Judge Parry and illustrated by Walter Crane. Judge Parry has abridged Cervantes for the younger generation of readers. A comparatively fresh field of romance for the same class of readers has been opened up by Professor Macmillan, of Elphinstone College, Bombay, whose knowledge of Indian literature has led to a volume of "Tales of Indian Chivalry," which Messrs. Blackie have in preparation. Mr. G. A. Henty, who will publish three books with them during the autumn, has not unnaturally turned to South Africa for at least one of his plots. "With Buller in Natal" is the title of this book, and it deals with the perilous doings of a band of boy scouts. Mr. Henty's other volumes are "In the Irish Brigade: A Tale of War in Flanders and Spain," and "Out with Garibaldi: A Story of the Liberation of Italy." Another story of the Boer war, "With Rifle and Bayonet," is told by Captain F. S. Brereton, R.A.M.C., who is now on active service at the front, and who has also written for the present season a tale of Cromwell's invasion of Ireland, entitled "In the King's Service." Other autumn books in Messrs. Blackie's list are "Three Fair Maids," by Katherine Tynan; "In Far Bolivia," by Dr. Gordon Stables; "Boy Crusoes," adapted from the Russian by Léon Golschmann; "Cynthia's Bonnet Shop," by Rose Mulholland (Lady Gilbert); "Queen Charlotte's Maidens," by Sarah Tytler; and "Droll Doings," another volume of animal caricatures, by Mr. H. B. Neilson.

At the end of this month Messrs. Walter Scott will begin a new series of Manuals of Employment for Educated Women, edited by Christabel Osborn. The first two volumes will be "Secondary Teaching," by Christabel Osborn and Florence B. Low, with an introduction by Miss E. P. Hughes, associate of Newnham College; and "Elementary Teaching," by Christabel Osborn, with an introduction by Sir Joshua Fitch. The editor will also write the third volume, dealing with "Sick Nursing," and other volumes will follow on "Medicine," "Art," "Crafts," and other occupations suitable for girls of the educated classes who wish to earn their own living. A new volume will be added to Messrs. Scott's Contemporary Science Series early next month, entitled "The Child: a Study in the Evolution of Man," by Dr. Alexander F. Chamberlain, whose book attempts to give an exhaustive summary of recent investigations. The first volume of the Contemporary Science Series was Professors Geddes and Thompson's "Evolution of Sex," issued in 1889, and the publishers now announce that a fourth edition of this work, completely revised, is in preparation. The book has been brought up to date, the number of references increased, and sundry criticisms have been accepted, but the general thesis remains the same. A third edition is in preparation, too, of Mr. Havelock Ellis' volume on "The Criminal," in the same series, in which nearly every chapter has been rewritten. The next volume in the Scott library—to appear towards the end of the month—will be a new translation of "The Letters of the Younger Pliny," with an introductory essay by Mr. John B. Firth, late scholar of Queen's College, Oxford. It will be followed in October by "Selected Thoughts of Blaise Pascal," translated and edited by Gertrude Burford Rawlings. The selection has been taken from the French text of M. Michaut, who was the first to publish an exact text in the order of the original MS. A later volume in the Scott library will be "Scott's Essayists: From Stirling to Stevenson," edited, with an introduction, by Oliphant Smeaton.

The most important announcement in Messrs. Pearson's list is "The Great People Series," edited by Professor F. York Powell, who describes the series as "not so much a set of political, military, or social histories, as a sequence of readable studies on the tendencies and potencies of the chief peoples of the earth." Volume I. will be "The Spanish People," by Major Martin A. S. Hume. Another series which Messrs. Pearson are starting is "The Illustrated Scarlet Library," which will consist of an edition of standard works by popular authors beginning this month with "The Pilgrim's Progress," illustrated by H. M. Brock. "The Wide, Wide World," illustrated by F. Pegram, will follow next month, and "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in November. Other works in Messrs. Pearson's list not already announced by us, are "Wooings and Weddings in many Climes," by Louise Jordan Miln; "North American Indians of To-day," by George Bird Grinnell; and "Abyssinia," by Herbert Vivian. Their novels will include "The Woman of Death," by Guy Boothby; "The Plunder Ship," by Headon Hill; "Joan Brotherhood," by Bernard Capes, and "A Patched-up Affair," by Florence Warden.

Among their autumn publications Messrs. Jarrold have two novels coming from Maurus Jokai ("The Day of Wrath" and "A Christian but a Roman"), and a work by another Hungarian novelist, Kálmán Mikszáth, entitled "St. Peter's Umbrella." Mikszáth's book has been translated by W. B. Worswick, contains an introduction by R. Nisbet Bain, and will be published next week. Messrs. Jarrold also announce "Marya Rodziewicz's Distaff," translated from the Polish by Count Stanislaus C. de Soissons; a romance of old Virginia, by Hulbert Fuller, entitled "Vivian of Virginia"; "The Gray House of the Quarries," by

Mary H. Norris; "Carpathia Knox," by Curtis Yorke; "The Man who Forgot," by John Mackie; and "A Woman's Burden," by Fergus Hume. Chief among their new gift-books will be "Christ in Sacred Art," by Joseph Lewis French, with reproductions from paintings by the great masters.

Messrs. Methuen will publish in a few days at 3s. 6d. a book entitled "The People of China," by J. W. Robertson-Scott, "to supply in a form as compact and as interesting as possible information which an intelligent newspaper reader is likely to want."

Mr. Gilbert Parker's string of stories of Pontiac, giving a picture of life in our French dominions, will be published by Mr. Heinemann on October 4th under the title of "The Lane that had no Turning."

A new translation of the two meditations which Savonarola wrote in prison after his first "examination"—one on the Miserere (51st Psalm), and the other on the 31st Psalm—is being published, together with the Latin text, by the Cambridge University Press. Dr. Perowne is responsible for the new translation. The Latin text is based on a manuscript containing the meditations in the library of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge.

Mr. Arthur Rackham will contribute one hundred illustrations to Mrs. Edgar Lucas' new translation of Grimm's Fairy Tales, which Mr. Freemantle will publish in the autumn. It will contain new stories not generally included in the English editions. Mr. Freemantle has also in preparation a new translation by Mrs. A. M. Richards of Fouqué's "Sintram and his Companions," illustrated by Miss Anna Richards.

The Columbus Company announce a "History of Servia." Its author is Madame Elodie Mijatovich, wife of King Alexander of Servia's Minister at Constantinople, previously Minister to the Court of St. James'.

Mr. W. Carew Hazlitt's "History of the Venetian Republic," published forty years ago, is being re-issued by Messrs. A. and C. Black as an almost entirely new work, re-arranged and augmented, bringing down the narrative for the first time to the close of Venetian independence.

The scene of Mr. Bloundelle Burton's new romance "Servants of Sin" is laid in the period of the Regency of the Duc d'Orleans, and its setting is the terrible plague of Marseilles. The book is to be published by Messrs. Methuen on the 25th.

Nottinghamshire folk, and antiquarians generally, will welcome a book (to be published by subscription) by Mr. A. Stapleton, 15, Carlton-road, Nottingham, on the Gotham tales. "Nottinghamshire's ancient, famous, and only jest book, and the only English local collection of stories of simpletons." The title of the book is "All about the Merry Tales of Gotham."

Captain Philip Herbert Hove is about to publish with Mr. Elliot Stock his father's manuscript "History of Wexford," in three quarto vols., with illustrations. The first volume carries the History of Old and New Ross from the earliest times to the Rebellion of 1798.

The report of the expeditions organised by the British Astronomical Association to observe the total Solar Eclipse of May 28th, 1900, are contained in a volume which is being issued from the office of *Knowledge*, and edited by Mr. E. Walter Maunder.

Books to look out for at once.

ART—
"French Architects and Sculptors of the Eighteenth Century." By Lady Dilke. Bell & Sons. £2 2s. net.
"The Representative Significance of Form." By Prof. G. L. Raymond. Putnam.

LETTERS—
"Letters of T. E Brown." Edited by S. T. Irwin. Constable. 2 vols., 12s.
"The Paston Letters." Vol. II. Ed. by J. Gairdner. Constable. 10s. 6d. n.

POETRY—
"Love Lyrics, and other Poems." By Constance Sutcliffe. Constable. 5s. n.

THEOLOGY—
"Savonarola: Meditations on Psalm LI. and part of Psalm XXXI. in Latin," with English Translation by Dr. Perowne. Cambridge University Press. 10s. 6d. net.

FICTION—
"The Devil's Half-Acre." By "Alien." Fisher Unwin. 6s.
"Mother-Sister." By Edwin Pugh. Hurst & Blackett. 6s.
"Philip Winwood." By Robert. N. Stephens. Chatto & Windus. 6s.
"God's Lad." By Paul Cushing. Pearson. 6s.
"Conscience of Coralie." By F. Frankfort Moore. Pearson. 6s.
"St. Peter's Umbrella." By Kálmán Mikszáth. Translated by W. B. Worswick. Jarrold. 6s.

TRAVEL—
"Half-Hours in Japan." By the Rev. Herbert Moore. Unwin. 6s.

MISCELLANEOUS—
"Practical Electro-Chemistry." By Bertram Blount. Constable.
"The Speaker's Chair." By Edward Lummis. Fisher Unwin. 2s. 6d.
"In the Days of My Youth." With Introduction by T. P. O'Connor, M.P. Pearson. 7s. 6d.
"The Temples and Ritual of Asklepios at Epidauros and Athens." By Professor Richard Caton. Cambridge University Press. 3s. net.

NEW EDITIONS—
"Darwin's Coral Reefs." (New Minerva Library.) Ward, Lock. 2s.
"Glimpses into Plant Life." "Wild Nature Won by Kindness." "More About Wild Nature." "Inmates of My House and Garden." By Miss Brightwen. Fisher Unwin. 2s. each.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

ART.

Frederic Lord Leighton. His Life and Works. By *Ernest Rhys*. 8½×11½ in., 111 pp. Bell. 7s. 6d. n.

Fra Angelico. By *Langton Douglas*. 9×6½ in., 206 pp. Bell. 12s. 6d. n.

The Leaguer of Ladysmith. By *Capt. C. M. Dixon*, 16th Lancers. 9×12 in. Eyre & Spottiswoode. 3s. 6d.

BIOGRAPHY.

The Life, Unpublished Letters, and Philosophic Regimen of Anthony Earl of Shaftesbury. Ed. by *B. Rand*, Ph.D. 9×5½ in., 535 pp. Sonnenschein. 15s.

Samuel Richardson. A Critical Study. By *Clara L. Thomson*. 8½×5½ in., 368 pp. Horace Marshall. 6s.

Joseph Glanville. By *F. Greenslet*, Ph.D. 7½×5 in., 228 pp. The Macmillan Co. 6s.

CLASSICAL.

The Catiline of Sallust. For the Use of Schools. Elementary Commentary. Ed. by the *Rev. G. H. Nall*. 6½×4 in., 92 pp. Macmillan. 1s. 6d.

ECONOMICS.

Economic Crises. (The Citizen's Library.) By *F. D. Jones*, Ph.D. 7½×5 in., 119 pp. The Macmillan Co. 3s. n.

FICTION.

The Fourth Generation. By *Sir Hunter Pennel*. 7½×5 in., 352 pp. Chatto & Windus. 6s.

The Flower of the Flock. By *W. E. Norris*. 7½×5½ in., 322 pp. Nisbet. 6s.

The New Order. By *Oswald Crawfurd*. 7½×5½ in., 370 pp. Grant Richards. 6s.

The Man that Corrupted Hadleyburg, &c. By *Mark Twain*. 7½×5½ in., 314 pp. Chatto & Windus. 6s.

The Love that Lasts. By *Florence Warden*. 7½×5½ in., 344 pp. Ward, Lock. 3s. 6d.

The Man of the Moment. By *Morice Gerard*. 7½×5½ in., 312 pp. Ward, Lock. 3s. 6d.

Jezebel. By *Richard Pryce*. 7½×5½ in., 352 pp. Hutchinson. 6s.

The Conquest of Plassans. By *Emile Zola*. Translated by A. E. Vizetelly. 7½×5½ in., 328 pp. Chatto & Windus. 3s. 6d.

D'Aubigné. By *J. C. Shannon*. 7½×5 in., 199 pp. Burleigh. 1s. 6d.

The Dishonour of Frank Scott. By *M. Hamilton*. 7½×5½ in., 323 pp. Hurst & Blackett. 6s.

Summer in Arcady. By *J. L. Allen*. 7×4½ in., 170 pp. The Macmillan Co. 3s. 6d.

The Grip of the Wolf. By *Morice Gerard*. 7½×5½ in., 281 pp. Horace Marshall. 3s. 6d.

Mab. By *Harry Lindsay*. 7½×5½ in., 312 pp. Horace Marshall. 6s.

For Lack of Love. By *Lillian C. Davidson*. 7½×5½ in., 280 pp. Horace Marshall. 3s. 6d.

The Vicar's Atonement. By *J. H. Pauling*. 7½×5½ in., 320 pp. Horace Marshall. 3s. 6d.

The Minder. By *J. Ackworth*. 7½×5½ in., 313 pp. Horace Marshall. 6s.

The Living Remnant, and other Quaker Tales. By *K. K. K.* 7½×5½ in., 167 pp. Headley Bros.

The Ivory Queen. (The Express Series.) By *Norman Hurst*. 7½×5 in., 222 pp. Milne. 1s.

A Sea Comedy. (The Express Series.) By *Morley Roberts*. 7½×5 in., 193 pp. Milne. 1s.

HISTORY.

A Short History of China. By *Demetrius C. Boulger*. New Ed. 9×6 in., 156 pp. Gibbings. 7s. 6d.

LITERARY.

Précis Historique de Phonétique Française. By *E. Bourciez*. Rev. New Ed. 6½×4½ in., 220 pp. Paris. Klincksieck. Fr. 3.50.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Comprehensive Guidebook to Natural Hygienic and Human Diet. By *S. A. Beard*. 7×5 in., 101 pp. Russell. 1s.

The Palace of Poor Jack. By *F. T. Bullen*. 7×4½ in., 81 pp. Nisbet. 1s.

The Anatomy of Misery. By *J. C. Kenworthy*. 2nd Ed. 7½×5 in., 111 pp. "Clarion" Office. 1s.

REPRINTS.

Curiosities of Natural History. 1st to 4th Series. By *Francis T. Buckland*. 7½×5 in., 302+300+351+365 pp. Macmillan. 3s. 6d. each vol.

Famous Novels of the Sea. "The Two Admirals," by *J. Fenimore Cooper*; "Tom Cringle's Log," by *Michael Scott*; "Midshipman Easy," by *Capt. Marryat*; "The Green Hand," by *George Cupples*; "Moby Dick," by *H. Melville*; "The Wreck of the Grosvenor," by *W. Clark Russell*. 7½×5½ in. Sampson Low. 2s. n.

SCIENCE.

Elementary Physics and Chemistry. 3rd Stage. By *R. A. Gregory* and *A. T. Simmons*. 7×4½ in., 114 pp. Macmillan. 1s. 6d.

Studies in Fossil Botany. By *D. H. Scott*, Ph.D., F.R.S., &c. 8½×5½ in., 533 pp. Black. 7s. 6d. n.

SPORT.

Wild Sports of Burma and Assam. By *Col. Pollok* and *W. S. Thom*. 9½×6 in., 507 pp. Hurst & Blackett. 16s.

Hints on Hockey. By *E. de L. Sotheby*. 7×4½ in., 89 pp. Blackwood. 1s.

THEOLOGY.

The Biblical Theology of the New Testament. By *Ezra P. Gould*, D.D. 7½×5 in., 321 pp. The Macmillan Co. 3s. 6d.

TRAVEL.

Through The First Antarctic Night. 1898-99. By *F. A. Cook*, M.D. 9×6½ in., 178 pp. Heinemann.

Literature

Published by The Times.

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NOTES OF THE DAY.

Lord Salisbury's alleged indifference to the interests of literature will be considered by some of his critics to be established by the announcement that the general election is to take place in the middle of the autumn publishing season. That season cannot but suffer in consequence, though we may hope that it will not be crushed as completely as was the summer season of 1897 by the Diamond Jubilee. The serious aspect of the situation, from the publishers' point of view, is that the decision has been taken so late that it will be hard for them to modify their arrangements in view of it. On the other hand, they may be glad that the blow should fall quickly instead of hanging indefinitely over their heads; and, if it so happens that the election and the return of the warriors from South Africa take place in the same season, the coincidence of the two events will, at any rate, be something to the good.

* * * *

The *Monthly Review* certainly surpasses all the other monthly reviews in the magnificence of its appearance. It is better printed, on better paper, than any of its rivals. The illustrations which accompany an article by Mr. Roger G. Fry on "Art before Giotto" are admirable. The *clou* of the number is undoubtedly the excerpt from the autobiography of the Amir of Afghanistan, shortly to be published by Mr. Murray. This is full of good things; and not the least interesting passage is that in which Abdur Rahman describes his attitude towards literature:—

> I do not go to sleep directly I lie down in bed, but the person who is specially appointed as my reader sits down beside my bed and reads to me from some book, as, for instance, histories of different countries and peoples; books on geography, biographies of great Kings and reformers, and political works. I listen to this reading until I go to sleep, when a story-teller takes his place, repeating his narratives until I awake in the morning. This is very soothing.

* * * *

In the same magazine Mr. A. T. Quiller Couch writes of "T. E. B."—the poet of the Isle of Man. It will be news to many readers that "T. E. B." was once headmaster of the Crypt School, Gloucester, and that one of his pupils there was Mr. W. E. Henley, destined later to be one of "T. E. B.'s" most sympathetic editors. From Gloucester he went to take the modern side at Clifton; and there Mr. Couch and the editor of the *Monthly Review* were under him. Mr. Couch's reminiscence of his first interview with the Clifton master is interesting:—

> A candidate for a scholarship at Clifton—awkward, and abominably conscious of it, and sensitive—I had been billeted on Brown's hospitality without his knowledge. The mistake (I cannot tell who was responsible) could not be covered out of sight; it was past all aid of kindly dissimulation by the time Brown returned to find the unwelcome guest bathing in shame upon his door-step. Can I say more than that he took me into the family circle—by no means an expansive one, or accustomed, as some are, to open gleefully to intruders—and for the inside of a week treated me with a consideration so quiet and pleasant, so easy yet attentive, that his dearest friend or most distinguished visitor could not have demanded more? A boy notes these things and remembers.

Mr. Anthony Hope's new novel, "Tristrem of Blent," also begins its serial course in the first number.

* * * *

There is no fatality in human knowledge, not even in that of the modern editor of an English Classic or of the contributor to the National Biographical Dictionary. A good object lesson in the general uncertainty of things is a little pamphlet just published by Mr. W. H. Bartlett, in which Mr. Willis, Judge of County Courts, prints in its original style (though not in facsimile) the first edition of Thomson's "Winter." The Judge prefixes an introduction which will make those who pin their faith on "well-known authorities" open their eyes. Thomson has been pretty thoroughly dealt with by scholars during the last few years. There is the life by Mr. Leslie Stephen. Mr. Logie Robertson and Mr. Tovey have made careful studies of the poet's life and works. Mr. Seccombe has written about him in the Dictionary of Biography. These are highly respectable names well representing our age of accurate literary research. Alas for the fallibility of man! One day there comes a learned and painstaking lawyer who happens to be, too, a scholar with a "job" on hand, but a real enthusiast, and quietly floats these excellent critics—with all the restless air of the single-minded seeker after truth—of all kinds of mis-statements and inaccuracies. One of these indeed, as Judge Willis shows, has produced a text of "The Seasons," which, though it is assuredly would delight the soul of the poet, contains a host of serious textual errors which, as the Judge boldly suggests, "would grieve him." We do not say that the large number of points put right by Mr. Willis—as to Thomson's publisher, the prices of his books, small details of his life, minor variants in his text—are of overwhelming import-

ance; but that there should, in these days of exact scholarship, be so many of them, provides some food for thought.

* * * *

Mr. G. W. T. Omond's *North American Review* article on the "Art of Robert Louis Stevenson" demonstrates, what indeed was not unknown, that Stevenson achieved his success by means of taking pains. The fact is the more interesting because the writers of historical romance have often succeeded without taking pains, and because failure has generally been the lot of those of them who have been most laborious. Dumas never really knew his subjects; his pages abound with inaccuracies. But no historical novelist has ever been more successful; perhaps none has ever done better work. On the other hand, Flaubert studied Carthage as profoundly as Mommsen studied Rome, and he was a man of genius; but how many of us can lay our hands upon our hearts and say that we have read "Salammbo" and desire to read it again? Stevenson studied like Flaubert, yet saw his subjects with Dumas' romantic eye.

* * * *

Mr. Omond gives us some idea of the trouble he took about "Kidnapped":

> The historical portion of the plot was found in Volume XIX. of the "State Trials," where the trial of James Stewart and Alan Breck Stewart, for the murder of Colin Campbell of Glenure, occupies between two and three hundred closely printed columns. Having studied every line of the evidence with minute care, he read all round the subject, borrowing from the Advocates' Library (for a length of time which called forth expostulations, fortunately for the world quite unheeded, from the keeper and other people) every book or pamphlet from which he could glean anything to help him in producing a vivid picture of the state of Scotland during the years which followed the Forty-Five.

It is much to Stevenson's credit that he could pursue such searches and not be made dull by them. The use which he could make of any picturesque incident which he met in his documents is illustrated by Mr. Omond by many comparisons. The following parallel columns are particularly striking:—

"Kidnapped," p. 207.	"State Trials," XIX., p. 111.
But he was a man of more resources than I knew; searched the wood until he found a quill of a cushat dove, which he slipped into a pen; made himself a kind of ink with gunpowder from his horn and water from the running stream; and tearing a corner from his French military commission (which he carried in his pocket, like a talisman to keep him from the gallows) he sat down and wrote as follows.	Alan looked about among the trees, and finding a wood-pigeon's quill, made a pen of it, and having made ink of some powder he took out of a powder-horn that was in his pocket, he wrote a letter.

* * * *

One result of the settlement in South Africa will be a demand for schoolmasters in that country. This is one of the conclusions as to the future which Mr. C. D. Hope arrives at in the last of a series of articles on education which he has contributed to the *University Correspondent*. We only hope that the result which Mr. Hope anticipates will mitigate that grievance concerning salaries of which Mr. Rouse finds occasion to complain. It will hardly do so unless endowments are liberally provided; but there ought to be no difficulty on that score. Mr. Hope looks to the Home Government for help. We on our part, with the income-tax at its present figure, are more disposed to appeal to the local millionaire. A college in Pretoria would cost less to build than a mansion in Park-lane, and would bestow a worthier immortality upon its founder; and there are still plenty of people in South Africa who are richer than any of the pious founders and benefactors of our own colleges and grammar schools. In America the practice is to give such a scheme a start by announcing, without authority, that a particular millionaire has undertaken to see it through; but we cannot go beyond recommending the idea generally to those whom it concerns.

* * * *

We told the story last week of the rejection of "John Inglesant" by a great publishing house on the advice of Mr. James Payn. The story of the ultimate acceptance of the novel is also interesting, and is told in the *Puritan* by Mr. J. A. Hammerton. It was first printed for private circulation. Of an edition of a hundred, seventy-five were distributed by Mr. Shorthouse among his friends, and the remaining twenty-five were published at Birmingham, in July, 1880, at one guinea each:—

> It so happened that a friend of the author living at Oxford was amongst the seventy-five favoured with a copy, and this, after reading, he sent to Mrs. Humphry Ward, who as a keen judge of literature could not fail to be impressed with the marvellous power of the book, and she soon afterwards spoke of it to Mr. Macmillan, who in turn immediately recognized in it the highest literary qualities, and set about to obtain the author's consent to its publication. We have thus the unique spectacle of publisher and critics urging a new writer to allow his work to be presented to the reading public, and so it came about that "John Inglesant" was properly published in two octavo volumes in the spring of 1881.

* * * *

This generation is so fond of literary "series" that it is almost surprising that it should have been left for Mr. Lane, at this late time of day, to initiate a collection of "all that the great English poets have written about love." It is true that the work has been attempted on the tiny scale of the anthologist by Mr. William Watson, whose "Lyric Love," garnered eight years ago, "from honeyed slopes of England's Helicon," aimed at "the bringing together . . . of all the best English poetry having love as its personal inspiration or its objective theme." Mr. Lane's "Lover's Library" appears to be planned on a larger scale. One reason why it has not been attempted before may be based on the well-known proposition of Coleridge's. Coleridge avers that—

> All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
> Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
> All are but ministers of love,
> And feed his sacred flame.

On that showing Mr. Lane would be aiming at nothing less than a complete edition of the English poets. It is not likely that the task of Johnson, Chalmers, Anderson, and Bell will ever be tried again. The *Corpus Poetarum Britannicorum* has grown too vast for any publisher to attack in its entirety. As a matter of fact, though it is not very easy to assign the limitations by which Coleridge's net may be narrowed we all know well enough what is meant by a love poem, and an editor of discrimination could easily select the volumes of Shelley and Browning with which the series is to open. In some cases the work has already been done; thus Sir George Douglas has sorted out the "Love Poems of Robert Burns," and Dr. Garnett has given us a "Florilegium Amantis" from the works of Coventry Patmore. Whatever be the literary success of Mr. Lane's series, one may safely prophesy that it will be in great demand for wedding presents.

* * * *

There is no literary parallel, so far as we remember, to the case of the sculptor who fell in love with his own creation. Indeed, the arts of painting and sculpture have shown a power to provoke a romance to which neither the poet nor the novelist can lay claim. History affords not a few instances in which a man or a woman has fallen in love with some "counterfeit presentment," but hardly any in which the description of a writer has set hearts aflame and gallants sighing for its original. The readers of German newspapers lately thought that they had at last discovered an exception to this rule. An advertisement was for some time to be seen in the principal journals in which a nobleman of high rank and great wealth declared that he had fallen

in love with the heroine of a certain popular novel, and would only marry a girl who could establish her resemblance to the novelist's creation. This aroused as much excitement in the larger half of the German Empire as greeted the ambassadors sent out by the King of Egypt to find a claimant for the slipper of Rhodope. Every marriageable girl with any lurking romance in her composition appears to have made haste to procure the book and see whether she had any pretensions to "fill the bill." Not a few came to the conclusion that they might have sat for the portrait of this engaging heroine, and the publishers of the novel were overwhelmed with letters requesting to be put in communication with the nobleman in question. Now—alas for romance!—it appears that the whole affair was what has been described at various ages of our language as a "bite," a "ban," a "do," or a "sell." There never was any such nobleman, and the advertisement was inserted by the publishers as a device to quicken the sale of their book. The consequence is that much feminine indignation has been lavished, not without reason, on the author who permitted, and the publishers who invented, so base a deception. We should not be at all surprised to hear that the next novel of the author in question had been boycotted by all the women of Germany, and such of their male relatives as they can wean from the German taste for sentimental stories.

* * * *

However questionable the taste of these German publishers may seem, it must be admitted that methods as dubious have before now been adopted in our own country. The classic instance, of course, is to be found in Defoe's audacious account of the apparition of Mrs. Veal. A bookseller who, in 1705, had printed a large edition of a translation of a very dull work by one Drelincourt, called "The Christian's Defence against the Fear of Death," found the stock hang upon his hands. With the fear of bankruptcy before his eyes, he applied for assistance to "unabashed Defoe." That ingenious gentleman devoted the extraordinary power of verisimilitude which was afterwards to give the world "Robinson Crusoe" to composing the account of how one Mrs. Veal appeared to a neighbour the day after her death. Among a host of the most natural details, he insinuated a recommendation of Drelincourt's book as "the best on that subject ever written." It needed a ghost from the grave to tell the public this, but the effect was immediate and wonderful. "'Drelincourt upon Death,' attested by one who could speak from experience," says Sir Walter Scott, "took an unequalled run. The copies had hung on the bookseller's hands as heavy as a pile of lead bullets. They now traversed the town in every direction, like the same balls discharged from a field-piece." In comparison with this trick, the German advertisement is hardly blameworthy; nor, indeed, can we cast a stone at its intention when we think of the self-advertisement to which some of our own most popular authors lend themselves every day.

The Outsider in Journalism.

We once had the pleasure of hearing a smart American journalist expound his views on the subject of smart editing. Among other things he insisted on the importance of securing the collaboration of people who were talked about—adding that their literary abilities and their knowledge of the subject of which they were to write were perfectly irrelevant considerations. "If," he said, "you hear that a man has fallen off a ladder and broken his leg in two places, send round right then and get his views on the Dreyfus case." Our friend was exaggerating, as the citizens of the United States occasionally do, but he had his eye on a tendency of modern journalism which found its counterpart in politics when it was seriously proposed that the Tichborne claimant should stand for Parliament. The matter has at last attracted the attention of our own Institute of Journalists. That body has voted a resolution deprecating the insertion in newspapers of articles by "persons of wealth and position," who, by writing for their amusement, take the bread out of the mouths of those who write for their living. For all the practical result their vote is likely to have the assembled persons might as well have deprecated the reprinting of the classics on the ground that there were "too many dead people in it" for literature to be as prosperous a trade as it ought to be. Both are corollaries of the same theorem—that journalism exists for the benefit of journalists, and that literature exists for the benefit of men of letters. This theorem is not only incapable of proof, but is also untrue, and therefore both corollaries fall to the ground together; and the reasons against admitting to journalism the contributions of "the outsider" can only be examined from other points of view. The protest is, we suppose, aimed primarily at the distinguished contributor—usually a lady of title—who is encouraged to say nothing in particular in some of the magazines, and whose contributions "crowd-out" those of other people. In so far as it is a matter for regret, the journalists who have just met in conference are themselves responsible for it. It is they who have cultivated the taste that demands it. It is they who have fostered the demand for personalia. The public has feasted on the portrait, the autograph, and photographs of the private boudoir of some notable lady who has been indiscreet enough to supply them. It reads with intense interest the remarkable fact that yesterday afternoon a journalist saw her in Bond-street. With what elated curiosity does the same public find this interesting personage positively speaking to them in more or less familiar language in their favourite magazine! What she writes about, or whether she says anything worth saying, matters nothing. It is all very foolish, and we quite understand that it causes some soreness among lady journalists, though we are not sure that the average lady journalist always writes better than the outsiders; but to protest is about as idle as to protest against the laws of nature. One of the legitimate purposes of newspapers and magazines is to gratify the public curiosity; and the public is undeniably more curious to read the opinions (on some subjects, at all events) of ladies of title than those of anonymous writers of greater literary gifts. Consequently the editor of a periodical of a certain sort can no more afford to select his contributors solely with reference to their talents and their pecuniary necessities than the proprietor of a wax-work show can afford to choose his models on such principles. Moreover, there are some subjects about which the illustrious outsider is really apt to know more than writers, however gifted, who have climbed the ladder of journalism from the lowest rung. In fact, these contributions may be accepted on their merits, and then—*cadit quæstio*. Even a member of the Institute of Journalists would not contend that any of Macaulay's essays ought to have been declined by the editor of the *Edinburgh Review* on the ground that their author held an office of profit under the Crown, or that the editor of the *Nineteenth Century* should have refused to allow Mr. Gladstone to review "Robert Elsmere," because some member of the Writers' Club was equally willing to "notice" it, and stood in greater need of the money. On the whole the community is, we fancy, a gainer by the new practice. After all there is some meaning in the old phrase, "a republic of letters," and in the arena of journalism, where everybody comes to listen, any citizen who has something to say has a right to be heard. Journalism is not so wholly single-minded and independent nor so wholly devoted to the highest graces of style that it can be trusted to become a close corporation from which outsiders are debarred. And surely the journalist whose mission it is to instruct and cultivate the public should welcome any means of encouraging those in whose intellectual welfare he is so much concerned to express themselves in print, and to show an intelligent interest in matters literary, political, and social. The opportunity outsiders have of speaking through the newspapers is all in favour of the growth of an enlightened public spirit. Nor is there any reason to believe that this competition of the outsiders really does professional journalists any injury. It certainly may not always raise the standard of literary excellence to which they are expected to conform; but it does increase the popularity and prosperity of periodicals. And in the long run, the prosperity of periodicals, makes for the prosperity of those who write for them for a living.

Personal Views.

THE THACKERAY MICROBE.

When will some enlightened bibliographer arise to sing the praises of the "second edition"? Corrections and improvements apart, it is here that we look for that important factor in the history of any great work—the author's reply to his earliest critics.

Some think the author should never intervene in defence of his own creation—doubtless a sound rule. But is there anything in Dickens much finer than the truculent and racy outburst prefixed to the second edition of "Oliver Twist"? Dickens, it is true, is more concerned with the cause of the poor and fatherless than with his own literary reputation, which he seems to have thought could take care of itself. That is not quite the case with the preface to the second edition of "The Kicklebury's on the Rhine," which I have just been reading.

In the well-known "Christmas Books" we have what the author considered a cheery bit of "farce" suited to the festive season. In the preface aforesaid we have what *The Times* reviewer thought of it, and what the author thought of *The Times* reviewer.

> In the Christmas Book under notice [says the critic, after reflecting on the Christmas Book in general as a rather conventional and commercial product] appears *in propriâ personâ* (under the thin disguise of Mr. Michael Angelo Titmarsh) the popular author, the contributor to *Punch*, the remorseless pursuer of unconscious vulgarity and feebleminedness, launched upon a tour of relaxation to the Rhine. But . . . from the moment his eye lights upon a luckless family group, the sight of his accustomed quarry—vulgarity, imbecility, and affectation—reanimates his relaxed sinews; and playfully fastening his satiric fangs upon the familiar prey, he dallies with it in mimic ferocity like a satiated mouser.

A turn too candid this, we may admit, to be altogether palatable even to a professional satirist.

> Though faintly and carelessly indicated, the characters are those with which the author loves to surround himself. A tufthunting county baronet's widow, an inane captain of Dragoons, a graceless young baronet, a lady with groundless pretensions to feeble health and poesy, an obsequious nonentity, her husband, and a flimsy and artificial young lady are the personages in whom we are expected to find amusement.

Besides these we have

> a shadowy Serjeant-at-Law who escapes with a few puffs of flattery, which the author strives not to render ironical, and a mysterious countess, apparently introduced that we may learn by what delicate discriminations our adoration of rank should be regulated.

The sting of this last paragraph, it is clear, is by no means lost on the subject of the slashing review—the review which provokes the celebrated, but in fact rather laboured and uncomfortable, "Essay on Thunder and Small Beer." The whole criticism, truth to tell, is as justly applicable to all the other so-called "Christmas Books" (all but one which belongs to a totally different *genre*)—to the dreary sweepings from "Vanity Fair" collected in "Mrs. Perkins' Ball" with its well-known impersonations aristocrats and its well-known drunken Irishman who dances and kicks (!) the equally well-known heavy and quasi-poetic lady, to the dingy and faded panorama of "Our Street," or to the menagerie of infantine monstrosities entertained by Dr. Birch. "To those who love to lug themselves in a sense of superiority by amusement with the most worthless of their species, this book," we can re-echo *The Times* reviewer, "will form an agreeable treat." And the author, though doubtless pleased with the cheque which, as he tells us, he has just received from his publisher, is more than half aware of this. It is not only the utter dreariness of the subject-matter of the booklet and the bitterness of its treatment, but the fact that here as elsewhere there is that something uncomfortable so often noticed about the author's personal demeanour.

It is not, of course, the mere fact that he rather enjoys talking about himself. Montaigne and Howell, "my favourite bedside books," did that, as Mr. Roundabout reminds us.

> I hope [he confides to us, in the middle of that curious little threnody on "The Two Children in Black"], I hope I shall always like to hear men, in reason, *talk about themselves*. What subject does a man know better? If I stamp on a friend's corn his outcry is genuine—he confounds my clumsiness in the accents of truth. (*Genuine* enough, Mr. Roundabout, but is it always amusing? And how if the aggrieved party, not content with one genuine outburst, goes on mumbling execrations under his breath for the rest of our interview?) I have a story of my own, of a wrong done me by somebody, as far back as the year 1838; whenever I think of it . . . .

And off he goes at score again. Not with the story, my dear friends, don't imagine it. That would really have interested the reader, who rather likes being consulted on such little matters. The reader (bless him!) is never *told* what is the matter, but left with a shrewd and slightly irritable suspicion that if the whole ins and outs of the case were confided to him, he would probably find there was a good deal to be said on both sides.

> How comes it, asked the lady sitting next to Mr. R. at dinner, that there is a certain class of persons whom you always attack in your writings and savagely rush at, goad, poke, toss, kick, and trample on?

That lady (is her name to be found in any recent biography of the author, or was it by chance—Legion?) certainly voiced what advertisers call a "long-felt want."

In reply, Mr. Roundabout told her "the inevitable story," which he never tells us. He was egotistical, he admits. He was selfish, no doubt; but he was natural (he thinks), because he was telling the truth. He could not deny that the spirit of such conduct is un-Christian. How, he asks, can one forget at will? How forgive? . . . Ah! These be serious questions, scarcely indited altogether in jest. "There are wrongs and griefs that can't be mended." In fine, as the immortal Rebecca sums up the whole matter in one trenchant line—"Revenge may be wicked, but it's natural. I'm no angel."

No reader can follow Mr. Roundabout very far without noticing the sensibility to criticism and to social friction, oddly coupled with so much active hostility to his kind. The author cannot let him forget it. A learned German critic has assigned to the creator of "Becky Sharp" a want of that "gesundes und sicheres Gefühl," that "sound and certain attitude" towards Life, which is the "Kern" of all the worthiest production. Is that why he seems for ever fearing that people may treat his work as "small beer"? Yet we read in the Chronicle of that ilk (R.P., p. 219), how "some pronounce it sour; some say it is thin; some *that it has woefully lost its flavour*" (some dozen years after the brewing of that scalding witches' broth of "Vanity Fair"). Of course, this may be all mock modesty and humorous self-depreciation. But, it *is* odd how the thing keeps cropping up again and again. As under "Small Beer," so again under the head of "Ogres" (both texts, it will be admitted, suggestive of nothing but the most cheery and optimistic reflections), we catch the same unhappy accent of the author whining.

as it were, in a corner. "Now, dear, good, kind Mr. Roundabout, for Heaven's sake, what is the matter?" And what does it turn out to be? Of course, another review, something the critics say about him when—when he is not at his best. Well, we cannot always be at our best—"Neque semper arcum, &c."—and then . . . "The jokes, if attempted, are elaborate and dreary. The bitter temper breaks out. *That sneering manner is adopted which you know and which exhibits itself especially where the writer is speaking about women.* He sees no good in anybody . . . and treats things in general with a gloomy flippancy."

Mr. Roundabout, Sir, he does: which you never spoke a truer word, though the italics are our own.

Perhaps your career with all its success was in some obscure social sense a disappointment. Perhaps at a too early stage in it some one did give you bad wine (see Letts Diary, R.P., p. 281) which you never forgot. Perhaps you were, in weaker moments, a trifle malicious. But as to your general estimate of human nature, I think *The Times* reviewer really hit it off "to a T" in his somewhat *rococo* phrase—"Sardonic divings after the pearl of truth whose lustre is eclipsed by the display of the diseased oyster."

Who can be sweet-tempered, you may ask, in a world of ogres and gorillas, of swindling bankrupts and scheming vulgarians? And to your most truculent outbursts (the things both we and you must thoroughly enjoy), and to your most depressing caricatures, have you not appended "moralizations" almost worthy of an Oriental fabulist? So you have. But we skip them, my dear Mr. Titmarsh, we skip them as we skip the sentimental tags in one of Sheridan's dramas. The simple, honest truth of the matter is that on the subject of Death, Time, and the Eternities, you talk like a veritable Death's Head.

At a raree show, Tussaud Museum, or whatever it is to be called, like "Vanity Fair," we laugh till we are tired of laughing. In that eternally entertaining epic, that genuine "lanx satura" of social absurdity and iniquity, you cry havoc and give the fangs of satire a free field till there is nothing left to slaughter. We are carried away by the genuine passion and humour of the performance, by the glare of the footlights you are so fond of talking of, and the sparkle of the "tinsel," for which, by the way, real jewellery may sometimes be mistaken in that light. But when the curtain falls, and perhaps not till then, "surgit amari aliquid." By the side of such spontaneous ebullitions your copybook morality seems a very tame concession to the cravings of Christian humanity.

Your copybook precepts—well, they so little resemble your literary *practice* we might almost suspect them to be the work of "a later hand." And as to your regard for women as women, your sympathy (in odd corners and chapter-ends) for undeserved suffering and misfortune, few of us would have it at a gift. *Why*, for example (I have often longed to ask), does poor, dear Mr. John Sedley (whose hospitality we have so often enjoyed) become by the mere act of bankruptcy a degraded, grovelling, and tiresome *beggar*? Had honest bankrupts, in the days of the railway mania, no independence or self-respect?

And, to return to our text, can anything be more incredibly dreary, more drearily incredible, than the "characters with which the author loves to surround himself" in those strangely entitled "Christmas Books"? "Vulgarity, imbecility, affectation"—affectation, imbecility, vulgarity (shall we not rather say "Indigestion, jealousy, bad temper—Bad temper, jealousy, indigestion"?). Why, I no more believe in that "inane captain of Dragoons," that "tuft-hunting widow," the "graceless baronet," those hypochondriac and poetic old ladies, or the flimsy and artificial lovelorn that I do in those yet more dismal "flayed anatomies" of boyhood collected in "Dr. Birch's Menagerie." Cheerful figures these, Mr. Titmarsh, for childish contemplation at *Christmas time!* Lord! how lifelike, sprightly, and amusing is the *wealthy banker's son*, for example, "*the cleverest, most accomplished boy in the school*," who brings back about £30 in pocket money, and increases his board by usury, cheating, and the sale of drinks, till we leave him "moaning under well-deserved blows and whining for mercy"; the idiot scion of aristocracy, happily playing cat's-cradle at the age of twenty-three when not being wooed by the headmaster's daughter! *Where*, great Heaven, were all these ghastly nightmares bred? And do you fancy that our impressions of them are to be dissipated by a few "Keepsake" verses, as it were, of Christmas greeting, a few platitudes about Peace and Goodwill? No, Mr. Titmarsh, once for all, *it will not do.* Step aside into Fairyland if you please, and we will believe anything you like to tell us of Rosalba or Prince Giglio, but that goodwill, gentleness, or even candour presided at the creation of your social "Chamber of Horrors"—*never, never!*

G. H. POWELL.

THE SHAKESPEARE STAGE IN MUNICH.

Every summer an international public is attracted to Munich by the performances of Wagner, and especially of Mozart, for which the Court Theatre there has a reputation. But, good although these performances are, they are not better than can be heard in any larger German State or Municipal theatre all the year round; and, after all, what is to be said of German opera performances but that they are a little more faithful, a little more conscientious, if less brilliant than what we can hear during the opera season at home? We may regard them as better or worse according to our tastes or our prejudices, but opera is so thoroughly cosmopolitan a form of art that foreign performances of familiar works have little that is new to tell us.

Such was the somewhat jaded reflection with which we left the large "Court and National Theatre" in Munich one Saturday evening towards the close of August after listening to an excellent representation of *Die Meistersinger*. Scanning the playbill, our attention was caught by the announcement at the bottom of it, *Sonntag: König Lear*. Here was an opportunity for a variation upon Mozart and Wagner. A stall was duly procured next morning at a price that might have awakened a supercilious smile on the face of a London playgoer; at half-past 6 in the evening the performance was announced to begin.

The theatre was well filled; Sunday notwithstanding, there was an absence of showy attire, and everywhere one saw an eager, serious public which had evidently been attracted to the theatre expecting something more than merely an evening's amusement. But the theatre itself had undergone a change. The large orchestral well, from which on the previous evening had come the music of at least eighty players, had disappeared. The stage seemed to have undergone a prolongation overnight; it now extended in a large sweep far beyond the curtain, out, indeed, almost to the first row of stalls. Moreover, it had lost a great deal of its every-day character; the footlights seemed to have been removed—as a matter of fact, they were only hidden beneath the raised edge of the extended stage. Finally, in front of the new stage a flight of half a dozen steps led down into the auditorium. A flourish of trumpets announced the beginning of the play, and the large curtain parted. It disclosed a stage without wings of any kind; in their place hung heavy curtains which covered the exits and entrances of the players, while the background was formed by a massive-looking structure like the portal of some Romanesque church. In the middle of

this structure was an opening as large as the proscenium of a small theatre, and on each side of the opening were two doors. Both the doors and the inner proscenium were closed with curtains similar to those which occupied the place of the wings.

When the play began, it was clear that it was not the *King Lear* to which we were accustomed at home. One missed the brilliant march and the long procession of courtiers and pages, culminating with Lear himself, his appearance greeted by the thundering applause of the house. Here, so far, there was no splendour, no music save a flourish of trumpets, and a house which did not dream of applauding until the act had reached its close. We turned to the text which we had taken the precaution to bring with us, and, sure enough, as far as the printed play was concerned, these German players were right and our theatres wrong. The play does not open with a Court scene. Kent, Gloucester, and Edmund came in, said what they had to say, clearly, distinctly, and with a pleasing absence of the elocutionary gestures and graces of the conventional actor; then the trumpet sounded again and the curtain in the middle parted, disclosing an inner stage raised three steps above the outer one. At the back of this smaller stage was the painted scene. The king, his daughters, Cornwall and Albany, entered from behind, accompanied by not more than a dozen attendants; there was obviously no time for musical processions here. Lear occupied a seat in the middle of the inner stage, the pages and attendants stood behind him, while the other principal personages occupied the larger front stage. And so the scene proceeded. When the king had finished with his daughters and the Court had retired, the curtain closed noiselessly over the inner stage and France and the three daughters were left in front. Two minutes later this scene also was at an end, and without a second's loss of time, the inner curtain was again drawn aside. The decorations of the smaller stage had been changed; we were in Gloucester's castle and Edmund came forward with his letter. At the next change the lights were momentarily lowered, while the scene at the back of the smaller stage was simply raised disclosing another representing Albany's palace. A minute and a half later, another change being necessary, it was effected as simply, noiselessly, and expeditiously as before. Surely the pinning up of the labels in Shakespeare's own day could not have been done with less loss of time. And so the play proceeded until the end of the act, when the large curtain of the theatre closed in. Here came a pause, but only of two minutes' duration; not until the end of the third act were we allowed ten minutes' breathing space. Thus, smoothly, unobtrusively, without tantalizing breaks and interruptions, without cuts—except for a few lines that might have offended modern taste—without a single displaced or misplaced scene, the drama moved on to its close. It had begun at half-past six, it was over a few minutes before ten.

Here was a new thrill, indeed, beside which, for English spectators, at least, even Bayreuth sank into insignificance. For the first time we felt we had had the privilege of witnessing upon the stage the real Shakespeare—no actor-managered Shakespeare, but Shakespeare pure and unadulterated—and that in a foreign tongue and played by actors who were not Englishmen.

It must not, however, be thought that this Munich "Shakespeare Stage" is a mere antiquarian experiment such as the interesting performances by the Elizabethan Society in London. By no means. It appeals to the ordinary theatre-going public in Munich and always brings full houses. If the *mise en scène* is not what one would call "gorgeous," there is, at least, nothing about it that suggests parsimony. The costumes on this occasion were of great artistic beauty, and the scenery—there were no less than twenty different scenes—came from one of the first *ateliers* in Europe, that of Burghart in Vienna. We have said so much about the stage that there is little room left to speak of the acting, yet no words of praise would be too strong for these Munich players. The drama had been rehearsed for before it was clear that it was no case here of Lear and Cordelia being "supported" by a "company." Every actor was equally good, and even small *rôles* were filled by players who in other pieces are accustomed to sustain principal *rôles*; the Goneril, for instance, was played by what, in German technical language, is known as the "first heroine" of the theatre, the Edmund of this performance has the reputation of being one of the best Hamlets in Germany. But to the English spectator the great charm was the Shakespearian spirit which pervaded the entire performance. There was not the slightest attempt at "starring," not the slightest break in the artistic harmony of the whole; one could not, even in the smallest *rôles*, detect a wrongly accentuated point or a gesture that was incompatible with scholarly interpretation.

The methods of presenting Shakespeare on the stage have of late been much discussed with us, but we are inclined to think that the Munich Court Theatre with its simplified Shakespearian stage has approached more closely to a satisfactory solution of the problem than any other theatre in the world. It is, of course, open to dispute whether it is worth putting the whole of Shakespeare conscientiously on the stage, but if it is worth doing it could not be done better than in Munich. That it has been a success here is proved by the fact that, for the last ten years, at least three-fourths of Shakespeare's plays, uncut and unadapted—not to speak of plays by Goethe, Schiller, Grillparzer, Calderon, and Molière—have been and still are regularly played upon this "neueingerichtete Bühne."

J. G. R.

SAMUEL RICHARDSON.

One of Richardson's most fervent admirers congratulated him on having formed a style in which prolixity became a virtue. It would be hard to persuade the modern reader that this was a true judgment. An age which subsists so largely on telegrams cannot fail to have come to the conclusion that brevity is a main constituent of literary charm: we hear on all hands that Spenser would still be read if he had confined his story within such compass as was allotted to "Marmion" or "The Princess," and the popularity of Mr. Rudyard Kipling was due in the beginning as much to his singular conciseness of form as to his more essential virtues. Richardson, above all novelists, has become a by-word for the intolerable length of his books. Even the first part of "Pamela" is less known than its value as a human document would lead one to expect in these days of feminist study, and a reader of "Sir Charles Grandison" is a synonym for a survivor of "the giant race before the flood." Hilpa and Shalum might have beguiled their long-drawn-out age with such a book, but the modern reader, who has his work cut out in merely keeping abreast of his contemporaries, flees it like the plague. It is hard to realize that once, little more than a century ago, a man who both read and wrote so hard as Diderot actually regretted that Richardson's books were so short, therein anticipating Mr. Samuel Weller's discovery that the great aim of epistolary literature was to make the reader "vish there vos more." Even Diderot admitted, however, that all the world was not of his opinion, and suggested that "Clarissa Harlowe" and its companions should be abridged for the use of the profane. In the last generation something of the kind was attempted; but there is a fatal objection in the average mind to abridgments and selections; we all, rightly enough, like to do our own skipping, since exercise is so hard to get in town in winter! It has been suggested that a better plan than buying an abridgment of "Clarissa" is to begin at the original third volume. With "Pamela" the wise course is to begin at the beginning and lay the book aside after its heroine is definitely engaged: the best part of her post-matrimonial history is inseparably bound up with the adventures of her brother, as told by another hand. In the same way Sir George Trevelyan assures us that "if any one, after obtaining the outline of Lady Clementina's story from a more adventurous friend, will read 'Sir Charles Grandison,'

skipping all letters from Italians, to Italians, and about Italians, he will find that he has got hold of a delightful and not unmanageable book."

The "adventurous friend" whose co-operation is here desiderated is not always at hand. What he can do for the fame of Richardson is well illustrated by an anecdote which Thackeray tells of Macaulay. "When I was in India," the historian once said to the novelist, "I passed one hot season in the hills. . . . I had 'Clarissa' with me; and, as soon as they began to read, the whole station was in a passion of excitement about Miss Harlowe, and her misfortunes, and her scoundrelly Lovelace. The Governor's wife seized the book; the secretary waited for it; the Chief Justice could not read it for tears." Unfortunately—or otherwise, as recollection of some one's longing for a "flash of silence" may incline a cynical few to say—we do not, most of us, know a Macaulay, or even any lesser person who has read "Sir Charles Grandison." The want is excellently supplied, however, by so able and pleasant a book as Miss Clara Linklater Thomson has written under the title of "Samuel Richardson: a Biographical and Critical Study" (Horace Marshall and Son, 6s.). Miss Thomson has thoughtfully devoted a chapter to each of Richardson's three novels, in which she not only criticizes the work but gives an outline of the plot. Clementina's story may be duly read here by such as would try Sir George Trevelyan's recipe for getting through "Grandison." That so sane a critic as Miss Thomson should adopt this plan, and that it is likely to command the gratitude of her best-informed readers, shows as clearly as anything could into what a state of decay Richardson's working reputation has fallen. We should be anything but grateful to a critic of Fielding who proposed to narrate the plot of "Tom Jones" by way of preparation for a discourse upon its merits; and though a laborious gentleman has actually summarized the whole of the Waverley Novels, we are happy to believe that no human being has as yet found any need of his book. But in the case of Richardson no one need be ashamed of finding a useful novelty in Miss Thomson's handy outlines.

Publishers are evidently of the same opinion, for among all the countless reprints of standard novelists whose works have gone out of copyright, Richardson has been severely left alone. The only complete reprint of his works since Ballantyne's Novelists' Library, which has a melancholy interest to us for its association with Scott's dream of attaining wealth as a publisher, was the *Édition de luxe* edited by Mr. Leslie Stephen in 1883. Perhaps Miss Thomson, having aroused so much fresh curiosity about Richardson as her admirable book deserves to do, will herself undertake the difficult but interesting task of presenting his work in such a dress as may give it a new lease of life among modern readers of fiction. This is a case, if ever there was one, in which an editor is justified in free abridgment. Nobody can deny that the fat little printer who wandered into the paths of romance while he was trying to produce a "Complete Letter Writer" for his employers has added two or three imperishable types to that portrait-gallery which includes Don Quixote and Sir Roger de Coverley, Parson Adams and Tabitha Bramble, Père Goriot and Dr. Primrose, Leather-stocking and Athos and Captain Dalgetty. The world which is peopled with these intensely human and friendly figures can hardly be conceived without Clarissa Harlowe and Lovelace; Sir Charles Grandison, prig as he is, has become a household word, and even the unattractive Pamela must be admitted for her very complete lifelikeness as the "well-behaved little waiting-maid of the eighteenth century." But by common consent the diffuse and long-winded volume in which these creations are now undergoing a condition of suspended animation are unreadable, or at least unread, and most of us take the womanly charms of Clarissa, the rakish elegance of Lovelace, and the courtly graces of Grandison on trust, while we are scarcely acquainted by hearsay with the lively temper of Anna Howe or the sensibility of Miss Byron. It would be a good work to trim up the old-world dress of these people into a shape in which they could be presented to the modern court of letters. Miss Thomson has given her readers a lively desire to know something of Richardson at first-hand; we hope she will persuade a publisher to let her satisfy the curiosity which she has aroused.

PILGRIMS TO DELPHI.

It must be that Delphi is set in the fairest scenery in the world! Let the superlative pass. The blue gulf below; the ribbon of sand round the rocky shore; the olive-yards of the valley; the "Shining Cliffs" above, at the foot of which, two thousand feet above sea-level, lies the ruin of the shrine; the deep and many-hued ravine, skirted by the Bœotian highway; and, crowning all, the soaring snow-clouds of Parnassus that feed Castalia, sources of all song since men have sung and while men shall sing! The setting is of Mother Earth's best handiwork, and ranks high among "the lovely things in Hellas" that Pindar knew. Nor is the natural fascination of the scene impaired by the tales that cling to it, tales of worship, splendour, and artists' triumphs, a whole history of human pride and havoc. Delphi will long be the difficult Mecca of all European pilgrims (faithful few though they be) whom the charms of Hellenism invite to Greece. A century ago Byron wrote of

> Delphi's long-deserted shrine
> Where, save that feeble fountain, all is still.

For a tract of centuries before his day the beautiful place "dwelt solitary"; it is an ancient part that calls us.

The steamer that bore us, only less slow than her sister which carried us away, worked at early dawn through the canal that cuts the Corinthian Isthmus. She put in between Helikon and the slopes of Parnassus, which hid the summit, to Aspra Spitta—Anticyra of Hellebore fame. A Greek head for every famous name that hits the traveller's ear would make a long string to tell. Skirting a few of the numberless headlands that jag the northern shore of the gulf, we were brought to Itéa, of which more anon. Thence, while the sun, westering, laid blue shadows on the northern cliffs, we rode up the valley and, turning eastwards to the Pleistos ravine, began the climb. Incidents of delay sharpened our zeal. Here, a villainous dusky veteran (alas! *pen de roi des montagnes*) trampled down with an ill-clad, rascally crew, whose chattels clattered over a hungry camel and an even less favoured mule. A little higher, in Krisa village, where our advent created some commotion, we were "tasted" in *resinati* by *M. le Capitaine des gens d'armes*, a jovial fellow who, with a handful of men, was set to protect the French road leading to the excavations. At last, passing new Kastri (a village bodily removed), we rounded a corner in the cliffs and lo! Delphi, her temple and treasuries, the Gorge of Castalia itself. The spring, fed from the far snows above, issues here in a decent fountain. Clambering over it into the gorge we could hear it pouring, unseen, through the tunnel—a hidden fall; and, again, below the fountain, the stream bores beneath the road till it shoots down, down, down into the main ravine, to lose itself at last in the glitter of the blue gulf. Such is Castalia, the fountain of the Muses.

Shelved, by different stages, under the cliffs at the side, the Temple lies; above it, bijou theatre, race-course, and fortifications. At once the ruined masonry, now so skilfully rescued from long concealment, awakens a tumult of associations for him who loves the things of Greece. True, you see nothing of the first shrine that dear old Ovid-reader, Pausanias, tells us of; a hut built of laurel timbers from the vale of Tempé; nothing, either, of its fantastic successor built (whimsical legend) from the wax and wings of bees. There's a great deal that is gone; but you do walk up the winding marble path, where, in the glorious old days, there walked the messengers of grateful States and Princes, bearing noble gifts to Apollo, lord of the sun's far-shooting rays. You see the sites of diminutive treasuries, wherein these gifts were stored, each giver having a proper "safe-deposit," the god's sacred precinct enclosing all. The floors, the walls, the decoration, all is marble; here a vigorous, archaic frieze (prototype of that peerless band of horsemen,

maidens, priests, and magistrates from Athens, which we hold here in London); there, some broken but exquisite piece of carving, more delicate than even the loveliest pattern on the Erechtheion of Athens itself. Above the treasuries is the Athenian Terrace, the roof of which was once borne by slender pillars that still remain. Above the back-wall of this, compact with vast polygonal stones and covered with myriad lines of the neatest inscription, is the Temple itself. Even the story of Pausanias, written long after Nero had "carried away from Apollo 500 brazen statues, some of gods, some of men," describes a wealth of artistic treasures whereof the *débris* that now one sees is indeed sad mockery. Never a bronze seemed to be left, out of the trophies offered after the defeat of the Persians, until—oh! happy day—there appeared the Sicilian charioteer, handsome indeed in his strength and neatness, as even the new cast of him in our Bloomsbury Museum will show you. Among the "finds" (which soon we shall know more of when the French *savants* publish them) are images of both Apollo (patron of all human energies, "music" and "gymnastic" alike) and of Dionysos, god of ecstasy and vitality, of the hope of immortality. It is at St. Petersburg (where not a few of the precious relics of Greek art have found a home) that there is a painted vase on which these same two deities are shown; and they are shown as meeting by the "omphalos," that very navel-stone of the earth, sung of by Sophocles and many poets, as the spot where the two eagles of Zeus met again, one sped either way round the earth's girdle. At Delphi itself one now sees, together with Apollo and Dionysos, this cone of sculptured stone, symbol of those aspirations which the place enshrined. It stands on the front of the Temple's platform; and near it a rift opens in the pavement upon a murky chamber beneath. Oracles, oracles! Here it was that cunning priests, as skilful then as at any time in the confounding of politics with religion, worked their tricks. Whether dazed by the fumes of incense or possibly a victim of hypnotism, some peasant woman (as we guess), Apollo's Pythia, here sat by the tripod to utter those metrical conundrums for which men sent from afar. The oracles of Delphi commanded the respect of all Greek States and had their influence beyond the seas. Uttered here in this very shrine, they ranked among the few symbols of the national unity of the Hellenes.

The head-man of the village was our host, and we slept like Britons even on his hard but cleanly floor. His house was a new one, little deserving the witty libel of a former visitor who, after a broken night, wrote:—

> Gather poppies, gather smilax,
> Bind a wreath for faithful *phylax*;
> Poppies, for he gave us sleep—
> Smilax from his Delphian steep.
> Say his wine we could not quaff,
> Praise his salad and *pilaf*;
> Whisper, he would better please,
> Were his beds *quite* free from ——!

Confident in the unpunctuality of the boat, which was due four miles away on the shore at 9 a.m., we left Delphi at 10; and that boat came for us just after midnight. But what scenes that day gave us! Wandering by the margin of the gulf, we could gaze over the blue ruffled waters and watch the sun light up the snows of the Arcadian hills in the Peloponnese; or, by the marshes, we found amusement in the ceaseless *brekke koax*, voice of the thousand frogs. After sundown, a light skiff put out, poised on the prow of which, behind a blazing torch, a youth deftly speared the fish in the shallows as they swam instinctively to their alluring doom. Later, we strolled to the church, where for many hours (it was Good Friday eve) the women had knelt in prayer and weeping round a flower-decked bier; this, at midnight, with an effigy laid upon it, was borne off among mysterious drums and tapers which flickered feebly under the moon; two miles away, up the mountain side, a gentle ritual of entombment was enacted. And with this rite, to our minds neither ancient nor modern, our pilgrimage to Delphi ended.

W. H. D.

THE DRAMA.

"JULIUS CÆSAR"—"COLONEL CROMWELL."

Whatever may be said for and against Mr. Tree's passion for elaborate *mise-en-scène*, none can reasonably be affronted by it in the case of *Julius Cæsar*. If ever tragedy was written in what Matthew Arnold was perhaps over fond of calling "the grand style," that tragedy is this great forensic play of Shakespeare's, and no style can be too grand for its material presentation on the stage. Grandeur rather than meticulous archæology is the one thing needed, and that need is generously met at Her Majesty's. It has been hinted that this Rome is rather Alma Tademan than Cæsarian. *Soit*. Very few of the audience have any precise ideas on the topography and architectural detail of Cæsarian Rome; a vague impression of massive and splendid dignity is what they want, and Mr. Tree sees that they get it. The stage management of the crowd in the forum scene is admirable; it is the crowd not Antony that is the protagonist in that scene, and the crowd is presented as what Shakespeare undoubtedly chose to consider it—a helpless, foolish, dangerous monster, at once grotesque and terrible. The more life-like the crowd, the more its potency is insisted on, the greater the dramatic effect of Antony's uphill struggle against it and final triumph over it. There are moments when Antony quails before it, when his gaze wanders like that of some hunted thing from face to face, as though reading his fate there. You begin to feel that it is all up with him. Then he makes a point. The bait "takes." His confidence comes back to him, he plays with the dreadful monster, brings it to heel, and smiles with delight at his own virtuosity in crowd-taming. There, perhaps is Mr. Tree's one weak point. He is somewhat too obviously a virtuoso, seeming to wait every few moments for "thunders of applause." In the text it is Brutus who says, "I pause for a reply." On the stage of Her Majesty's it is, in fact, Antony, who does the pausing. But that is, at any rate, a consistent and defensible view of the part. Mr. Tree is an artificial actor and inevitably makes the most of the artifice in Antony. It is in Antony's sincere moments that one likes Mr. Tree least. His grief over the dead Cæsar in the Capitol scene hardly, to my sense, rang true. On the whole, however, this is probably his best Shakespearian part.

Mr. Lewis Waller's Brutus, too, is very good in its robust and occasionally tonitruant fashion. It is not, to be sure, preeminently an intellectual Brutus. Mr. Waller's cast of countenance is not exactly pensive. When he turns to his book in the tent scene he fails to persuade you that he is by temperament a reader. But his tenderness with Portia and with Cassius after the quarrel, his gentleness with Lucius, every action of his that comes from the heart rather than the head, carries complete conviction. That is to say, it is a good emotional Brutus. Mr. Robert Taber's Cassius and Mr. Murray Carson's Cæsar are both interesting performances and both conspicuous for the elocutionary merit which Shakespearian revivals, of course, always require but by no means always display. In Portia Miss Lena Ashwell gives rather a "modern" view of a Roman matron, and Mrs. Tree's Calpurnia is mainly remarkable for a flamboyant *coiffure*. At Philippi there is an interpolated tableau; otherwise one notes hardly any point of difference between this revival and that of 1898. It is, to my thinking, by far the most creditable thing Mr. Tree has yet achieved at his present theatre.

Some newspapers, I see, have found in *Colonel Cromwell*, a four-act play by Messrs. Arthur Paterson and Charles Cartwright, produced at the Globe, renewed evidence that we are in for a spell of "historical drama." Earlier proof of this, it seems, was forthcoming in the two recent Nell Gwyn plays. I should, for my part, find it easier to agree with them if I were persuaded that "history" means a dictionary of proper names. The Globe Cromwell is, in fact, Fairy Godmother to young lovers in distress, and *Deus ex machina*, by turns. As the distressed lovers and their series of distresses belong entirely to

the world of the theatre, they leave me, I fear, unmoved. Mr. Cartwright's Cromwell—whom no one is likely to compare with Mr. Gardiner's Cromwell—is fairly impressive in a somewhat jerky and sibilant, and wholly "stagy," way. Mr. Paterson's drama, being neither good nor bad, but, as the French say, *quelconque*, fails on the whole to impress. And its ancillary comic personages are not, I fear, quite so comic as their author designed them to be.

A. B. WALKLEY.

Reviews.

BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE.

PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD. By ANDREW LANG. (Goupil and Co., £3 3s.)

Mr. Andrew Lang's subsidiary studies in the history of Jacobitism, countless allusions in many charming papers of his, as well as "Pickle the Spy" and "The Companions of Pickle," have naturally excited the keenest desire to see how he would deal with the great central figure of sentiment and tragedy, bonnie Prince Charlie himself. It may at once be said that the interest which has been aroused will in no way be disappointed. In all Mr. Lang's voluminous works it would be difficult to single out one in which sympathy and scholarship are more happily combined. Certainly it is by far the best biography of the "Young Pretender" that has ever appeared, and it is likely to remain for very many years the standard work on the whole period of the '45.

It is a book which never loses interest for a moment. Mr. Lang has the art of making the most minute detail attractive, yet certainly he never sacrifices the central idea; and through all the tales of heroism, romance, pathos, squalor the central thought, as of a great Greek tragedy, dominates the whole. The author of this brilliant book is no trivial sentimentalist, but he appreciates all the attraction of the "White Rose." No one could tell better of Prince Charlie's noble qualities than he, or dwell more enthusiastically on his noble deeds; but he does not extenuate the sordid ending. The book is a real tragedy, drawn by a master hand. Such a book, so important historically, and so attractive to a wide public, demands a somewhat extended notice. And first of the sources. Mr. Andrew Lang knows them completely, and probably he has been able to quote all that exist except one. It is a welcome change of recent years that at last manuscripts of great historical value are becoming accessible to serious students. How many important historical biographies of the last fifty years have become worthless for the want of this courtesy on the part of the owners of MSS? Happily such reticence to make public valuable documents as was common when Macaulay wrote is rare now; and probably there are very few MSS. relating to the Stuarts which are not, or may not be, well known now to investigators. Two conspicuous exceptions there are—the Strafford papers belonging to the Earl of Fitzwilliam, and the highly interesting correspondence between John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, and Adam de Cardonell, which is in the possession of Mr. Edward Rhys Wingfield, of Barrington. It is to be hoped that both these valuable collections may soon become accessible. The second of them would probably have furnished Mr. Andrew Lang with some valuable illustrations as to the earlier Jacobite intrigues. The Stuart papers at Windsor are the main basis of Mr. Lang's present work. They were, of course, known to Sir Walter Scott and to Lord Mahon; but they have never been fully utilized till now. Next in importance are the State papers in the Record Office, the Mémoires of the Marquis d'Eguilles, and the papers of the Duke of Atholl. Other sources are chiefly printed; and how well Mr. Lang knows these we have already learned.

What is the general tone of the book, as regards its chief subject? Let Mr. Lang speak for himself.

> That the results of a close inquiry into the History of Prince Charles [he says] are, on the whole, so melancholy, I regret as much as any one who may complain of my "disloyalty." But the broad outlines were always well known; further inquiry does but add confirmation. Meanwhile the personal characters of James III. and the Cardinal Duke of York have nothing to lose and much to gain by minute inspection. My attempts at criticism of character are not apt to please all parties. I am accustomed to be censured as a Jacobite and as a Whig!

The general result of the book certainly is to emphasize the unhappy condition into which the Prince fell in his later years, and the complete reversal of the conspicuous virtues of his early life to which his habits of intoxication eventually led; to make prominent the discreditable intrigues, treachery, greediness, of many of the later Jacobites; to show the hopelessness of the later attempts and the network of spies that surrounded their leaders. It is a pitiful tale towards the end; we turn away, like Matthew Arnold from the entourage of Shelley and the Godwins, exclaiming "What a set!" But, perhaps, the true heroism and loyalty of the noblest Highlanders, of Cluny and Lochiel, and of many more, shines all the brighter for the darkness in which it is set. And as certainly no one will rise from a perusal of this volume without a genuine admiration for the splendid courage and romantic generosity of Prince Charlie's earlier days. All the early part of Mr. Lang's book is doubly charming. Not only is it written with inevitable grace and *bonhomie*, but the people with whom it deals have all a certain fascination. Never has the "Old Pretender" (whom Lord Mahon judged so unfavourably) had justice done to him before. We learn how serious, how conscientious, often how wise, he was. Clementina Sobieska, too, becomes quite a heroine of pathos; and nothing can exceed the charm of the two boys, Charles and Henry. One of Charles' delightful letters is produced in facsimile. It was written when he was eight years old. Thus it runs:—

> Dear Papa,—I thank you mightily for your kind letter. I shall strive to obey you in all things. I will be very Dutifull to Mamma, and not jump too near her. I shall be much obliged to the Cardinal for his animals. I long to see you soon and in good health. I am, dear Papa, your most Dutifull and affectionate Son, Charles P.

All the record of the childhood and boyhood of the two last Stuarts is delightful—so simple and so natural. When the serious interest begins Mr. Lang rises with it to a masculine eloquence. The story of the '45 has never been more heroically told. We feel that there is nothing omitted, that all the evidence at every critical point has been most carefully weighed, and that the soundest judgment has criticized character and examined motives. We have no space for detailed account of the story as it now appears. All we need say is that Prince Charlie appears as gallant, and probably as wise, as the most enthusiastic of his subjects have thought him. Much is said for going on after Derby, everything for not retreating after Falkirk. Lord George Murray, on the whole, wins a favourable verdict; and we feel sure that Mr. Lang has most fully considered all the evidence.

We are tempted to linger over the story of the wanderings. There is much that we should like to note about Clementina Walkinshaw, and Louise of Stolberg, and Charlotte of Albany. But these things every one must read for himself, for certainly the book is one to be bought and read many times. Mr. Lang's contemptuous description of Alfieri touches, we think, just the right note. He sees the facts far more clearly than did Vernon Lee in her "Countess of Albany."

There are some points we should like to see altered when the book comes to be reprinted without its present gorgeous setting. We should wish, for instance, that it did not end so abruptly. Certainly there might have been, in a page or two, a few words to sum up the history of Henry IX., of Miss Walkinshaw, and of the "Duchess of Albany." In the account of the mysterious years that followed 1745 something might have been said of Jacobitism at Oxford. Of course Mr. Lang speaks of Dr. King; but he might tell us what truth there is, if any, in the legends of Saint Mary Hall, and whether the Oxford Jacobites, somewhat fusty and fuddled, did homage to the Prince of Wales, or the

King, in those years when his movements are so hard to trace. The tale, too, of the sermon in S. John's College Chapel was worth telling again, with its "James Third and Eighth" and the happy words that follow that text—"But the tongue can no man tame." There were the riots, too, in 1715, on the Prince of Wales' birthday. But Mr. Lang has been sternly set against all side issues. Some day he must combine them all in a book which shall tell us all the long history of the Jacobites from first to last.

It is late in the day to speak of the charm of Mr. Lang's style. It is at his best in this book, though some parts would have been the better for a more careful revision; the same phrase is at times repeated too frequently, and we get a little tired of the frequent use of the epithet "darkling." Occasionally a little further explanation would be desirable. Not every one will know whether "the Rev. Aulay Macaulay, minister of Harris, and great grandfather of Lord Macaulay, who came hunting for Charles and the reward" (p.193), was the same as "Lord Macaulay's grandfather, a preacher in South Uist, and a keen hunter of his rightful Prince" (p.191). Chevalier Johnstone is said to have hidden "under a haycock on what is now the site of the Anglican Cathedral in Edinburgh," but surely Mr. Lang has not been so long away from Scotland as to be unaware that there is no Anglican Cathedral in the capital, though the Scots Episcopalians have their own Bishop's seat. Perhaps it is rash to enter the lists with Mr. Lang on the question of a lady's beauty; but we confess that the pictures he reproduces—and the eminently characteristic one which remains a happy relic of Jacobitism, in the President's lodgings of S. John's College at Oxford—do not seem to us to support his description of Flora Macdonald as "fair and beautiful." These are small matters; but in a book so charming as this we cannot help noticing the slightest point for criticism or disagreement. Certainly there is nothing to mar the harmony of the whole picture. We see Charles not only in his bright boyhood and his heroic youth, but in his kindly humorous middle age, when he collected curios, read Fielding and Richardson, helped to support Jean Jacques Rousseau, "damning the Marshal's (Keith's) old boots, which were always full of projects"; and we turn aside our eyes from those tragic days when he wrote "my heart is broke enough, without that you should finish it," and when he lingered on, the victim of senile passion and intemperance. Perhaps the moral of it all is that which Mr. Lang quite unostentatiously draws:—

> Charles' religion, by stress of circumstances, "was still to seek," as was said in 1715; while, unfortified by religion, he had no strong sense, as his father had, of duty. In all this we see the germs of his brief success, his audacity being boundless, and his charm, when he pleased, irresistible; while the elements of the final failure and misery, selfishness and self-indulgence, are no less conspicuous.

A word must be given to what would in any other book be the chief attraction. Never have Messrs. Goupil collected a more interesting series of portraits, medals, curios for illustrations. The portraits of Charles Edward and of his brother Henry are, to our mind, alone worth the purchase-money of the book. The reproductions are really faultless; and the result is a book of quite unique interest and value.

THE ANTARCTIC.

THROUGH THE FIRST ANTARCTIC NIGHT. By FREDERICK A. COOK, M.D. (Heinemann, 20s.)

There have been, roughly speaking, three periods of Antarctic Exploration separated by intervals of about sixty years; the period of Cook, the period of Ross and Dumont d'Urville, and the period in which we are now living. The handsome volume before us, liberally illustrated but parsimoniously mapped, gives a striking and graphic account of the voyage of the Belgica, which inaugurated the new epoch. The book, in fact, strikes us as a work of greater merit than the expedition itself, which seems, if we correctly understand Dr. Cook, to have been led in a rather a muddle-headed manner. The captain, at any rate, is represented as having generally "suggested" instead of commanding, and the question of letting the ship get frozen up for the winter appears first to have been a matter of acrimonious debate, and then to have been left to be settled by the chapter of accidents. Ultimately the Belgica did get caught in the pack ice and was imprisoned for a year in circumstances which caused its company the *maximum* of inconvenience and afforded them the *minimum* of opportunity for exploration.

Such geographical discoveries as were made belong to the early days of the voyage. The ship came down from Punta Arenas to the South Shetland Islands, crossed the stormy waters of Bransfield Strait, and "came in sight of the outer fringe of a new land, the Palmer Archipelago." Here was discovered "a new highway which in size compares favourably with Magellan Strait," and "about five hundred miles of a land which had never before been seen by human eyes" was charted. Issuing from the strait, the Belgica entered the South Pacific, and "strove to follow the mainland southward," but was prevented by the ice. "After penetrating ninety miles we found ourselves firmly beset. Unable to extricate the ship, we drifted with the ice to and fro, but generally west, for thirteen long months." During this period scientific observations in zoology, magnetism, oceanography, &c., were made, but the results, though regarded as valuable, are not given in detail by Dr. Cook. His book is interesting as, to use his own words, "a contribution of new human experience in a new inhuman world of ice." He does not idealize that experience. There is nothing of the *forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit* about his narrative. He was thoroughly uncomfortable and he does not hide the fact.

As a rule there is a certain air of jollity in the stories of those who have wintered in the regions of ice and darkness. With black night oppressing them they have brought out a society paper, organized private theatricals and *tableaux vivants*, played chess and draughts, shot polar bears, and they give us to understand that they have found these recreations infinitely diverting. It is otherwise with Dr. Cook and his companions. Even Ovid in his exile on the shores of the inhospitable Euxine was not so sorry for himself as they were. To begin with, sea-sickness seems to have troubled them whenever the ship wobbled, and when sea-sickness left them, home-sickness took its place. They gloated over the portraits of actresses in their little stock of illustrated papers, and bewailed the possibility that these beautiful beings had passed out of their lives for ever. They grew anæmic, and long before the night is over Dr. Cook writes thus:—

> Our faces are drawn, and there is an absence of jest and cheer and hope in our make-up which, in itself, is one of the saddest incidents in our existence. There is no one willing to openly confess the force of the night upon himself, but the novelty of life has been worn out and the cold, dark outside world is incapable of introducing anything new. The moonlight comes and goes alike, during the hours of midday as at midnight. The stars glisten over the gloomy snows. We miss the usual poetry and adventure of home winter nights. We miss the flushed maidens, the jingling bells, the spirited horses, the inns, the crackling blaze of the country fire.

One does not readily picture explorers of the old school writing in this pessimistic strain, though they must have suffered much the same discomforts with the grave addition of scurvy. But Dr. Cook thinks that this is how people always feel in the polar regions, and he represents that travellers who speak cheerfully of their experiences are tampering with the truth. On Dr. Nansen's report, for example, he comments sardonically:—

> With a few boastful remarks he passes over the physical effects of the Arctic night, and concludes to his own elation that they felt none of the usual complaints; but since it is reported that one of the best men returned mentally deranged, of which Nansen leaves us in ignorance, we may infer that other things have also slipped his memory.

This, of course, is possible. It is also possible that the crew of the Fram were picked with more discretion than the crew of the Belgica; for Arctic nights do not, any more than high alti

tudes, affect every temperament in the same way. Probably, however, the difference of tone between the two narratives arises from the fact that Dr. Nansen is primarily an explorer and Dr. Cook primarily a man of letters. He leaves one with the impression that he has piled on the agony for the sake of literary effect; and the literary effect is certainly produced. One does not often encounter such sustained gloom even in a pessimistic French novel; and the gloom is the deeper because the author draws freely on his medical knowledge to supply realistic touches. But, graphic as the picture is, we are not satisfied of its accuracy. It is a literary picture drawn by a sensitively self-conscious man who lets his pen and his imagination run away with him, and credits his companions with the emotions which he considers dramatically appropriate to their position. They themselves, being less self-conscious, less prone to analysis, and more bent upon the humble task of putting through the job which they had undertaken, would doubtless tell the story differently.

SAVONAROLA.

We announced last week the forthcoming publication of a translation of the meditations of Savonarola, which will stimulate interest in the Florentine reformer whose personality many English readers know chiefly through the pages of "Romola." He has just been made the subject of a drama by Mr. W. J. Dawson, which we shall notice directly. Meanwhile, it is, perhaps, not inappropriate, on Savonarola's birthday, to give some account of the most recent biography of him that has appeared in England.

Its title is FRA GIROLAMO SAVONAROLA, and it is described as a biographical study, based on contemporary documents, by Herbert Lucas (Sands, 7s. 6d. n.). Its author is "of the Society of Jesus." This is unfortunate, as the subject of the book was a Dominican friar; and all the world knows that no love was or is lost between the rival orders. Then, again, as some one has acutely said, Jesuits are not historians; they are controversialists with a strong spice of the rhetorician. And the reason is not far to seek. They are bound by their rule to refrain from judging their superiors; nay, they are bound to judge that what is done by their superiors is the right thing. Hence, in a subject like that of Savonarola, where the real point at issue is the conduct of the most infamous of Popes, Alexander VI., a Jesuit writer is bound to take the side of the Pope, although his own commonsense leads him the other way. Mr. Lucas, then, sets out with a thesis in his mind—Savonarola was wrong because he disobeyed Alexander. Passive obedience is the great virtue in a Jesuit's eye—*perinde ac cadaver*. But we are not all Jesuits; and those who object to annihilate their understandings at the will of any human authority will not accept Mr. Lucas's verdict.

We have said that the real point at issue is the conduct of Alexander. Because Roman Catholics hold that the Pope is in spirituals the divinely-appointed head of the Church, they are not, we believe, bound to approve of all he may do in temporals. To say that no one has a right to judge the conduct of a superior in matters which fall within the knowledge of every one is a claim that is ridiculous on the face of it; to hold that personal immorality does not render one unfit for high spiritual office is a theory which, nowadays, most people reject. And to hold that it does not concern each and every one in a body to see that their leaders live worthily of their calling is a doctrine no one but a Jesuit can hold. Savonarola saw, and saw clearly, that the headship of his Church, which was to him the holiest of offices, was in the hands of a man notorious for his vices, who had gained the papacy by open simony, and who was using his power to crush and destroy the work that was being done in Florence for the regeneration of that corrupt city. The friar saw, too, the temporal claims of the Pope set beyond the things of God. He saw the ban of excommunication launched against him to secure merely political ends. He was even told that if he would pay a cardinal's debt to the tune of 5,000 crowns he should receive absolution. Alexander, who only wanted to be left alone, tried to bribe him with a cardinal's hat. The high-minded evangelical friar would not sell his conscience. He lifted up his voice in prophesy which came true, and foretold the punishments which the iniquity of those sitting in high places merited. With Alexander it became at last a matter of life and death; for the friar had begun to attack the validity of the Pope's election, and was about to call on Europe to depose him. Either Savonarola or Alexander must go; and as the Pope was the more powerful and unscrupulous, the Dominican fell. Savonarola was the last of the Prophets; and he shared the fate of his predecessors. But with a difference. Stoning was out of fashion. Alexander burnt him; a more expeditious and satisfactory way of getting out of the difficulty.

The reader of this book will note many passages in which the writer forces himself to avoid the conclusion his natural sense suggests. He is obliged to allow so much to Savonarola that he feels he must make it up by a liberal amount of praise to everybody else concerned. Though he does not openly say so, we gather that he thinks all his characters meant well—which is edifying, but not critical. There is a trace of the Jesuit director evident in the suggestion that Savonarola was the victim of "subtle pride." As a recent writer has said, this same "subtle pride" has ever been a sort of "diabolus ex machina" in the ascetic school favoured by the Society. On the score of Savonarola's disobedience to the papal command, which is the strong point against him in Mr. Lucas' book, we can only say there are occasions when disobedience becomes a virtue and obedience a yielding of the things of God to man. There seems no doubt, *pace* Mr. Lucas, that Savonarola never was excommunicated in fact. He never was absolved from it, and received all the rites of his Church before his death, together with—oh, the irony of it!—the blessing of his murderer.

But Mr. Lucas, in his pious endeavour to wipe off some of the score run up by the Dominicans in the controversy *De Auxiliis* and to uphold the Jesuit doctrine of passive obedience, has forgotten that, by upholding Alexander, he has trampled upon the other Popes and saints of his Church who praise and count the friar almost as one of the saints. Of course, if he prefers Alexander to other more respectable members of his communion, well and good; but they, at least the Popes, are also superiors; and a good Jesuit cannot go against them. The seventeenth-century scholar, Magliabecchi, runs Savonarola's opponents into three classes. They are these: "O di gente scelerata, O di genti appassionata, O di gente male informata." We do not for a moment wish to imply that Mr. Lucas belongs to either the first or the third class.

Putting aside, however, the fundamentally wrong principle upon which Mr. Lucas has approached his subject, we must recognize his difficult position and the skill with which he has tried to give satisfaction all round. The bibliographical list is only exceeded in excellence by the very full and complete index. The portentous number of footnotes might alarm a timid reader. We may assure such a reader that two-thirds of them can be skipped with an easy conscience.

Mr. Dawson's SAVONAROLA, A DRAMA (Grant Richards, 2s. 6d.) is, the author tells us, "intended as an acting play"; but it hardly fulfils the conditions, being altogether too episodical, and having an entirely inadequate female interest, no part, save that of the protagonist, of which any actor could conceivably make anything, and nothing that a stage manager would regard as a "situation." Viewed as a play for the study its merits rest upon certain lyrics and passages of blank verse which are scattered about in the prose. These are good, but, with rare exceptions, not quite good enough; though the following would go well to music:—

What is love indeed but this,
Wine of life and body's bread?
Red-ripe lips were made to kiss,
Man and maid were meant to wed.
Foolish one, love while you may:
If you don't, hear what we say,
You'll regret it when you're dead.
Ha! Ha! Ha!

OTHER NEW BOOKS.

Mr. Barrie.

J. M. Barrie and his Books, by J. A. Hamerton (Horace Marshall, 5s.), is mainly interesting because it strings together the principal autobiographical passages in Mr. J. M. Barrie's works. The quotations are laced with criticism which is well enough in its way, though we could have done without it. There is a bibliography which collectors of "Barriana" will find useful, and there are anecdotes. It was at Nottingham that Mr. Hamerton, as editor of the *Nottingham Express and Journal*, made Mr. Barrie's acquaintance; and as Nottingham is the Silchester of "When a Man's Single," and the *Nottingham Journal* is the *Daily Mirror* of that romance, the opportunities for interesting reminiscence are obvious. But Mr. Hamerton has not much to tell us except that, while the description on the whole is faithful, Mr. Licquorish, the editor, is "an entirely fictitious character," and that the original of "Penny, the foreman compositor," who has risen in life and keeps a hotel, is almost the only representative of the Press in Nottingham by whom Mr. Barrie is remembered. Perhaps the best of the stories is that which relates what happened when the *Fortnightly Review* published Mr. Barrie's article "Pro Bono Publico"—an imaginary circular of an imaginary "Society for Providing Materials for Volumes of Reminiscence."

> Soon after the appearance of this amusing contribution a German gentleman wrote to the office of the *Fortnightly*, saying that he had been engaged for some time on a volume of reminiscences of German authors, but was short of material, and would be very glad, indeed, to place an order with the society to supply as much as would complete his book.

That story deserves to be true. Perhaps there would be more parallels to it if Germans were more in the habit of reading English humorists.

The War.

More books about the war! But there is really very little to be said about them. The Siege of Mafeking, by J. Angus Hamilton (Methuen, 6s.), is about up to the average in point of merit, but exceeds the average in point of length. The characteristic of the author's prose style is that he generally writes "be" where most of us would write "is" or "are:" "All colonels imagine that they be gallant," &c.—an irritating affectation. The account of Eloff's attempt to storm the town is rather well done; but the book as a whole, is tedious. Lord De La Warr's Some Reminiscences of the War in South Africa (Hurst and Blackett, 1s.) is at any rate short and written in a plain and straightforward, if not very literary, manner. The author was first with Lord Methuen's unfortunate column, and afterwards served with Colonel Bethune. He represented the *Globe*, and, on their first appearance, his letters aroused interest through their outspoken candour. So many people have been candid since that this is no longer a distinction. There is no attempt, however, to locate the responsibility for the blunder of Spion Kop:—

> Call it what you like, it is a sad and deplorable business; there is no explanation; no one was more surprised at our action than the Boers themselves; indeed, their officers openly expressed their surprise to our doctors.

Book Sales.

Mr. W. Roberts, in his hand list of Catalogues of English Book Sales, reprinted from *Notes and Queries*, makes an effort to bridge a gulf which has long been the despair of bibliographers. Most previous efforts in this direction have been rather fragmentary. Both Horne and Dibdin selected only such catalogues as served to illustrate the texts of their books, while Sotheby's list, ranging from 1774 to 1830, is necessarily restricted to the books sold in his own auction rooms. Mr. Roberts' list deals with important sales in all parts of the country. He is careful, however, to explain that the catalogues enumerated are only those in his own possession, and an interesting list they make, stretching from the middle of last century up to 1885, and including some eight hundred entries. It is a piece of good work well done, as was to be expected from so able an authority as Mr. Roberts, though we could have wished that he had seen his way to annotating the list more fully. The necessity for the compilation of such lists as this is a subject on which we have previously had occasion to comment. Of their importance and value there can be no doubt, and, until they become general, the materials for the compilation of the long-desired bibliography of English literature must be regarded as incomplete. That there is an enormous amount of ground to cover in this direction is evident. For instance, Mr. Roberts' list contains less than half-a-dozen of King's catalogues, yet King was selling books for many years, and he dispersed some of the finest libraries of his time. According to Dibdin, King sold by auction during the 12 months ending November, 1807, fourteen important libraries, containing between them nearly sixty thousand books. Not one of these is included in Mr. Roberts' list. How many at present unknown Pynsons, Machlinias, or even Caxtons were there included in that large number?

Big Game.

It seems to be the privilege of sportsmen to find publishers and readers for books so absolutely devoid of literary merit that they would never be accepted from any other class of the community. The fact that they have killed things is held to entitle them to write as baldly as a general composing a despatch on the battle-field: and no one expects them to do much more than enumerate their victims, and relate in detail the where, the when, and the how of their achievements. From the literary point of view Wild Sports of Burma and Assam, by Colonel Pollok and W. S. Thom (Hurst and Blackett, 16s. n.), is neither better nor worse than the average book of the same sort. But it will probably be well received, for there is a prodigious amount of killing in it, besides some maps with the sporting areas marked in red. Among the game dealt with are included tigers, leopards, panthers, buffaloes, wild hogs, jackals, elephants, rhinoceros, and deer of several varieties; and the work may be exceedingly useful to those who wish to follow in the author's steps.

From the Anglo-Saxon.

"If you've once found the way you've achieved the great stroke," quotes F.W.L.B., in his preface to The Battle of Maldon and other Renderings from the Anglo-Saxon (Parker, 3s. 6d. n.), and with regard to the title-poem of his book at any rate, we can congratulate him on having found it. The Old English Epic, composed almost in the heat of Brihtnoth's great battle in 991, lacks, as Professor Sweet remarks, the high technical finish of some of the earlier Anglo-Saxon poems, but in rough dramatic power and the rage of battle it excels, and much of this has been successfully caught. The alliteration which emphasized the stress is suggested as far as possible. (Tennyson rather tends to over-alliterations in such lines as "Bracelet-bestower and Baron of Barons," in his "Brunanburgh.") A comparison with the original of the following lines shows them to be quite literal enough, and they are certainly spirited:—

> Then the Earl, in his pride, in his fatal pride,
> Gave the enemy leave to approach the shore;
> Byrthelm's brave son called over the water,
> Called to the foe while his soldiers did listen;
> "For you room is made! Instantly come,
> Foemen to the fight! Alone God knows
> Which of twain the field of slaughter shall rule!"
> The slaughter-wolves came; they recked not of the sea,
> The Viking horde! West over Panta,
> Over the clear water, they lifted their shields,
> Brought them alas! to the longed-for land.

In those original poems, however, in which the author attempts to apply the stress principle to modern verse, we fail to see anything but a collection of jerky apostrophes. Vide "The Weisshorn."

Versatile Verses.

Each of the six divisions into which Mr. C. K. Pooler groups the various pieces in his little book of TRANSLATIONS AND OTHER VERSES (Longmans, 3s.) provides excellent reading. The translations themselves lead off with a version of Tibullus, I. i., 41-78, and to eight lines representing it we subjoin the originals of the last four, difficulties in which have certainly been very happily met :—

> When surly winds are loud, how sweet to rest
> And fold my darling to my longing breast,
> When cold rains threaten in the wintry sky,
> To steal to dreamland mid their lullaby!
> This be my lot, and wealth ungrudged of me
> Be his who braves the rain-vexed ruffian sea;
> Ah, what were emerald or gold if weighed
> Against the tear of a forsaken maid.
>
> (Hoc mihi contingat: sit dives iure furorem
> Qui maris et tristes ferre potest pluvias.
> O quantum est auri potius pereatque smaragdi,
> Quam fleat ob nostras ulla puella vias.)

Other passages from Tibullus follow, all of which are good, and after a version or two from Martial and Avianus and a passage from the tenth satire of Juvenal—accurate enough but not especially remarkable—we come to one or two pieces less wholly classical. Of these the versions from Latin verses by the Elizabethans Greene and Buchanan are pleasant reading, while a translation from Landor's Minora Varia (lxxvii. Ad Puellam in Hispaniam) adds to the pleasure afforded by that delicate little composition. Last comes an octosyllabic paraphrase of Catullus' bridal song.

From the "Other Verses" which follow next here is a pretty roundel :—

> Call me, Dear, if a spider crawl,
> Call it a beetle or mouse appear,
> Only thee will I heed though all
> Call me, Dear.
>
> Beetle and spider and mouse I fear,
> Crawler and creeper alike appal,
> Yet if these or their kind be near,
>
> Sun may lighten or shadow fall,
> Late as early, my heart will hear;
> Call me but often, and when you call,
> Call me—"dear."

Many of them, however, go much further than this, excelling in the suggestiveness, so essential to the success of short poems of the imagination.

The "Idylls of Ulster" are sympathetic and spirited, and their enjoyment is increased by a rather necessary glossary, but with the "Burlesques" the note entirely changes. "O imitatores, servum pecus!" writes Mr. Pooler in the midst of a blank page to give us the clue, and we do not need one long. Fershtah is outfershtarized, Tommy Atkins sings a new barrack room ballad, and we fancy we recognize the source of this from "The Praise of Worms":—

> They turn at our tread—and we sicken,
> They touch—and fulfil us of squirms,
> But the soul of the fisher they quicken,
> And the pearl of his oyster is Worms.
>
> He christens them blackhead and brandling,
> He bears them about him as bait,
> He handles the horror, in handling
> Transfigured, elate.

To go back for a minute to "the Poete that beautifyeth Tommy Atkins," here is an extract from an essay "Of Poesie" which also is of the burlesque:—

> That the Poete be a man of Bloud, I allow well. At the leaste, he shall have seen it shed or smelled to it. For see hee shall lively pourtraye the Reeke of Carnage. Let him use Swearing meerely. Not as doe some upon Occasion and for Dispatch; lest, when hee cometh to Indite, his Hand should be out of use. For Arguments of State, they bee not amisse; nor the Qualitie of Great Personnes bee obscured, as that a Queene be styled "The Widdowe at such-a-place." But the meane Argument shall bee of Men Tribunitions and Turbulent, Assassins, Swashbucklers, and them that goe upon the Shoute. And the Words consonant and coming home to Mens Business and Bosomes. Namely,—

But Mr. Pooler's "Essaie" is running away with us, and "These," as he says, "bee Toyes."

New Books from Paris.

To the publishers of the *Mercure de France* we owe the French version of the notorious little book which contains that piquant and beautiful picture of the Empress of Austria drawn by her professor of Greek, Doctor Christomanos. M. Maurice Barrès contributes an introduction and M. Fernand Khnopff a portrait. Recently M. Jacques Bainville published a psychologic study of her half-mad cousin Louis II. of Bavaria (Perrin et Cie.). Doctor Christomanos had no such ambition. He is a poet, and a romantic poet, imprisoned by the Circe charm of the Empress, and he communicates to us something of the aroma of the potion which the enchantress offered him. M. Barrès frankly calls these "Ideas and Sensations" *le plus étonnant poème nihiliste qu'on ait jamais vécu dans nos climats.*

French literary circles always welcome an addition to the long list of monographs in M. Jusserand's series of "The Great French Writers" (Hachette). From the Victor Cousin of M. Jules Simon down to the Flaubert and the Bossuet of MM. Faguet and Rebelliau, M. Jusserand has passed from success to success over a list now of nearly fifty volumes. Each fresh monograph seems superior to its predecessor; and this illusion is well maintained now by the appearance of M. Emile Boutroux's PASCAL. Professor Boutroux of the Sorbonne sees Pascal as he was, wresting him from the hands of the polemical writers who have taken him as a "case" to serve their own ends; and after Sainte Beuve and M. Havet he has found so much to say that his picture of Pascal really seems, perhaps, to be the only possible one. M. Boutroux's Pascal appears as *un génie très riche, avide d'unité et d'excellence, dont toutes les puissances, sans s'affaiblir, se sont rangées sous la foi, sous l'amour de Dieu.* The biography is worthy of the author of "Etudes d'Histoire de la Philosophie."

The British School at Athens.

There are three sections in this year's ANNUAL OF THE BRITISH SCHOOL AT ATHENS (Session 1899-9, 7s. 6d.): Excavations in Melos, Excavations in Naucratis, and Some Doubtful Points of Thessalian Topography. In Melos the unexpected has happened, and, while looking for other things, the diggers chanced on the "Mycenæan" palace of the fourth settlement, of a different plan and in a different position from others. A well lined with earthen cylinders was found in the courtyard; and an ivory ring with a ritual scene carved in profile. The find of pottery was as large as last year's, but consisted chiefly of the same types; and there is further evidence for imported pottery. There the Melian work stops for the present, though incomplete, since Crete is thought to offer greater opportunities. Naucratis yielded a number of consecrated vase-fragments, and the base of a limestone statuette signed by a new name, Sicon of Cyprus. The discoveries were made in a new precinct, but what deity this was of there was nothing to prove, the dedications being to several. Mr. Hogarth, however, gives reasons for thinking this may be the Hellenion of Herodotus. The date of Naucratite pottery is discussed by Mr. Edgar. One curious find is part of a figure on a red-figure vase, which holds a roll on which is inscribed the first words of a hymn. Mr. Gutch examines the terra-cottas in great detail. The Annual is not so varied in its contents, perhaps not so interesting, as former ones; but excavations have their luck. We regret to see that the annual subscriptions are £50 less than they were last year. Scholars could not find a worthier object; and we confidently expect the campaign in Crete to yield remarkable results worth any man's money.

It seems a little curious that it should have taken two men to write THE STORY OF ALFRED THE GREAT, by Walter Hawkins and Edward Thornton Smith (Horace Marshall, 2s. 6d.), seeing that the book is so short that it only takes one man about half-an-hour to read it. Composed in simple language, and avoiding learned discussion of moot points, it is only addressed to the young and ignorant; and it ought to interest them if any book of the kind can. The approaching millenary celebrations will no doubt help it.

THE ECONOMICS OF MODERN COOKERY, by M. M. Mallock (Macmillan, 3s. 6d.), is a second edition of a "A Younger Son's Cookery Book." Besides very good recipes of all kinds, there is an interesting chapter on the first principles of cooking, and at the end of the book there are some useful hints for housekeeping, catering, &c. It is not meant for poor households, but for those who keep three or four servants; though it is to be feared that the mistresses of that number of servants will not trouble to read it. The fine art of cooking does not, as a rule, interest our countrywomen very much. As the author says:—"In the knowledge which would enable them to control the management of their own kitchens, Englishwomen of the upper classes are, as a rule, deficient."

EDUCATIONAL BOOKS.

English Literature.

Mr. A. J. Wyatt's TUTORIAL HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE (Clive, 2s. 6d.) is a workmanlike and lucid account of English literary history from Anglo-Saxon times to the age of Wordsworth. It goes strictly on the principle of omitting the minor names, a controversial proceeding—we should have liked, for instance, to have had Smollett mentioned beside Fielding—but undoubtedly the right one, and on the whole the representatives are well chosen. The chief merit of the book is the breadth and intelligence of its view, and the real success with which sound principles of criticism are brought out and exemplified.

Messrs. Blackwood are doing a real service to English literature by publishing their series of "English Classics," some numbers of which lie before us. Mr. J. H. Lobban, the general editor, is responsible for GOLDSMITH'S SELECT POEMS (1s. 6d.); Mr. D. N. Smith edits MACAULAY'S LIFE OF JOHNSON (2s. 6d.); the others are Cowper, THE TASK AND MINOR POEMS, by Elizabeth Lee (2s. 6d.), Milton, PARADISE LOST, I.-IV., by Legie Robertson (2s. 6d.), Scott's LADY OF THE LAKE (1s. 6d.), and Johnson's LIVES OF MILTON AND ADDISON (2s. 6d.). The introduction to the last, by Mr. J. Wight Duff, strikes us as particularly good. In print and get-up we can conceive of nothing better than these books. Each has one or more process portraits, introductions, appendices, and notes. One general criticism we must make of a fault which may easily be remedied. The notes to particular portions are sometimes hard to find, because the pieces are not numbered, and the notes have not head-references to each page. The introductions are biographical, bibliographical, and critical. Mr. Smith in a careful essay discusses the characteristics of Macaulay's mind and style, and well brings out the peculiar fixity of his opinions. Some improvements might be made in his notes now and then; thus, Petrarch is mentioned without a word of Laura, and the "Blues of the Roman Circus" is explained only by references to Martial and Juvenal, while quotations are necessary. The addition of illustrative extracts from Johnson's verse was a good idea. The Goldsmith is a delightful book; if he touched nothing he did not adorn, both Mr. Lobban and his publisher have adorned Goldsmith. We hope the Cowper may find many readers; it appears to contain the best and most characteristic of his work. There is a short introduction and simple explanatory notes. Mr. Robertson's introduction and notes are fuller, as befits his subject; but we do not like the book of the inset examples in coarse type. Most of these books contain pieces of literature which are not often, if ever, read in schools; and teachers will without doubt be grateful.

THE WARWICK SHAKESPEARE is not so nice to look at nor so well printed as some we have lately reviewed, but the KING JOHN now before us (Blackie, 1s. 6d.) is a good piece of work, the notes and glossary simple and well suited to school work. We think it a pity, however, to tell the story of each scene in the notes; that should be the boy's task to make out. The dramatic points may fairly be insisted on, but more is unwise from the teacher's point of view. The metrical appendix is good; but again we ask, Why does no editor ever state what distinguishes verse from prose? The appendix on pronunciation is too elaborate, but will be useful for reference. The same may be said of the introduction, which a schoolmaster would need to use with judgment; the critical part, however, is good and will prove useful.

We have received HENRY V. (1s.) in Messrs. Longman's "Swan Shakespeare." The introduction contains some good Essays on Elizabethan Language and Shakespearian Grammar.

TWELFTH NIGHT and KING RICHARD II. are now added to the elegant Chiswick Shakespeare (Dent, 1s. 6d. each).

Dryden's ESSAY OF DRAMATIC POESY, written "to vindicate the honour of our English writers from the censure of those who unjustly prefer the French before them"—a somewhat singular purpose for a writer who plagiarized from Molière to a vow—is edited, with notes, by Mr. D. Nichol Smith (Blackie, 2s.). Students will be able to get from it a good idea of the English dramatic literature of the period.

Messrs. Black continue their edition of Scott. The TALISMAN is edited with an introduction, notes, and index, by W. Melven (1s. 6d.), QUENTIN DURWARD by H. W. Ord, the LADY OF THE LAKE by R. G. McKinlay (1s. n.), and the LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL by W. M. Mackenzie. Mr. Mackenzie also edits MARMION (Black, 2s. 6d.), with an introduction, biographical, historical, and a little criticism. The notes are satisfactory, and the print fairly good. The introductions to the two novels deal with the history of the times and any identification of the characters which may be possible. They extend to a few pages only, but contain all that is necessary. The notes explain difficult words and allusions historical or other. We understand that the text is somewhat abridged, and only the most useful or interesting parts of the author's notes and introductions have been retained. The indices certainly add to the usefulness of these books, which are quite well done. The plan of the poems is similar, but they have an additional page or two on the metre, and no index. A few pictures illustrate the books, the frontispiece being some scene described in the text, or Sir Walter himself in his study.

OLD MORTALITY in the Pitt Press Series (2s. 6d.) is like the other Scott volumes in this series, a capital example of what one likes to see in a school book. Mr. Nicklin's editing is very carefully done, and his notes are just sufficient to enable a boy or girl to read the book intelligently, with an occasional appeal to the critical faculty. We can warmly recommend, so far, this school edition of Scott.

French Grammars and Vocabularies.

THE TECHNICAL SCHOOL FRENCH GRAMMAR, by Dr. W. Krisch (Murray, 2s. 6d.), is, as the title implies, designed for use in technical schools. It would certainly be more useful than the conventional grammar to intelligent students who want to get the "hang" of the language in a hurry, though, of course, the result is only attained by leaving out a good many things that it is just as well to know. The exercises are well composed so as to introduce just those words which the student at a technical school is most likely to require to know. The book may be recommended—with the qualification that it is not for small children, but for those who begin to learn French at a later age.

COURS DE GRAMMAIRE FRANÇAISE ÉLÉMENTAIRE, by W. G. Hartog (Black, 1s.), though written in French, is intended for use in English schools. It is a new experiment in the teaching of languages, and we are not sanguine that it will prove successful. The student who stands in need of the elementary instruction which the book conveys will surely be incapable of reading it.

One would think there were plenty of FRENCH GRAMMARS in existence, but Mr. G. Eugène Fasnacht gives us another (Macmillan, 1s. 6d). We admit, however, that this is a capital book,

clearly written, and printed so as to help the mind through the eye. But why have Messrs. Macmillan such a prejudice against decent margins? On some of these pages the print is almost shaved. There are no exercises.

French Words and Phrases, by J. G. Anderson and F. Storr (Rice, 1s.), is a classified collection of French vocabularies. It will help many students to fill up gaps in their knowledge; but it is not without inaccuracies. For example *Œufs sur le plat* is not quite the same thing as fried eggs; *jupes* and *jupons* are not interchangeable words any more than skirt and petticoat; the French for counterpane is not *courre pieds* but *courte-pointe*; the proper word for house coal is not *houille* but *charbon*; it is not fair to tell boys that *le salon* is the same thing as the Royal Academy, or *le centre gauche* as Liberal Unionists; and *manger tout son soûl* is a vulgarism that should not have been admitted. These points raised, however, the book may still be recommended.

Mr. Victor Spiers' First French Book for Children (Simpkin, Marshall, 2s. 6d.) is intended for the very young, as there are pictures of admirals, generals, boats, bridges, shepherdesses, &c., to illustrate the vocabularies; but we do not believe that any child of an age to be attracted by the pictures will be able to make head or tail of the *transcription phonétique*. The book should be useful, however, by reason of the hints which it throws out to teachers.

Science.

The three little volumes that make up Messrs. Gregory and Simons' Elementary Physics and Chemistry (Macmillan, 1s. 6d. each volume) treat their subject as introduced into the Code of the Board of Education in 1898, being intended for the use of the upper standards of public elementary schools. Their aim is not so much to impart information as to encourage a scientific habit of thought, and certainly the authors have done their best to foster every spark of intelligent appreciation that may arise in the pupil concerning the facts and processes dealt with. Everything is stated in the simplest possible terms and is mostly repeated several times over from different points of view, while the experimental work, to which very properly much importance is attached, only requires such apparatus and materials as must be available to almost every boy who is willing to take a little trouble.

The second part of Dr. Otto Schmeil's Text Book of Zoology (Black, 3s. 6d.), deals with birds, reptiles, and fishes. It gives descriptions, illustrated with pictures, of typical examples of the various families and orders, and suggests explanations of some of the peculiarities of structure exhibited by each. But it does not seem altogether to deserve the appellation "text book," and would more properly be regarded as an interesting reading book for lower classes, written with rather more scientific method than is usual in such productions.

A Short History of French Literature, by L. E. Kastner and H. G. Atkins (Blackie, 4s. 6d.), is intended to fill the gap that exists between the numerous primers of French literature and the larger works of Saintsbury and Dowden. It fills it reasonably well, though here and there one notes an omission or even an error. An account of Balzac, for instance, is hardly complete without a reference to the "Inconnue," nor is an account of Benjamin Constant complete without a mention of his "Journal Intime." And it is incorrect to say that the heroine of Benjamin Constant's "Adolphe" was "Madame de Stael." It is Madame de Charrière, of Neuchatel, who is there pourtrayed. On the whole, however, the book is a good one, and it is kept well up to date, omitting neither Verhaeren, nor Maeterlinck, nor Rostand. The authors have done wisely in dealing with writers of the first rank at length instead of filling their pages with lists of names of minor importance.

How to Learn Foreign Languages, by William Pulman (Heywood, 6d. n.), sets forth the merits of the Berlitz and Gouin systems of teaching, which propose to reproduce, so far as possible, in the class room the conditions in which a child learns its own language in the nursery. Our own opinion is that these methods of learning languages are not well suited to the case of students who wish to become scholars, and our opinion is confirmed by Mr. Pulman's representation that the old theory that a knowledge of Latin is a help to learning French was only put forward to conceal the incapacity of French masters. Those, however, who are interested to know what these methods of learning languages are like will find them lucidly explained in Mr. Pulman's book.

Le Songe d'Or gives its title to a collection of short stories by Charles Nodier, Rodolphe Töpffer, Prosper Mérimée, Théophile Gautier, and Gérard de Nerval, edited as a reader by Ernest Weekley (Blackie, 1s. 6d.). The notes are printed in the French language—a new departure we believe; and there are in appendices some exercises for retranslation. The editor's work is satisfactorily done.

Siepmann's "German Series" (Macmillan) we have had occasion to notice before. We have before us Ebner's Herr Walthers von der Vogelweide, edited by E. G. North, in the Elementary Series (2s.), and Kurz's Die Humanisten, by A. Vögelin, in the Advanced (2s. 6d.). The paper is bad in both books, and the print of "Die Humanisten" might be clearer with advantage. In both, a hideous obscure German type is used in the notes, and the same in the vocabulary of the Elementary book, which is serious. Apart from this, we can praise both. They are interesting, and a welcome novelty amid the *crambe repetita* usually served up in schools. The notes are brief and to the point, and the editing satisfactory. The books have the usual appendices; words and phrases for class use, sentences, and connected pieces for translation; "Die Humanisten" also has a few pages on the formation of words, which should prove useful.

The World is the title of a new school geography by Lionel W. Lyde (Black, 2s. 6d. n.). It is particularly strong in the matter of commercial geography, and adopts an interesting comparative method of bringing geographical truths home to youthful minds. Thus we read that Rouen is the Manchester of France, and Havre its Liverpool, that Odessa is a city the size of Leeds, and Genoa the size of Bristol. The idea seems a good one, though the plan would not enable students to satisfy all examiners; and interesting portions of the globe which have no commercial importance seem to us to be treated with unnecessary contempt.

Mr. G. E. Green's Short History of the British Empire for the Use of Junior Forms (Dent, 3s. 6d. n.) is not quite the book that the title had led us to expect. It is really a history of England, with a few notes on the growth of the empire interspersed and appended. There are about 230 pages, and we do not get to "the beginnings of British Empire" till page 161.

The German Empire, by Julius Langhans (Sonnenschein, 2s. 6d.), is a German reader designed on a somewhat new plan for the use of the higher forms of public schools and the candidates for Army examinations. It consists of passages from standard authors relating a series of striking episodes in German history with the idea of combining historical and linguistic teaching. The notes are mainly on the history, and very seldom on the language; and there are chronological and genealogical tables for purposes of reference. A useful compilation.

New Testament Greek: a course for beginners, by Geo. Rodwell, B.A. (Methuen, 3s. 6d.), is intended for those who, as Dr. Lock says in an introductory note, "come late to the study of Greek and value it mainly as a means of closer access to the exact meaning" of the New Testament. The book is based on a study of good authorities, such as Winer and Blass, and is likely to be of real use to beginners. Its methods are well adapted for the purposes of progressive and stimulating teaching.

FICTION.

Sir Walter Besant.

In his latest novel, The Fourth Generation (Chatto and Windus, 6s.), Sir Walter Besant comes back to the present day; but we need not, it may be hoped, anticipate that this very skilfully told tale of 1899 will bar the way to more of those pictures of old-fashioned London for which few writers are so well equipped as Sir Walter, and which, perhaps, no living novelist can paint so well. The story of Leonard Campaigne touches the old problem of heredity; but it faces that problem in the spirit of the practical man of the world. Sir Walter gives us a crime; and he gives us its consequences even to the fourth generation. But he agrees with the prophet Ezekiel that the children's teeth are not set on edge as a punishment for their father's feast of sour grapes. The one is "post" not "propter"; the other—a consequence, not a retribution. The crime changes the conditions of life for the sons and the grandsons, but it does not deprive them of their right to alter these conditions or to develop their own characters. The consequences, indeed, to Leonard Campaigne were not very terrible; rather the contrary. They changed him from a prig to a man of a good heart and good sense, and they gave him a wife. The change in his char-

acter came about by the sudden discovery that his family history instead of presenting the unblemished record upon which he prided himself was a catalogue of disgraces and disasters. Mother Hubbard found not even a single bone in her cupboard. Leonard Campaigne found it crowded with skeletons. It was an original idea, which adds great picturesqueness to the story, to keep on the scene the original criminal, the head of the house of Campaigne, who, after murdering his friend and brother-in-law, lived as a recluse on the family estate for seventy years without speaking even to his servants. The consequences of his crime, and the fortunes of his descendants as they touch the life of Leonard, are, as we have said, described and followed with all the skill of a master in the art of story-telling, up to the moment when the stain is wiped out, and the momentum, as it were, of the crime exhausted, by the marriage of the descendant of the murderer to the descendant of his victim. Two points strike us as falling short of strict verisimilitude—the absence of any suspicion at the trial fastening the mysterious murder on the old squire, and the career of Leonard's uncle, who has the reputation of being an eminent counsel, and is really engaged in the lucrative business of supplying public speakers with their thunder at so much a speech. To suppose that he could have done this without, as we are told, having ever opened a law book, and without being found out by Lincoln's Inn, puts a severe strain on our credulity. But it will not interfere with the enjoyment to be derived from the book, which, with its dexterously ordered plot and its varied and interesting characters, is fully worthy of its writer.

Mr. Henry James.

The twelve studies collected by Mr. James under the generic title of THE SOFT SIDE (Methuen, 6s.) will probably make new converts to his cult. Each story possesses to a high degree the sensitiveness and detachment which one generally finds in his works. "The Great Good Place" seems to us to present Mr. James at his best. It is a fine allegory of the meeting between death and a man, an overworked and perhaps hypersensitive literary man. George Dane is beset by a thousand of such trials as might come to a generous literary genius. His interview with his perfect servant before breakfast one morning gives us his mental state with the peculiar vividness of suggestion. It happens that he has asked a stranger, a young, unknown writer, to breakfast. As he takes his hand within his own a sense of new consciousness environs him. He passes to a wonderfully described land of beauty and peace. There is a suggestion about it of some "great abode of an order, some mild Monte Cassino, some Grande Chartreuse more accessible." In this land Dane meets, among the peaceful figures who pass about him, a brother, and their conversation is the most delightful of intercourse. One of the charms of the place is that the unnecessary things are not there. "One by one he touched, as it were, all the things it was such rapture to be without." Gradually there is a sense of perfect accomplishment and happiness is complete. It is a delicate fancy and one eminently suited to Mr. James' genius. Among the sketches is one of an American girl, "Miss Gunton of Poughkeepsie," with whom a Roman Prince is in love. The varied points of view of the European and the American are handled with remarkable ability. But perhaps the most wonderful "fine shades" are to be found in the story of three old maiden ladies and their mother. This is entitled "Europe," and tells with an elusive delicacy that almost bewilders the reader of the tragedy which each is made to suffer by reason first of submission to the mother's will and then by the revolt against it. The secret of such a book is contained in one of Mr. James' own phrases, "It rests like all good things on experience."

The Regency.

". . . . Then hast laid upon us with thy left hand, life, and said: Live," quotes Mr. John le Breton in the forefront of Mrs'ess Joy (Macqueen, 6s.), and, although this is not a great book, he has certainly managed to convey the idea that Joy did live and love, and his pictures of the days of the Regent are far more convincing than is usually the case with a semi-historical romance. But if Mr. le Breton does not give us a great book the present one serves again to show that as a writer of fiction he is at least competent and agreeable. Farmer Eden—a well-drawn and original figure of the British yeoman of the time of the last George—his sisters, his daughter, his illegitimate daughter Joy, and his nephew Richard are all interesting persons, and their fortunes, although not happy, will be found to entertain.

Correspondence.

THE ABUSE OF THE POSSESSIVE.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—So long as the attempt to replace "*of*" and other prepositions by the inflectional *s* was confined to the enterprise of journalism, one could afford to smile at such affectations as "Italy's King," "Peking's entry," "Mafeking's ape," and the like. But when a writer of Mr. Andrew Lang's calibre appears to sanction, as he does in a recent article, "The Novel's Evolution," is it not time to protest, and to ask how far this usage, which has nothing to recommend it but its doubtful archaism, is to be allowed to spread? What would be thought of a man who, at the dinner table, or in the smoking-room, or, for that matter, in the House of Commons, could bring himself to speak of "Peking's entry"? Yet "the Novel's evolution" is little better, and in some respects is even worse, as it may be worth while to show. In the first place, only a limited class of English nouns in modern usage enjoys the privilege of personification, and personification alone as a rule justifies inflection. Now, although we should most of us hesitate in cold blood to speak of Peking as *she*, we might in a moment of exaltation conceivably do so. But surely, in discoursing of the novel, *his* or *her* evolution would neither be English as she is spoke nor as she is writ. A second objection to "The Novel's Evolution" is that the inflection expresses the objective relation, which in modern English is almost invariably expressed by means of the preposition *of*, to the great gain of the language as regards perspicuity; while such a barbarism as "Peking's entry" has from this point of view still less justification, as the relation which it is intended to express is not exactly objective, and requires the preposition *into* rather than *of*.

There may, of course, be an affectation of precision as well as of preciosity, and it would be absurd to contend that such time-honoured phrases as "a stone's throw," or "the Queen's reception"—meaning the reception *of* and not *by* the Queen—are no longer current coin. But it may safely be asserted that they no longer issue from the mint, or—to drop the metaphor—that the tendency of the language has long been to limit rather than to extend the power of our only case, and, except in such idiomatic survivals as are familiar to the ear and cause no ambiguity, to use it solely to express the possessive, or the subjective, relation.

A third objection to this unnecessary intrusion of the inflectional *s* is that it tends to aggravate the sibilation, which is already excessive in the language, and gave point to Charles V.'s characterization of English as the language of geese. Who, on this ground alone, would not prefer "the evolution of the novel" to "the novel's evolution," "the Paris Exhibition" to "Paris's Exhibition," and "the Mafeking ape" to "Mafeking's ape"? But a short object-lesson will probably be more convincing than any amount of discussion. Let us therefore see what would be the effect of a little judicious forcing of the pernicious germ which seems already to have effected an entrance into the language. Not long hence we might have Mr. Lang's article opening thus:—"That an English Literature's learned professor in New York's University should write a book on 'The English Novel's Evolution' would have astonished the world a century ago." A little lower down we might come to—"Professor Stoddard is no evolutional method's bigot in the mind's things. He even writes 'We cannot say that 1740's novels legitimately developed into 1780's novels, that 1780's

novels logically developed into 1820's novels,' and so on." A little lower down still—"Novels' all sorts' elements had always been lying about loose." And the paragraph might well conclude as now—"To that have we come." It is sincerely to be hoped that Mr. Andrew Lang was merely quoting the phrase which he found ready to hand in the title of the book he was reviewing, and that he by no means committed himself to approval of this usage, which has, we believe, been largely adopted by American writers, and has already spread from their side of the Atlantic to our own. Yours faithfully,

E. D. LITTLE.

"SIN-EATING."

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—In Mr. Ernest Rhys' most interesting and gracefully-told story "The Whistling Maid" there is a ballad which is introduced in these words: "Her voice was wild and sweet as she sang an old ballad of Kai and Gwenhwyfar (the Welsh Launcelot and Guinevere), sometimes called 'The Song of the Seven Candles.'"

From this ballad I quote the following verses, omitting the interspersed refrain, except where it forms an integral part of the song:

Tell cruel Kai, Gwenhwyfar's pride,
Like a queen's, waxed as she died.

. . . .

Now from her wake let Kai begone
To the Hunt King in Caledon.
But first before he leave (*she said*
To the damsels, to the damsels)
Offer him the salt and bread
(*To her damsels said the Queen*).
If he will eat my sins for me
Kai's soul is lost, and mine goes free.

I do not know the original ballad—if, as is implied, what Mr. Rhys gives is a translation. But I am almost certain that in no Welsh ballad dating before the seventeenth century could the belief referred to in the last couplet have found expression.

Down to about a century before the Reformation the documents known since as the False (or Forged) Decretals formed an unquestioned part of the authorized teaching of Western Christendom. Among those documents there is an epistle attributed to Pope Alexander I., in which the expression "They eat up the sin of my people" (Hosea iv., 8) is interpreted *praying for the people*. This was pointed out in the lifetime of John Aubrey by Dr. Comber in his "Roman Forgeries"—a work which, from what we know of Aubrey's tastes in reading, that worthy is almost certain to have been acquainted with. (Another work bearing the same name, which Comber refers to in laudatory terms, may also have noticed this interpretation, but I have not seen it.) Anyhow the expression seems to have tickled the fancy of John Aubrey, as it has since his time that of Joseph Downes, Miss Fiona Macleod, and other story-tellers; for he does not hesitate to call the paupers who haunted funeral gatherings for the sake of a dole "sinne-eaters." But it should be noticed that, as Aubrey himself informed Bagford, "Old Sires" was the name they were known by. Curiously enough, while "Sin-eater" is a term entirely unknown in Wales, Hen Syr, the exact equivalent of "Old Sire" has survived down to the present century as a name given to clerical schoolmasters, and curates unattached—that is, to persons hanging on more or less loosely to the clerical profession.

Down to the time of the Commonwealth, it is quite certain that belief in purgatory, and therefore in the efficacy of prayers for the dead, was not uncommon in the Principality. Indeed, Wales is joined to "Ireland and certain parts of England" as a field for the University Mission set on foot by Matthew Poole and others a few years before the Restoration.

The phrase used—according to Bagford's version of Aubrey's description—by the "Old Sire" that he was ready to "pawn his own soul" on behalf of that of the defunct has been instanced by folk-lorists as a heathenish idea not countenanced by the Church. That is not so. It is in the mouth of a Dominican friar that Erasmus puts the very same phrase in his well-known picture of a rich knight's death-bed.

I am inclined to believe that it is on the authority of Mr. Sidney Hartland, and not of any mediæval Welsh chronicler, Mr. Ernest Rhys was relying when he composed the couplet which I am referring to. But the author of the "Legend of Perseus" is a very blind guide to the usages and beliefs of the Western Church. I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

J. P. OWEN.

EDUCATION AND FAMILY HISTORY.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—In this great day of education, with the present century shortly drawing to its close, permit me, as one who has had some experience in the study of human pedigree, to call attention in your columns to what appears to me a subject sadly lost sight of in the past, and which, I trust, will claim at least some position in the code of education in the future. I refer to the study of family history and pedigree, with due consideration and analysis of their influences and bearings.

This surely should not be a mere personal or private matter. It is a subject of the highest and widest order, of the utmost importance to the nation and to the world at large; but the utter indifference and ignorance of the subject are really surprising. A large amount of time and attention are given to the investigation of beings and objects of centuries ago, and the utmost care and scrutiny bestowed upon tracing the history and pedigree of the dog, horse, or cow, whilst the human animal, upon which so much depends, is entirely forgotten. Even in the all-important subject of marriage it is a matter of pounds rather than of pedigree, the latter being almost completely ignored, save so far, perhaps, as outward appearances and position are concerned. Knowledge is power, and the proper study of mankind is man, and this study should begin at home; the study is invaluable, showing as it does the why and the wherefore of certain effects, what to stimulate and what to avoid, and if reduced to a science endless physical and mental mistakes might be avoided. Man is a bundle of habits, and these are traced down from one generation to another, and no knowledge is of such vital importance to the human race as the careful analysis and understanding of the laws of pedigree.

Lunacy is proved to be largely increasing, and no wonder, when such ignorance prevails: the very keystone to its prevention and treatment is to be found in this study and in this study alone. The very gist of success depends upon detection of the real cause. What is born in the bone need not come out in the flesh. I know as a fact that members of certain families have been plunged generation after generation into helpless lunacy—every case of which might have been absolutely avoided had their first indications of eccentricity been attributed to their true causes, and by skilful manipulation diverted in their courses and nipped in the bud. The weak points have been clearly brought to light, when, alas! it has been too late, upon simple investigation of early pedigree and history, but from lack of knowledge of the true causes the axe has never been laid to the root of the evil. I repeat that the most mysterious mental and physical complications which have puzzled alike person, philosopher, and physician have been made as clear as the sun at noonday when viewed by the penetrating Röntgen rays of family history. I maintain that this study, duly considered, may become one of the mightiest levers for the development and improvement of the human race.

It is never too late to mend, and, if we have to remain largely in the dark from lack of adequate statistics in the past, we may at least help future generations by making the subject of heredity a standard study in our various colleges and training institutions for teachers, thus handing down for the guidance of our progeny some intelligent basis for the delineation of their family history with its particular characteristics and proclivities. Faithfully yours,

T. THATCHER.

11, College-green, Bristol, Sept. 10.

MULTIPLE REVIEWING.

TO THE EDITOR

Sir,—May I, whilst thanking you heartily for the insertion of my letter, point out that my failure to properly appreciate the fact that your anecdote referred to "old unhappy days" was shared by others. The paragraphist caught it up as he catches up all scandal, and wrote as though it applied to the world of to-day. His gloss obscured (as is the way of a gloss) your text. Believing such a thing to be impossible nowadays, a belief which I am glad to see is shared by you, I could not but protest.

With all the strength I possess I would express my agreement with your view of Multiple Reviewing. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred I hold the practice to be utterly indefensible. Faithfully yours,

ALFRED NUTT.

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

A distinctive feature of Messrs. Chapman and Hall's new edition of Dickens' works (to be called the "Authentic Edition") will be the coloured frontispieces to each volume—reproductions for the most part of the most popular of the designs for the original issue; the rest of the illustrations are to be reproduced "by a new process." In the prospectus we are also reminded that the prototype of the immortal Mr. Pickwick was a friend of Mr. [Edward] Chapman's, who resided at Richmond, and that Seymour's portrait of him was made from Mr. Chapman's description. We are further told that Seymour's first sketch of the famous founder of the Pickwick Club was that of "a long, thin man." It is, however, not generally known that, in making him short and "comfortable," the artist was only reverting to an earlier conception and a favourite type, as will be seen in that scarce production entitled "The Heiress," illustrated by Seymour six years previously, and in "Maxims and Hints for an Angler" (1833), where we may find a character portrayed in marvellous similitude to Mr. Pickwick, both as regards physique and benignity of expression. The name of Mr. Chapman's friend (whom Seymour had never set eyes upon, apparently) was John Foster, a gentleman of the old school, who persisted in wearing drab tights and black gaiters, a costume then out of date.

Two further items must be added to our list of Shakespearian announcements for the autumn season. Both come from New York, and are to be published by Messrs. Macmillan. One is a new life of the poet, with portraits and views. The author is Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie, whose aim has been to tell the story of Shakespeare's life in the same spirit in which the biographies of contemporaries are written. The other item is a chapter on "Shakespeare as a Comic Dramatist," by Professor Dowden, in the first volume of a series of "Representative English Comedies," to be completed in five volumes under the editorship of Professor Gayley, of the University of California. Professor Gayley has written an introduction to the volume and has also edited "Robert Greene" and "Henry Porter." Among the other dramatists represented in the first volume are "John Heywood," edited by A. W. Pollard; "Nicholas Udall," edited by Professor Ewald Flugel; "Gammer Gurton's Needle," edited by Henry Bradley; "John Lyly," edited by Professor G. P. Baker; "George Peele," edited by Professor F. B. Gummere; and "Green's Place in Comedy," by Professor G. E. Woodberry.

The centenary of the birth of Hans Christian Andersen is to be celebrated by the issue of a new edition of his fairy tales in the original, and translations in English, German, French, and Norwegian. It is said that the Danish Government is supervising the undertaking. Hans Tegner, the Danish artist, illustrates it. The book will, we believe, have an introduction by Mr. Gosse and will be published by Mr. Heinemann.

Perhaps the most remarkable thing about the English programme of Messrs. Macmillan is the fact that the *édition de luxe* of the writings of Walter Pater, in eight volumes (uniform with Tennyson, Lamb, and Kipling), which will not be completed before April next, is already out of print. Yet orders were only taken for complete sets. The "Collected Poems of T. E. Brown," which Messrs. Macmillan have had in hand some time, will appear early next month, fitting in appropriately with the Letters of Brown which Messrs. Constable are publishing. The first week in October will also see the publication of Mr. Morley's "Life of Oliver Cromwell" in two forms, one as a library edition and the other illustrated with authenticated portraits in public and private galleries, and with reproductions of contemporaneous prints in the British Museum and the University of Oxford. A week or so later will come Mr. Leonard Huxley's life of his father, Thomas Huxley, in two volumes. This is a study, not so much of Huxley's contributions to science, nor of his philosophic views, as of the man himself, of his character and the circumstances in which his various works were completed. A "Life of Charles V.," by Edward Armstrong, and an abridged edition of the life of Archbishop Benson, by his son, are also announced. Early in November the same publishers will issue one of the most elaborately illustrated volumes of the year—"Eighteenth Century Colour Prints: An Essay on certain Stipple Engravers and their work in Colour," by Mrs. Julia Frankau. A feature of the book will be fifty-two pictures, representing the work of as many different engravers as possible, and printed in colour from copper plates. A contribution to Æsthetics will be "The Origins of Art: A Psychological and Sociological Enquiry," by Dr. Yrjo Hirn, of the University of Helsingfors. Dr. Hirn's idea is to show how art has been connected with the most primitive functions of human life, and he differs from other authorities in not selecting any one of these as of paramount importance. A book is announced on "Early Christian Art and Archæology," by Walter Lowrie, D.D., sometime Fellow of the American School of Classical Studies in Rome (written for the general reader as well as for the student); and the first volume of a "Dictionary of Architecture and Building," to which over eighty American and European writers will contribute, under the editorship of Russell Sturgis. A similar work in preparation is a "Dictionary of Philosophy and Psychology," in three volumes, edited by J. Mark Baldwin Stuart, Professor of Psychology at Princeton University. Mr. James Bryce has written an introduction to M. Ostrogorski's "Democracy and the Organization of Political Parties," which has been translated from the French by Frederick Clarke, formerly Taylorian Scholar at Oxford—a work which attempts to give a systematic history of party organization both in England and the United States.

In theology Messrs. Macmillan announce "The First Epistle of St. Peter (Greek Text)," by Principal Howard Masterman; "The Christian Prophets and the Prophetic Apocalypse," by Dr. Edward Selwyn; "Christ the Truth," being the Angus Lectures for 1900, by the Rev. W. Medley; "St. Paul and Contemporary Thought," by H. St. John Thackeray; a new edition of "The Works of Bishop Butler," edited by Dr. J. H. Bernard, with a general introduction by the Bishop of London (The English Theological Library); and a new edition of Francis Proctor's "New History of the Book of Common Prayer," revised and rewritten by Walter Howard Frere, M.A. Under "Travel and Adventure" are included a new edition of the late Miss Mary Kingsley's "West African Studies," with additional chapters; "The Romance of Spain," by Charles W. Wood; and "Soldiering in Canada: Recollections and Experiences," by Lt.-Colonel George T. Denison, late commanding the Governor-General's Body Guard. The next volume of the Highways and Byways Series will appear towards the end of next month, and will deal with East Anglia, the author being Mr. William Dutt, and the artist Mr. Joseph Pennell. In a new work entitled "Rulers of the South: Sicily, Calabria, and Malta," Mr. F. Marion Crawford has dealt with the three kingdoms named in the same way that he dealt with Rome in "Ave

Roma Immortalis." "Rulers of the South" will be in two volumes, with photogravures and illustrations in the text by Henry Brokman. "E. V. B." is represented by an illustrated book entitled "Sylvana's Letters to an Unknown Friend." Macmillan's leave also many American books, of which we shall give further mention next week.

History, geography, and travel are well to the fore in Mr. Heinemann's new list. The first volume of the English edition of Professor Helmolt's "Universal History of Mankind," which has the advantage of an editorial introduction by Professor James Bryce, will appear towards the end of the year. Subsequent volumes will follow at quarterly intervals. The translation of Professor Seignobos' "Political History of Contemporary Europe" will be in two volumes. The author takes the year 1814 as the beginning of the century, looking upon the Napoleonic period as an overlapping of the effects of the revolution of the last century. He carries the history down to within the last few years. Among political phenomena common to European communities he pays special attention to the attitude of the Roman Catholic Church and the revolutionary Socialists. "The Regions of the World—1900," the new series descriptive of the physical environment of the nations, edited by H. J. Mackinder, was announced by us some time ago. Mr. Mackinder has also written a volume on "The First Ascent of Mount Kenya," a narrative of the expedition which he led last year to the summit of the great snow mountain immediately under the Equator. "The Awakening of the East: Siberia—China—Japan," by Pierre Leroy-Beaulieu, translated by Richard Davey, and edited, with an introduction, by Henry Norman; "The Life of William Cotton Oswell," the African traveller of whom Judge Hughes said that "without his help Livingstone could never have crossed the Kalahari Desert," written by his son, W. E. Oswell, are other books of travel included in this publisher's autumn list. Mr. Heinemann's most important art publication will be the life of Sir Joshua Reynolds, by Sir Walter Armstrong, a companion volume to the life of Gainsborough by the same author. Other volumes will be "Classic Art: An Introduction to the Italian Renaissance," by Herr Wölfflin; "Roman Art: Some of its Principles and their Application to Early Christian Painting," by Professor Franz Wickhoff, translated and edited by Mrs. S. Arthur Strong; and "Pompeii; The City, its Life and Art—an Artistic Survey of Archæological Achievements," by Pierre Gusman, translated by Florence Simmonds and M. Jourdain, with an introduction by Max Collignon. "Characters from Romance," a portfolio of sixteen pastels by William Nicholson (who, by the way, has been awarded the gold medal at the Paris Exhibition for his series of Portraits of Celebrities), we have already referred to; also to the monumental edition of Hans Andersen's Fairy Tales. Another illustrated volume in the list is Mr. Henry James' "A Little Tour in France," a record of his wanderings in Touraine, suggested by the fact that Englishmen and Americans are too apt to look upon a visit to Paris "as a process that gives them a sufficient knowledge of the pleasant land and its inhabitants." Among other volumes is another Dooley book, by Mr. Peter Dunne—"Mr. Dooley's Philosophy," this time—and Mr. Whibley's study of dandyism, entitled "The Pageantry of Life." Among new editions is another re-issue of Mr. Whistler's "Gentle Art of Making Enemies," which has been out of print for some years.

In the department of literature Mr. Heinemann announces "Main Currents in Nineteenth Century Literature," in six volumes, translated from the Danish of Dr. George Brandes by Diana White; "Studies in Style," by W. H. Helm; M. Bréal's "Semantics," edited by Professor Postgate; and the following volumes in the series of short histories of the Literatures of the World:—"Chinese Literature," by Professor H. A. Giles; "Modern Scandinavian Literature," by Dr. George Brandes; "Hungarian Literature," by Dr. Zoltan Beöthy, Professor of Hungarian Literature at the University of Budapest; "American Literature," by Professor W. P. Trent; "Latin Literature," by Dr. A. W. Verrall; "Provençal Literature," by Dr. H. Oelsner; and "Hebrew Literature," by Professor Philippe Berger, of the Institute of France.

Mr. William Canton, who is editing "The True Annals of Fairyland" for Messrs. Dent, has also collected and edited a volume of "Children's Sayings," which will be published by Messrs. Isbister—uniform with the little volume of "Lighter Moments," by Bishop Hervey, issued last autumn. The new list of Messrs. Isbister includes: "The Religious Spirit of Our Poets," by Bishop Boyd Carpenter; "The Miracles of Jesus: Marks of the Way of Life," by the Rev. Cosmo Gordon Lang; a life of "William Conyngham Plunket, Fourth Baron Plunket, Archbishop of Dublin," by Mr. Frederick Douglas How; a pocket edition of "Tennyson: his Art and Relation to Modern Life," by Stopford A. Brooke, in two volumes (uniform with the pocket edition of Dean Plumptre's "Dante"); and a volume by the Rev. John M. Bacon on his experiments as a balloonist, entitled "By Land and Sky."

In connexion with the celebration last year of the tercentenary of its consecutive minutes the Lodge of Edinburgh (Mary's Chapel) No. 1 is bringing out a new and limited edition of its history. The work, of which D. Murray Lyon, the Scottish Great Lodge Secretary, is author, will be published by the Gresham Publishing Company. This lodge is said to be the oldest existing Freemasons' Lodge in the world. Its position in Scotland dates from the official Masonic Statutes of December 28th, 1599, in which we read:—"It is thocht needfull and expedient be my Lord Warden Generall that Edr. salbe in all tyme cuming as of befoir the first and principall Ludge in Scotland, and yet Kilwynning be the second Ludge as of befoir is notourlie manefest in our awld antient writts and that Stirling salbe the third Ludge conforme to the awld privileges thairof. William Schaw, Maistir of Wark, Wairden of ye Maisons."

Fiction.—Besides the volumes in the uniform editions of the novels of Matilde Serao and Gabriele D'Annunzio, Mr. Heinemann announces about twenty new books, including "The Lane that had no Turning," by Gilbert Parker (to appear on October 4); "The Mantle of Elijah," by I. Zangwill; "The Hosts of the Lord," by Flora Annie Steel; "Jack Raymond," by Mrs. Voynich; "Ronald Kestrel," by A. J. Dawson; "The Queen *versus* Billy," by Lloyd Osbourne; "The Eagle's Heart," by Hamlin Garland; "The Inheritors," by Joseph Conrad and Ford Maddox Hueffer; "Thirteen Stories," by R. B. Cunninghame Graham; "The Lady of Dreams," by Ura Lucy Silberrad; and "The Hidden Model," by Frances Forbes Robertson. Later on we are promised new novels by Hall Caine, Miss Robins, Kassandra Vivaria, Sarah Grand, E. F. Benson, and many others.

We gave a list of Macmillan's forthcoming novels some weeks ago, but several additions are now made, including "Who Goes There?"; The Story of a Spy in the Civil War," by B. K. Benson; "Pharaoh's Daughter, and Other Stories," by Wm. Waldorf Astor; "Number One and Number Two," by Frances M. Peard, and "Dr. North and his Friends," by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell. The title of Mr. Winston Churchill's new book—the second of the series of novels to which "Richard Carvel" belongs—is "The Crisis"; that of Mr. Egerton Castle's volume, which is to appear very shortly, is "Marsatfield the Observer, and the Dance of Death: Studies of Character and Action." The "Leather Stocking Novels" (five vols.) of J. Fenimore Cooper are also to be republished by Macmillan, with a general introduction by Mowbray Morris, and illustrations by C. E. and H. M. Brock. Finally, but without exhausting the list, we note that "More Letters of Edward FitzGerald," edited by W. Aldis Wright, will be added to the Eversley Series.

Next month Messrs. Isbister will issue two novels, "The Half-Hearted," by John Buchan, and "The Heiress of the Forest," a romance of Old Anjou, by Eleanor C. Price.

Next week Messrs. W. and R. Chambers will issue an illustrated volume of "Venture and Valour" stories, to which Mr. G. A. Henty, Dr. A. Conan Doyle, Mr. G. M. Fenn, Mr. W. W. Jacobs, Mr. Tom Gallon, Dr. Gordon Stables, and other writers have contributed. "Charge! or Briton and Boer," by George Manville Fenn, and two books by L. T. Meade, entitled "Seven Maids" and "Miss Nonentity," will also be published by Messrs. Chambers next month.

Mr. J. Charles Wall, whose work on "The Tombs of the Kings of England" is well known, is engaged on a volume on "Alfred the Great and his Abbeys." It will be fully illustrated and will be published by Mr. Elliot Stock.

Mr. Alexis Krausse's "The Story of the Chinese Crisis" will be published next week by Messrs. Cassell and Company.

The incidents preceding the Boxer rising are given in considerable detail.

The *Fortnightly Review* promises some new features, especially a résumé of current literature, and an account of the chief dramatic production in England and on the Continent, on alternate months. There is also to be a series of articles on the contemporary leaders of thought.

The poet and academician, Sully Prudhomme, is to publish this winter a work entitled "Testament d'un Poète," in which he discusses verse forms and laws of prosody, and gives us his ideas of the nature of beauty and the sources of inspiration.

The new book by Elizabeth of the "German Garden" and "A Solitary Summer" (the Countess of Arnim) is to be called "The April Baby's Book of Tunes," and published by Messrs. Macmillan. She tells how the mother of three little girls, named April, May, and June respectively, lived with them among the forests of Germany, and taught them the old English nursery rhymes to keep them out of mischief. She gives her own tunes and the children's comments on the words, as well as an account of the games which arose out of them. The book, as already announced in *Literature*, is illustrated by Miss Kate Greenaway.

Mr. Brimley Johnson will publish for the Christmas season a nonsense picture-book, by a new artist-writer—"Greybeards at Play: Literature and Art for Old Gentlemen, Ballads, and Sketches," by Gilbert Chesterton.

A good many literary societies and other institutions have profited by Messrs. Newnes's offer to lend lectures with lantern-slides to illustrate them, the cost of the carriage only being charged. The new lectures available are, we notice, "A Day and Night in Newspaperland," "England's Beautiful Homes," "Gems of Religious Art," "Popular Artists and Their Work," "Famous Authors and How They Write Their Books," "Some Popular Hymn Writers."

Mr. G. C. Dobbs, M.A., has joined Mr. S. T. Freemantle as partner, and the firm will be continued under the style of Freemantle and Co.

Books to look out for at once.

HISTORY.

"The Fight with France for North America." By A. G. Bradley. Constable.

"England, Egypt and the Soudan." By the late H. D. Traill. Constable.

BIOGRAPHY.

"Coventry Patmore: Memoirs and Correspondence." 2 vols. Compiled and edited by Basil Champneys. Bell. 32s. net.

ART.

"Pinwell and His Works." By Dr. G. C. Williamson. Bell. £1 1s. n.

THEOLOGY.

"Things Old and New." Sermons by Archdeacon Wilson. Constable.

FICTION.

"Tongues of Conscience." By R. S. Hichens. Methuen. 6s.

"Servants of Sin." By J. Bloundelle Burton. Methuen. 6s.

"Trinity Bells." By Amelia E. Barr. Fisher Unwin. 6s.

"In Sheep's Clothing." By Hume Nisbet. White. 3s. 6d.

"In White Raiment." By Wm. Le Queux. White. 6s.

"Cynthia in the West." By Charles Lee. Grant Richards. 6s.

"The Half-Hearted." By John Buchan. Isbister. 6s.

"The Heiress of the Forest." By Eleanor C. Price. Isbister. 6s.

"As Luck Would Have It." By Wm. Westall. Chatto & Windus. 6s.

"A Daughter of Witches." By Joanna E. Wood. Hurst & Blackett. 6s.

"Venture and Valour." Various authors. Chambers.

MANUALS FOR WOMEN.

"Secondary Teaching." By Christabel Osborn and Florence B. Low. Walter Scott. 1s. and 1s. 6d.

"Elementary Teaching." By C. Osborn. Walter Scott. 1s. and 1s. 6d.

"The American Business-Women." By John H. Cromwell, Ph.B., LL.B. Putnams. 9s.

MISCELLANEOUS.

"Motor Vehicles and Motors." By W. W. Beaumont. Constable. 12s. n.

"Shooting on Small Incomes." By Charles Walker. Constable.

"The Struggle for Success." By A. Stodart-Walker, M.B. Grant Richards. 6s.

"The Letters of the Younger Pliny." New translation by John B. Firth. 2 vols. (Scott Library.) Walter Scott. 1s. 6d. each.

NEW EDITIONS.

"The Waterloo Campaign." By Capt. Wm. Siborne. Constable. 6s.

"Ned Myers: A Life before the Mast." By J. Fenimore Cooper. Putnams. 7s

POLITICS.

"The Story of the Chinese Crisis." By A. Krausse. Cassell.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

BIOGRAPHY.

Richelieu and the Growth of French Power. (Heroes of the Nations.) By *J. B. Perkins*, LL.D. 7½×5in., 389 pp. Putnam. 5s.

BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

A Poor Sulfer. By *Helen Sarde*. 7×5in., 188 pp. Sonnenschein.

Peter Piper's Peepshow. By *S. H. Hamer*. Illustrated. 10×7in., 72 pp. Cassell. 1s. 6d.

A Trip to Toyland. Told by *Henry Mayer*. 9×12½in., 127 pp. Grant Richards. 6s.

The Diverting History of John Gilpin. By *W. Cowper*. Illustrated by A. S. Forrest. 12×9in. Dean. 6d.

Ten Little Boer Boys. By "*Norman*." Illustrated by A. S. Forrest. 9×12in. Dean. 3s. 6d.

The Bountiful Lady. By *Thomas Cobb*. 5×8in., 143 pp. Grant Richards. 1s. 6d.

At the Foot of the Rainbow. By *M. H. Cornwall Legh*. 7×5in., 178 pp. Wells Gardner. 2s.

Ben Cramer: Working Jeweller. By *Emile Souvestre*. 7×5½in., 176 pp. Wells Gardner. 2s.

Somebody. By *Stella Austin*. 7×4½in., 256 pp. Wells Gardner. 1s.

Chums. Vol. for 1900. 14×9½in., 387 pp. Cassell. 8s.

Iron Heart, War Chief of the Iroquois. By *E. S. Pier*. 7½×5in., 264 pp. Cassell. 3s. 6d.

A Chase Round the World. By *R. Overton*. 7½×5½in., 208 pp. Warne. 2s. 6d.

CLASSICAL.

The Proem to the Ideal Commonwealth of Plato. By *T. G. Tucker*, Litt.D. 7½×5in., 201 pp. Bell.

Scriptorum Classicorum Bibliotheca Oxoniensis. Vergil Opera. Ed. by *F. A. Hartman*. Commentarii de Bello Gallico, Bk. by *F. L. A. De Ponte*. 7½×5in. Limp Clarendon Press. 6d. each.

EDUCATIONAL.

Bell's Illustrated Classics. "Thucydides—A Selection," "Stories of Greek Men," "Virgil—Aeneid VI.," "Homer—Odyssey, Book III." Each by *E. C. Marchant*. 6d. each. Bell. 1s. 6d. each.

First Latin Sentences and Prose. By *K. P. Wilson*. 7×4½in., 310 pp. Blackwood. 2s. 6d.

A Spanish Grammar. By *H. A. Kesson*. 7½×4½in., 303 pp. Blackwood. 3s. 6d.

A History of Education. By *T. Davidson*. 7½×5in., 282 pp. Constable. 5s. n.

FICTION.

Wounds in the Rain. By *Stephen Crane*. 7½×5½in., 317 pp. Methuen. 6s.

The Isle of Unrest. By *H. S. Merriman*. 7½×5½in., 344 pp. Smith, Elder. 6s.

A Master of Craft. By *W. W. Jacobs*. 7½×5½in., 339 pp. Methuen. 6s.

Cunning Murrell. By *A. Morrison*. 7½×5½in., 316 pp. Methuen. 6s.

The Infidel. By *M. E. Braddon*. 7½×5½in., 311 pp. Simpkin, Marshall. 6s.

A Self-Made Countess. By *John Strange Winter*. 7½×5½in., 303 pp. White. 6s.

Wagee. By *L. T. Meade*. 7½×5½in., 384 pp. Nisbet. 6s.

Affairs of the Heart. By *Violet Hunt*. 7½×5½in., 251 pp. Freemantle. 6s.

The Cross Triumphant. By *Florence M. Kingsley*. 7½×5½in., 374 pp. Ward, Lock. 6s.

The Image Breakers. By *Gertrude Dix*. 7½×5½in., 244 pp. Heinemann. 6s.

Thirteen Stories. By *R. B. Cunninghame Graham*. 7½×5½in., 244 pp. Heinemann. 6s.

A Furnace of Earth. By *H. E. Rose*. 7½×5in., 240 pp. Grant Richards. 3s. 6d.

A Son of Austerity. By *George Knight*. 7½×5in., 319 pp. Ward, Lock. 6s.

Mother-Sister. By *Ellen Pugh*. 7½×5½in., 341 pp. Hurst & Blackett. 6s.

The Secret of the Crater. By *D. Osborne*. 7½×5½in., 312 pp. Putnam. 3s. 6d.

The Devil's Half-Acre. By "*Atom*." 7½×5in., 272 pp. Unwin. 6s.

The Silver Dove. By *A. C. Inchbold*. 7½×5in., 323 pp. Hutchinson. 6s.

St. Peter's Umbrella. By *Kalman Mikszath*. Translated by W. B. Worswick. 7½×5½in., 300 pp. Jarrold. 6s.

On War's Red Tide. A Tale of the Boer War. By *Gordon Stables*, M.D. 7½×5½in., 328 pp. Nisbet. 5s.

La Terre Eternelle. Roman Philosophique et Lyrique. By *Paul Louis Garnier*. 7½×5½in., 500 pp. Paris. Stock. Fr.3.50.

FOLKLORE.

All About the Merry Tales of Gotham. By *A. Stapleton*. 8½×5½in., 100 pp. Nottingham. Pearson. 5s.

HISTORY.

La Vie Parisienne au XIXe Siècle. Paris de 1800 à 1900 d'après les Estampes et les Mémoires du Temps. Publié sous la direction de Charles Simond. La Monarchie du Juillet. 1835-1870. 11×7½in., 79 pp. Paris. Plon. Fr.1.75.

LITERARY.

Letters of T. E. Brown. 2 vols. Ed. by *S. T. Irucin*. 7½×5in., 284+ 290 pp. Constable. 12s.

The Mind of Tennyson. By *F. H. Sneath*, Ph.D. 7½×5½in., 196 pp. Constable. 5s. n.

MILITARY.

The Siege of Mafeking. By *J. A. Hamilton*. 7½×5½in., 332 pp. Methuen. 6s.

Some Reminiscences of the War in South Africa. By *the Earl de la Warr*. 7½×5in., 136 pp. Hurst & Blackett. 1s.

How to Read the War News from China. 6×4in., 112 pp. Unwin. 1s.

Simple Lectures for Company Training. By *Major A. W. A. Pollock*. 2nd Ed. 7½×5in., 135 pp. Clowes. 3s.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Speaker's Chair. By *E. Lumsden*. 7½×5in., 190 pp. Unwin. 2s. 6d.

POETRY.

Ergo Amicitiæ, and other Poems. By *C. W. H. Kenrick*. 7×4½in., 71 pp. Skeffington. 2s.

Songs of the Unseen Hope. By *Lucy Massey*. 7½×6in., 124 pp. Skeffington. 5s.

REPRINTS.

Characteristics of Men, Manners, Opinions, Times, &c. By the *Rt. Hon. Anthony Earl of Shaftesbury*. Ed. by J. M. Robertson. 2 vols. 8½×5½in., 338—375 pp. Grant Richards. 10s. 6d. n. each.

Burke's French Revolution. (The Scott Library.) Ed. by *C. Sampson*. 7×4½in., 314 pp. Walter Scott. 1s. 6d.

Orations of Cicero. (The Scott Library.) Ed. by *E. W. Norris*. 7×4½in., 302 pp. Walter Scott. 1s. 6d.

David Copperfield. By *Charles Dickens*. (The Century Library.) 6¼×4½in., 920 pp. Nelson. 2s.

Paris Sketch-Book. By *W. M. Thackeray*. (The Century Library.) 6½×4½in., 835 pp. Nelson. 2s.

The Tale of Chloe. By *George Meredith*. 5½×3½in., 137 pp. Constable. 3s. 6d. n.

Selected Poems of George Meredith. 5½×3½in. 201 pp. Constable. 3s. 6d. n.

The Story of Bhanavar the Beautiful. By *George Meredith*. 5½×3½in., 105 pp. Constable. 3s. 6d. n.

The Works of Tobias Smollett. Vol. X. Ed. by *W. E. Henley*. 9×6in., 297 pp. Constable. 7s. 6d. n.

Thomson's Winter. With Introduction by *W. Wallis*, Q.C., LL.D. 8½×5½in., 45 pp. Bartlett. 1s. n.

Peggy of the Bartons. By *B. M. Croker*. 9×6in., 128 pp. Methuen. 6d.

SCIENCE.

Cyclopædia of American Horticulture. Vol. II. E—M. By *L. H. Bailey*. 10½×7½in., pp. 511—1035. The Macmillan Co. 21s. n.

Elementary Studies in Chemistry. By *J. Torrey, junr.* 8×5½in., 187 pp. Constable. 6s. n.

A Treatise on Zoology. Vol. II. Ed. by *E. R. Lankester*. 9×6in. Black. 15s. n.

THEOLOGY.

"Thy Kingdom Come." By the *Rev. T. L. Williams*. 7½×5in., 200 pp. Wells, Gardner. 3s. 6d.

TRAVEL.

Half-Hours in Japan. By *H. Moore*. 7½×5in., 263 pp. Unwin. 6s.

Literature

Published by The Times.

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NOTES OF THE DAY.

With our next number we shall publish a Supplement containing a complete list of the Publishers' autumn announcements. The names of the books will be arranged, as in our list of last year, according to subjects, the books issued by each publishing house being placed under each heading according to the alphabetical order of their publishers. The same issue will contain a "Personal View" by the Countess of Jersey, on "The Literature of Society, Past and Present."

* * * *

Interest is naturally felt in the appearance of the names of two popular novelists—Dr. Conan Doyle and Mr. Gilbert Parker (Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins has withdrawn)—in the list of Parliamentary candidates. The novelists who have sat in the House of Commons in the past—Disraeli and Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton for example—have been rather politicians who have written novels than novelists who have gone in for politics. The candidates whose fame really rested on their novels—candidates like Thackeray and Trollope—have, almost without exception, been defeated. *Absit omen!*

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Indeed, if as we are nowadays told the novel is to be the form in which ideas of all kinds are to find expression, this new departure in politics looks like a natural outcome of the tendency. At any rate there is no possible reason why novelists should not make valuable members of Parliament. They have often shown that they have a real grip of practical problems with which Parliament has to deal. Dickens pleaded eloquently, in "Bleak House," for the simplification of procedure in the Court of Chancery. Charles Reade understood the necessity of reforming prisons and private lunatic asylums, and also assisted usefully in the work generally associated with the name of Samuel Plimsoll. It was justly remarked the other day by Sir Walter Besant that some of the wisest utterances on the South African situation at the time of the raid came from the pen of the author of "The Man who Corrupted Hadleyburg." Sir Walter himself saw sooner than anyone else the need and the possibilities of a People's Palace in the East End. Mr. Gilbert Parker, as we had occasion to mention only the other day, has rendered valuable service in helping to bring the Canadian Copyright difficulty within sight of settlement. If he is elected, he may render service hardly less valuable by pointing out to Her Majesty's advisers that general elections in the middle of the publishing season are opposed to the best interests of the country.

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Another novelist in the field is Mr. Mullett Ellis, who is standing for the Strand Division. It will be remembered that not many months ago the firm of W. H. Smith and Son declined to expose for sale on their bookstalls a novel which Mr. Mullett Ellis had written, and that Mr. Mullett Ellis confided his grievance to the Press. He now hopes to give expression to his feelings by representing the Strand Division. The Nemesis which he invokes would indeed be worthy of melodrama were Mr. Mullett Ellis to oust the Hon. W. F. D. Smith from a constituency within which (to quote his address) "the true heart of the nation is pulsing."

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The latest addition to the long list of periodicals is the *Northern Counties Magazine*, which is apparently intended to occupy a position analogous to that of the *Home Counties Magazine*, though the contents of the first number indicate that the editor desires to satisfy the literary as well as the antiquarian interests of his hyperborean supporters. A history of "Elswick"—"to be continued"—is the most distinctly local contribution; though Mr. E. V. Lucas, who writes a literary letter, devotes the whole of his space to "cracking up" two Northern writers—Mr. Sutcliffe and Mr. Alfred Ollivant. Sir William Eden writes on "Aspects of Modern Art." It is refreshing to find that he still ranks Mr. Whistler among the four living painters whose names will live for ever—Degas, Monet, and Watts are the others. The number also contains a story by the Mr. Sutcliffe whom Mr. Lucas praises, and a poem by Mr. Swinburne, who reminds us that Collingwood was a Northumbrian hero:—

> Our Collingwood, though Nelson be not ours,
> By him shall stand
> Immortal, till those waifs of old-world hours,
> Forgotten, leave uncrowned with bays and flowers,
> Northumberland.

* * * *

We heartily congratulate Mr. C. M. Neale on the first instalment of his labours on compiling an "Honours Register of the University of Cambridge," which is published at the price of ten shillings, by Mr. James Hitchcock, of Streatham. It is compiled with great care and accuracy. Like the well-known Oxford book, it will be of greatest value as a book of handy reference, and will, also like that work, afford to honourmen a continuous source of entertainment in the study of the

achievements of their acquaintances. Mr. Neale has improved on the Oxford book in this respect by adding in many cases a note as to the after career of his honourmen.

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From Mr. Neale's interesting preface we learn that there have been two previous essays in the same direction, published in 1808 and 1836 respectively. The latter has an amusing preface on the vast superiority of Cambridge over Oxford. "The accusation," says the writer, "of Cambridge men having too much mathematical learning appears to me like the accusation of a savage to a civilized man, who says to him 'You have too great a quantity of clothing about you.'" Mr. Neale reminds us that even in 1761 mathematics were not neglected at Oxford, as shown by Sir George Trevelyan in his record of Charles James Fox's studies at that University. As a Cambridge man, he may perhaps be pardoned for further extracting from Sir George Trevelyan's book the following delightful note :—

> A letter from Dr. Newcombe to his one industrious pupil indicates that the curriculum at Hertford College was not exceptionally severe. It appears, that when Charles Fox was away at Paris or in London, the scientific studies of the other young Whigs remained in abeyance. "As to trigonometry," says the Doctor, "it is a matter of entire indifference to the other geometricians of the college whether they proceed to the other branches of mathematics immediately, or wait a term or two longer. You need not, therefore, interrupt your amusements by severe studies, for it is wholly unnecessary to take a step onwards without you, and therefore we shall stop until we have the pleasure of your company."

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We are afraid it is doubtful whether the appointment of Dr. Magnus Maclean to deliver a series of thirty lectures in the University of Glasgow on Celtic literature will pave the way for a Celtic Chair or even a permanent lectureship. It is possible, but certainly not probable. The experience of the committee of the Gaelic Society a few years ago in their attempt to establish such a Chair hardly justifies such a hope. But doubtless much will depend on Dr. Maclean himself. Celtic scholarship has suffered much from unintelligent enthusiasm, and a lecturer who has been trained in science may do much to establish it on a firm foundation.

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The proposal to establish a lectureship of Scottish History and Literature in the same University has, so far, received little support. The subject was again discussed at the annual meeting of the executive of the Burns Federation held in Kilmarnock the other day. The primary question is of ways and means, and it seems scarcely likely that the Burns Federation will here be of much service. To found a lectureship at least £5,000 is required. One gentleman was of opinion that every one of the federated Burns clubs would subscribe. But others thought differently—and said so. It is true that the Kilmarnock Club has offered £25, and the Bridgeton (Glasgow) Club £50 towards the proposed scheme ; but it is useless to expect many other clubs to do likewise. The fact is that so long as the scheme is in the hands, primarily, of the Burns Federation there is little likelihood of much progress being made with it. Rightly or wrongly, it is not taken seriously.

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As we announced more than twelve months since we are to have from Mr. Elliot Stock a facsimile reproduction of the *Germ*, the journal of the young Pre-Raphaelites. We are informed that Mr. W. M. Rossetti has written therefor an "extended history" of the little magazine and its production. An "extended history" sounds somewhat excessive. Without undervaluing, as Mr. W. E. Henley has recently done, the importance of the Pre-Raphaelite movement, it is certain that the literature of comment and reminiscence called forth by it is already at least adequate to its importance. And after all the *Germ* was not a very momentous event in the movement. Dante Rossetti wrote sensibly in after years of the absurdity of prolonging the fuss about the boyish pranks of the brotherhood. None the less there is an interest in these immature journals of coteries of youthful genius ; and many of us, for old sake's sake, will be glad to possess ourselves of Mr. Stock's facsimile.

* * * *

We reprint Mr. Alfred Austin's poem, "The Mercy of the Mighty," from *The Times* of Sept. 21th :—

I.

No, not that they were weak, and we are strong,
Nor to avenge imaginary slight
To England's virgin majesty and might,
And make her long-armed Sceptre yet more long.
From field and forge She mustered virile throng.
And sped her war-shares through the waters white,
But to uphold repudiated Right,
And bring to end insufferable wrong :
That, on remotest shore where her renown
Wakes sluggish souls to strenuous discontent,
On her fair Flag should be nor stain nor rent,
No man to no man kneel nor grovel down,
But, all men wearing Freedom's kingly crown,
Hope still might dawn for darkest Continent.

II.

So to the Lord of the embattled host,
Not unto us, praise and thanksgiving be,
Who made this Isle vicegerent of the Sea,
And spread its empery from coast to coast ;
Empire whose sole and not unworthy boast
Is to proclaim the fettered must be free,
And, firm as Fate enforcing that decree,
Is least avenging when victorious most.
Therefore let now raid and rebellion cease,
And Might's twin, Mercy, heal the wounds of war,
Solace the hurt, and cicatrize the scar ;
Let race with race commingle and increase,
And Concord's portal henceforth stand ajar,
Guarded by Justice, Liberty, and Peace !

ALFRED AUSTIN.

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Stories of the mistakes of school children are continually cropping up in the magazines ; but we welcome those contributed by Mr. E. M. Griffiths to *Longmans'*. The writer classifies the blunders, and some of the most amusing are those due to errors in spelling :—

"All alkalies have a soupy feeling."
"Maidstone is the centre of the pop trade."
"I came sore and conquered."
"Unwhacked along Clitumnus"
"Grazes the milk-white steer."
"The night rat came rolling up ragged and brown."
"His brain was teething with grand ideas in all directions."
"If the earth did not revolt, we should always have equal nights and days."
"Stored in some trouser-house of mighty kings."
"The lungs are organs of excoriation."

* * * *

Mr. D. C. Boulger has a complaint against Messrs. Gibbings which he has sent to *The Times*. They have produced a new edition of his "A Short History of China," written for W. H. Allen and Co., and published in 1893. Mr. Boulger sold his rights, and has no control over the persons who purchased the remainder stock and the moulds. He alleges that Messrs. Gibbings have added a chapter, bringing "the history down to August," by some writer who does not give his name, and that this anonymity is intended to give a purchaser the idea that the whole of the book is by the writer whose name alone appears on the title page.

Now, this book was recently in our hands; and though the name of Mr. Boulger appeared alone upon the title page, a publisher's note made it absolutely clear that the supplementary chapter—not a long one by any means—was by another hand. The moral of the story, so far as it has one, is that, if authors wish to control the management of their literary property, they should not part with their copyrights. A freeholder selling a mansion cannot complain, even if he is proud of his reputation as a teetotaler, if the purchaser turns it into an hotel. A purchaser of the author's rights in "A History of China" might, if he liked, have used it as an advertisement for a pill or a hair-restorer. That Messrs. Gibbings should have engaged some one else to bring the history up to date, when Mr. Boulger refused to do so, does not strike us as unreasonable. The one essential condition was that they should not represent as the work of Mr. Boulger what was really the work of some one else. Had they done that it would have been open to Mr. Boulger to seek damages for injury to his reputation. In spite of Mr. Boulger's letter, however, they do not appear to us to have done anything of the kind.

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Mr. John Wanamaker is a store-keeper in Philadelphia. He is also a millionaire, and his present object in life is to stamp out the small bookseller. Judging from his own statements, we fancy he will cause some difficulty to the American Publishers, Association, whose proceedings with regard to the department stores we recently spoke of. "More books," he proudly states, "are retailed over the counters at Wanamaker's than in any other house between the oceans. . . . Books are handled at Wanamaker's just as any other merchandise is handled—bought for the least that taking biggest lots and knowing how makes possible, sold as near bed-rock as may be." Mr. Wanamaker's literary style is not quite on a level with his literary ambitions. So interested is Wanamaker in the world of books that he publishes a monthly book-news. On one page the Lippincotts advertise a volume, post paid, for $1.50, but further on Wanamaker will send it for $1.10 *plus* postage, bringing it to $1.24.

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There was, not long ago, some discussion in the columns of *Literature* as to whether Browning's poetry was widely read. A Calcutta paper gives an anecdote which proves that, whether extensive or not, the poet's influence on his admirers is singularly potent. A young lady was engaged to a British officer. On finding out that he was not acquainted with Browning's writings she broke off the match. Six months later he presented himself and asked to be examined on the poet's works. She found that he had read all of "The Ring and the Book," knew the plot of "Paracelsus," and could recite the greater part of "Sordello." The last feat must surely have established his position as a fully-qualified "Browningite." Thus equipped he was again received into favour and the engagement renewed. To crown all, at the marriage six weeks later Browning himself gave away the bride.

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English editions multiply of the German text of the "Buch der Lieder," about which we write in another column. The late Dr. Buchheim and the "Golden Treasury" led the way some time ago; only the other day Messrs. Methuen issued a pretty little edition; and now we have it as a "Temple Classic." It is the very book for this series; never could form and matter be better matched. It is a pity that there is no equally unexceptionable example of Heine's equally fascinating prose to accompany it. But wicked as Heine was, it would be still more wicked to expurgate him. Perhaps Buch Le Grand, the Book of Ideas, might do, with an anthology of passages from the rest of the Reisebilder, or the Gods in Exile, or the Elementargeister.

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Dr. Hay Fleming is preparing a new edition of Patrick Walker's "Biographia Presbyteriana," which will be published in two volumes by Messrs. Constable. The book has a value of its own. It has the additional interest of being one of the acknowledged sources of Louis Stevenson's style. Stevenson himself proclaimed the parentage in a letter included in Mr. Colvin's edition of the Correspondence; and before the publication of this letter the filiation had been noted by Mr. Crockett in an inscription in a copy of the "Biographia Presbyteriana," which he gave to a well-known writer in the *British Weekly*. "A Man of Kent" quotes the inscription in the course of some remarks on the forthcoming new edition of Patrick Walker's work. It runs as follows: "I used it—*i.e.*, the 'Biographia Presbyteriana'—largely for fact and style in 'The Raiders' and 'The Killing Time,' hence the critics said I imitated the style of another thief, R. L. S. The footprints are very plain throughout the volumes." Stevensonians need not be offended with Mr. Crockett for the word "thief." R. L. S. himself used it to describe the legitimate process of literary indebtedness of two such beloved masters as Thackeray and Dumas *père*.

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Björnstjerne Björnson is recovering from the illness which caused much anxiety to his friends, and as soon as he can travel he will go to Rome for the winter.

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Every student of English literature will hope that the announcement of a collected edition of Ruskin is correct, though the Ruskin Union meeting ignored the fact. Hitherto the mere bookman has been somewhat neglected by the publisher of Ruskin's work. To use the cant phrase of Carlyle, we have been invited to consider in him "the hero," and the hero as anything but a man of letters. Hence the heterogeneous aspect of his books. The man who could afford to buy "Modern Painters" or "The Stones of Venice," even in a reprint, would be highly indignant if asked to subscribe—in any sense—to the doctrines preached in "Unto this Last." On the other hand, the people who worshipped Ruskin as a teacher of ethics cared nothing about him as a teacher of art, and perhaps knew as little of Turner as any of the Early Victorian art critics against whom "an Oxford Graduate" first took up his parable. Thus the need for a complete uniform edition of Ruskin was neither felt nor satisfied, though of late there has been a tendency to bring his books into a single *format* and binding.

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Nowadays, however, the case is altered. Ruskin the art critic and Ruskin the social reformer have both suffered an eclipse, if not a sea-change. We have got beyond the rather elementary canons of "Modern Painters," and those who would still speak with Ruskin of Mr. Whistler throwing a pot of paint in the face of the public must admit that the pot of paint has effectually coloured their view of art. In the same way the world is much more tolerant towards a "new political economy," and the doctrine which shocked the public forty years ago, so that Thackeray had to bar the doors of his magazine against it, might now find access to *Blackwood* itself without causing the least thrill of excitement. Ruskin's influence in art criticism and social philosophy has given place to the newer lights which it kindled. What we value him for is not so much his matter as his manner. We are not sure that he is a good model for the young; but no library which does not contain his complete works can profess to represent Victorian prose with any decency.

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We hope to see a complete edition of Ruskin in which the wants of the literary student are primarily considered. To that end it must neither be too expensive nor too voluminous. Ruskin himself, with the somewhat Philistine taste in literary matters from which he never freed himself, held that a book could only be made beautiful by having large margins, big heavy type, thick paper, and the other devices by which booksellers profess to give "value for money." There is no trace, so far as we know, that he cared about artistic printing, or had any particular concern for the typography of his books, beyond employing the rather infantile device of red-lettering. Also, he despised the cry for cheap books. "No book, I believe," he said, "is ever worth half so much to its reader

as one that has been coveted for a year at a bookstall, and bought out of saved half-pence, and perhaps a day or two's fasting." If Ruskin had ever had to buy books in this way himself, he might have been more tolerant of those who had not a "kind papa" to buy them all the books they wanted, in creamy vellum or crushed Levant. We hope that the designers of the new edition will abandon the tradition that a book must be unnecessarily bulky and dear in order to be worthy of an apostle of beauty.

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Mr. W. E. Henley announced the other day that "Boxiana" had led him to the conclusion that Pierce Egan was a man with some knowledge of slang, but a total incapacity for seeing anything. In that case it can only be said that Egan had a powerful imagination, for two of his works have become classics, though of that sort which are better known by hearsay than at first hand. "Life in London," of which a reprint is shortly to be issued, really owes its fame more to Thackeray than to its author. A "Roundabout Paper" is devoted to this friend of Thackeray's youth. He had to admit that the book was not so brilliant on reperusal as he had always believed it to be. We all know books of which we can say the same, and perhaps they are the wisest who strenuously refuse to read again in mature life the books of which they were fondest in their childhood, lest a similar disenchantment should blur some of their brightest memories. Nowadays "Life in London" is a scarce book, being most in demand among collectors of Cruikshank's pictures, and seldom falls into the hands of a boy. Older readers will admit that both pictures and text have lost the charm which Thackeray found in them. Jerry Hawthorn, Corinthian Tom, and Bob Logic, the Oxonian, are rather melancholy companions, and the book is chiefly notable for its antiquarian value. Has any one, by the way, ever answered Thackeray's question as to the whereabouts of the "Corinthian path" on which Tom and Jerry strutted before dinner and its "rich wines"?

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This passage is by no means the only reference which Thackeray makes to the book. Lord Kew, in "The Newcomes," brings the book to beguile the convalescence of his little cousin. In an article published in 1840, about the time of this episode, Thackeray tells us that he went to the British Museum and five circulating libraries in quest of Egan's book, without being able to find it at any one of them. The British Museum has provided itself since then, we imagine. But the student of English society must not trust too implicitly to Egan's picture of Georgian life. "When the future student of our manners," said Thackeray, "comes to look over the pictures and the writing of these queer volumes, what will he think of our society, customs, and language in the consulship of Plancus?" But do we even now believe everything that is in fiction to be true to life? The verdict which Mr. Henley passed on "Boxiana" must be extended to "Life in London," which is rather a wild phantasmagoria than a real attempt to represent the manners and customs of our great-grandfathers. Nevertheless, all London, knowing this as well as possible, once read it with delight. It will be curious to see if we can do the same.

Election Addresses.

The electioneering addresses which have filled the columns of the newspapers during the last few days provide some food for thought from the literary point of view. They all conform to a type—a type crushing to individuality, to the sparkle of wit, to higher graces of style—but a type which truly mirrors on the one hand the average literary capacity of the Anglo-Saxon politician, and on the other the average literary taste and political temper of the Anglo-Saxon voter. How much more entertaining it would be if our Parliamentary candidates felt themselves able to indulge in the vivacious and epigrammatic personalities of our Republican neighbours! What scope for the finer nuances of rhetoric would be supplied if they could only supply a public craving for sensation with such racy comparisons as that quoted by Mr. Bodley from an actual French electoral address:—

> One of us is an honest man; but which? X leads a luxurious life among princes of finance, though he is absolutely without resources, though his newspaper brings him in nothing, and his relations have to support him; while I live modestly in the provinces where I have won an exceptional position at the Bar. X confesses he has not paid his debts, while I have paid the debts of others. His furniture is still unpaid for, yet he has shooting and horses. I deprive myself of these luxuries, but I owe nothing to my tradesmen.

This certainly sails rather near the wind of libel; if indeed it is not exposed to the full force of the gale. It is due no doubt chiefly to the absence of any sound system of party government. But personal recrimination offers an attractive field for the verbal fireworks dear to the French politician; and the opportunity offered by an election address it is hard for him to resist. The *argumentum ad hominem* is not entirely unknown in English politics; but it is less offensively used than it was. It is conspicuously and refreshingly absent from the most important of the manifestoes now put before the electors. Yet the public to whom they are addressed is said to be a public interested only in trivialities; with an insatiable craving for personalia; and devoid of the power of attending to any serious subject unless it is served up in the form of a brief and tasty titbit. That is certainly not the view our politicians take of their public. Their addresses, instead of being terse appeals confined to generalities, are often exhaustive pamphlets dealing with every aspect of the situation. This certainly gives as little cause for regret as does their refusal to indulge in the personal amenities of the French. Here there is a rigid line drawn between public and private life, and to overstep it is to offend public taste. Politics is a game for the politician, and his natural instinct is to play the game fairly. But it is an equally natural instinct to take this game, as Englishmen take all games, seriously. "They talked seriously only about horses," says a young American lady, in a recent novel, after her first experience of English society. "Ah!" is the reply, "you hadn't fallen in with the yachting crowd." Hence the candidate of to-day attacks both the questions of the day and his opponents with the utmost gravity and earnestness. No tricks of style, no allusive conceits, no lapses into unexpected humour are expected to mar the effect of his weighty, solid, and business-like utterances. The election addresses reflect on the whole the Parliamentary oratory of the day. The English House of Commons is in a greater degree than any similar assembly lacking in patience with speakers who do not speak to the point; and in the present day there is undoubtedly some decadence both in fine oratory and in wit. The result is a certain uniform level in political utterances. An able man who is long versed in public affairs acquires, be his culture what it may, a workmanlike style, lucid, fluent, and matter of fact. This becomes the recognized language of statesmanship, and in the face of the English dislike of idiosyncrasy or eccentricity, it is conformed to, save in exceptional instances, by those who possess far superior literary gifts. There are traces of individuality in one or two of the addresses now before us. In the polished and elaborate diction of the short address issued by Mr. Balfour, we catch some savour of the author of "Foundations of Belief." Lord Salisbury and Sir William Harcourt never fail to remind us that they were once journalists of the highest order; Lord Rosebery's mastery of phrase shows itself alike in his political letters and his books; Mr. John Morley's addresses are, as a rule, masterly examples of literary skill. Mr. Birrell cannot disguise the fact that he is Mr. Birrell, and his manifesto may be taken as one revolt against the stilted periods into which these productions so often lapse. But on the whole there is a singular absence of "expression" in the artistic sense. We do not in England look for, or obtain, a feast of literary entertainment. But even the literary connoisseur may perhaps feel that this price is not a high one to pay for a spirit of courtesy and a recognition of the seriousness and gravity of the issues discussed.

THE WILLOW.

The love-lorn willow grieves and grieves,
And through its fragile anguish flows
The ancient weeping sound of those
That love bereaves, that death bereaves.

Amid the still of windless eves
It bends to earth with weight of woes—
Of who achieves, and who for-goes,—
Of who deceives, and undeceives.

O drooping soul that grieves and grieves!
Until a wind of heaven blows,
And lifts the outer dusk, and shows
The under-moonlight of the leaves!

ETHEL WHEELER.

Personal Views.

ON THE MATTERHORN.

Owing to my having read very little Alpine literature, I have seen but few attempts to analyse the mental experiences of the novice who, for the first time, ascends any of the higher peaks. And having read nothing upon the subject I was naturally curious, while I was at Zermatt this last summer, as to what these experiences were. I may own frankly that the desire to find out had a great deal to do with my trying mountaineering. A writer, and especially a writer of fiction, has, I think, one plain duty always before him. He ought to know and cannot refuse to learn, even at the cost of toil and trouble, all the ways of the human mind. And experience at second-hand can never be relied on. The average man is afraid of saying he was afraid. And the average climber is one who has long passed the interesting stage when he first faced the unknown. I was obviously a novice, and a green one, when I tried the Matterhorn. That I was such a novice is the only thing which makes me think my experience at all interesting from the psychological point of view. And to my mind that point of view is also the literary one.

On looking back, I certainly believe I was very much afraid of the mountains in general, and of the Matterhorn in particular. It is difficult, however, to say where fear begins and mere natural nervousness leaves off. Fear, after all, is often the note of warning sounded by a man's organism in the face of the unknown. It is hardly strange it should be felt upon the mountains. But if I was afraid of the mountains (and I thought that I was), I was certainly curious. During my first week at Zermatt I had done a good second-class peak, but had been told that the difference between the first and second class was prodigious. This naturally excited curiosity. And I began to feel that my curiosity could only be satisfied by climbing the Matterhorn. For one thing that mountain has a great name; for another it looks inaccessible. And it had only been done once this year. If I did it I should be the first Englishman on the summit for the season. And the guides were doubtful whether it would "go."

But after all, was it not said by folks who climbed to the Schwartzsee that the mountain was really easy? Were not the slabs above the Shoulder roped? Did not processions go up it in the middle of the season? And yet it was now only the first of July and there was a good deal of new snow on the mountain. And why were the guides just a little doubtful? Perhaps they were doubtful of me; and yet Joseph Pollinger had taken me up three smaller peaks. I decided that I had hired him to do the thinking. But I could not make him do it all.

The day I had spent upon the Wellenkuppe had been a time of imagination, and I had seen the beauty of things. But from the Matterhorn I can eliminate the element of beauty. I saw very little beauty in it or from it. I had other things to do than to think of the sublime. But I could think of the ridiculous, and at one o'clock in the morning when we started from the hut with a lantern I said the whole proceeding was folly. I was a fool to be there. And down below me, far below me, glimmered the crevassed slopes of the Furgg Glacier. I grew callous and absorbed, and I shrugged my shoulders as the dawn came up. I did not care to turn my eyes to look upon the red rose glory of the lighted Dom and Tischhorn. Let them glow!

At the upper ice-filled hut we rested. The vastness of the mountain began to affect me. I saw by now that the Wellenkuppe was a little thing. The three thousand extra feet made all the difference. This was obviously beyond me, and I could never get to the summit. It was ridiculous of the Pollingers to think I could. I told them so quite crossly as we went on. Probably they had made a mistake; they would no doubt find it out on the Shoulder. It seemed rather hard that I should have to get there when it was so easy to turn back at once. But I said nothing more and climbed. My heart did its work well, and my head did not ache. This was a surprise to me as I had looked for some sort of *malaise* above twelve thousand feet. As it did not come I stared at the big world about me. I viewed it all with a kind of angry and alarmed surprise. Where was I being taken to? I began to see they were taking me out of the realm of the usual. I was rapidly ascending into the unknown, and I did not like it in the least. If we fell from the *arête* we might not stop going for four thousand feet. Down below, a thin blue line was a berghschrund that was capable of swallowing an army corps. That patch of bluish patina was a tumbled mass of séracs. The sloping glacier looked flat.

Then the guides said we were going slowly. I knew they meant that for me, of course, and I felt very angry with them. They consoled me by saying that we should soon be at the Shoulder, and that it would not take long to reach the summit. I did not believe them and I said I should never do it. But when we got to the Shoulder I was glad. I knew many turned back at that point. We sat down to rest. The guides talked their own German, not one word of which I could understand, so turned from them and looked at the vast upper wedge of the Matterhorn. It glowed red in the morning sun; it was red hot, vast, ponderous, and yet the lower mountain held it up as lightly as an ashen shaft holds up a bronze spear-head. It was so wonderfully shaped that it did not look big. But it did look diabolic. There was some infernal wizardry of cloud-making going on about that spear-head. The wind blew to us across the Zmutt valley. Nevertheless, the wind above the Roof, as they call it, was blowing in every direction, and the live wisps of newborn cloud went in and out like the shuttles of a loom. I came to the conclusion that this was a particularly devilish, uncanny sort of show, and stared at it open-eyed. But I was comforted by the thought that the Pollingers were rapidly coming to the belief that this was not the sort of day to go any higher. I was quite angry when they declared we could do it easily. For I knew better, or my disturbed mind thought I did. This was the absolutely unknown to me, and their experience was nothing to my alarmed instincts. I was sure that my ancestors had lived

on plains. Now I was dragging them into dangers that they knew nothing of. Nevertheless, I told the guides to go on. I spoke with a kind of eager interest and desperation. For indeed it was most appallingly interesting. We came to the slabs where the ropes made the Matterhorn so easy, as I had been told. I wished that some of those who believed this were with me.

But with the fixed ropes to lay hold of I climbed fast. I relinquished such holds upon solidity with reluctance. That yonder was the top, said my men, but for fully half a minute I declined to go any further. For it was quite obvious to me that I should never get down again. But again I shrugged my shoulders and went on. I might just as well do the whole thing. And sensation followed sensation. My mind was like a slow plate taking one photograph on top of the other. It was like wax, something now stamped out the last minute's impression. I heard my guides telling me that we must get to the summit because the people in Zermatt would be looking through telescopes. I did not care how many people looked through telescopes. So far as I was concerned the moon-men might be doing the same. I was one of three balancing fools on a rope.

And then we came to the heavy snow on the little five-fold curving *arête* that is the summit. Within a stone's throw of the top, I declared again that I was quite high enough to satisfy me, but with a little more persuasion I went across the last three-foot ridge of snow, reached the top and sat down.

The folks at Zermatt were staring, no doubt, but I had nothing to do with them. Let them look if they wished to. For it was impossible to get to the top, and I was there. It was far more impossible to get down, and we were going to try. That was interesting. I had never been so interested before. For though I hoped we should succeed I did not think it likely. So I took in what I could, while I could, and stared at the visible anatomy of the Mischabel and the patina stained floor of the white world with intense, yet aloof, interest. After a mere five minutes' rest we started on our ridiculous errand. But though I was as sure in my mind that we should not get down as I had been that we should not get up, there was an instant reversal of feeling. My instincts had been trying to prevent my ascending; they were eagerly bent on descending. I did not mind going down each difficult place, for I was going back into the known. Every step took me nearer the usual. I was going home to humanity. These mountains were cold company; they were indifferent. I was close up against cold original causes, which did not come to me mitigated and warmed by human contact or the breath of a city. I had had enough of them.

There are gaps in my memory; strange lacunæ. I remember the Roof, the slabs, the big snow patch above the Shoulder. Much that comes between I know nothing of. But the snow-patch is burnt into my mind, for though it was but a hundred mètres across it took us half-an-hour's slow care to get down it. Without the stakes set in it and the reserve rope it would have been almost impossible. It only gradually dawned on me that this care was needed to prevent the whole snow-field from coming away with us. I breathed again on rock. But the little *couloirs* that we had crossed coming up were now dangerous. I threw a handful of snow into several, and the snow that lay there quietly whispered, moved, rustled, hissed like snakes, and went away. But I could hardly realize that there was danger here or there. There was, of course, danger to come, yonder, round the corner of some rock. But the guides were very careful and a little anxious. It dawned on me, as I watched them with a set mind, that this was rather a bad day for the Matterhorn.

The distances now seemed appalling. After hours of work I looked round and saw the wedge stand up just over me. It made me irritable. When, in the name of Heaven, were we coming to the upper hut? When we did at last get there I began to feel that by happy chance we might really reach Zermatt again after all.

Once more I had vowed a thousand times that I would never climb again. But I know I shall, though I hardly know why. It is not that the fatigue is so good for the body that can endure it. Nor is it the mere sight of the wonders of nature. The very thing that is terrifying is the attraction, for the unknown calls us always.

But if there is a great pleasure, and a terrible pleasure, in coming into (and out of) the unknown, it is intensified by the fact that one is learning what is in one's self. It is a curious fact that writers seem to have done a great deal of climbing. Many of the first explorers among the higher Alps may not unjustly be classed among men of letters, and some of them, no doubt, went on a double errand. They learnt something of the unknown in two ways.

MORLEY ROBERTS.

Foreign Letter.

POLAND.—I.

Since the translation and dramatization of Sienkiewicz's "Quo Vadis" the interest in Polish contemporary literature, which has for some time manifested itself on the Continent and in America, is spreading in England. It is true that none of the Polish writers or poets of the present day will ever attain the European reputation enjoyed by Mickiewicz, Kraminski, and Slowackie. A change has come over the Polish spirit, which inevitably finds its expression in the works of the intellectual representatives of the nation. In the early part of the century the loss of political liberty was the starting point of a new era in literature—intensely nationalist in expression and tendency, new in form, and rich in variety. The ardent aspirations of the people, its hopes, its most intimate sufferings burst forth in the highest strains of lyric poetry; but since the wounds, which at that time seemed incurable, have been gradually healing, since the political destiny of Poland seems irretrievably settled, its literature has taken a wider range, and it is especially in fiction, criticism, and history that the Polish writers of the present day excel.

The most distinguished representative of this literary movement is unquestionably Henry Sienkiewicz, whose works have been translated and popularized in America by Mr. Curtin. His "Quo Vadis," although the best known of his works in England, is not the most important. "With Fire and Sword," "The Deluge," and "Pan Michael," an historical romance of the seventeenth century, which, in a kind of trilogy, recounts the heroic struggles of Poland against Russia and Sweden, had made him famous in Slavonic countries long before he had been heard of amongst us. The first of these three romances, which appeared as "feuilleton" in the *Slowo*, of which Sienkiewicz was at one time editor, passed through thirty editions in a comparatively short time. His talent lies in the vivid representation of the past. He is a word painter in the highest sense, and his vivid pictures contain much beauty, sometimes pathetic and sometimes tragic. "Without Dogma" is a novel of modern Poland, a kind of satire against scepticism and cosmopolitism. In his own country his "Children of the Soil" is regarded as his masterpiece.

Among the other Polish novelists, the merit of whose writings has been recognized on the Continent, but who are as yet little known in England, Elisa Orzesko and Gabrielle Zapolska, Zygmunt Milkowski and Aleksander Glowacki, deserve more than a passing notice.

Since the death of Turgenev, no other writer of Slavonic origin has enjoyed such general popularity as Madame Eliza Orzesko. None has described the present life and condition of the nation with greater truth, probity, and completeness. Her literary productions are the reflex of life in all its aspects—the various phases of society, the currents of modern thought, the many problems which demand solution. Her "Meir Ezofowicz" is, perhaps, the most impartial study of the Jewish character which has ever been written. One of her most important literary achievements is a novel in three volumes "On the Banks of the Niemen." It is a page of contemporaneous history, an exposition of a once heroic people in its struggle against the forces at work for the destruction of its patriotic instincts. She excels particularly in that kind of fiction called in Polish *powieśc* (popular tales). One of the most artistically worked-out of these tales is an idyl, the title of which would be best translated by "The Broken Chord." A translation of her powerful novel "Meir Ezofowicz" appeared in America in 1898, and another version of it last year in England. Mr. Curtin has just translated her latest novel "Argonauci," which, no doubt, will help to make Madame Orzesko also better known here.

The talent of Gabrielle Zapolska is entirely different from that of Madame Orzesko. Full of passion, her enthusiastic optimism and her revolt against the iniquities she sees around her often lead her into the exaggeration and brutal descriptions of the naturalistic school. Her books, therefore, do not appeal to readers who dislike revelations from the dark side of life. Yet her conceptions are always original and interesting, and her "Malaska" and "Kaska" have gained for her a well-merited reputation.

Zygmunt Milkowski, better known under the pseudonym of Jez, began his literary career in the brilliant epoch of Kraszewski and Rzewuski, and he has continued their high æsthetic aspirations. He is best known as the author of "The Uskoks," a work which has already gained a place among the classics. His name is a household word in Poland. Although he has written several domestic novels, his *forte* lies in historical romance, the kind of fiction always in great favour with the Slavonic public. Among the productions of this class we mention "The Knights of Olbracht," "The Bride of Haram Pacha," "The Sacrifice," "Two Hundred Years Ago," &c. These works show an intimate acquaintance with the history and manners of the period which he depicts.

A no less prominent place in the estimation of his countrymen is occupied by Aleksander Głowacki, who, following the fashion of the Polish writers of to-day, hides his identity under the *nom de plume* of Boleslas Prus. In his novels, which all deal with present conditions, he shows himself a thinker of no mean order. His "Placowka," a study of the mental life of the people, is considered his masterpiece, but "Lalka" also contains much striking delineation of character.

Fiction being in Poland, as everywhere else at present, the favourite literature of the great reading public, many other novelists of real merit devote their talents to this class of writing, for which a place is reserved in nearly all the dailies and reviews. Considering the poverty and the peculiar situation of the country, the periodical Press is exceedingly up-to-date and well informed. Warsaw is still the intellectual capital, the literary and artistic centre of a divided nation. Everything of interest published in any part of Europe is at once translated, analysed, and commented upon. Some of the serious reviews, such as the *Athenæum*, hold the same rank in Poland as *La Revue des Deux Mondes* in France. One of the best among the weekly publications is the *Review of the Week*, which was established about thirty years ago by Mr. Wislicki, and which has greatly contributed to the evolution of æsthetic and social ideas in Poland. Literary criticism is conducted in most of the periodicals by men of great erudition and acumen, such as Spasowicz, who has written an excellent "History of Polish Literature"; Chmielowski, the eminent biographer of Mieckiewicz; Waliszewski, so well known by his fine literary studies; Kaszewski, who has given the best translation in Polish of the principal Greek dramas, and many others.

The political and economic vicissitudes through which Poland has passed make it a rich field for the historian and biographer. Much use is made of the new methods of historical research, which have reconstructed the tragic and glorious characters and events of the past of Poland. We need only call to mind the names of Szujski, Bobrzynski, Kalinka, and the celebrated authoress who, under the pseudonym of Lucas Pierre Leliwa, has published a series of historical monographs, the finest of which is the "History of King John Sobieski."

L. G.

THE SUBJECT CATALOGUE OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

The printed catalogue of books in the library of the British Museum is nearing completion. The word should be taken in a relative sense, since the annual accessions of printed matter amount to over 100,000 books and 250,000 newspapers. Still, the catalogue, commenced in 1880, with additional lists giving recent acquisitions, will be finished before the end of the year. The gigantic nature of the undertaking will at once become clear to the general reader when he considers that the catalogue itself consists of over 800 volumes. The MS. catalogue numbered between 2,000 and 3,000 volumes (in which additions, printed on slips of paper, were pasted in), so that a considerable saving has been effected.

The work, which has taken twenty years and cost about £40,000, has been done entirely by the staff of the British Museum, which includes experts in every possible language (including Welsh) and subject under the sun. It is accessible to the public at large as well as to the frequenters of the reading-room. It is published in 386 parts and 100 supplements, the price of the whole being £91. Those who are unable or unwilling to secure the whole of the work, but are interested in certain subjects, will have an opportunity of gratifying their taste by the purchase of a monograph on their favourite topic. To give two instances. The British Museum is especially rich in contemporary pamphlets on the French Revolution. Its collection numbers 19,000, and it may be mentioned, by the way, as an exhibition of literary amenity, that the authorities of the British Museum have presented the "Bibliothèque Nationale" with 30,000 duplicates in their possession. A separate catalogue of the pamphlets is in existence, but a volume containing a separate bibliography of the literature of the French Revolutionary period will eventually be prepared and see the light. Another interesting monograph is in contemplation—viz., of old printed books, arranged, not under the authors' names, which are of comparatively little importance, but of those of the famous printers by whom they were produced. The publication of these and other monographs will, it need not be said, prove of extreme convenience and value.

The present catalogue in the Museum, whatever its demerits, is a unique achievement. They may manage many things across the Channel better than we do, but they certainly do not know how to arrange a library. The unfortunate visitor to the "Bibliothèque Nationale" in Paris is presented with a ticket on which he writes down the name of any book he is anxious to consult; and it is ten to one that he will not get it. In Vienna and Berlin, since 1870, there are excellent libraries, but their catalogues are very imperfect. The best library on the Continent is probably that of Munich, which contains about 1,000,000 volumes. But its rooms are deserted, and one feels almost inclined to apologize to the librarian for intruding upon his learned leisure. The Author-Catalogue of the British Museum, on the other hand—its earliest form dates from 1787—is full and complete. Its arrangement, carried out, on the whole, in accordance with the ninety-one rules laid down in 1839, is simple and easily understood. Given the author's name you will find under the heading a list of his principal works, whilst an

appendix in the case of personages of special eminence, or cross references, will generally give you some information with regard to books written on the subject of your inquiry.

The difficulty arises when you are ignorant of the author's name or desire to gain knowledge of a subject with which you are unfamiliar. How are you to get enlightened? Where are you to look for the sources of information? The Author-Catalogue gives you help to a certain extent. There are the biographical cross references to which we have referred above. In some other cases the entries are arranged under their subjects. Thus, looking up the heading "Bible," you will find a list of the several books of the Old and New Testaments with commentaries thereon. Under "London" are given the various institutions and societies connected with the metropolis. But, except in special cases, the Author-Catalogue confines itself to the names of authors and makes no reference to subjects or things. A most valuable supplement to the catalogue is the subject index of modern works ranging from 1880 to 1895 compiled by Mr. Fortescue, the present Keeper of printed books. A further instalment, carrying on the list until the beginning of 1900, is now in hand. Mr. Fortescue's work, the burden of which fell entirely on his own shoulders, combines in its arrangement the grouping according to classes and subject indexes. It is an admirable production so far as it goes, but it is necessarily very incomplete. To mention only one desideratum—a list of novels and plays would be found extremely useful.

Now that the "Author-Catalogue" is practically completed, it is quite possible that the industry to which we owe the "Fortescue Catalogue" will be employed in elaborating a scheme for a "Subject Catalogue" on a large scale. The staff is available, and, under the direction of its highly competent chief is ready, nay, anxious, to embark on the undertaking. The new catalogue, complementary to the old one, would probably be on the lines of the present Fortescue Catalogue. It will comprise both classed catalogues and subject indexes. The system of classification presents considerable difficulties, apart from the ludicrous mistakes made by cataloguers, such as putting Edgworth's "Essay on Irish Bulls" under the heading of Zoology, or "The Mill on the Floss" under Machinery. It presupposes that the student has a certain amount of knowledge which he probably has not got, and a hard-and-fast line between classes which in many instances science refuses to draw. On the other hand, indexing tends to an enormous, and sometimes needless, multiplication of the number of entries. The use of both systems seems, therefore, desirable. The Subject-Catalogue, according to calculations made, would most likely take about half the size of the Author-Catalogue. The idea would be to bring it out gradually in sections, such as Art, separate headings for different countries, &c., and not to wait till the completion of the work, which, as a matter of course, would take several years. (The number "ten," with other details which have been given in the Press, is quite imaginary.) The proposal has until now not been brought before the Trustees in their official capacity, but there is little doubt that they will give their sanction, when asked for it. Meanwhile, let us hope that the idea, which as yet is only a dream, may before long become a delightful reality.

CHESTERFIELD'S LETTERS.

There is, of course, nothing new to be said of "Chesterfield's Letters to his Son," but there is a little fresh information respecting that son, and there is a parallel to be drawn between the letters and a second series, which, published in 1891, scarcely attracted due attention. For Chesterfield made two great educational experiments. In 1732 he became the father, by a French governess in Holland, Mademoiselle du Bocquet, of a child, who was allowed the paternal name of Philip Stanhope, while in 1755 he became the godfather of another Philip, son of a cousin, Charles Arthur Stanhope, a Nottinghamshire squire of slender means; and, perhaps already perceiving that his first experiment was a failure, he virtually adopted this second Philip, who, on the extinction of the main line, succeeded to the earldom and estates. Convinced that "education more than nature is the cause of the great difference which we see in the characters of men," Chesterfield took infinite pains with both his wards. If in thirty years he addressed 122 letters to the first, he wrote in nine years 236 to the second, besides nearly a hundred letters to the boy's father. Curiously enough, although for nine years the two correspondences were contemporaneous, there is not a hint to either Philip of the existence of a homonym, yet the epistolary lessons in mythology, history, geography, and literature are on precisely the same plan, and the social instruction shows uniformity not only of ideas but frequently of words. Chesterfield had set his mind on producing accomplished courtiers and statesmen, distinguished in Parliament and shining in Courts. Yet in both respects the two Stanhopes proved egregious failures. Horace Walpole says of the elder, "Two quartos of licking could not mould him, for cub he remained to his death." And Fanny Burney says of the younger in 1790, "He had as little good breeding as any man I ever met." The elder sat in Parliament from 1751 to 1765, but his maiden speech was a failure, and though his father consoled and encouraged him, he made no second attempt. Chesterfield obtained for him minor diplomatic posts in Germany, and his capacity was evidently unequal to anything higher. The second Philip held some subordinate positions in the Government, and he steered clear of fashionable vices; but he became exactly what Chesterfield had deprecated, "an English bumpkin country gentleman, the most unlicked creature in the world, unless sometimes [licked] by his own hounds." Farming and hunting were his delight. These failures of the influence of environment, Taine's *milieu*, may have been due to atavism. The elder Philip on attaining manhood, and the younger on inheriting fortune and title at eighteen, seem to have given vent to their innate boorishness and indolence.

Chesterfield did not live to see the frustration of his hopes of his second experiment, and there is reason to think that he was ignorant of the full extent of such frustration in the first. He had the mortification, indeed, when his son died of dropsy at Avignon in 1768, of discovering that he had for at least three years been secretly married to a young woman without fortune. But this duplicity was not all. Notarial documents recently examined by M. Gustave Bayle, of the Calvet Museum at Avignon, leave little doubt that he had secretly embraced Catholicism. The facts are these. The widow, on returning to England with her two little boys, evidently brought with her two certificates of her husband's burial at Vaucluse. In these a Cyrus Carteret, "originaire anglais," figures as having "par attachement pour lui et la satisfaction de Madame sa veuve" attended the funeral. Now this Cyrus Carteret was in April, 1769, executor of James Murray, Earl of Dumbarton, and is described in the will as Honorary Canon of Lille. The inference is that Stanhope had died and was buried as a Catholic, and that the omission of Carteret's *status* was a device of the widow in order to conceal the truth from Chesterfield, who shared the cold, formal Anglicanism of his time, and certainly regarded that religion as an essential quality of an English gentleman. He was not, indeed, intolerant—albeit he had told Philip at nine years of age "the Pope is an old cheat who calls himself the Vicar of Jesus Christ"—but it would have been a mortification to him to learn that his son had not only deceived him but had cut himself off from political preferment.

Chesterfield has scarcely had justice either from contemporaries or from posterity. He made, indeed, a mercenary marriage with George I.'s natural daughter, yet the lady seems to have been satisfied with her lot. He had the lax morality of his age and class; but because a daughter-in-law, disappointed with his will, sold for £1,500 letters never designed for publication, he has been treated as a deliberate corruptor of youth. Yet young men require no book to be incited to profligacy, and even if the Letters ever had any demoralizing effect they have long ceased to be anything more than a sociological document. Dr. Johnson has pilloried him in an unquotable epigram; Horace

Walpole has described the Letters as "the whole duty of man adapted to the meanest capacity"; even his kinsman-editor, the late Earl Stanhope, speaks of them as "repugnant to good morals"; and Mr. Lecky talks of his "low moral principle, his hard, keen, and worldly nature." Sainte-Beuve, however, bound to be more lenient to so warm an admirer of the French, styles Chesterfield the French Rochefoucauld, and finds in every page some felicitous remark. And it is but fair to remember that he was a scholar, a patron of distressed authors, a statesman, an orator, a wit, an acute observer, and a reformer of the calendar, of which last capacity we should be reminded by the impending omission of leap year. He predicted not only the French Revolution, but the fall of the Pope's temporal power, and no other noble of his time would have justified the execution of Charles I., or spoken of Cromwell as "a very brave and a very able man, who carried the honour of England to the highest pitch of glory." It is impossible to withhold respect from a man who, in a letter designed for his godson's perusal after his death, could say:—

> These exhortations are not the severe and discouraging dictates of an old parent, but the friendly and practicable advice of a sincere friend, who remembers that he has been young himself, and knows the indulgence that is due to youth and inexperience. Yes; I have been young, and a great deal too young. Idle dissipation and innumerable indiscretions, which I am now heartily ashamed and repent of, characterized my youth: but, if my advice can make you wiser and better than I was at your age, I hope it may be some little atonement. God bless you!

HEINE, THE SONG WRITER.

Heine's personality has to some extent overshadowed his work. Hence it happens that in the mass of literature that has grown up around him, there is comparatively little real criticism. With a few notable exceptions that will occur to every one, the printed matter about Heine shows what we may call an extraordinary and unpardonable partiality. Even so great a writer as Treitschke, the historian, was guilty of it, and he used to excuse his hatred of Heine and all his works with the phrase, "I can't be impartial when I speak of Jews and Englishmen."

Thus it will be well to lay aside for once our notions, preconceived or otherwise, of Heine, the man, and consider Heine, the poet. We are told every day that Englishmen do not read German, and yet an English firm (Messrs. Dent) has deemed it worth while to bring out Heine's "Buch der Lieder" in the original. The volume is prettily got up and of convenient size. We need not now discuss the wisdom or unwisdom of introductions, but we do venture to observe that if ever an introduction by a competent hand would have been in its right place, it would have been so here, taking into account the average Englishman's supposed or real ignorance of the masterpieces of German poetry.

Heine's songs belong to his lyrical and best period, which closes with the publication of the "Reisebilder" in 1826. The earliest songs are those included in the group entitled "Youthful Sorrows" (Junge Leiden) (1817-1821). Heine's critics have not perhaps sufficiently recognized how at the very start of his literary career—Heine was between eighteen and twenty-three years of age—he struck the note that was always to characterize his work: the mingling of grief and scorn, of pathos and cynicism. The whips and scorns of time had little to do with his outlook on life; such a mood was more or less inborn, intensified undoubtedly by the influences peculiar to his youth. In these songs the poet expresses his love and hate, his joy and pain. True, former poets had done the same, but none of them with so novel a conjunction of deep sadness and bitter irony. The verses to a singer (Caroline Stern of the Düsseldorf Opera) serve to illustrate his peculiar genius. They are song, music, legend, dream, the dream life of romance, with the touch of irony in the conclusion that wakes us to the gross realities of life. The poet listens to an old ballad perfectly rendered by a beautiful woman; he is wafted away to dreamland and lives in the dim past with brave Sir Roland until—

> he sank, foredone, forlorn—
> And straight with him my vision dies.
>
> . . . . .
>
> The legend now is all told out,
> The people clap their hands and shout
> Bravo! bravo! all round about;
> The singer curtseys to the ground.

Here is an admirable example of that study in contrasts which forms the basis of most of Heine's work.

The roughest classification of Burns' songs would demonstrate their range over the whole gamut of human emotion. If we attempted to do the same with the songs of Heine, we should find, possibly, that his range was narrower, but that the defect is balanced by a more intense emotion, a more personal scorn. And in dealing with Heine's songs we should remember to take note of a prose work of his that is closely related to them. In the volume of the "Reisebilder" occurs a section, seldom read, entitled "Ideen: Das Buch Le Grand (1826)"; it was written at the same period as the songs, and forms a sort of prose accompaniment to many of them. The description of Napoleon in the eighth chapter of Buch Le Grand may be taken as a running commentary on "Die Grenadiere" of the "Junge Leiden." Here is a passage:—

> It was in the avenue of the Court garden at Düsseldorf. The Emperor rode straight down the avenue with his *cortège*. The trembling trees bowed towards him as he advanced, the rays of the sun peered through the green leaves with an awed curiosity, and in the blue sky above a golden star was visible. The Emperor wore his uniform of invisible green, and the small world-famous hat. He rode a white palfrey, which stepped with such calm pride, so confidently, so nobly—that had I then been Crown Prince of Prussia I should have envied that horse. The Emperor sat carelessly, almost lazily, holding his rein with one hand, and good-naturedly patting the neck of the horse with the other. It was a hand like bright marble, a mighty hand—one of the pair which bound fast the many-headed monster of anarchy, and reduced the war of races to order—and it good-naturedly patted the neck of the horse. Even the face had that hue which we find in Grecian and Roman marbles, the features were as nobly proportioned as in the antiques, and on that countenance was plainly written, "Thou shalt have no gods but me!" A smile which warmed and tranquillized every heart, flitted over the lips—and yet all knew that those lips needed but to whistle, *et la Prusse n'existait plus*—those lips needed but to whistle, and the entire clergy would have stopped their ringing and singing—those lips needed but to whistle, and the entire Holy Roman Empire would have danced. It was an eye clear as the sky; it could read the hearts of men; it saw at a glance all things at once and as they were in this world, while we ordinary mortals see them only one by one and by their dim shadows. The brow was not so clear, the phantoms of future battles were nestling there, and a quiver swept over the brow, and those were the creative thoughts, the great seven-leagued-boots thoughts wherewith the spirit of the Emperor strode invisibly through the world.

Or read the Veronica episode (chapters xvi. and xvii.), a mere sketch, it is true, but instinct with poetical feeling, in conjunction with the love-songs of the "Lyrical Interlude." Here are one or two passages:—

> I sat down once again at the feet of my beautiful friend; near me lay her brown hound, and we both looked up into her lovely eyes.
>
> Ah, Lord! in those eyes lay all the splendour of earth, and an entire heaven besides. I could have died with rapture as I gazed into them, and had I died at that instant my soul would have flown directly into those eyes. Oh, they are

indescribable! . . . She sat near an old iron-grey soldier, a knightly-looking man with cross-barred scars on his terrible brow. They spoke of the Seven Mountains painted red by the setting sun, and of the blue Rhine which flowed beneath in sublime tranquillity. But what cared we for the Seven Mountains and the blue Rhine, and the boats with their snow-white sails which floated thereon, the music which rang forth from one of the boats or the jackass of a student who, seated in it, sang so beautifully? I and the brown hound gazed into the eyes of the beautiful lady, and looked at the face which came forth rosy pale from amid its black braids and locks, like the moon from dark clouds. The features were of the noblest Grecian type, the lips boldly arched, over which played melancholy, rapture, and child-like caprice, and when she spoke, the words were breathed forth almost sighingly, and then, again, shot out impatiently and rapidly; and when she spoke, and her speech fell softly as snow, yet like a warm genial shower of blossoms from her lovely mouth—oh! then the crimson of evening fell gently over my soul, and the memories of childhood flitted through it with ringing melody.

Burns, Béranger, Heine are generally regarded as the great song-writers of the world, a judgment that is unlikely to be challenged until there shall arise a greater than they. Some have found pleasure in comparing Heine with Byron or with Catullus. Such parallels avail nothing. Heine's songs have sunk deep into the hearts of the German people, and are sung by those who have forgotten or who never knew his name. This is true immortality. It would be difficult to match in any literature the dramatic simplicity of the "Lorelei," or the passionate longing expressed in the stanzas:—

A pine-tree stands alone on
A bare bleak northern height;
The ice and snow they swathe it,
As it sleeps there, all in white.

'Tis dreaming of a palm tree,
In a far-off Eastern land,
That mourns, alone and silent,
On a ledge of burning sand.

Or to match the perfect expression of a feeling of almost divine awe as we find in the lines:—

Thou art even as a flower is,
So gentle, and pure, and fair;
I gaze on thee, and sadness
Comes over my heart unaware.

I feel as though I should lay, sweet,
My hands on thy head, with a prayer
That God may keep thee alway, sweet,
As gentle, and pure, and fair!

And lastly, where, except perhaps in Burns' "Parting Song to Clarinda," does the everyday love tragedy find so true and poignant an expression as in the following lines? We give, as in the case of those already quoted, the translation of Sir Theodore Martin:—

A young man loves a maiden,
For somebody else she sighs;
That somebody else loves another,
And marries his winsome prize.

The maiden in mere vexation,
Because of the loss she has had,
Weds the first kind soul that offers,
And this makes the young man mad.

'Tis an old, a very old story,
But still it is always new;
And when and wherever it happens
A heart is broken in two.

It is by his "Buch der Lieder" and his "Reisebilder" that Heine will live.

THE DRAMA.

"THE PRICE OF PEACE."

"Derwent will stick at nothing," says one of his political supporters; "he has the courage of his convictions." Lord Derwent is the Prime Minister of England, and the protagonist of Mr. Cecil Raleigh's Drury Lane drama *The Price of Peace*, of which the chief episode—in the strict sense of the term—shows us how the Prime Minister of England, taking the courage of his convictions in both hands and a revolver in one, does not stick at assassination. The circumstances are as follows. At one of his receptions at Carlton-house-terrace, he has received a cipher despatch revealing that five thousand British troops are isolated on the North-West Frontier of India, so as to be at the mercy of "our hereditary foe"—Hyperborean let us say, discreetly—should the foe declare war, as he promptly would were he to learn the contents of the despatch. This all-important document the Prime Minister has handed to his daughter who, for reasons which, without entering into details, one may say do more honour to her heart than to her head, yields it up to an admirer of hers, the principal villain of the play, and Leader of her Majesty's Opposition. By this gentleman the despatch is transferred, for a consideration, to a spy in the service of the Hyperborean Government, who not only copies its contents, but commits them to memory. The theft is discovered. What is the Prime Minister to do? If the spy leaves the house alive there will be immediate war, opening with a great British disaster. Clearly this is the moment for the Premier to demonstrate the courage of his convictions, which he proceeds to do by summoning the spy into his study and, with the full consent and complicity of the Home Secretary and another member of the Cabinet, shooting him *comme un petit lapin*. The three statesmen then spread abroad a cock-and-bull story of suicide. That the scene is "dramatic," that is, charged with emotion culminating in violent, not to say fulgurant, action is not to be gainsaid. You get a "thrill," but the thrill immediately finds relief in a burst of hearty laughter. For the "problem" is of course as absurd as the persons who are set to solve it are incongruous. That the cold-blooded murder of one man is better than the possible slaughter of five thousand is just the sort of sophism which leads a muddy-brained anarchist to kill a Tsar at St. Petersburg or a King at Monza. It is not exactly the sophism to impose upon the Prime Minister of Great Britain and two of his colleagues in the Cabinet. When I saw the elderly gentleman in the blue ribbon and star of the Garter produce a revolver from the drawer of his bureau, I thought we were in for a replica (in still higher life) of the scene wherein Major Pendennis produces a revolver from *his* drawer and cows the bully Morgan, ultimately shouting, "It's not loaded, you fool." But the Premier's revolver was, it proved, loaded. He had the courage of his convictions, and Mr. Cecil Raleigh has the courage of his inventions. Well, let us, in our turn, have the courage of our sense of humour, and say we don't believe a word of it, but are vastly amused with it, all the same.

Though both the emotion and the action of the scene are false, given the personages concerned, the emotion and the action are nevertheless, as I have said, dramatic, and the wonder is that Mr. Raleigh has been able to find a corner for a really dramatic scene in the panoramic series of public "events" and public monuments in which he is compelled to locate his story. For the size of Drury Lane Theatre, the traditions of its management, and the taste of its patrons combine to demand not the dramatic, but the spectacular. Drury Lane drama has become less and less a drama of "situations" in the theatrical sense and more and more a drama of "sites" in the topographical sense. There must always be vast crowds on the stage, collected in accurate representations of places well known to Londoners. Lord's, Boulter's Lock, Tattersall's, Earl's-court, all have their turn. This time we have the interior of Westminster Abbey and the House of Commons in full Session—both from the spectacular point of view admirably done. That is to say, Drury Lane drama is wonderfully true to still life. Truth to life itself

is, however, not so easily attained. The events that are supposed to happen in the Abbey and the House might conceivably happen, but they have not happened in our time, and are not probable at any time. A bride renounces her bridegroom at the foot of the altar—the reverse of the situation in *Much Ado About Nothing*, of course—but a situation of romantic drama is not exactly a precedent for realistic drama. The Prime Minister dies on the floor of the House just as he is on the point of confessing the truth about the assassination. Again, we don't believe a word of it, and again we are amused—in the extended sense of the word—all the same.

The truth is, there is no taking a Drury Lane drama seriously. We are to gape in amazement at the spectacle, the feats of stage architecture and engineering, the marshalling of the huge crowds; the story is a mere fantastic supplement which may be believed by the marines. Nothing could be better, as spectacle, than the reproduction of the Niagara Skating Rink, ice-floor, tiers of boxes, skaters and all, or than the sinking of the villain's steam yacht; the things that happen at the rink or in the yacht are of no account whatever.

For my part, I confess to enjoying drama of this type—for a change. It is a relief from brain-fag. It presents you with a panorama of London while you sit at ease in your stall. And the inevitable absurdities of the story are at any rate more tolerable than the brazen music and semi-darkness which accompany the other kinematographs or "living pictures" at the Variety—perhaps I should say the other Variety—houses. Then it is quaint to see the seriousness of the actors, who put as much "conviction" into their parts as though they were figuring in a real play. There is Mr. Henry Neville, for instance, as the Prime Minister, an absolute volcano of energy; and there is Mr. Cooper Cliffe, consummately Machiavellian and luridly Mephistophelean as the wicked Leader of the Opposition. Mrs. Raleigh and Miss Lettice Fairfax decorate the stage with their handsome persons and expensive gowns. The crowd is immense, in the slang as well as in the dictionary sense. Altogether, then, this *Price of Peace* is a most entertaining farrago.

And I see I was nearly forgetting one scene which, to the quiet mind, is the best in the play, though it really has nothing to do with it—the best, because here is an "intimate" touch, something of real observation. It represents a Convent School (actually existing) in the Marylebone-road, with its peaceful isolation from the world. The sense of isolation is heightened by the sounds that break in from without, the music of the Life Guards on their way to Albany-street Barracks. There is nothing irreverent; on the contrary, there is a genuine dignity in the simple professions of faith placed in the mouths of the nuns (whose Mother Superior, by the way, is very beautifully played by Miss Sitgreaves), and the children, too, are very good. There is something very sweet and refreshing in this little scene. It leads one to think that, released from the exigencies of Drury Lane drama, Mr. Raleigh might produce work on the plane of true, sincere art.

A. B. WALKLEY.

Reviews.

SHAFTESBURY.

The Life, Unpublished Letters, and Philosophical Regimen of Anthony, Earl of Shaftesbury. Edited by Benjamin Rand, Ph.D. (Swan Sonnenschein. 15s.)

Shaftesbury's "Characteristics." Edited, with an Introduction and Notes, by John M. Robertson. Two vols. (Grant Richards. 21s.)

It will be news to most people that Shaftesbury wrote a work called "The Philosophical Regimen," and nobody would have been more amazed to hear it than Shaftesbury himself. Dr. Rand has thought fit to bestow this title on the contents of a couple of common-place books preserved among the Shaftesbury papers in the Public Record Office, and first brought to public notice by the President of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, in his useful volume on Shaftesbury and Hutcheson. With what looks like a touch of covert humour, the President there remarked that these papers would probably repay a more careful investigation than he was able to give them. On this hint, however, Dr. Rand has gone seriously to work; and the result is the massive volume before us, containing 581 pages of hitherto unpublished matter from Shaftesbury's pen. About half of this has been furnished by the common-place books. The rest consists of letters from the philosopher to various correspondents, chiefly from the same source—the Shaftesbury papers in the Public Record Office. Dr. Rand has added twelve unpublished letters from Shaftesbury to Locke, preserved in the Lovelace collection, now the property of Captain King-Noel; and the whole forms an interesting volume, though the interest, as might be expected, is not equally maintained throughout. Shaftesbury, to tell the truth, is not in himself a profoundly interesting personage. But for the influence of Locke, who directed his education, and seems to have early impressed upon him that it was his duty not to go through life as a mere titled nobody, he would probably never have aspired to be anything else; and if Mr. Sidgwick is right in saying that the "Characteristics" marked a turning-point in the history of English ethical thought, this is mainly due to the fact that Shaftesbury became the literary exponent of a natural reaction against the moral and intellectual Epicureanism of the Stuart age. "Shaftesbury," says Mr. Sidgwick, "is the first moralist who distinctly takes psychological experience as the basis of ethics." Surely the Stoics had done so; and Shaftesbury did but equip himself with their armour and weapons. If any fresh proofs of this were needed, the note-books entitled by Dr. Rand the "Philosophical Regimen" supply them abundantly. The contents of these volumes were called by their author Ἀσκήματα, or "Exercises." They are, in fact, a series of themes, composed in the form of self-examination and self-exhortation, and written for the most part in a brusque, elliptical style, on texts taken from Epictetus and Marcus Aurelius. Dr. Rand has partly rearranged them by grouping them under thirty-four heads, such as "Deity," "Providence," "The End," "Good and Ill," "Shame," &c. They were undoubtedly meant as private exercises for the writer's own mental and moral improvement. Such a passage as the following may serve as a clue to the general purpose:—

> Now, therefore, begin anew; truly anew, and not as before; not μετρίως ἀσκητικῶς (laying hold with small effort, Epict. Ench., cap. 1, sec. 4); not κατὰ ψυχρὰν ἀθυμίαν (with half-hearted zeal, Epict. Diss. Book III., cap. 15, sec. 7). Know thy work, know thy subject-matter, instruments, rules. Has the carpenter so many? Is there so much closet-work, paper-work—so much study, writing, figuring, practising, there—and not in the same manner here? Why writing? Why this flourishing, drawing, figuring, over and over, the same still? What for? What, but for the art? Not for show, but for the exercise, practice, improvement. Writing and then burning. Drawing and rubbing out.

Shaftesbury, however, spared these exercises, and we do not regret it; they are easy and not uninteresting reading, though their strongly pessimistic flavour causes them to pall on the taste as one proceeds. They seem to have been written at intervals during a period covering the whole of Shaftesbury's literary activity down to the closing years of his short and rather sad life. On these years, spent at Naples in the vain hope of mending a constitution long undermined by congenital disease, the concluding letters in the volume throw a pleasing though rather melancholy light. The declining philosopher busies himself with antiquities, medals, drawings, and pictures, which are brought daily for his amusement, buys old masters for Sir John Cropley, the friend of his youth, arranges the copper-plate illustrations for the new edition of his "Characteristics," and keeps "an eminent master," a pupil of Carlo Maratti, at work in his house, painting the "Judgment of Hercules," designed by himself, under his own eye. This picture is to be the modern counterpart of the famous "Tabula Cebetis,"

described in the well-known Greek tract often in those days printed as a supplement to the Discourses of Epictetus. He is himself writing, in French, the description of this picture, which is to be the last of his literary compositions. He keeps up his interest in English public affairs, gives his opinion on current politics, and sends for all those pamphlets, on both sides, which have had the best circulation. He has at command music of the finest and gravest sort, in which his young and devoted wife, to his great delight, finds as much pleasure as himself. The winter of 1712 was his last. He died in his wife's arms in the month of February, 1713, less than four years after his marriage, in his forty-second year.

Mr. J. M. Robertson has provided us with a readable and well-printed edition of the "Characteristics," preceded by an elaborate introduction, and with some useful foot-notes. We agree with Mr. Robertson that Shaftesbury borrowed his philosophy from other sources. We do not agree with him that it was drawn more or less directly from Spinoza, whose teaching, Mr. Robertson argues, Shaftesbury was sure to hear of during his sojourn in Holland in 1698, even if he had not studied it before. Shaftesbury was not the man to pay much attention to the opinions of any contemporary philosopher. In the great controversy of his time—that between the Ancients and the Moderns, now chiefly remembered by Swift's immortal "Battle of the Books"—he was wholly on the side of the ancients. Mr. Robertson is nearer the mark in suggesting that Shaftesbury possibly owed something to the "Enchiridion Ethicum" of Henry More, which he praises in one of his letters.

LETTERS FROM AN ISLAND.

Letters of Thomas Edward Brown. Edited, with an Introductory Memoir, by Sidney T. Irwin. (Constable. 12s.)

The high place which the late T. E. Brown should have held among our recent poets was somewhat obscured by the fact that he chose to write in the racy but unfamiliar dialect of the Isle of Man, the "isola bella" to which his mind ever turned fondly and where his closing, as his earliest, years were spent. No such obstacle lies in the way of his admirable letters, which will be generally pronounced to be the best that have appeared in this country since those of Edward FitzGerald were given to a charmed world in 1889. Brown's description of FitzGerald's letters would indeed not need very much alteration to stand for his own correspondence:—

> There is an ἦθος in FitzGerald's letters which is so exquisitely idyllic as to be almost heavenly. He takes you with him, exactly accommodating his pace to yours, walks through meadows so tranquil, and yet abounding in the most delicate surprises. And these surprises seem so familiar, just as if they had originated with yourself. What delicious blending! What a perfect interwett of thought and diction! What a sweet companion!

It is true that Brown's life and character were somewhat widely different from those of FitzGerald. Instead of being enabled by fortune to lead the life of a country hermit, boating and browsing in books and companying with new or old friends as the fancy took him, Brown had to devote the greater part of his life to work which was none the less uncongenial because he did it well and often enjoyed it. The son of an ill-paid Manx clergyman, he crowned a brilliant school career with the doubtful blessing of a Christ Church servitorship, in the days of Dean Gaisford, when a servitor was made to feel the very inferior clay of which he was constructed. Gaisford actually refused Brown a Fellowship on the score of his poverty, though all the resident Dons petitioned in his favour. Brown's sensitive soul was cut to the quick by the numerous humiliations which he had to endure at Oxford, of which he has left the world an incisive record, though they are scarcely mentioned in these letters. Mr. Irwin has narrated the main facts of his life and sketched his character with great skill and affection in the brief but excellent memoir which introduces the letters. There we read how Brown, after one or two unsatisfactory experiments in life—he was for a time headmaster of the school at which Mr. W. E. Henley, afterwards his editor, was educated—was invited to go to Clifton, a school then struggling to win its place among the best of the new public schools. There he spent about thirty uneventful but influential years. His work both as a housemaster and as a teacher was done with a certain Celtic enthusiasm overlying and interpenetrating the thorough sense of duty that he had partly inherited and partly learnt from his father, of whose beautiful character a sketch is given in one of his best letters. But this was never the life that Brown would have designed for himself. What that life would have been one may guess from one of the few letters of the Clifton period that have here been printed. It is dated December 25, 1875, and begins by glorying in the "silence and solitude" that have followed the "row and worry" of the end of term:—

> And now the last rumble of their chariot-wheels has died away, Eastward, and there is not a soul about, and the sunshine is not embarrassed by having to make shadows for any strange bodies, and all is clear, luminous, delicious, universal intelligence. It floats and buoys me up all round. "My mind to me a kingdom is," or rather a four-post bedstead of gentlest solace. And surely this sweet blue air is the very life of the intellect. All storms, and individuals, and rapprochements, and relations, and permutations, and combinations seem to me now brutal and destructive, wasteful and deadly. That a blackbird should pipe may well be borne, and I swear to you (imagine some ethereal bird-of-paradise oath!) that there is nothing else. The sky is hung over this place by a most delicate diamond boss at the zenith, and believe me! it all swims in silent blue music. (I saw a sheep then, but never mind!) Where are the men and women? Well, now look here, you'll not mention it again. They're all in church. See how good God is! See how he has placed these leitourgic traps in which people, especially disagreeable people, get caught—and lo! the universe for me!!! me—me.

This very characteristic extract illustrates not only Brown's quaint sense of humour but his passion for a free communion with nature. Both these ruling qualities found full expression in the last five years of his life, when he shook off the bonds of school work and withdrew to his beloved native country, the "lil oilan" of Man, which his poetry had done so much to expound to the world of taste as the novels of his friend Mr. Hall Caine have done for the public at large. More than three-quarters of the letters here printed belong to these last five years, and it is on them that the writer's epistolary reputation is likely to be based. His likeness to FitzGerald comes out in many details, notably in his affection for the ways and speech racy of the soil.

> The Island [writes Brown] is one moving ant-hill of story. . . . It really does seem to me as if the whole Island was quivering and trembling all over with stories—they are like leaves on a tree. The people are always telling them to one another, and any morning or evening you hear innumerable anecdotes, sayings, tragedies, comedies. . . . And you've not been there a day before all this closes round you with a quiet familiarity of use and custom which is most fascinating.

Readers of FitzGerald will not fail to be reminded of his favourite chats with his old sea-captain and days spent in listening to the yarns spun by the Aldeburgh fishermen. Brown has transmuted some of the Manx stories into his best verse; it did not suit the rather exotic genius of FitzGerald to do as much for his East Anglian folk-lore, though he did overcome his constitutional laziness so far as to compile a vocabulary of local words and idioms. One notes another point of resemblance in both men's power of dashing off the daintiest little thumb-nail sketches with which to adorn their letters. For an example take Brown's impression of a Ramsey squall:—

> It blows great guns, a mighty blizzard strides landward, its wings deep purple tinged with a fury of sweltering snow. In

front of it leap the exultant waves, blue and pale green; behind all an ingruent horror.

If space permitted we should like to illustrate other qualities, the humour, kindliness, love of music, sense of deep religion, which are stamped on the pages of these delightful volumes. Much could be written on the significance of Brown's favourite Virgilian phrase, "Antiquam exquirite matrem," in connexion with his love for the Isle of Man. But we must confine ourselves to the appropriate subject of literature. Brown's letters are thickly set with little gems of literary appreciation, wherein again they resemble those of FitzGerald. We have collected a few of these, which should whet the reader's appetite for more. A happy contrast is drawn between Ariosto and Spenser:—

The "Orlando Furioso"—have you read it? . . . What a brilliant bird-of-paradise sort of creature it is! I think the hard enamel of this Italian reprobate pleases me better than Spenser with his soft velvet carpet, on which you walk ankle-deep in the moss of yielding allegory.

Of Scott, on a late re-reading, Brown writes:—

What a man! I am full of wonder, love, and praise; I seem to see all manner of great and good things; but the main thing is—the joy and the glory of it all is—what I suppose the French mean by verve, at any rate what I understand by that favourite term of French criticism. The inexhaustible streaming and bubbling up of the great old heart of him, his own boundless enjoyment of it all; this is health to the navel and marrow to the bones.

Of many French novelists we have striking appreciations, from which the following passages are taken:—

Madame Bovary *is* an exceptional woman. She is not like Messalina, but fate-borne like Clytemnestra. Pity her! she is pathetic I believe me she is, and intended to be so. The men are not adequate; there is the central poignancy of it all—the *hobereau*—is he much more? the *commis*—dreadful creatures. But Madame Bovary staggers into their arms drunk with the most infernal philtre, her eyes blinded with a mist as fatal as that which befooled Pasiphaë. Get rid of the satire notion, and approach this awful ruin as a ruin.

Manpassant did not attach much importance to beauty; but, in spite of himself, she sometimes hung upon his neck. . . . I think his "Bel-Ami" one of the most brilliant and annihilating works. A very devil! But, somewhere behind, there is a God, a God that hisses at his own creation, and spits upon the hurly-burly that has escaped from his hands.

It is impossible to do more than glance at Brown's dream of a chance night-meeting with Coleridge on the Quantocks, "like a great white owl, soft and plumy, with eyes of flame!" These volumes are not only full of "fine confused reading," but help to remove the fear that the growth of telegrams and post-cards had killed the art of letter-writing. We have little hesitation in saying that Brown's letters, mostly written within the last ten years, are worthy of a place on the same shelves that hold the letters of Horace Walpole and Cowper, Lamb and Gray, and Edward FitzGerald.

OTHER NEW BOOKS.

Richelieu.

While Mr. James Breck Perkins' fresh and graphic sketch of CARDINAL RICHELIEU AND THE GROWTH OF THE FRENCH POWER (Heroes of the Nations Series) (Putnams, 5s.) will not win the same popularity as Mr. Firth's exhaustive study of Cromwell, its most recent predecessor in the same series, it deserves a warm welcome. It will naturally be compared with the volume, of about the same size, on the same subject, by Professor Lodge, of Edinburgh. We need only say briefly that there is room for both. Professor Lodge deals more fully with the policy and the administration of Richelieu; Mr. Perkins more fully with his surroundings, his personality, the social life of his time. Mr. Perkins, as we knew fifteen years ago when he prefaced his exhaustive study of Mazarin by a sketch of the administration of Richelieu, is a master of the original authorities. In the last fifteen years he has not been idle, and if his studies of French history at the beginning of the eighteenth century have not been so successful as his earlier work, he has established claims to the gratitude of historical students. His sketch of Richelieu is facile and brilliant. We have found its interest so great as to read it at a sitting, which is after all something of a tribute to the liveliness of a history which is the work of a man who knows the period minutely. Mr. Perkins skilfully manages in a brief space to convey a vivid picture of the stern, concentrated character: he is certainly not a partisan, but he makes us feel the real greatness of the Cardinal. His sketch of Richelieu as a Churchman strikes us as particularly just; and equally vigorous is his account of his policy in regard to the Huguenots. Incidental characters, too, are well drawn, particularly Louis XIII. An English reader will note a few Americanisms; an ecclesiastic would perhaps regard such forms as "tunics" and "dalmaticas" as showing unfamiliarity with Church vestments; a lover of Dumas might resent the account of Urbain Grandier. But of the general accuracy and force of the book there can be no doubt. It is a vigorous and interesting portraiture of a great man, with a vivid picture of the times in which he lived.

For the Electors.

THE THIRD SALISBURY ADMINISTRATION, by H. Whates (Vacher, 15s. n.), is a convenient compendium of recent political history, which would be still more convenient if it had an index. The style is the flowing matter-of-fact style of the political leading article; and the point of view may be inferred from this passage in the introduction:—

Had Mr. Chamberlain become War Minister the course of history might have been changed. With a man of less aggressive temper at the Colonial Office the fire that smouldered in South Africa would have been damped down. Even had it burst into flame the likelihood is that the War Office would have been administered by Mr. Chamberlain with such energy and resource that the conflagration would have been extinguished without serious difficulty.

Not the least useful pages are those of the appendices, where we find extensive excerpts from Blue-books and other official documents.

South Africa.

Dr. M. J. Farrelly has only been about four years in South Africa; but as advisory counsel to the Transvaal Republic on the legal questions arising under the Conventions with the Imperial Government he was behind the scenes. His views on the political problems of the hour are set forth in THE SETTLEMENT AFTER THE WAR (Macmillan, 10s. n.), a work which should remove any lingering doubts that any one may entertain as to the justice of the British case, or the desire of the young Afrikanders to break up the British Empire in South Africa. Dr. Farrelly advised Messrs. Kruger and Steyn at Bloemfontein; and the advice which he gave them was good. He was himself a pro-Boer to the extent that he was in favour of the independence of the two Republics, provided that they gave all white men equal rights; but he was under no illusions as to Mr. Kruger's desire to come to terms. As regards Mr. Kruger's proposals for the extension of the franchise, he remarks sardonically that, supposing them to have been made law, the result would have been that "at the end of seven years and a half from 1889, if one had spent a large portion of one's life attending to the matter, the franchise would be attained." And he also declares that Mr. Kruger "thought the *minimum* demand was a maximum, that a mere bargain was being introduced, that, if he held firm, the Imperial Government would retreat, and never under any circumstances would resort to arms to redress the balance of power between Boer and Uitlander." Dr. Farrelly remonstrated, and there was a

moderate party among the Boers that would gladly have attended to his remonstrances, but the young Afrikanders got their way. Ultimately the Veldt Boers forced the hand of the Government—which, Dr. Farrelly thinks would have preferred to wait a little longer in the hope of Continental complications—by seizing the strategical positions on the frontiers of Natal; and then came the ultimatum.

As regards future policy, Dr. Farrelly knows his mind. There must be absolute and permanent annexation of the conquered territories, and then

> The institution of Crown Colony Government for some years to come is plainly inevitable. Any immediate institution of representative Government, in which the Boer inhabitants were admitted to the suffrage, would mean transferring the fight from the kopjes to the ballot-box. An electoral system in which the Boer had no vote would mean erecting an Uitlander oligarchy; and there is reason to fear an ideal kind of Government would not be the result, besides the inevitable consequence of perpetuating race-feeling.

Dr. Farrelly's book may not be the most interesting to read of the many books that have appeared on the problem with which it deals; but it is, we think, the soundest and most instructive. It deserves a wide sale—especially among those who are tossed upon a sea of doubt as to the exact facts of the case.

A Life of the Queen.

QUEEN VICTORIA: A PERSONAL SKETCH, by Mrs. Oliphant (Cassell, 3s. 6d.), is the last thing that Mrs. Oliphant wrote. The manuscript was not quite finished when she died, and it has been necessary for a supplementary note to be added by another hand. It is a book of which the critic can say very little except that it is a good book of its kind, but that its kind is not the best, and that it will leave the reputation of the author where it stood before. Mrs. Oliphant was a clever book-maker as well as a gifted novelist; and the work before us is a piece of book-making. It is "readable"; it is in admirable taste. One would have expected no less from Mrs. Oliphant, and, considering the subject and the circumstances, one had no right to expect more. The life of a reigning Sovereign, written by a loyal subject, could hardly be so written as to rank with Froude's study of Henry VIII. or Carlyle's study of Frederick the Great; and we may be grateful to Mrs. Oliphant for turning aside for once from the proper path of her genius to write a book which will undoubtedly interest many readers, though it afforded no scope for the display of her most characteristic talents.

Under the title of FROISSART IN BRITAIN (Nisbet, 6s.) Mr. Henry Newbolt provides a translation of portions of the chronicles bearing upon English history. It certainly is interesting to have this quaint first-hand account of such events in our annals as the battle of Otterbourne and the rebellion of Wat Tyler. The book is well got up, and has a couple of dozen pictures taken from old prints. It should have a place on the shelves of all school libraries, as it might help to make history lessons popular. Masters who have not taken modern history at the Universities will teach history the better for having it in front of them. Mr. Newbolt's introduction, however, is rather gushing than instructive, and therefore disappointing.

Mr. Edward Lummis' THE SPEAKER'S CHAIR (Unwin, 2s. 6d.) is a brightly-written little sketch of the duties and position of the Speaker and of the occupants of the Chair since the time of Edward III. when the Speakership first became a permanent office. The stormy times of the last half century are very lightly touched on. They would make a very different and more exciting story—as is well illustrated by the story of Mr. Speaker Arthur Onslow, who was asked what would happen if he carried out his threat to name a member. "The Lord in heaven only knows," he said. The knowledge is hardly likely to be withheld from any Speaker of modern times. Mr. Lummis is generally accurate, but he seems to have got wrong about Sir William Williams, the enemy of Jeffreys. Sir William was charged with libel (for having licensed the publication of Dangerfield's narrative), not in 1681, but in 1684, and it is not correct to say that the Duke of York remitted part of his fine, for the Duke had, in 1686, when the case came on, ascended the throne as James II.

JOHN RUSKIN (Melrose, 1s. n.) gives the story of Ruskin's career, especially of the early part of it. Mr. R. Ed. Pengelly, the author, is an enthusiastic admirer, but his book is a good popular sketch, and written with good taste.

We have received a new edition (the eleventh) of Messrs. Black's guide to LIVERPOOL AND DISTRICT (1s.). We are glad to note that it contains a bibliography, albeit only a short one.

FICTION.

Mark Twain.

At first sight it is not very easy to decide whether the new volume of our old laughter-provoking friend "Mark Twain" should be classed under fiction or elsewhere. There are more sermons than stories in THE MAN THAT CORRUPTED HADLEYBURG, &c. (Chatto and Windus, 6s.). Mr. Clemens has of late years allowed the tendency to what Americans call "preachments" to have its way, sometimes at the expense of both his humour and his readers. In the present volume a terrible example of this is provided by the long and rather dull—that we should say so!—article on "Christian Science and the Book of Mrs Eddy," which is a well-meaning but wearisome and somewhat unnecessary piece of satire. It is true that the curious sect of the Christian Scientists has apparently taken some hold of the public mind in the United States. Thus Mr. Clemens may have had a good reason for exerting himself to destroy popular faith in a creed which may do considerable harm to the credulous, and still more to their dependants and children. Still, we are not reconciled to the occupation of fifty pages by an attack which is really summed up in the one joke of the article, as follows:—

> Mrs. Fuller brought in an itemized bill for a crate of broken bones mended in two hundred and thirty-four places—one dollar per fracture.
>
> "Nothing exists but Mind?"
>
> "Nothing," she answered. "All else is substanceless, all else is imaginary."
>
> I gave her an imaginary cheque, and now she is suing me for substantial dollars. It looks inconsistent.

Mr. Clemens reprints his articles on the Austrian Parliament, on the payment of American Ambassadors, on the American disinclination to take any steps to put down the small abuses of daily life, and so forth. They are all marked by good sense, but many, we fancy, will prefer the inimitable fooling of "Mark Twain." This is well represented by the story that gives its title to the book, a worthy pendant to such delightful studies of life in the small riverside towns as are to be found in "Tom Sawyer," "Huck Finn," and "Life on the Mississippi." Still more charming is the fragment called "The Captain's Story," which we have read before but are delighted to meet again. This gives a rationalized version of Elijah's success in praying down fire on the altar, and well illustrates the moral:—

> You read the Bible. Don't you worry about the tough places. They ain't tough when you come to think them out and throw light on them. There ain't a thing in the Bible but what is true; all you want is to go prayerfully to work and cipher out how 'twas done.

Many readers will think that the nicest thing in the book is "The Private History of the 'Jumping Frog' Story," which not only contains a gem of French-English—"I no saw not that that frog had nothing of better than each frog" for instance—but shows that Mr. Clemens is not afraid of a joke at his own expense. It will be remembered that a friend maliciously called "Mark Twain's" attention to the condensed version of his story which Mr. Sidgwick had introduced into his "Greek Prose Composition," with a hint that this was an ancient Greek tale. The humourist fell into the trap. Now he reprints

his article bodily, with a footnote explaining that the title of Mr. Sidgwick's book made the confusion. "It seemed to mean that the originals were Greek. It was not well chosen, for it was pretty sure to mislead." It is not every humourist by profession whose sense of humour has allowed him to take a joke against himself in such good part.

THE DEAN'S APRON, by C. J. Wills and Godfrey Burchett (Ward, Lock, 3s. 6d.), describes life in a provincial cathedral town. It requires considerable literary skill to make this sort of thing interesting; but the authors have overcome the difficulty, and produced a work of the school of Anthony Trollope which is interesting throughout, though never exciting. The Dean married beneath him, and the story is mainly concerned with the social adventures of his wife whom the cathedral circle sought to snub. They had some success at first, but in the end they were duly brought to heel. How this happened is well related, with careful observation and quiet humour. We congratulate Messrs. Wills and Burchett.

THE LOVE THAT LASTS, by Florence Warden (Ward, Lock, 3s. 6d.), is a not very thrilling tale of secret towers inhabited by disguised females in male attire, and singularly inept villains who take their brides into the midst of it all, hoping to keep them from the heart of the mystery by the device which Bluebeard found ineffectual a good many years ago. To show a young woman a portion of her own house which she is not to enter because there is "absolutely nothing to see" leads invariably to the sort of adventure described on page 213, where Alison "drags aside the heavy curtain."

Those who love to follow the intrigues of the wicked and loiter in the red ways of crime may be sure of complete satisfaction in the reading of THE CRIMSON CRYPTOGRAM (Long, 3s. 6d.), by Mr. Fergus Hume. Not since "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab" has this author written so enthrallingly or with so much skilful characterization. We will not do Mr. Hume the disservice of telling the plot, but content ourselves with recommending his latest book to all who would spend an ardent hour in unravelling one of those curious crimes which he knows so well how to invent, the kind of crime more common, fortunately, in fiction than in fact.

Since the early days of the sporting novel it has been the pleasing ambition of all writers of fox-hunting stories to out-Hawley Smart in describing a run. Mr. Fox Russell makes a by no means bad start in this direction, but his novel, OUTRIDDEN (Everett, 2s.), lacks general interest. To the hunting man the book may bring pleasure, to the "general reader" the sporting note will appear too much insisted on. But "Outridden" is written by a man who knows his world and can give a fairly clear picture of its doings.

MONICA GREY, by Lady Hely-Hutchinson (Murray, 2s. 6d. n.), turns upon a theme which is not altogether unfamiliar. The heroine is a good woman who, being married, discovers to her horror that she is in love with a man who is not her husband. The knot is cut, in the usual way, by the deaths of the protagonists. It is a piece of unhealthy sentimentalism moderately well written, but badly put together. The author evidently wants to prove something—exactly what we have been unable to discover.

IN TALES OF THE PAMPAS, by William Baldin (Unwin, 2s.), the latest of the Overseas Library books, we have eight short stories of life in Argentina. They are moderately good, but not very good; though like most of the books of the series they tell us certain things about wild life in a wild country which we did not know before.

There is an enormous public waiting for the really amusing satire upon the modern vestryman. But although Mr. Allen Upward has perceived this fact he has not been able, in the volume entitled THE WONDERFUL CAREER OF EBENEZER LOUD (Hurst, 3s. 6d.), to do more than show the way. The story reads like a poor up-to-date *réchauffé* of that once much-read diary written by Thackeray's young friend "Mr. Stubbs," or a more parochial edition of Mr. Burnand's account of the real Robinson Crusoe.

LIBRARY NOTES.

Sir Edward Fry's opening speech at the meeting of the Library Association reads like a sermon against pernicious books. It also resembled some sermons that we have heard in exaggerating the evil which it denounced. Books of a directly corrupting tendency are of course to be deprecated and left unread; but they are not very often to be found in the public libraries, nor are they the favourite mental pabulum of the public. The experience of those who cater for the vast mass of the uneducated is that impropriety does not pay. The standard of propriety is actually stricter in periodical and other publications intended for the multitude than in those addressed to the cultivated and refined. It is, in fact, in regard to inept rather than immoral books that public librarians exercise too lax a censorship. A good many unnecessary "made" books live upon their patronage; and the sooner that patronage is withdrawn the better.

Mr. Frank Campbell, who at the beginning of the year resigned his post in the British Museum, has compiled an "Index Catalogue of Indian Official Publications," which are stored in the library. This is not, we suppose, an official publication; it lacks the imprimatur of the authorities. Some such record was much needed to serve as a standard to custodians of Oriental documents. Mr. Campbell's work bears evidence of much minute research and ungrudging labour. Above all the arrangement is systematic and yet so simple, and once its general construction is understood any document may be easily found. The contents of periodicals are set out, and a wealth of detail is furnished by appendices upon special subjects.

We can commend the excellent intentions of the librarian of a London parish who has published a "Dictionary" of his locality. We wish more librarians would do the same; but topography is a subject full of humours, and he who would study it needs something more than accuracy and a taste for cataloguing. Our author says that he has attempted to give concisely a short history arranged alphabetically. He displays a passion for detail which results in some delicious incongruities. For instance, the "Copper Mills" were on the river at the southern end of the parish, the watercress grown there is well-known." After the manner of the snakes which were *not* in Iceland are some of the entries. "Statues—none," "Heraldry—the parish has no coat of arms." Best of all, we are informed, under "Battles," that history does not record any battles as having been fought there, but sham fights have taken place on a neighbouring common. There is an entry concerning some elderberries having been "feloniously stolen" without being severed from the tree, which shows some cleverness on the part of the thief. But we must not be too critical—the *brochure* was originally compiled for a local bazaar.

The Public Library at Kimberley has, by the liberality of the De Beers Board and other subscribers, been considerably extended and altered, and the comfort of the readers much enhanced thereby. Miss Wilkes, the librarian, has resigned owing to ill-health, and a new librarian, Mr. B. L. Dyer, late an assistant in the Kensington public libraries, has been chosen, and has now arrived to take up his duties. Judge President Laurence, the chairman of the Library, to whom it owes so much, has been occupying himself during a visit to London in selecting new books.

The patient residents of Bow are at length rewarded by some tangible sign of the coming of the public library which they voted for so many years ago. The Vestry have now accepted a tender for the building, and a halfpenny rate is to be levied. This body cannot be commended for its attitude towards the library movement. Under the new London Government Act Bow will be incorporated with Poplar and Bromley, where libraries are now at work.

The foundation-stone has been laid of a new public library and technical school for the borough of Colne. The building is being erected by the Corporation at an estimated cost of £10,000. A movement is on foot for the adoption of the Acts at Dover. The City Council of Bristol has passed a resolution in favour of obtaining special powers to increase the rate to 2d. for the purposes of the libraries, now ten in number, and the new art gallery. The Town Council of Greenock resolved, in December last, to adopt the Free Libraries Act, and has since decided to place the library in the building in Wallace-square, formerly occupied as the Post Office. Mr. Andrew Carnegie

has now intimated a gift of £5,000 to be devoted towards the purposes of the new library.

We notice Annual Reports of the St. Helens Public Library and the Carnegie Library, Ayr. The former registers a slight decrease in the lending issues, accounted for in the usual manner—by the war. A series of literary lectures was given during the winter months, and a fifth exhibition of rare, curious, and illustrated books in the reference department attracted great interest. Ayr also shows a decreased use of the books, but is not to be tempted into speculations as to the cause. The fiction issue is 76 per cent., religion and philosophy one per cent. And this is the land of Knox and Carlyle.

Correspondence.

DEWLANDS, BLACK NOTLEY.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—The total destruction by fire of this humble dwelling, which took place last week, removes one of the most important relics of one of our greatest naturalists. John Ray (who, by the way, was never "Dr.," as he was described in some daily papers which announced the fire), though born in the village of Black Notley, was probably not born in this house, but in one nearer to the parish church and adjoining the village forge, his father, Roger Wray, being the blacksmith. Derham in his life of Ray speaks of his dying "at Black Notley (in a house of his own building)"; and, as this was certainly the Dewlands, it is probable that, on his father's death, the naturalist built this cottage—for it was little more—for his mother's occupation. In his diary he records:—"March 15, 1678, being Saturday, departed this life, my most dear and honoured mother, Elizabeth Ray, of Black Notley, in her house on Dewlands, in the hall-chamber, about three of the clock in the afternoon, aged, as I suppose, seventy-eight." As Ray was then acting as tutor to the son of Edward Bullock, of Faulkbourne Hall, Witham, only a few miles distant, he was probably with his mother at her death, and on the 24th of the following June (June, 1679) he himself moved to Dewlands, "where," he writes, "I intend, God willing, to settle for the short pittance of time I have yet to live in this world." He speaks in his letters of his garden as ill-situated and having a cold soil, of his house as exposed to north and north-east wind, and of himself as "one who is subject to colds and whose lungs are apt to be affected"; but at Dewlands he lived on and toiled on for twenty-five and a-half years, maintaining himself, his wife, and three daughters on the pension of sixty pounds a year bequeathed him by Francis Willughby and the profits of his literary labours. What these last were may be gauged from the fact that for his "Historia Plantarum," in three folio volumes of nearly 1,000 pages each, describing over 18,000 species of plants, and occupying most of his time for nine years—viz., 1683-8 and 1700-4—for he had no amanuensis—Ray received thirty pounds per volume, about threepence a page! At Dewlands the great naturalist died, on Wednesday, January 17th, 1705, modern reckoning, the dates of his birth and death now on his oft-restored tomb in Black Notley Churchyard being both wrong. From that time until its destruction the house remained practically unaltered. There is an excellent engraving of it in "The Correspondence of John Ray," published by the Ray Society in 1848.

G. S. BOULGER.

Sept. 24, 1900, 31, Argyll-mansions, West Kensington.

EDUCATION AND FAMILY HISTORY.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Many will read with interest and sympathy Mr. T. Thatcher's advocacy of the teaching of "heredity" as "a standing subject in our various colleges and training institutions for teachers." For my part I leave to more competent pens the discussion whether a subject so thorny as the breeding of men and women should be added to the burden of learning already heaped on young heads. There is so much to learn nowadays that we are in danger of forgetting that we are to teach the young mind *how* to learn, and the *habit* of learning rather than to make young and immature intellects learned.

But if ever "heredity" should become part of our national curriculum, it should be supplemented by a simple piece of instruction now much neglected. It is not of much use to teach lessons of atavism and hybridism and so forth to young people who do not know who and what manner of people their own great grandfathers were. This is neglected even in families who take a legitimate pride in their pedigree. Pedigrees are necessarily incomplete, and go too far back. For instance, a friend of mine is proud, and justly proud, of the fact that he is a descendant of William Drummond of Hawthornden. The mere fact that William Drummond left no male heirs need not disturb my friend's pride or his belief in his pedigree. But there is a far more fatal obstacle to any practical use of his distinguished origin. My friend must be at least eight descents removed from his poet ancestor. If we omit, for the sake of simplicity, the marriages of cousins (which obviously reduce the tale), my friend must have had between 1600 and 1900 at least 510 ancestors, inasmuch as he had four grandparents, eight great-grandparents, sixteen great great-grandparents, and so on. He knows that he is descended from Ben Jonson's friend, but he does not know the names, qualities, characters, constitutions of his sixteen great great-grandparents.

Now, before we can put our knowledge of heredity to any practical use, we ought to know and study at least our parents, their parents, and the parents of these. When a man marries he should at least have the like knowledge of his wife's ancestors. That would involve a knowledge of the life history of some twenty-eight individuals. Here, to a certain extent, the State assists us. For a trifling fee Somerset House will tell a man where and when his own and his wife's parents, grandparents, and great-grandparents (unless, indeed, they lived and died abroad) were born, married, and died. Even that information has its value and interest. Even the family names of the thirty nearest ancestors of a man's children may convey some knowledge of their status, origin, nationality. But obviously this information might (and perhaps should) be supplemented. We might compel people to register, not merely deaths, but the causes of deaths. It might be useful to us to know how many of our immediate ancestors died of consumption, or cancer, or gout, or in a lunatic asylum. We might register our ancestors' trades, incomes, education. Whether such knowledge would hinder us from contracting unwise marriages, or from leading lives unsuited to our inherited constitutions of mind and body, is more than doubtful. But in any case, if a knowledge of heredity is to be of any practical use it must be combined with a knowledge of our own immediate ancestors. Yet we must not forget that that knowledge has its obvious dangers as well as its possible benefits. When I was a boy at Rugby, I heard the present Archbishop of Canterbury preach from the text: "A bruised reed shall He not break." He told us boys that though God is very merciful to human weakness, we must nevertheless avoid the temptation to make our weaknesses an excuse for sin. A knowledge of our ancestors' weaknesses, added to that of our own weaknesses increases our tendency to make excuses for our sins. Perhaps, after all, it is best to teach us only to do nothing which is harmful to our offspring, and that, perhaps, is what good education should teach us without any question of heredity at all.

Yours faithfully,

Ealing. J. D. A.

THE ARTIST AND HIS CREATIONS.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—In the last paragraph of to-day's issue you say, "No literary parallel to the case of the sculptor who fell in love with his own creation."

Is not Flammarion's story in "Uranie" a parallel?

Yours very truly,

S. S. STANLEY.

Leamington, Sept. 22, 1900.

IS SWINBURNE A "GREAT POET"?

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—I have the misfortune to be one of those whom Mr. Frederic Harrison called "the young fops at Oxford who admire Swinburne," and I have therefore been rather disgusted at the way in which the author of "Erechtheus" has been treated by the critics in their discussion about the latter-day dearth of great poets. For my part I do not want more than eight or nine great poets in a century; but eight or nine we have had, and Swinburne is one of them. He may, as *Punch* put it, have told a great many people to "go to blazes"; for I notice that his little critics are very much annoyed with him; but, after all, our chief concern is with the fact that he is the author of "Atalanta in Calydon," the "Songs before Sunrise," and "Tristram of Lyonesse." It should be remembered that he wrote "Ave atque Vale" and the "Triumph of Time."

If our small critics cannot appreciate poetry of this sort I am heartily sorry for them. They upbraided Swinburne because in the "Poems and Ballads" he seemed to think that domestic poetry was for domestics; and they upbraided him when in later life he went into the simple kingdom of Blake. They said his works were all style, as if a fine statue could ever be moulded out of anything but fine material; but when he hammered out the iron lines of *Rosamund* they said "we miss the old Swinburnian melody." It seems to me that they miss everything. On the other hand, Tennyson once acknowledged Swinburne to be a greater poet than himself. Matthew Arnold recognized his greatness; and Robert Louis Stevenson, the idol of the present generation, knew the first series of "Poems and Ballads" almost by heart. If we are to believe Mr. Henley this was because they were bad poetry.

Now, wild as the statement may seem, I think it could be proved that Swinburne has influenced English literature more decidedly than any other poet that ever lived. Tennyson, certainly, has waned before him. His metrical influence, of course, is unbounded. One notices it in no one more plainly than Mr. Henley. Paradoxes may be excused; but one does not like the most paradoxical person to be ungrateful. It matters very little to Swinburne what the present generation thinks about him. He stands at least on a level with the greatest of the century, and the fact will be recognized when his country has lost him. But it is very ridiculous, in the eyes of all who know what great poetry is, that the country which possesses the greatest poet now living in the world should be engaged in discussing why there are no great poets.

I fear that my letter is of undue length, but I should like to support what I say by two quotations, both of which I hold to be great poetry, and both of which are fit to be compared with the work of any poet that ever lived. The first one is from the greatest elegy we possess;

> There fall no tears like their's that all men hear
> Fall tear by sweet imperishable tear
> Down the opening leaves of holy poets' pages.
> Thee not Orestes, not Electra mourns;
> But bending us-ward with memorial urns
> The most high Muses that fulfil all ages
> Weep, and our God's heart yearns.

For the other quotation I will take the sixteenth stanza of "A Watch in the Night."

> Italy, what of the night?
> Ah, child, child, it is long!
> Moonbeam and starbeam and song
> Leave it dumb now and dark.
> Yet I perceive on the height
> Eastward, not now very far,
> A song too loud for the lark,
> A light too strong for a star.

Those who are acquainted with the whole of these poems cannot deny that they are superlatively great poetry without denying at the same time their inability to understand great poetry. A small critic cannot hurt a great poet; but he can mar other people's enjoyment of the great poet. I must therefore conclude with saying, quite dispassionately—for I admire some of Mr. Henley's verses—that Mr. Henley's *causeries*, together with the more elaborate work of better critics, are in direct opposition to those who would endeavour to learn and propagate the best that is known and thought in the world.

Yours faithfully,

19, Pier-st., Aberystwyth. ALFRED NOYES.

THE ABUSE OF THE POSSESSIVE.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir, Mr. Lang is well able to take care of himself; not so the English possessive. Mr. Little's letter turns on one point: "Personification alone, as a rule, justifies inflection." I will ask him to establish this rule, by quotations from standard writers of English. Yours faithfully,

Rugby, Sept. 21, 1900. W. H. D. ROUSE.

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—With reference to the editorial remarks in a recent number of *Literature*, the following is the correct version of the poem which I have copied from the original MS. in the author's handwriting, contained in a letter addressed to "John Taylor, Esq., at the Rev. Mr. Armstrong's, Clonoulty, Cashel," and preserved in the library of the Royal Irish Academy, Dublin. The postmark bears the date "Se. 6, 1816" (?) The figures 1816 are rather illegible, but the reading is probably correct, as the poem was originally published in an Irish newspaper (the *Newry Telegraph*) in 1817.

The poem is prefaced by the following remark: "I have completed the Burial of Sir John Moore, and will inflict it upon you; you have no one but yourself to blame for praising the two stanzas that I told you so much."

As many of the published versions are inaccurate, the following correct version may interest some of your readers.

I.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note
As his corse to the ramparts we hurried:
Not a Soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our Hero we buried.

II.

We buried him darkly, at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning:
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lanthorn dimly burning.

III.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet or in shroud we wound him,
But he lay like a warrior taking his [rest]*
With his martial cloak around [him].*

IV.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow,
But we steadfastly gaz'd on the face that was dead
And we bitterly thought of the morrow:

V.

We thought as we hollow'd his narrow bed,
And smooth'd down his lonely pillow,
That the Foe and the Stranger would tread o'er His head
And we far away on the billow!

VI.

Lightly they'll talk of the Spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him:—
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

* These words have been accidentally torn out of the MS., but there can be no doubt what they were.

VII.

But half of our heavy task was done
When the clock struck the note for retiring.
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the Foe was sullenly firing.

VIII.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down
From the field of his fame fresh and gory:
We carv'd not a line and we rais'd not a stone,
But we left him alone with his glory!

Yours faithfully,

Dublin, Sept. 24, 1900. J. E. GORE.

R. L. STEVENSON'S "PAINSTAKINGNESS."

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir, *A propos* your note on this subject in your issue of September 22nd an interesting illustration of his consciousness of the pains he took with what he calls the "plastic part of literature" is afforded by the last sentences of his "Gossip on Romance." He is speaking of Scott, and "He was a great day dreamer," he writes, "a seer of fit and beautiful and humorous visions but hardly a great artist . . . *of the pleasure of his art he tasted fully; but of its toils and rigils and distresses never man knew less.* A great Romantic—an idle child." In my copy of Stevenson's volume some reader, remembering the last sad laborious passages of Scott's life, has placed a note of interrogation against the passage I have underlined, but it was of course the contrast between Scott's ceaselessly flowing pen, and his own concealed laborious art that Stevenson had in mind.

Very faithfully yours,

W. J. LANCASTER.

9, Upper Phillimore-gardens, W.

REMNANTS OF AN ANCIENT RACE.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—It seems to have escaped the notice of our historians and philologists that the so-called Bulgarians of Southern Hungary, settled in Ö'Besenyö, Bolgar-Telep, Winga, and other places, and numbering some 20,000, who speak a language which differs from the Bulgarian and is called by themselves the Paulican or Palityán, are in reality of the same ancient race as the Paulicians who live in the neighbourhood of Philippopolis in Bulgaria.

Mention is made of the Paulicians in Church history from the seventh century onward. They were persecuted as a sect and scattered. At the request of the Patriarch of Antioch some of them were permitted to settle near Philippopolis in the year 970, and the city Alexiopolis was built for them 130 years later. As they lived apart from the Bulgarians the Sultan declared in the year 1808 that they must have a head. They presented a petition to the Greek Patriarch, which, however, was rejected, whereupon they applied to the Pope, and were received into the Roman Church. Those who settled in Hungary came into the country about 150 years ago. Maria Theresa received them as subjects on condition that they became Roman Catholics. They are a sober, industrious people.

Last year several of their number sent me a petition setting forth that while the New Testament had been already translated into more than three hundred languages it had not yet been translated into their native language, and requested humbly and urgently that the Gospel might be given to them in the Paulican tongue. I took steps to fulfil their request, having found a competent translator in the person of Mr. I. Bratán, sub-keeper of the archives of the royal city of Temesvár, and the Gospel of St. John was issued here by the National Bible Society of Scotland at the beginning of this year.

It was with profound interest that I received afterwards the communication that Paulicians of Philippopolis who had seen the Gospel declared that the language was identical with their own. Our Hungarian Paulicans were of opinion that their name had come down from a certain Paul who had led them into Hungary, but it appears now that it is of ancient origin, the Paul of the Hungarian Paulicans being in reality none other than the Paul of the Paulicians of the olden time.

I am yours very truly,

ANDREW MOODY, D.D.

Rudolf Quai 8, Budapest, September, 1900.

"HORNS" IN SHAKESPEARE.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—In the Review of "The Evil Eye" in last week's *Literature* reference is made to the forester's song in *As You Like It*, and Jaques' cynical remarks on horns. These seem by your reviewer to be taken literally; but surely no man, woman, or child ever before interpreted them otherwise than as an aspersion on the constancy of the female sex, the song chiming in with Jaques' pessimistic view of human nature. I do not know a single instance in Shakespeare in which the mention of "horns" does not imply that the wearer's wife has been unfaithful to him.

OTHELLO.—A horned man's a monster and a beast.

IAGO.—There's many a beast then in a populous city.

Othello, Act. IV., Sc. 1.

ULYSSES.—O deadly gall, and theme of all our scorns!
For which we lose our heads to gild his (Menelaus') horns.

Troilus and Cressida, Act. IV., Sc. V.

But instances are numerous.

Your obedient servant,

J. FOSTER PALMER.

8, Royal-avenue, S.W., Sept. 22, 1900.

*** We hardly know why Mr. Palmer puts any interpretation at all upon our reviewer's reference to Jaques. What Jaques said was, "It would do well to set the deer's horns upon his head as a branch of victory." All our reviewer said was, "Every one will remember Jaques' words about setting 'the deer's horns upon his head for a branch of victory.'" He then quoted the lines of the forester's song—

Take thou no scorn, to wear the horn,
It was a crest ere thou wast born.

Is not this "the single instance" Mr. Palmer wants? Even if we accept the cynical interpretation of Jaques' words, still the hunter is consoled for wearing "the horn," the sign of the cuckold, on the ground that it was also a symbol of something better.

EMERSON.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—During my absence in Switzerland I have missed my *Literature* and have only to-day seen the number for September 8. On page 171 of that number is an article on Emerson, in which the author ascribes to Emerson some verses written by Oliver Wendell Holmes:

Deal gently with us, ye who read! &c.

More than enough of error has already crept into literary records in reference to these verses, and the fault is mine; but it is going too far to rob my dear dead friend of some of the daintiest lines he ever wrote and to ascribe them to Emerson, who wrote much that was lofty and noble in the form of verse, but never wrote a line of poetry in his life.

Shortly before his death Holmes sent me a complete set of his works, each volume containing an appropriate inscription, and on a separate sheet of paper in "Over the Teacups" was written the "Deal gently" lines. As I did not know them and could not find them in his poems I assumed they were unpublished, and as such I sent them to the *Athenæum*, where they appeared, and since then they have been frequently reprinted

with a reference to their origin. But quite recently I came across the lines in an old edition of Holmes' poems.

Yours faithfully,

London, Sept. 8. J. Y. W. MACALISTER.

*** This quotation occurred in an incidental reference to Emerson's poetry contained in an article on Emerson's prose by E. M. We are much obliged to Mr. Macalister for his letter. The error had already been pointed out by a correspondent of the *St. James's Gazette*, which had kindly quoted largely from the article. We acknowledge and regret the mistake, one of those which, during the vacation, even the most cautious writer may occasionally commit by reason of a lack of reference. The autumn holiday has so many pleasures placed to its credit that we are inclined to charge it with this literary lapse, and can only remind our contributor of Emerson's lines in "Suum Cuique,"

Nature shall mind her own affairs:
I will attend my proper cares,
In rain, or sun, or frost.

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

Publishers are never slow to adapt themselves to circumstances. The general election has upset many calculations, but it will help some books which are being hurried along to reap what benefit they can from the Parliamentary campaign. Mr. Murray was first in the field with his announcement of an appendix bringing up to date Mr. Sydney Buxton's "Political Handbook"—which can be obtained separately or bound with the volume—bringing it up to date. Messrs. Hutchinson have a number of works in hand which are of special interest at the moment, chief among them being "Lord Rosebery: His Life and Speeches," by Mr. Thomas F. G. Coates, in two large volumes running to over 1,000 pages, and containing full reports of the most important speeches, "by permission of the Earl of Rosebery and *The Times*." Another book about Lord Rosebery has been written by Miss Stoddart and is announced by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton. "The Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain: the Man and the Statesman," by N. Murrell Marris, is coming from the same publishers, and, like the Rosebery work, will include an account of the political history of the country during the last thirty years. Messrs. Hutchinson will also issue Mr. Henry Broadhurst's "Story of his Life from a Stonemason's Bench to the Treasury Bench," which was announced in the spring. Mr. Broadhurst's autobiography includes experiences which vary from tramping a thousand miles in mid-winter in search of work to being entertained at Sandringham by the Prince of Wales, and is being prepared for the press by Mr. A. P. Grubb. Another Parliamentary book is the late Sir John Mowbray's "Recollections of the House of Commons," edited by his daughter, and announced by Messrs. Blackwood.

The prospects for the "fall" publishing in America are doubtful owing chiefly to the Presidential election. Whenever this occurs the trade is never so brisk, and publishers do not "search" for new authors. There is also the depression caused by the Chinese troubles and by the doubtful fortunes of American Imperialism. These things keep people more to the daily Press and less to the book. Nevertheless, the number of volumes to be published are in excess of last year's, and shows a cheerful optimism in spite of many adverse circumstances. But hardly any book of real importance is coming in the field of serious literature. The greatest activity will be in fiction, most of the popular novelists being represented. The inauguration of the Publishers' Association has come at a useful time—at the beginning of the autumn season. It will have much work to do, especially on the question of international copyright. In the new "Trade List Annual," the "Reference Catalogue of America," no less than twenty-nine names appear among the publishers who were not represented last year. Several are missing that appeared in the previous volume, but these are the outcome of business changes.

Mr. J. G. Alger, the author of "Englishmen in the French Revolution," the "New Paris Sketch Book," and "Glimpses of the French Revolution," after fifteen years of research in the Paris "National Library" and the "National Archives," may be said to have reached a vantage point for the study of the French Revolution, where only such men as Professor Aulard keep him company. He has just completed a work shortly to be published in London, called "Phases of the French Revolution." It depicts the ordinary life of Parisians during the period, and studies the part played by foreigners, especially Americans and English. Mr. Alger has discovered fresh facts respecting Paul Jones.

Messrs. Smith, Elder, who opened their autumn season on the 18th with Mr. Henry Seton Merriman's new novel "The Isle of Unrest," and followed this week with "The Life of Jesus of Nazareth," by Prof. Rush Rees, in their "Historical Series for Bible Students," and a new novel by G. Colmore, entitled "The Marble Face," will continue on October 10 with a book by Mr. Frank T. Bullen, on "The Men of the Merchant Service," and F. Anstey's new novel "The Brass Idol." Mrs. Humphry Ward's new book "Eleanor," is due on November 7. The remaining works in Messrs. Smith Elder's list include "Fifty Years in South Africa," the reminiscences of Sir John Robinson, the first Premier of Natal; Dr. Conan Doyle's "History of the Boer War"; "Thomas Littleton, Fourth Baron of Lilford: A Sketch by his Sister," with an introduction by the Bishop of London; a school edition of Mr. Sidney Lee's "Life of Shakespeare"; an anthology of Anglo-Irish verse, edited by the Rev. Stopford Brooke and T. W. Rolleston; "Biographical Notices of Officers of the Royal (Bengal) Engineers," arranged and compiled by Colonel Sir Edward Thackeray, V.C.; a new volume of "The Poetical Works of Robert Bridges," and novels by Katherine Tynan, Oliver Birrell, Sir William Magnay, and others.

The other week we noticed at some length M. de Maulde de Clavière's volume on "Les Femmes de la Renaissance." An English translation of the work, by Mr. George Herbert Ely, is now issued by Messrs. Sonnenschein. Among the other books coming on October 8 from the same house are "Commerce and Christianity," by the author of "Evil and Evolution"; "Knowledge, Belief, and Certitude," by F. Storrs Turner, a history of the author's religious development; "Atlantis: The Book of the Angels," interpreted by D. Bridgman—a mystical and theosophical work; and a new edition (virtually a new book) of Professor Strasburger's "Handbook of Practical Botany," edited by Professor W. Hillhouse. Next week Messrs. Sonnenschein will publish a little book by H. A. Nisbett, joint author of "Sonnenschein's Science and Art of Arithmetic," on "Inductive Geometry." The same publishers will shortly issue the second volume of Mr. Budgett Meakin's Moorish Series. The first volume, entitled "The Moorish Empire," appeared last year and dealt with Moorish history; the second part gives a general description of the country; the third volume, which will be called "The Moors: a Comprehensive Account of that People," will be ready next spring. Mr. Meakin's work is published simultaneously by the Macmillan Company in the United States. The next volume in the "Social England Series"—"The English Manor," by Professor Vinogradoff—will also appear shortly.

On October 15 Messrs. Sonnenschein will bring out Mr. R. Farquharson Sharp's volume of biographical sketches of great writers—two dozen in all—from Shakespeare to Tennyson, entitled "Architects of English Literature." It is illustrated with facsimiles from MSS., all of which (except the Shakespeare autograph) are in the British Museum. On the same day Messrs. Sonnenschein will also issue Clara Tschudi's life of "The Empress Augusta," translated by E. M. Cope (uniform with the same author's "Marie Antoinette," "Eugénie, Empress of the

French," and "Napoleon's Mother"); Dr. C. Keller's "Madagascar, Mauritius, and the other East African Islands," translated by H. A. Nesbitt; "The Science of Civilization; or the Principles of Agricultural, Industrial, and Commercial Prosperity," by C. B. Phipson; and "Christian Names of Evils: their History, Meaning, Associations, and Romance," by Helena Swan. During November will come the "Dictionary of Foreign Quotations (French and Italian)," and the fourth volume of the series, "German and Spanish Quotations," will be ready early next year. November, too, will see the publication of Professor Bickerton's "Romance of the Earth" and "Aristotle's Psychology," including the "Parva Naturalia," translated and edited by Professor Wm. A. Hammond, of Cornell University. Professor Hammond has translated Dr. Max Heinze's "History of Contemporary Philosophy," which forms part of Dr. Heinze's edition, Ueberweg's "Geschichte der Philosophie." Among the other books of Messrs. Sonnenschein are "Seneca's Tragedies"; Text, with a prose translation, by Dr. Walter Bradshaw, R.N.—the only complete English translation, we believe; and "The History of England in Verse," being a collection of ballads, songs, and poems relating to English exploits by land and sea, edited by Mr. Brimley Johnson.

The autumn list of the Cambridge University Press begins with theological announcements. Two will probably appear next week—Savonarola's "Meditations" and the first English edition of the "Thirteen Homilies of St. Augustine on St. John XIV., Joh. Ev. Tractatus, LXVII.-LXXIX.," which forms the Latin subject in the preliminary examination for Holy Orders for the years 1901, 1902. The Latin text of the Homilies is that of the Benedictine edition (Paris, 1830), and there is an English translation by the Chaplain of Trinity College, Cambridge (the Rev. H. F. Stewart), who writes an introduction. "Salisbury Processions and Ceremonies," a fifteenth century MS. formerly in use in that Cathedral Church, and still in the Chapter Library, has been edited by Mr. Christopher Wordsworth, who adds a paper on the topography of Salisbury Cathedral with plan. Other new theological announcements are "The Curetonian Syriac Gospels," re-edited, together with the readings of the Sinaitic Codex and a translation into English, by F. C. Burkitt, M.A., "The Prayer Book of Aldelnald the Bishop, commonly called the Book of Cerne," edited from the MS. Ll. 1. 10 of the Cambridge University Library, with introduction, facsimiles, and appendix, containing MS. Reg. 2A. * * at the British Museum, by Dom A. B. Kuypers, Benedictine of Downside Abbey. In the Cambridge Bible for Schools and Colleges "The Book of Daniel," edited by Dr. Driver, will be ready shortly, and "Psalms, Books IV. and V., XC.-CL.," edited by Dr. Kirkpatrick, is now in the press. Two of the volumes among the Oriental announcements will be ready almost immediately—"Hand-list of Muhammadan MSS. Preserved in the Cambridge University Library," including all those (Arabic, Persian, Turkish, Urdû, Malay, &c.), which are written in the Arabic character, by E. G. Browne; and Vol. II. of the "Dictionary of the Hausa Language" (English-Hausa), by C. H. Robinson.

Another work to be published by the Cambridge University Press is a volume of "Songs of Modern Greece," with introductions, translations, and notes, by G. F. Abbott, who has endeavoured to exclude any poems previously found in Western Europe. There is nothing further at present to be said regarding the coming "Cambridge Modern History," but Lord Acton is announced as editing, with W. A. J. Archbold, M.A., a volume on "The Teaching of History," among the contributors to which will be Professor Gwatkin, Mr. R. L. Poole, Dr. Cunningham, Mr. Tanner, Mr. Woodward, Mr. Marten, and Professor Ashley. Lord Acton will write an introduction. Among the scientific announcements of the same publishers is a volume on "Advanced Exercises in Practical Physics," by Professor Schuster, and Charles Lees, D.Sc., his assistant director at the Physical Laboratory, Owens College, Manchester. Another new volume is announced for the Cambridge Historical Series—"Canada under British Rule, 1760-1867," by Sir J. G. Bourinot, Clerk of the House of Commons of Canada since 1880. The same publishers will soon have two philosophical volumes ready, "A Critical Exposition of the Philosophy of Leibniz," by Bertrand Russell, M.A., and Part II. of Professor Grote's "Exploratio Philosophica," which is edited by Joseph B. Mayor, M.A. "Francis Hutcheson," by W. R. Scott, M.A., Assistant to the Professor of Moral Philosophy and Lecturer in Political Economy in the University of St. Andrews, is also announced. Among the remaining works which appear in the list for the first time are "Fifteen Studies in Bookkeeping," by Walter W. Snailum; "The Conditions of Travel and Communication, especially in Asia Minor, in the first century after Christ," by Caroline A. J. Skeel; and "The Care of Books: An Essay on the Buildings, Fittings, and General Arrangements of Libraries from Roman Times to the End of the Last Century," by J. W. Clark, M.A., Registrar of the University of Cambridge.

Two theological works by Dr. Edwin A. Abbott are announced by Messrs. A. and C. Black, one being a guide through Greek to Hebrew Scripture, entitled "Clue," and the other being "The Corrections of Mark adopted by Matthew and Luke." The latter "aims at demonstrating that Mark contains a tradition from which, when edited and corrected, Matthew and Luke borrowed independently of each other; and some of these corrections are shown to have arisen from a different interpretation of a Hebrew original, which, when restored, brings the reader closer to historical facts." The same publishers announce a volume of "Christian Conference Essays" by members of various religious denominations, including Professor Auguste Sabatier, the Dean of Ripon, Canon Barnett, Dr. Brooke Herford, the Rev. Brooke Lambert, Dr. Agar Beet, Professor G. Henslow, and Dr. Horton. It is edited by the Rev. A. G. B. Atkinson, rector of Greensted, Essex, and contains an introduction by the Bishop of Hereford.

Among miscellaneous books, Messrs. Black announce the diaries and letters of Captain Boothby, R.E., between the years 1805-1809. Captain Boothby gives his conversations with such men as his chief, Sir John Moore, and Sir Sydney Smith, and his own pen and ink sketches illustrate the book, which is entitled "Under England's Flag." The re-issue of Mr. Carew Hazlitt's "History of the Venetian Republic," to which we referred a fortnight ago, will be ready on October 10. Other books are "The Human Ear: Its Identification and Physiognomy," by Miriam Anne Ellis; "On Sanitary and other Matters," by Dr. George S. Keith; "The Old Senate and the New Monarchy," by Miss F. M. Ormiston ("Historical Latin Readers"); "Athens and Sparta, and the Struggle with Persia," by E. G. Wilkinson, M.A. ("Historical Greek Readers"); and an "Introduction to the Study of Physics," by A. F. Walden, M.A., and J. J. Manley.

The list of books announced by Messrs. Wells Gardner, Darton, and Co., includes a volume of essays by lay members of the Anglican community. It is edited by the Rev. J. Burn, and entitled "Pro Ecclesia et Patria." The same publishers announce a volume of addresses delivered before the University of Oxford by Dean Stubbs, under the title of "The Teaching of the Lord's Prayer"; "Our Reasonable Service," a selection from the writings of Canon Knox-Little; a brief memoir of Richard Elwyn, late Master of the Charterhouse, by the Rev. R. Patterson; "Spiritual Letters of the Rev. J.P. F. Davidson," late Vicar of St. Matthias, Earl's-court, with a short memoir by his son, Arthur F. Davidson; "A Mother in Israel," being the life of Sarah Benney, by Mrs. Perrin, with an introduction by Canon Mason; and a re-issue after many years of the "Memoir of the Life and Episcopate of George Augustus Selwyn," by the Rev. H. W. Tucker. Among gift books Messrs. Wells Gardner have a new volume in hand by Miss Mary Macleod, who follows up her "Stories from the Faerie Queene" by a group of tales from Malory's "Morte d'Arthur," called "The Book of King Arthur and his Noble Knights." The list of new books of adventure is headed by a story of the Egyptian Rebellion under Arabi Pasha, told by

Mr. Charles Neufeld, and called "Under the Rebel's Reign." Other volumes are "The Boer's Blunder," a story of the South African veldt, by Mr. Fox Russell; "The Goblin," a tale of the Yorkshire Moors, by Catherine S. and Florence Foster; and a new boy's book, entitled "The White Stone," by Mr. H. C. MacIlwaine.

The American books to be placed by Macmillans on the English market may be mentioned by themselves. They include, besides the two volumes already referred to, "The Peace Conference at the Hague and its Bearings on International Law and Policy," by Frederick W. Holls, D.C.L., a member of the Conference from the United States; "The History of Colonization from the Earliest Times to the Present Day," by Henry C. Morris, formerly United States Consul at Ghent; Volumes III. and IV. of "American History told by Contemporaries," edited by Professor Albert Bushnell Hart; "Extracts from the Sources of English History," edited by Elizabeth K. Kendall; "The Clergy in American Life and Letters," by the Rev. Daniel D. Addison; "The Hoosier Writers," by Meredith Nicholson; a second series of Studies in Literature, including "Studies and Appreciations," by Lewis E. Gates, Assistant Professor of English in Harvard University, and "The Beginnings of Poetry," by Professor Gummere; a new series of Pocket American Classics edited for use in Secondary Schools; "Social Justice: A Critical Essay," by W. W. Willoughby, Associate Professor of Political Science in Johns Hopkins University; "American Supremacy in the World's Politics," by Brooks Adams; "First Experiments in Psychology: A Manual of Elementary Laboratory Practice," by Edward B. Titchener, M.A., in two vols.; "The Teaching of English," by Percival Chubb, and "Foundations of Knowledge," by Professor Alexander T. O. McCosh, both in "The Teachers' Professional Library"; "Early Christian Literature, from Paul to Eusebius," by Professor J. H. Platner; "The History of the Higher Criticism of the New Testament," by Professor Henry S. Nash, and "An Introduction to the Books of the New Testament," by Professor Benjamin W. Bacon, all in the series of New Testament Handbooks, edited by Professor Shailer Mathews; the concluding volume of "The History, Prophecy and the Monuments: or, Israel and the Nations," by Professor James F. McCurdy; "Jesus Christ and the Social Question," by Professor Francis G. Peabody; "Along French Byways," by Clifton Johnson—similar to his volume on "English Hedgerows," published last year; "Spanish Highways and Byways," a volume on the lines of Mr. Clifton Johnson's books, by Miss Katherine Bates, Professor of English in Wellesley College; and a new edition of "A Kentucky Cardinal, and Aftermath," by James Lane Allen, illustrated by Hugh Thomson.

The chief literary announcements in Messrs. Hutchinson's new list are "Thackeray's Stray Papers," edited by Mr. Lewis Melville, and "The Francis Letters: the Letters of the Late Sir Philip Francis and Members of his Family," edited by Beata Francis and Eliza Keary, and now printed for the first time. It will contain a note by Mr. C. F. Keary on the "Junius" controversy. In other respects, perhaps, the greatest of Messrs. Hutchinson's undertakings is the work on "The Living Races of Mankind," the first part of which will be ready on October 8th. Mr. H. N. Hutchinson (no connexion with the firm itself) is responsible for a large part of the book, and is the general editor. Dr. W. J. Gregory deals with the African people, and Dr. Lydekker, who is now engaged in arranging the Anthropological Gallery at the Natural History Museum, deals with the races of North, Central, and South America. Hundreds of photographs from life have been selected from collections both at home and abroad. It will take eighteen fortnightly parts to complete the work. The Far East is represented in the list by "The Story of China," by Mr. Neville P. Edwards. "The Story of Belgium," with a chapter on the Congo Free State, by Mr. Carlyle Smythe, is also announced. "Hero-Patriots of the Nineteenth Century," by Mr. Edgar Sanderson, deals with great national struggles for freedom. The men chosen to illustrate them are Martin Diaz, the guerilla leader of Spain; Hofer of the Tyrol; Bozzaris, Kanaris, and other warriors of the Greek War of Independence; Bolivar, of Venezuela; Abd-el-Kader, of Algeria; Schamyl, of the Caucasus; Manin and Garibaldi, of Italy. "Disciples of Æsculapius," the volume of biographies of the late Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson, with a biography of Sir Benjamin by his daughter, again figures in the list. Mr. Baring Gould is down for a volume on "Virgin Saintes and Martyrs," and "Thormanby" for a biographical work of another kind, "Kings of the Rod, the Rifle and the Gun," in two volumes. The names of the sporting celebrities chosen by "Thormanby" include Izaak Walton and Charles Cotton; Wm. Cotton Oswell—whose life, by his son, is being brought out by Mr. Heinemann; Joe Manton, and other famous gun-makers; Alexander Russel, editor of the *Scotsman*, the late Earl of Stamford, and Landseer and Millais. "William II. of Germany and Francis Joseph of Austria-Hungary," by "a lady of distinguished birth and title," who shelters herself under the *nom de plume* of "La Marquise de Fontenoy," adds two new volumes to "The Secret Memoirs of the Courts of Europe."

Most of Messrs. Hutchinson's forthcoming novels have already been announced in *Literature*. Among their gift-books will be four volumes by Miss Evelyn Everett Green; "The Ruby Fairy Book," "Fifty-Two Stirring Stories for Boys," "Fifty-Two Stirring Stories for Girls," and "Fifty-Two Stories of the British Empire"; "Fairy Tales from Afar."

Mr. Anthony Hope's "Quisante," which Messrs. Methuen will publish on October 10th, is a story of political life in England at the present day.

Messrs. A. and C. Black announce that the increase in the extent of "Who's Who" for next year, consequent upon the incorporation of "Men and Women of the Time," has necessitated a rise in price from three shillings and sixpence net, to five shillings net. The present handy size will be retained by printing it upon specially thin paper.

"Animal Painters of England," by Sir Walter Gilbey, Bart., will be issued by Messrs. Vinton early in October. The two volumes contain a history of the Lives and Works of Fifty Artists, from the year 1650, with illustrations.

As one of the English studies in the series edited by Dr. Moritz Trautmann, Professor of Philology in the University of Bonn, a work is being issued in Bonn, by Mr. J. T. T. Brown, entitled "The Wallace and the Bruce Restudied," a criticism of the national epics of John Barbour and Blind Harry. An edition for the United Kingdom, limited to 150 copies, will be published by Messrs. Morison Brothers, Glasgow.

During the past eighteen years there has been in preparation a great national work under the supervision of the United States Government dealing with the rebellion. Its full title is the "War of the Rebellion: a Compilation of the Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies." It has cost close upon three million dollars. There will be 128 volumes, consisting of a thousand pages each, and there is a large atlas in thirty-five parts giving in great detail the plans of the battles and campaigns. The work was begun in 1871. Adjutant-General Townsend drew up the plans of the undertaking and proceeded slowly for some three or four years, when a more energetic Secretary for War came into power and gave the work into the hands of one editor who was to devote his whole attention to it. Since then various military men have had charge of this great enterprise.

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin, and Co., of Boston, announce Dr. Lyman Abbott's book, "The Life and Literature of the Ancient Hebrews"; a popular edition of the works of Thomas Bailey Aldrich, in 7 vols.; a complete volume of the poetical works of Mrs. Browning; also one of Robert Burns; another volumes by John Fiske, "Old Virginia and Her Neighbours"; a seven-volume edition of the works of Thomas Wentworth Higginson, newly arranged and revised by the author; a popular edition of Holmes, in 8 vols.; two new plays by W. D. Howells; "A Prose Translation of Dante's Divina Commedia," by Charles Eliot Norton; a large paper edition of Mr. E. C. Stedman's "An American Anthology."

The Harleian Society has issued to its members another volume of "Musgrave's Obituary," which, commencing at G, ends at K. Vol. IV. is in the press, and Vols V. to VI. in the transcriber's hands. The entire work is edited by Sir George J. Armytage, Bart., F.S.A.

Mr. Eneas Mackay, Stirling, has in preparation a work on "Ancient Scottish Seals," by Dr. Walter de Gray Birch. The volume will have nearly 300 illustrations from special casts in the British Museum.

The fourth volume has just been issued in New York of "The World's Orators," with the sub-title "The Orators of the Reformation." In this volume has been gathered the sermons by no less than seventeen preachers ranging from Wycliff and Massillon. Examples are given from Savonarola, Luther, Calvin, Knox, Latimer, Bossuet, Fenelon.

Messrs. Jarrold announce two translations of novels from the Hungarian—"The Day of Wrath," the eleventh volume

in their series of translations from the works of Maurus Jokai, and "St. Peter's Umbrella," a romance from the life of the Magyar peasant by Kalman Mikszath, translated by Mr. B. W. Worswick, with an introduction by Mr. Nisbet Bain.

Mr. Curtis Yorke's new novel is entitled "Carpathia Knox," and gives the story of an English family in Spanish surroundings.

Mr. John Milne announces a new novel by Miss Hannah Lynch entitled "Clare Monro: the Story of a Mother and Daughter."

The fourth and last volume of Mr. Arthur Lovell's Ars Vivendi Series, entitled "Concentration," will be published next month. As an appendix, a free rendering of Patanjali's Yoga Aphorisms will be given with original notes.

The *Art Annual* (the Christmas Number of the *Art Journal*) for 1900, which will be published next month, will be devoted to the work of war artists in South Africa. Amongst artists whose work will appear will be found Caton Woodville, W. B. Wollen, John Charlton, W. T. Maud, Melton Prior, General Baden-Powell, Mortimer Menpes, Frank Dadd, Frank Craig, Dudley Hardy, W. Hatherell, E. Prater, and others.

The *Antiquary* for October will contain, among others, articles on The Ordinances of the Gild of Barber Surgeons of Norwich; Notes on some Stone Finds at Killucan, by Rev. W. Falkiner; Harvest Home in Derbyshire, by Thomas Ratcliffe; and King Alfred as a Man of Letters, by Warwick H. Draper.

Books to look out for at once.

BIOGRAPHY—

"Lord Rosebery: His Life and Speeches." By T. F. G. Coates. 2 vols. Hutchinson.

"The Story of the Life of Dr. Pusey." By the Author of "Charles Lowder." Longmans. 7s. 6d.

"James Martineau." By A. W. Jackson, A.M. Longmans. 12s. 6d.

HISTORY AND TRAVEL—

"A History of the Isle of Man." (2 vols.) By A. W. Moore, M.A. Fisher Unwin. 32s.

"Sport and Travel, East and West." By F. C. Selous. Longmans. 12s. 6d. n.

"In the Ice World of Himalaya." By Dr. and Mrs. Bullock Workman. Fisher Unwin. 16s.

"Where Black Rules White: Across and About the Black Republic of Hayti." By Hesketh Prichard. Constable.

FICTION—

"The 'Pretty Polly': A Voyage of Incident." By W. Clark Russell. Chatto and Windus. 5s.

"A Sugar Princess." By Albert Ross. Chatto and Windus. 3s. 6d.

"The Chase of the Ruby." By Richard Marsh. Skeffington. 3s. 6d.

"Kriegspiel." By Francis Hindes Groome. Ward, Lock. 3s. 6d.

"The Footsteps of a Throne." By Max Pemberton. Methuen. 6s.

"Modern Broods." By C. M. Yonge. Macmillan. 6s.

"Rue with a Difference." By Miss Carey. Macmillan. 6s.

POETRY AND FOLKLORE—

"The Poems of Edgar Allan Poe." Illustrated by W. Heath Robinson. With an introduction by H. Noel Williams. Bell & Sons. 6s.

"Songs of Modern Greece." Ed. by G. F. Abbott. Camb. Univ. Press. 5s. n.

SCIENCE—

"The Child." (Contemporary Science Series.) By Dr. A. F. Chamberlain. Walter Scott. 6s.

"Modern Astronomy." By Prof. H. H. Turner. Constable.

Prof. Celli's "Malaria according to the New Researches." Translated by Dr. J. J. Eyre. Longmans. 10s. 6d.

EDUCATIONAL—

"School Geography of Asia." By L. W. Lyde, M.A. Black. 1s. net.

"Woodstock." (Scott Readers.) Edited by H. Corstophine. Black. 1s. net.

"Old Mortality. (Scott Readers.) Ed. by L. W. Lyde, M.A. Black. 1s. net.

"Dictionary of the Hausa Language." Vol. II. By C. H. Robinson, M.A., assisted by W. H. Brooks, B.A. Camb. Univ. Press. 9s. net.

"A Treatise on Geometrical Optics." By R. A. Herman, M.A. Camb. Univ. Press.

"Inductive Geometry." By H. A. Nesbitt. Sonnenschein. 2s. 6d.

"Notes on Physiology." By Henry Ashby, M.D. Longmans. 5s.

MISCELLANEOUS—

"Thirteen Homilies of St. Augustin." With Translation and Notes. By H. F. Stewart, M.A. Camb. Univ. Press. 4s.

"War and Policy." Essays by Spenser Wilkinson. Constable.

"Peerage, and other Studies in Family History." By J. Horace Round, M.A. Constable.

"Rome and Romanizing." By A. Galton. Skeffington. 1s.

NEW EDITIONS—

"In a Cathedral City." By Bertha Thomas. Chatto & Windus. 6s.

"Grimm's Fairy Tales." Ward, Lock. 3s. 6d.

"The Primitive Saints and the See of Rome." (Revised and Enlarged.) By F. W. Puller. Longmans. 16s. net.

The Reprint of "The Paston Letters." Introduction and Supplement. Edited by James Gairdner. Constable. 10s. 6d. net.

"The Works of Tobias Smollett." (Vols. 11 & 12, completing the issue.) Constable. 7s. 6d. net each.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

ART.

Dutch Painters of the Nineteenth Century. Vol. III. Ed. by *Max Rooses*. Translated by F. Knowles. 12¼×9¼in., 258 pp. Sampson Low. £2 2s. n.

BIOGRAPHY.

Queen Victoria. A Personal Sketch. By *Mrs. Oliphant*. 10×7¾in., 160 pp. Cassell. 3s. 6d.

Madame Dame Dianne de Poytiers, Duchesse de Valentinois. A Monograph. By *Marie Hay*. 11¾×9in., 37 pp. Bumpus.

BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

Three Little Maids. By *Ethel S. Turner*. 7¼×5in., 215 pp. Ward Lock. 3s. 6d.

Left to Themselves. By *E. M. Green*. 7¼×5¼in., 173 pp. Wells Gardner. 2s.

In the Deep Woods. By *J. H. Pa[illegible]ne*. 11¼×8¼in., 180 pp. Heinemann. 3s. 6d.

Asinette. A French Story for [illegible]ish Children. By *Mrs. J. G. Fraser*. 7¼×5in., 212 pp. Dent. 3s. 6d. n.

Darton's Leading Strings. [illegible] 7¼in., 124 pp. Wells Gardner. 1s. 6d.

Piccalilli. By *Edith Farmiloe*. Illustrated. 9¼×12¼in., 127 pp. Grant Richards. 6s.

Who Killed Cock Robin? Pictured by *J. A. Shepherd*. 9×8in., [illegible] pp. Grant Richards. 1s.

A Frog He Would a-Wooing Go. Pictured by *J. A. Shepherd*. [illegible] pp. Grant Richards. 1s.

EDUCATIONAL.

English Composition. By *L. C. Cornford*. 7¼×5in., 225 pp. Nutt. 3s. 6d.

Elsckle's Illustrated Classics [illegible] Book VI. Ed. by *H. C. [illegible]*. "Virgil's Georgics," Book I. Ed. by *S. E. Winbolt*. 7¼×4¾in., 104 pp. [illegible] 1s. 6d. & 2s. 6d.

A Brief Introduction to Commercial Geography. [illegible] Geographies. Vol. VIII. By the *Rev. F. [illegible]*. 7¼×[illegible] pp. [illegible]e. 1s. 6d.

Le Coup de Pistolet. (Modern Language Series.) By *Prosper Mérimée*. Ed. by J. E. Mitchell. 7¼×5in., 63 pp. Blackie. 1s.

Exercises in German Composition. By *R. Kaiser*. 7¼×4¾in., 73 pp. Arnold. 1s. 6d.

German Without Tears. Book II. By *Mrs. Hugh Bell*. Translated by A. H. Hutchinson. 7×5in., 96 pp. Arnold. 1s.

Progressive Course of Chemistry. By *T. Varley*, B.Sc. 7×4¾in., 312 pp. Black. 2s. n.

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The Order of Isis. By *J. B. Stubbs*. 7¼×5in., 302 pp. Skeffington. 6s.

Petersburg Tales. By *Olive Garnett*. 7¼×5in., 316 pp. Heinemann. 6s.

Philip Winwood. By *R. N. Stephens*. 7¼×5in., 404 pp. Chatto & Windus. 6s.

An Obstinate Parish. By *M. L. Lord*. 7¼×4¾in., 284 pp. Unwin. 2s. 6d.

A Suburban Vendetta. By *J. K. Leys*. 7¼×5¼in., 260 pp. Pearson. 6s.

Charming Renée. By *Arabella Kenealy*. 7¼×5in., 352 pp. Hutchinson. 6s.

Non Sequitur. By *M. E. Coleridge*. 7¼×5¼in., 214 pp. Nisbet. 6s.

The Breaker of Laws. By *W. Pett Ridge*. 7¼×5¼in., 305 pp. Harpers. 6s.

Landlopers. By *J. Le Gay Brereton*. 7¼×5¼in., 175 pp. Unwin. 3s. 6d.

A Twentieth Century Parson. By the *Rev. E. H. Sugden*. 7¼×5in., 279 pp. Skeffington. 3s. 6d.

A Case of Blackmail. By *C. K. Moore*. 7¼×5in., 312 pp. Arrowsmith. 3s. 6d.

By an Unseen Hand. By *E. Hughes*. 7¼×5in., 304 pp. Arrowsmith. 3s. 6d.

A Twofold Silence. By *E. Hooker*. 7¼×5in., 316 pp. Arrowsmith. 3s. 6d.

HISTORY.

The Story of Florence. (Mediæval Towns.) By *E. G. Gardner*. 7×4¾in., 422 pp. Dent. 4s. 6d. n.

Froissart in Britain. By *H. Newbolt*. 8¼×6in., 272 pp. Nisbet. 6s.

The Reformation Settlement. 8th Ed. Rev. By the *Rev. Malcolm MacColl*. 7¼×5¼in., 777 pp. Longmans. 3s. 6d. n.

MATHEMATICS.

A Brief History of Mathematics. By *Dr. K. Fink*. Translated by W. W. Beman and D. E. Smith. 8×5¼in., 333 pp. Kegan Paul. 3s. 6d.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Women of the Renaissance. By *R. de Maulde La Clavière*. Translated by G. H. Ely. 9×6in., 510pp. Sonnenschein. 10s. 6d.

Facts About the Memory and Its Use. By the *Rev. J. D. Kilburn*. 7¼×5in., 36 pp. Partridge. 1s. n.

Cranford Souvenirs, and other Sketches. By *Beatrix L. Tollemache*. 7¼×5in., 148 pp. Rivington. 3s.

An Honours Register of the University of Cambridge. From the Year 1246. Part I. By *C. M. Neale*. 8×5¼in., 82 pp. Hitchcock. 10s. n.

What Shall We Do Now? By *Edward* and *Elizabeth Lucas*. 8¼×6¼in., 320 pp. Grant Richards. 6s.

The Struggle for Success. By *J. Stodart-Walker*. 8×5¼in., 306 pp. Grant Richards. 6s.

ORIENTAL.

A History of Ottoman Poetry. Vol. I. By *E. J. W. Gibb*, M.R.A.S. 9¼×6in., 451 pp. Luzac. 21s. n.

Buddha and Buddhism. The World's Epoch Makers. By *A. Lillie*. 7¼×5in., 223 pp. T. & T. Clark. 3s.

PHILOSOPHY.

Psychology, Empirical and Rational. (Manuals of Catholic Philosophy.) By *M. Maher*, S.J. 7¼×5in., 672 pp. Longmans. 6s. 6d.

The Riddle of the Universe at the Close of the 19th Century. By *E. Haeckel*. Translated by J. McCabe. 7¼×5¼in., 398 pp. Watts. 6s. n.

POETRY.

Rus Divinum. By *Auguste Smada*. 7¼×4¼in., 67 pp. Unwin. 3s. 6d.

Blank Verse Lyrics. By *A Colonial Professor*. 7¼×5in., 62 pp. Nutt. 2s. 6d. n.

POLITICAL.

The Settlement after the War in South Africa. By *M. J. Farrelly*, LL.D. 9×6in., 321 pp. Macmillan. 10s. n.

The Third Salisbury Administration. 1895-1900. By *H. Whates*. 10×6¾in., 518 pp. Yacher. 15s. n.

SPORT.

Autumn in Argyleshire with Rod and Gun. By the *Hon. A. E. Gathorne-Hardy*. 9×5¾in., 228 pp. Longmans. 10s. 6d. n.

THEOLOGY.

The Expository Times. Vol. II. Ed. by *J. Hastings*, D.D. 9¼×7¼in., 568pp. T. & T. Clark. 7s. 6d.

The Bible True From the Beginning. Vol. VIII. By *E. Gough*. 9×6in., 662 pp. Kegan Paul. 16s.

Laudate: A Hymn and Tune Book for the Day School. 7×4¾in., 103 pp. Black.

Light from History on Christian Ritual. By the *Rev. N. Dimock*. 7¼×5in., 103 pp. Charles Murray. 2s.

Studies of the Portrait of Christ. By the *Rev. G. Matheson*, D.D. 7¼×5¼in., 397 pp. Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.

TOPOGRAPHY.

Guide to Liverpool and District. Ed. by *E. D. Jordan*. 6¾×4¼in., 76 pp. Black. 1s.

TRAVEL.

Travels in the East of Nicholas II., Emperor of Russia. 1890-1891. Vol. 2. Ed. by *Sir G. Birdwood*. 15½×11¼in., 347 pp. Constable. £2 12s. 6d. n.

Literature

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NOTES OF THE DAY.

Alderman Frank Green, the Lord Mayor-Elect, if he has not himself strayed into the land of letters, is connected by marriage with one whose name as a diligent compiler is held in honour. In 1869 London's forthcoming Chief Magistrate married the only daughter of Joseph Haydn, author of "The Dictionary of Dates," the "Book of Dignities," and the man whose name was taken for the Haydn series of dictionaries. "The Dictionary of Dates," first published in 1841 with 586 pp., and now in its 22nd edition, which contains 1,290 pp. of much smaller type, is well nigh indispensable as a book of reference. The eldest daughter of the Lord Mayor-Elect, who will act as hostess at the Mansion-house, bears the name of her maternal grandfather, and has herself published a book.

* * * *

The death of Lord Howe reminds us that it was probably his estates in Birmingham which were involved in the suit made famous by Dickens as "Jarndyce v. Jarndyce." The case has been before the Court at frequent intervals during the present century, and the property in litigation belonged, we believe, originally to William Jennens, who died in London in 1798, at the ripe age of ninety-seven. Ten years ago the number of claimants to the estates was at one time given as about four hundred. Thus we realize that Dickens' version is by no means over stated.

* * * *

The unveiling of Admiral Blake's statue at Bridgwater, which Lord Brassey performed last week, reminds us of the curious fact that Blake, who may well be called the founder of our modern Navy, has not yet found a really adequate biographer. Mr. Hepworth Dixon's life of him was somewhat perfunctory, and Mr. Hannay's little book, excellent as it is, is on too small a scale to be quite satisfactory. We are inclined to think that the task of writing a life of Blake on the scale of Captain Mahan's Nelson would be well repaid by the light that would be thrown on a glorious and important, but still somewhat obscure, part of our naval history.

* * * *

Some may find, in the words with which Dr. Johnson began his short account of Blake's life, a special reason for calling attention to him at the present moment. "At a time," wrote Johnson in 1740, "when a nation is engaged in a war with an enemy whose insults, ravages, and barbarities have long called for vengeance, an account of such English commanders as have merited the acknowledgments of posterity by extending the powers and raising the honour of their country seem to be no improper entertainment for our readers." Blake played a somewhat similar part in our naval war with the Dutch to that which Lord Roberts has played in the campaign against the Boers; he extricated us from an undignified position by totally destroying the Dutch claim to dominion on the high seas.

* * * *

An amusing correspondence on an interesting point of Shakespeare criticism has been proceeding in a weekly contemporary. It is entitled "Brutus and Max," the former being the hero of Shakespeare's *Julius Cæsar*, the latter of the *Saturday Review*. "H. H.," a great admirer of "Max," in that he agrees with him "in nine cases out of ten," has been quite upset during a holiday in the country at the spectacle of "Max" taking himself seriously in a critique of *Julius Cæsar*. What was most appalling to "H. H." was that the *arbiter elegantiarum* of the *Saturday* should have taken the view of the average man. But in so doing we are Philistine enough to believe that he came nearer the truth than does "H. H.," who likes his "Max" to be paradoxical. The chief issue is as follows. The moral drawn by "Max" from *Julius Cæsar* is "the vanity of idealism in practical affairs"—*i.e.*, in plain language, he thinks that Brutus meant well. "H. H.," on the other hand, regards the motive of the play as the "Nemesis that waits on crime," and calls Brutus a hypocrite. We are inclined to agree with "Max" that this view of Brutus' character, though borne out by Mommsen, was not Shakespeare's. His best argument is that the dramatist would have revealed the real Brutus in his soliloquies had he regarded him as a hypocrite. But is it necessary to look for a central idea, such as the vanity of idealism, in the play? The working out of a given theme which engrosses a Sudermann or an Ibsen was with Shakespeare secondary to the play of character and the diversity of scene. The very variety of his plays tended to rob them of the unity, sought after by lesser dramatists, such as Racine. "Max's" criticism is, we fancy, a little too modern, particularly as he is dealing with one of the historical plays based on facts of history as Shakespeare knew them. Shakespeare adapting the characters of Brutus, Cassius, and the rest probably thought as little of writing a drama with a special motive as Shakespeare creating Shallow or Falstaff.

* * * *

Lovers of hymnology will find in *Good Words* of this month an interesting contrast drawn by the Rev. H. M. B. Reid, D.D.,

between Watts and Wesley. The greatness of Watts (1674-1748) lay in the fact that he was a pioneer—he met a new and rising taste for popular and congregational sacred song, and he was the author of "O God, our help in ages past" and "When I survey the wondrous cross." The curious thing is that he was defective, compared with Wesley, just where we might have expected him to be Wesley's superior. Watts was a Nonconformist minister, the son of a clothier; Wesley an Anglican scholar, of good family. But the true Evangelical note is found in Wesley. "Watts," says Dr. Reid, "is the respectable, staid singer of the middle classes, the bourgeois hymn-writer, so to speak; Wesley is perhaps the aristocrat among hymnists, but he is an aristocrat turned radical, a lover of the people, who finds a passionate joy in teaching peasants and artisans to sing the love of Jesus; a fine gentleman who is at home in the workhouse, the prison, and the lunatic asylum." Wesley was extraordinarily prolific. Neither of these two hymn-writers, indeed, would have subscribed to the maxim that no man is fit to write more than twenty-five to thirty really good hymns; but while Watts was responsible for nearly 600, Wesley wrote 6,500.

* * * *

The extensive collection of books bequeathed to the British Museum by the late Henry Spencer Ashbee reached Bloomsbury this week. After careful examination by those who possess the requisite knowledge, the Trustees will decide whether or not the gift shall be accepted—little more than a formal matter, in this case, it is to be assumed, for many of the books, rare in themselves, have unique interest by reason of authors' annotations, extra illustrations, and the like. Mr. Ashbee had a passion for books; moreover, being a man of means, he could indulge his fancy without counting the cost. In whatever part of the world he found himself—and he was a great traveller—books attracted him. A life-member of the Bibliographical Society, with a seat on its council, he published through it, in the year 1895, "The Iconography of Don Quixote." The greater number of the books drawn upon for that excellent, succinctly treated work are to be found, we fancy, in the compiler's own library—this Don Quixote assemblage, indeed, forming one of the chief features of the bequest.

* * * *

As a writer, Mr. Ashbee gave us a "Bibliography of Tunisia" from the earliest times down to the end of 1888, "A Ride to Peking," 1881, and in French, which he wrote with almost as much facility as English, "Une Visite à la Bibliothèque de Tangore." In Paris as in London his was a familiar figure in those circles where rare editions are the subject of dignified discussion, and of one such meeting he has left us a reminiscence in "A Dinner of French Bibliophiles," originally published in the "Bibliographer." Books either actually unique or of utmost rarity abound in the Ashbee Library—not Mazarin Bibles, works printed by Caxton or other early printers, such as those possessed by the late Earl of Ashburnham, but scarce modern volumes, many of them detailed in a privately printed bibliography issued under a pseudonym some years ago. These it would be premature to particularize as the collection has not yet been formally accepted on behalf of the nation. At the time of his death Mr. Ashbee was contemplating a second iconography, similar in treatment to the Don Quixote, and members of the Bibliographical Society will regret that this was not completed. Mr. Charles Robert Ashbee, founder of the Guild and School of Handicraft, Whitechapel, is a son of the late collector. From his Press, whence has already been issued in specially designed type "Benvenuto Cellini," "The Pilgrim's Progress," and other works, in limited editions, is shortly to appear a scrupulously printed reissue of Gray's "Elegy," with an illustration of the tomb-stone in Stoke Pogis churchyard, by Mr. George Thomson, coloured by hand.

* * * *

It is an age of literary memorials, some of them practical, some of them ornamental. So eminently a practical woman as Miss Kingsley deserves one of the former kind. In her memory there is to be a hospital for the treatment and study of tropical diseases, and an endowed organization for the study of native African laws, customs, and beliefs—two admirable objects in which Miss Kingsley took the liveliest interest. The memorial to John Bunyan is of the ornamental kind. A stained glass window has been inaugurated in his memory at St. Saviour's, Southwark, by the Bishop of Rochester. The incident must be regarded as a concession of theology to literature. Though Bunyan was baptized into the Church as by law established, he got hard measure for leaving it—two terms of imprisonment, of six months and twelve years respectively. His amazement would have been great if he could have been aware of the changes brought about by the whirligig of time; he might even have been reminded of the Chinese proposal to "oblate" before the coffin of the German Minister. But, of course, it was the author and not the schismatic whom the Bishop of Rochester and the Dean of Canterbury honoured. It is often claimed that the Church of England realizes the poetry of religion better than the Nonconformists. So it does, in the matter of ritual. In the matter of literature perhaps it may be said that no Anglican approaches the Baptist tinker. A memorial of a lesser kind but quite as useful is the tablet placed by the Society of Arts on the front of No. 54, Hunter-street, W.C., where Ruskin was born.

* * * *

Prebendary Harry Jones was not only a diligent parish priest whose name was more associated with social reform than with doctrinal theology, but also a popular contributor to the magazines. His papers in *Fraser's* long ago attracted attention, and on the *Cornhill* he was one of the most constant collaborators of his personal friend, James Payn. He was also a traveller, and had sent letters home to newspapers from Egypt, Palestine, the Sinaitic Peninsula, and America. He even acted as war correspondent for a brief period in 1870. His work was courageous, straightforward, and unconventional, if not conspicuously literary; his unconventionality was, in fact, apparent even in his sermons.

* * * *

Not a day goes by in the book-shops in the Paris boulevards without people being turned away by the booksellers unable to satisfy their request for a copy of M. Rostand's "L'Aiglon." For a year the volume had been promised us. The publisher, M. Fasquelle, distressed, when the poet fell so seriously ill, at the thought of still further delay, and the loss of the immense sale which the book would certainly have commanded during the exhibition year, offered M. Rostand to engage M. Catulle Mendès to read the proofs. But the poet refused, and publisher, bookseller, and public have had to forgo the profits of every sort which might have been theirs but for his scrupulous concern for his own higher interests. He has now gone to Cambo, near Bayonne, to rest and to undertake the work of correcting the proof-sheets of his play.

* * * *

His departure has evoked a capital article in the *Journal* from the pen of M. Claretie on the first volume of verses published by the author of "L'Aiglon" and "Cyrano de Bergerac," a little book entitled "Musardises," now not to be had for love or money in any Paris book-shop, and not even procurable by M. Lemerre, its publisher. M. Claretie, to whom M. de Feraudy, the actor, and happy possessor of it, has lent this volume, assures his readers that a good prophet at the time would have welcomed in this poet of 20 years the great Rostand of to-day. At that moment, however, M. Rostand himself had no self-confidence, as witness the following lines:—

Je pense à vous, ô pauvres héros,
A vous dont peut-être, ce soir,
Je partagerai les misères,
Parmi lesquels j'irai m'asseoir.

Et très longuement j'envisage
Pour bien voir si j'ai le cœur fort,
Pour m'assurer de mon courage,
La tristesse de votre sort.

Si j'étais, par le ridicule
Qu'on vous jette, mis en émoi,
Il est toujours temps qu'on recule;
Mieux me vaudrait rentrer chez moi.

. .

The title betrayed the gentle *précieux*, rather than the fighter of the last five years, and a characteristic preface sought to explain to the uninitiated the mysterious felicities of this ancient word, as the name given to his rhymes of 1889. The verses were graceful and easy, as we may see once more from this extract :—

O chevaliers errants de l'art,
A qui la gloire destinée
Manqua peut-être—par hasard,

Etant votre ami, votre frère,
Un rêveur, un hurluberlu
Qui connaitra votre misère
Peut-être demain—j'ai voulu.

Vous dédier par ce poème
Les premiers vers que j'ai tentés,
Enfants perdus de la bohème,
O mes bons amis les Ratés !

But he would have been veritably a Cuvier among the critics who from these slight documents should have ventured to forecast the career of the author of "Cyrano de Bergerac."

* * * *

English playwrights jealously guard the secrets of the plots of their forthcoming productions, and, judging by a recent controversy, it would seem to be a wise precaution. Their German colleagues, however, are more generous, and the story of Sudermann's new play, *Johannisfeuer*, already forms the subject of paragraphs in German newspapers. It is a domestic drama the action of which passes in the eighties. The scene is laid on an East Prussian estate. Vogelreuter, the well-to-do owner, is about to give his daughter in marriage to the son of the man whose name he has saved from dishonour, but at the last moment her lover is stolen from her by a Polish girl whom Vogelreuter had adopted out of charity. The hard, self-centred character of Vogelreuter—seemingly a little like that of Schwartz in "Heimat"—in some degree accounts for the calamity, but further criticism is impossible until the play is printed or performed.

* * * *

The head of the police at Berlin has had his hands full of late. The Emperor has through him forbidden the performance of a drama by Adolf Rosée entitled *Saint Germain*, of which the hero is the Great Elector. A German critic suggests that no member of the Hohenzollern family may be represented on the Prussian stage except by permission of the landed aristocracy. The public recitation of Ernst von Wildenbruch's ballad, "Das Hexenlied," is also forbidden, as well as a farce by Blumenthal and Kadelburg mocking at the *lex Heinze*.

* * * *

The Elizabethan Literary Society's session, which has just begun, seems to promise much interest. Here is their list of lectures :—Nov. 7th—"Shakespeare and Ibsen," by Richard F. Backwell. Dec. 5th—"Tom D'Urfey," by William G. Hutchison. Jan. 9th, 1901—"Some Plays Falsely Assigned to Shakespeare," by Sidney Lee. Feb. 6th—"The Elizabethan Revival of Surgery in England," by D'Arcy Power, F.R.C.S. March 6th—"Certain Peculiarities in the Style of the Poetry of the Eighteenth Century," by W. Blake Odgers, Q.C. April 3rd—"Robert Greene," by J. Churton Collins. April 17th—"The Satirical Element in Ben Jonson," by W. Francis Aitken. May 1st—A paper, by Miss Grace Latham. The lectures are given at Toynbee-hall at 8 p.m.

* * * *

The London School of Economics and Political Science begins its operations for the Michaelmas Term on October 8. Mr. W. A. S. Hewins, the director, and Mr. Cannan take lectures on the theory and history of Economics. Mr. Lowes Dickinson deals with the Modern State and the Government of the British Empire. International Law, a subject of increasing importance, is in the hands of Mr. E. A. Whittuck. There are also to be series of lectures on the English Manor, on Commercial Policy, Banking, Railways, and Industrial Law and Public Finance, and the Housing Problem. Local Government and municipal enterprise both here and abroad are to be dealt with in lectures by Mr. S. Webb, Mr. Cannan, and Mr. P. W. L. Ashley. Sir Alfred Lyall gives a course of lectures on Indian Administration, and Mr. Graham Wallas on "The Development of Central Government in England since 1763."

Poets and Public Affairs.

Sir Walter Besant is indignant—and very properly indignant—because, when the statement was made that Mr. Rudyard Kipling had been invited to stand for the County Council, a Brighton reporter offered a criticism in the words "Great Scott!" This colloquial invocation of the shade of another great nineteenth century poet had no merit as a criticism save its convenient brevity. The author of it knew that Mr. Kipling was a poet—a fact of which he will find fresh proof in this number of *Literature*—and he desired to express in forcible language his opinion that poets are "feckless" persons unfit to be trusted with the conduct of public affairs. Against that view Sir Walter Besant protested, and we propose to endorse the protest, giving reasons for our faith. The first appeal is naturally to history ; and history is full of the names of poets, both major and minor, who have held political appointments and discharged their duties competently, and in some instances with conspicuous success. There have been failures among them, of course—both Burns and Thomas Moore were failures—but the record, on the whole, is brilliant, from the time of Chaucer to the present day. The father of English poetry, though the Brighton reporter may not know it, was a knight of the shire for Kent, was sent on five diplomatic missions to different parts of the Continent, and held various public offices. Spenser, the next poet of eminence in our annals, was secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and advocated the policy of coercion in pamphlets at the very time when he was engaged upon the composition of "The Faerie Queene." Since then there have been many other instances, both in England and abroad, of the same sort of thing. The author of "Faust" became a Privy Councillor, and the author of "The Revolutionary Epic" whom our reporter may or may not be able to identify with Benjamin Disraeli—became a Prime Minister. It was a poet—the head of the romantic school, Alphonse Marie Louis de Lamartine—who, being French Foreign Minister after the Revolution of 1848, withered the extremists with the memorable phrase, "Le tricolore a fait le tour du monde : votre drapeau rouge n'a fait que le tour du Champs de Mars." There have been poets holding permanent appointments in the Civil Service, from Joseph Addison, Commissioner for Trade and the Colonies, to Mr. Austin Dobson and Mr. Edmund Gosse ; and Victor Hugo was a mayor. There have been many poets in the diplomatic service, from Matthew Prior, who represented Queen Anne at Paris, to "Owen Meredith," who represented Queen Victoria at the same capital, James Russell Lowell, and Mr. Reginald Reid. It is a goodly list, though not exhaustive even with the name of Milton added to it. We doubt if a stronger list could be compiled out of any other class of the community more generally credited with the talents requisite for the conduct of practical matters. Solicitors, for instance, would make a much poorer show, though solicitors are reputed to be shrewd and are certainly more numerous. History, therefore, does not by any means support the idea that poets are persons to be disbowed out of the way whenever there is any important practical business to be done, and we do not think that common sense supports it either. Poets may be somewhat given to mismanaging their own affairs ; but that is a weakness which they share with such very prosaic politicians as Pitt and Richard Cobden. On the other hand, they do bring the faculty of imagination to bear upon the practical problems to which they have to address themselves, and imagination is a valuable factor in statesmanship. It was because he had imagination, and was a poet, that Lamartine could check a threatened revolution with an epigram, and that the Earl of Beaconsfield gave a charm to the Imperial idea which it certainly does not derive from the commercial and prosaic utterances of many other supporters of an Imperial policy.

THE YOUNG QUEEN.

. . . Some of us may have been unaware to what perfection those fruits have been already matured in the virgin soil of Australia, but if there was surprise in any quarter it was pleasurable surprise. The whole country felt a thrill of pride as the work of her sons was revealed to her, and revealed to her at a time when the ties between her and them had been newly consecrated by common effort and by common sacrifice in a righteous cause.—*The Times.*

Her hand was still on her sword-hilt—the spur was still on her heel—
She had not cast her harness of grey war-dinted steel:
High on her red-splashed charger, beautiful bold and browned,
Bright-eyed out of the battle, the Young Queen rode to be crowned.

And she came to the Old Queen's presence, in the Hall of Our Thousand Years—
In the Hall of the Five Free Nations that are peers among their peers:
Royal she gave the greeting, loyal she bowed the head,
Crying:—"Crown me, my Mother!" And the Old Queen stood and said:—

"How can I crown thee further? I know whose standard flies
"Where the clean surge takes the Leeuwin or the notched Kaikouras rise.
"Blood of our foes on thy bridle and speech of our friends in thy mouth—
"How can I crown thee further, O Queen of the Sovereign South?

"Let the Five Free Nations witness!" But the Young Queen answered swift:—
"It shall be crown of Our crowning to hold Our crown for a gift.
"In the days when Our folk were feeble thy sword made sure Our lands—
"Wherefore We come in power to beg Our crown at thy hands."

And the Old Queen raised and kissed her, and the jealous circlet prest,
Roped with the pearls of the Northland and red with the gold of the West—
Lit with her land's own opals, levin-hearted, alive,
And the five-starred Cross above them, for sign of the Nations Five.

So it was done in the Presence—in the Hall of Our Thousand Years—
In the face of the Five Free Nations that have no peer but their peers;
And the Young Queen out of the Southland kneeled down at the Old Queen's knee
And asked for a mother's blessing on the excellent years to be.

And the Old Queen stooped in the stillness where the jewelled head drooped low:
"Daughter no more but Sister, and doubly Daughter so—
"Mother of many princes—and child of the child I bore,
"What good thing shall I wish thee that I have not wished before?

"Shall I give thee delight in dominion—rash pride of thy setting forth?
"Nay, we be women together—we know what that lust is worth.
"Peace on thy utmost borders and strength on a road untrod?
"These are dealt or diminished at the secret will of God.

"I have swayed troublous councils—I am wise in terrible things—
"Father and son and grandson I have known the heart of the Kings.
"Shall I give thee my sleepless wisdom or the gift all wisdom above?
"Ay, we be women together—I give thee thy people's love:

"Tempered, august, abiding, reluctant of prayers or vows,
"Eager in face of peril as thine for thy mother's house.—
"God requite thee, my Sister, through the strenuous years to be,
"And make thy people to love thee as thou hast loved me!"

RUDYARD KIPLING.

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Personal Views.

THE LITERATURE OF SOCIETY, PAST & PRESENT.

"Read," says Bacon, "not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider." Excellent advice to the student, but tried by this standard it would perhaps be necessary for society, commonly so called, to put in a plea for mercy. It hardly finds time to weigh and consider, it reads too much of all sorts to be over-apt to believe and take for granted, it may have an inclination to contradict if not to confute, while it would be difficult to acquit it of a tendency "to find talk and discourse." After all a number of persons constantly thrown together and seeking relaxation in each other's society may as well find part of their talk and discourse in current literature as in scandal or even in politics. At the time when "Robert Elsmere" was discussed at every dinner-table a rising young statesman declared that he had purposely refrained from reading it as the confession of ignorance saved him half-an-hour at the beginning of each conversation. Presumably he wished to vary his gambits, otherwise one hardly sees to what profounder purpose he destined these rescued half-hours.

If we would compare the present with the past we must search the collections in country houses outside the dignified shelves of the "Library." The apartment thus designated contains the big folios and quartos which Crabbe declares "Are much admired, and are but little read," though their beautiful engravings often repay examination; standard works now studied in editions more portable though less gorgeous; and a host of smaller books, sometimes very amusing, but oftener so badly printed that modern eyesight retires discomfited. Go into the living rooms and bed rooms, however, if your ancestors have been kind enough to supply these with book-shelves, and you will discover quaint stores of books which look as if people really did read them—old-fashioned travels, essays, poems, memoirs, and, above all, novels. After turning over their pages one is tempted to exclaim "plus cela change, plus c'est la même chose." True the heroines of the novels were more sentimental, the heroes more boisterous, the travellers were more leisurely, the poems longer and more didactic, but underlying all the same demand is met by much the same supply. Readers wanted to have their own thoughts translated into language more or less epigrammatic, they wished to flatter themselves that a smattering of science and philosophy was leading them to daring speculation, and they were by no means displeased when the moralist told them how wicked the world was growing, and what a dreadful catastrophe would ensue if they did not mend their manners. They liked to read about fresh places, and they enjoyed biographies of people they had known themselves or who had known their grandfathers and grandmothers. There seems sometimes an idea that subsequent to Fielding and Smollett and prior to, and contemporary with, Walter Scott, the fashionable novel-reader was limited to Mrs. Radcliffe, Miss Ferrier, Miss Edgeworth, and Miss Austen, and an amusing writer discoursing on the "Decay of Sensibility" seems disposed to take the two last

named ladies as priestesses of the Sentimental School. To those who have dipped into Mrs. West, Laetitia Matilda Hawkins, and other writers of the first decade of the nineteenth century, Miss Edgeworth (as for instance in "L'Amie Inconnue") was rather the Cervantes who laughed the romantic young woman off the stage, while Elizabeth Bennet and Catherine Morland were monsters of insensibility in comparison with the heroine of Mrs. West's entertaining "Tale of the Times," who writes thus to her lover:—

> If I ever appear to forget your generous behaviour, add to the list of those infamous women of antiquity whom you have so often reprobated, the more infamous name of Geraldine Powerscourt, who basely neglected the disinterested friend who risked all his fairest hopes to alleviate her sorrows.

The excellent Hannah More begs the "timid young lady not to start" if she recommends her to substitute "Watts' or Duncan's little book of Logic" and others of the kind for "so much English sentiment, French philosophy, Italian love songs, and fantastic German imagery and magic wonders" in which society of her day seems to have delighted. But, alas, not society alone horrified the good lady by its inclination both to read and to write novels.

> Not only [she laments] among milliners, mantua-makers, and other trades where numbers work together, the labour of one girl is frequently sacrificed that she may be spared to read these mischievous books to the others; but she has been assured by clergymen who have witnessed the facts that they are procured and greedily read in the wards of our hospitals!

Almost all the writers, whether novelists, poets, or professed moralists, who wrote with the spectacle of revolutionary France before their eyes seem to have been terribly alarmed for the effect on the English mind of everybody's writings save their own. The ingenious author of the "Pursuits of Literature," stated to have been T. S. Mathias, can hardly find a good word for anybody, but of all the sinners who were likely to contaminate a susceptible age he most severely castigates M. G. Lewis, the author of "The Monk," better known by his collection of "Tales of Wonder."

Danger to religion was also feared from the hospitality shown by many landowners to the exiled French ecclesiastics.

> Lo, confessors in every hamlet found,
> With sacred sisters walk their cloistered round;

exclaims the anxious if somewhat unmetrical poet. But deeper than all these the sturdy guardians of British virtue sought the source and origin of evil in "La Nouvelle Héloïse." Begin almost any work you please, except the high-flown historical novel, and you will come back to that dangerous undermining of domestic bliss, that false sentimentalist, Jean-Jacques Rousseau. You would think that you were perusing the seathing denunciations of an English Nordau, and would wonder that the degeneration which had evidently set in over a century ago had not yet culminated in utter destruction.

We must hurry past the age of Byron and the Lake Poets, only pausing to glance at an eminently society novel, "Glenarvon," in which Lady Caroline Lamb gave her own romantic version of her affection for Lord Byron. He is Glenarvon and she Calantha. Her husband, William Lamb, is Lord Avondale, and amongst the well-known people introduced under fictitious names Lady Holland appears as the Princess of Madagascar. Probably the unveiling of these portraits afforded as much amusement as later guesses at the prototypes of the characters in "Vivian Grey," and "Lothair."

Classes and masses alike were wooed and won by Dickens, Thackeray and George Eliot, by Tennyson and Browning, by Carlyle, Macaulay, and Ruskin, nor did Science remain altogether cold to Darwin, Huxley, and Herbert Spencer.

One Sunday evening, not long ago, a rather large party in a country house was asked to decide on the ten novels best worthy of preservation. Each made his or her selection, and the novel was considered chosen which appeared in the greatest number of lists. "Vanity Fair" came out easily first, and "Pride and Prejudice" a good second. This goes to prove that the old favourites are not forgotten, yet it is difficult to estimate the progress of taste among what are commonly called the "leisured classes." It must be remembered that the number of persons roughly embraced in these classes has enormously increased, and that education, whether or not more effectual than half-a-century ago, is at all events more systematized. Apart from the multiplicity of periodicals it is a recognized custom to have books lying about everywhere, and they are so cheap, and published in such attractive forms, that there is no excuse for their absence. Moreover, they figure largely among the presents interchanged in the present day, and no question is oftener asked than "Can you tell me of a good book?" It is needless to dilate on the well-known fashions in literature, but it is a cause for hearty congratulation that novels dealing with certain social problems are at a discount. Stories of adventure have been rather overdone, and the taste for slum and "kail-yard" tales was perhaps a little artificial. Theological novels, on the other hand, vary in character, but will probably be always with us.

To-day a good many French and a few German and Italian novels are read. French memoirs, and such books as those of Lucien Percy, are always popular, and foreign works on art highly esteemed. It is, however, doubtful whether the perusal of foreign literature has increased in proportion to the circulation of other books. One reason may be that, though people travel far more than formerly, facilities for extended tours have so largely increased that a run on the Continent, or to the East, or a sojourn in an English colony on the Riviera, is generally substituted for such residence in a foreign city as entailed mixing in the society, often literary, of the place. This is too wide a subject for our limits, but one not devoid of interest. During the present year the three books most frequently named in conversation have perhaps been Sir H. Maxwell's "Wellington," Miss Cholmondeley's "Red Pottage," and Mr. Wilkins' "Love of an Uncrowned Queen." All are well written and entertaining, and cannot be said to minister to a decadent taste.

As for poetry, it has recently had a distinctly martial tendency, and some of it—notably that of our Kipling—has been more fortunate than the muse of the following anecdote:—

> Mr. Pye, the present Poet Laureate, with the best intentions at this momentous period (1795), if not with the very best poetry, translated the verses of Tyrtæus the Spartan.* They were designed to produce animation throughout the kingdom, and among the Militia in particular. Several of the reviewing generals (I do not mean the monthly or critical) were much impressed with their weight and importance, and at a board of general officers an experiment was agreed upon, which unfortunately failed. They were read aloud at Warley Common and at Barham Downs by the adjutants, at the head of five different regiments, at each camp, and much was expected. But before they were half finished all the front ranks, and as many of the others as were within hearing or verse-shot, dropped their arms suddenly, and were all found fast asleep. Marquis Townshend, who never approved of the scheme, said with his usual pleasantry that the first of all poets observed that "Sleep is the brother of Death."

M. E. JERSEY.

* War Elegies of Tyrtæus imitated.

THE LONDON OF CHAUCER.*

In a brief time we shall be celebrating the 500th anniversary of Geoffrey Chaucer's death. London claims the poet as her son, and the claim is disputed by few competent authorities. Moreover, if no conclusive evidence on this point can be found in Chaucer's writings, a passage in "The Testament of Love" points to the affection with which he regarded "the Citie of London, that is to mene soo deare and swete, in which I was foorth grown; and more kindely love have I to that place than to any other in yerth, as every kindely creature hath full appetite to that place of his kindely ingendure."

THE PALACE OF BRIDEWELL.

And what manner of place was this London wherein, as we shall assume, Chaucer was born, along whose every highway he trod a hundred times, and a mile or so without whose walls—for not till long afterwards did Westminster form an integral part of the metropolis—he died on October 25, 1400? Happily, there is continuity in the life of a city as in that of an individual, and, all too few as are the landmarks which have come down to us from the fourteenth century, we have but to look with eager, earnest eye to discern behind the London of to-day, glimpses at any rate of the London divided from us by ten thousand yesterdays. Here the name of a street or district, there a religious pile which has withstood the storms of centuries, again a fragment of ancient architecture, or perhaps even the murmur of Thames waters as they slide seaward, may serve to call up a picture, a dream, of Chaucer's London.

For many there is no such thing as poetic justice, but in this connexion we may note what, in any case, is a curious coincidence. Would you discover the site of the house wherein Chaucer is deemed to have been born about 1340, you must go to Thames Street and stand beneath the railway bridge across which modern travellers—strange successors of Chaucer's pilgrims—are borne in their thousands to Canterbury. John Chaucer, the poet's father, was a citizen and vintner, and a member by necessity—for no one was permitted to carry on trade save under the regulations of a guild—of the Society of "Vintoners," unrecognized by letters patent till 1364, although their origin dates much further back. In Chaucer's day, in the reign of Edward I., the Thames-side hereabouts was beset with cooks' houses, the cooks who dressed meat but sold no wine; but thereafter "faire and large houses with vaults and cellars" were built, for the greater convenience of those who followed the lucrative calling of the vintner. It must be remembered that in the fourteenth century sort of wine, highly esteemed when it was new, came from Rhenish, Portugal, Bordeaux, and elsewhere. Possibly in his own house on the river-side Henry Picard, vintner, entertained in 1363 the King's personages; and maybe Chaucer's father, if not the poet himself, was one of the guests. This entertainment, whereat, as we know from Stowe, dice and hazards were the games, and whereat the King of Cyprus lost his temper as well as his gold, is said to have originated the toast "five times five." Of a thousand other penalties meted out to those who violated regulations, one may be cited. In 1364 a vintner, who sold unwholesome wine, here and there perhaps, was compelled to drink some of his liquor, the residue of which was poured over him.

We have said that the life of London possesses continuity, and what more striking proof of this could be adduced than by pointing to the fact that the City's central building to-day on the same site, bears the same name, is associated with the same traditions, as in Chaucer's time. Then as now the cathedral church of St. Paul's, not Wren's edifice that we know, but that older pile with tower in centre which we connect with many a stirring scene, stood on the eminence within the Ludgate. With its hundreds of officers, from bishop and dean and archdeacons, to bookbinder, baker, and brewer, its palace, its chapter-house, its cloisters, St. Paul's stood as the foremost representative of that ecclesiasticism which, despite worldliness and indifference on the part of monk or prelate, still had a firm hold on the mass of the people at the time of which we speak.

Ingress to the City could be gained only, of course, through the gates in the stout London wall, whose names survive in Ludgate, Moorgate, Aldgate, and the rest. It was a city composed of great religious settlements, of the palaces and mansions of nobles and wealthy merchants, of picturesque tenements of wood and plaster, with open shops or stalls on the ground floor, whence the prentices were ever eager to issue, and abandon fashioning or crying of wares, to take part in pageant or merry-making. Where now stands Printing-house-square the Dominican or Black Friars had their home, and here, in a precinct of their own, enclosed by its wall, they sumptuously entertained the King. Chaucer's friend, the "philosophical Strode," that learned and travelled monk of Jedburgh Abbey, of whom we know so little—the conjecture that he was tutor to one of Chaucer's sons is not credited—and to whom with "the moral Gower" "Troilus and Cressida" is dedicated, was one of these Dominicans. Close by, the thick walls of Baynard's Castle shadowed the river; on the other side the Fleet was the Palace of Bridewell; further on the church of St. Brigid or Bride; the domain of the White Friars; the place whence the Templars had been driven; the sumptuous home of the Duke of Lancaster, John of Gaunt (friend and patron of the poet) at the Savoy; until, passing the palaces of other powerful nobles, with gardens running down to the Strand of the Thames, by and by one came to the King's house at Westminster.

One of the few certainties in connexion with Chaucer's life in London is that in the year 1374 he was granted a lease of the

ST. HELEN'S, BISHOPSGATE.

dwelling-house above Aldgate. Here, where doubtless much of his time was devoted to writing—for he was permitted to depute the duties connected with the Comptrollership of the Customs of Wine and Wool, part of the payment for which had been a

* The illustrations to this article are taken, by the courtesy of Messrs. Chatto and Windus, from Sir Walter Besant's "London."

pitcher of wine daily from the King's table—he was within easy distance of the great Priory of Holy Trinity, founded by Queen

THE CHARTERHOUSE.

Matilda, and one of the most glorious, powerful, and wealthy settlements of the kind in London. An insignificant arch of its outbuildings was recently discovered in Duke-street, Aldgate. In the Minories was the settlement of the Clare Sisters; close by, the Priory of the Crossed or Crutched Friars; and, in a north-westerly direction, the Nunnery of St. Helen, Bishopsgate—part of whose ground was purchased by Sir John Crosby for the building of Crosby-hall, where Sir Thomas More lived and wrote; the domain of the Austin Friars; the home of the Augustine Canons of St. Martin's le Grand; that of the Minorites' or Grey Friars', where now stands Christ's Hospital; Sir Walter Manny's "House of the Salutation of the Mother of God"; the Carthusian monastery with which, as the Charterhouse School of later times, we associate Addison, Thackeray, and many more; Rahere's ancient church, dedicated to St. Bartholomew, by whose command, communicated in vision, it was built; and a dozen other historically interesting piles within and without the city walls.

It was, then, in a London studded with fine priory churches and green with walled-in gardens; of for the most part unpaved streets hung with swinging signs or alestakes, where the inn, or town residence, of this country prior or that noble was flanked by the high-pitched roof and gables, the projecting upper storeys, of the trader; of narrow thoroughfares breaking occasionally into wide spaces like that which surrounded St. Paul's—it was in and about such a London that Chaucer moved with downcast albeit strangely observant eyes. And the London of Chaucer was also, be it remembered, the London of John Gower, who, meeting the King as he sailed on the Thames, afterwards wrote the "Confessio Amantis" at the Royal request, of "Long John" Langland, author of "Piers the Ploughman," of John Lydgate, who did not enter the Benedictine Monastery at Bury St. Edmunds until after Chaucer's death, and of Thomas Occleve or Hoccleve.

Of the people of his day Chaucer has left us a series of faithful, vivid pictures. They are drawn from life by a man who lived among them, and whose genius has mirrored them for all time. Mine host of the Tabard, a study, mayhap, of one of the poet's own relatives; the true knight, who seldom doffed his armour, of so chivalrous a bearing; the young squire in the sumptuous apparel adopted by the wealthy of his day—there were stringent regulations against the lower classes aping those of higher station; the Oxford clerk in threadbare coat, "lean as a rake," a simple, godly man; the monk, who cared little for things eternal so long as he might eat and drink to his heart's content, a great sportsman and a judge of horseflesh; the doctor of physic, a member of the Barber Surgeons' Guild, dressed in red Persian silk; the Serjeant-at-Law, in scarlet gown and white hood, come it may be from a moote held in the portico or paradise of the cathedral; the Lady Eglantine, sweet and dignified and charming, on her way to one or other of the nunneries; the bullet-headed miller; the merchant in Flemish beaver and boots with handsome clasps; the town parson and the summoner; the hypocritical pardoner, never without a store of sham relics; the limitour, the cook, the wife of Bath—these, and all the other pilgrims who set out from the Tabard for Canterbury, Chaucer noted as he rambled about the streets and alleys, the priories and palaces, the river bank and the adjacent meadows.

We could have wished that in addition to his long and representative gallery of living, breathing folk he had bequeathed to us some word-pictures of old London. But it is less difficult to recreate the town than its population, and he chose the better part.

THE CHAUCER EXHIBITION AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

The authorities of the British Museum would have been lacking in enterprise had they permitted the 500th anniversary of the death of "Britain's first poet, famous old Chaucer," to pass without recognition. So far from this being the case, an instructive series of Chaucer's works has been arranged in the King's Library. The first two cases contain nineteen MS. volumes, and a book of coloured reproductions of the Tellers of the Canterbury Tales, copied from the MS. in the library of the Earl of Ellesmere. Chaucer died in the last year of the fourteenth century, and seventy-seven years elapsed before William Caxton—who, coming from Bruges, established his press at Westminster within a stone's throw of the spot where Chaucer rested—laid the foundation stone of printing in this country, probably by the issue of the "Dicts and Sayings of the Philosophers." For long, then, Chaucer's poems remained in manuscript, and hence arose those variations which caused Dr. F. J. Furnivall to issue in 1868 a six-text edition, to which all students now go for authentic information.

The first volume in Case 1 is a fifteenth century MS. of the Canterbury Tales of the C (orpus) type, which is one of those used for the six-text edition. It has illuminated borders, and is open at the Prologue, the initial letter of which is decorated with a portrait of Chaucer, standing, open book in hand. Next comes Thomas Occleve's poem, "De Regimine Principum," with the familiar portrait of his friend and master exposed to view. The third volume is a MS. copy of the Canterbury Tales of type B. (Harleian), this text having been printed for the Chaucer Society in 1885. Thereafter we find an imperfect example of the A. type, acquired by the British Museum from the library of the late Earl of Ashburnham. Of the D. type, resembling Caxton's editions, is an example with the page open at the Clerk of Oxford's Tale, that story of patient Griselda, which "he learned at Padow of a worthi clerk," "Fraunceys Petrark the Laureate Poete." Special note must be made of a copy of "Troilus and Cressida," some of the marginal notes of which are possibly by the poet himself. The MSS. include, too, some of the minor poems, the "Complaint to his Purse," for instance, addressed to Henry IV. in 1399, probably the last thing written by Chaucer.

For the majority of people, perhaps, the printed books will have an even greater appeal, and this because the earliest of them are associated with William Caxton, Richard Pynson, and Wynkin de Worde. As has been said, the first book known with certainty to have been printed in England is the "Dicts and Sayings" in 1477, but experts agree that although not issued until about a year afterwards, the first edition of the Canterbury Tales must have been begun immediately after Caxton set up his press. Of this book two perfect copies only are known, that now to be seen at the British Museum, from the library of George III., and that in the library of Merton College, Oxford. In 1896 an example lacking two leaves realized £1,880. Another lacking nineteen leaves, £1,020. In 1897, again, the still more imperfect Ashburnham copy made £720. The earlier printed

log on view in Bloomsbury is worth a fabulous sum, although, if we are not mistaken, it was purchased in 1775 for no more than £47 15s. The second printed Chaucer is Caxton's edition, circa 1484, illustrated, and with revised text. There follow the third edition of the Tales, printed by Richard Pynson, circa 1492, regarded as the first production of his press, and the fourth edition, bearing the imprint of Wynkin de Worde and no date 1498, both of these being based on Caxton's second issue. The Ashburnham copy of the Wynkin de Worde, deemed by the collector to be the only perfect one, made £1,000. In 1486 Caxton printed the "Book of Fame" and somewhat earlier "Troilus and Cressida." These are exhibited, as is also Wynkin de Worde's 4to issue (1517) of the last named work. This latter copy formed part of the Ashburnham library, at the dispersal of which it was bought for £110. A quaint woodcut therefrom was reproduced in that fascinating volume, "C.C.C. Notable Books," privately issued to commemorate Dr. Garnett's Keepership of the British Museum Library.

It was in 1526 that Pynson began to reprint, in three parts, the first collected edition of Chaucer's works. Other editions followed in 1532, 1561, 1598, 1602, 1687, and 1721, specimens of each of which may be studied in the King's Library. In 1721 Lintot published the "worst edition ever printed," although the initial illustration, showing the mounted pilgrims setting out from the Old Tabard Inn, possesses undoubted fascination. The most scholarly issue of Chaucer's works procurable until comparatively recent times was the edition for which Thomas Tyrwhitt is responsible, issued with dissertations, notes, and glossary, 1775-78. Taking full advantage of the results of Tyrwhitt's labours, Dr. Furnivall, after much original research, and heedful of the knowledge accumulated during a whole century, edited in 1868 the six-text print of the Canterbury Tales. Crowning the whole series at the British Museum is the Kelmscott Chaucer, printed in Gothic character by William Morris. It is open at those fine pages, surrounded by Morris' rose border, and decorated by two woodcuts after designs by his friend Burne-Jones, on the first of which the Romance of the Rose comes to an end, while on the second the Parliament of Fowls begins. It is appropriate that William Morris, who has not altogether inaptly been called the Chaucer of modern times, should have left us this book as his greatest achievement in the craft whose development owes so much to him. The British Museum authorities are to be cordially congratulated on exhibiting so excellently their unrivalled collection of Chaucer.

LIBRARIANS IN CONFERENCE.

The twenty-third annual meeting of the Library Association, which took place at Bristol last week, was notable for the many interesting local papers contributed, for the practical line taken on most subjects, and for the hospitality shown to the visitors by the city authorities and others, both in Bristol and Bath. Sir Edward Fry's successful opening address we have already commented on. The Librarian of Bristol, Mr. Norris Mathews, fittingly contributed the first paper on the growth of the public library movement in the city; Dr. C. W. Kimmins, secretary of the London Society for the Extension of University Teaching, spoke on Lectures under the Public Libraries Acts, and Mr. C. F. Normand expounded the establishment of Readers' Unions in the public libraries, giving particulars of a successful effort in this direction in connexion with the Students' Free Library at Tottenham.

Many divergent opinions were expressed on the two latter papers. Mr. William Bailey held that, since newspapers were so cheap as to be within the purchasing power of all, the subscription was no longer a necessity and might be withdrawn for books and lectures. Possibly Sir William's experience as governor of the new John Rylands Library at Manchester may have led him to this conclusion. The matter was put forward at the meeting last year when pleading for Ward Club-rooms, where the people could read the papers, smoke, and be provided with billiard tables. The vice-chairman of the Manchester Public Libraries deplored the mass of "worthless literature" taken out by the public, which sounded rather like an indictment of himself and his colleagues for having anything worthless in their libraries. As to providing extra means of teaching, the general impression appeared to be that as long as public libraries were restricted in expenditure to the proceeds of a penny or halfpenny rate, they could not add to their responsibilities, or reduce the funds available for books and maintenance.

On the Wednesday the first paper was by Mr. T. Aldred, Librarian of St. George-the-Martyr, Southwark, on the subject of "Book Selection and Rejection." He did not indicate the metaphysical distinction between selection and rejection, nor did he enunciate any strikingly original points, but his remarks, which covered practically the whole science and art of librarianship, provoked a long discussion. The opinions expressed revealed the fact that a great deal of trust, perhaps overmuch, was placed in the opinions of reviewers. One speaker suggested that no novel should be placed in a public library until it had been two years out of the press, but the audience did not take this proposal seriously. The talk finally resolved itself into a symposium on library committees. It appeared that these were not all that could be desired, and that sometimes their views on selection were diametrically opposed to those of the librarians. Considering the composition of such bodies, there must always be some friction in matters of literary judgment. Many representatives of the ratepayers only regard the library from a commercial standpoint.

Other papers of interest were one on Picture Galleries in relation to Public Libraries, by Mr. A. G. Temple, Director of the Guildhall Art Gallery, who advocated the establishment of art libraries, and as a first practical step named a list of works which would serve as a nucleus; and Mr. C. T. Macaulay's paper on the literary associations of Bath, which showed a long line of famous inhabitants, including Wolsey, Laud, Ken, Prynne, &c. At Bath, where the members were entertained at luncheon by the Mayor, the ancient charters of the city were exhibited and described by Mr. Austin King. Bath had been much more fortunate in preserving its records than the neighbouring city of Bristol. On the discussion of the annual report the council's proposal that some at least of the monthly meetings hitherto held in or near London should take place at provincial library centres was approved. Mr. T. Webb Williams' paper on the "Medieval Libraries of Bristol and the Vicinity" was a valuable contribution, giving much information about the MSS. and books which were dispersed from the different monastic collections. Mr. S. Smith (Sheffield) in a paper on "Masonic Libraries" had gathered together many particulars about the Lodge Libraries and other collections both in England and America, and stated that there were Masonic literary societies in connexion with nearly all. It was a pity that want of time necessitated several papers being taken as read, particularly three from different standpoints on cataloguing and classification. English librarians have not yet secured that uniformity of method which in the United States has established a system of co-operative cataloguing upon recognized lines. Another paper taken as read was by Mr. J. Y. W. MacAlister and Dr. W. G. Savage on the "Risk of Contracting Infectious Disease from Library Books." It was comforting to learn from an abstract of the paper that as a result of bacteriological experiments there was no cause for alarm, except it might be to those guilty of the pernicious habit of licking finger and thumb when turning pages. We may hope that such abusers of books, and they are far too numerous, will take due warning. Throughout the visit much enjoyable relaxation from business was provided, and visits were paid to many interesting churches and other ancient buildings, to the principal manufactories of the city, and the docks at Avonmouth, while excursions were made on Friday to various places of interest in the vicinity.

THE DRAMA.

"THE WEDDING GUEST."

In writing a first-night "notice" of *The Wedding Guest* in a morning journal, after devoting the greater part of my space to considering the character of the heroine, Margaret Fairbairn, I omitted to say that the part was played by Miss Dorothea Baird. I was quite unconscious of the omission until I read the newspaper and then I could scarcely believe my eyes, the blunder was so absurd! This is not the first time that I have had to bewail the strange accidents that happen when the printer is pressing for the last slip of "copy" in the small hours of the morning. But here is my opportunity for repairing my oversight by saying that Miss Baird played her part to perfection, identifying herself with it so completely that one could not think of another actress in her place. For the matter of that, the part might have been written for her. It is that of an innocent child-wife, and girlish innocence is in every tone and gesture and action of Miss Dorothea Baird. She has the virginal serenity, the limpid wide-eyed gaze of some Madonna of Raphael. Hence she is invaluable to the play, the whole point of which turns upon the absolute innocence of Margaret Fairbairn. For Margaret receives the rudest of shocks which a child-bride can undergo, the discovery that her bridegroom has had what the French call a *collage* before marriage. Visiting a sick woman and her baby, she finds that the woman is her husband's cast-off mistress and that the baby is her husband's child. Thus is the Fool's Paradise of innocence shattered by the ugly facts of life.

Why did Mr. Barrie choose this subject? It is not a new subject. Scores of novels and plays have dealt with it. Have not Mr. Grundy and Mrs. Clifford just been disputing over their several versions of it? Nor, I venture to think, is it a subject suited to Mr. Barrie's talent, which, unless I am much mistaken, is a quiet meditative talent, altogether too delicate, too domestic, to handle "sexual" questions. Merely from the moral point of view I do not think Mr. Barrie's treatment of the theme profitable. Between the two women he does not hold the balance fairly. He makes the mistress a *révoltée*, a fierce, embittered "degenerate," a fury when she is not a maniac. Of the seductive, presumably sensual, influence she exercised over the man we see not a trace. On the other hand, the wife is a milk-and-water schoolgirl, whose instinctive modesty is not always clearly differentiated from conventional prudery. That she should return to her father's house on the discovery of her husband's "past" is natural enough. But that she should, long before she suspects that her husband is concerned in the matter, turn with horror from the *fille-mère* merely because the woman is "not married" is not natural, but merely "missish." In other words, both for mistress and wife Mr. Barrie has selected types which do not admit of the case between them being adequately stated. Contrast with this the treatment of the same theme in *A Debt of Honour*, which is now to be seen at the St. James's, and *La Gioconda*, which was the other day to be seen at the Lyceum. Mr. Grundy makes the mistress as innocent as the wife, shows, in fact, that women may enter upon a *liaison* as purely as they enter into matrimony. D'Annunzio shows that the influence of the mistress over the man may be as respectable (in the literal sense of the term) as the wife's—the artistic inspiration which she supplies being as important to an artist as orthodox domestic affection. Both these plays, observe, end in tragic catastrophe, and rightly so end, for death is needed to give dignity to the theme. But Mr. Barrie's play does not end in tragedy; really it does not end at all; it simply "peters out," and somewhat cynically too. The mistress takes herself off, and the wife departs, sadder but wiser, with her husband to resume her interrupted honeymoon. And so it comes about that, by travelling outside the range of his talent, a writer who in all our minds is associated with pleasantness, wholesomeness, and sweetness has contrived to produce a play which shows the seamy side of virtue and leaves a nasty taste in the mouth!

So much for the morality of the thing. As a piece of craftsmanship the defects of *The Wedding Guest* leap at the eyes. The subject is serious, but Mr. Barrie, as we all know, is a humourist, and his humour runs away with him. Even if it were humour always kept under control, and always kept in the right place, it is not, I think, dramatic humour. It is thin, boyish, obvious. An officious "best man" carefully folds up a bridal veil, and so ruins it, to the disgust of the bridesmaids. Two old cronies lose their tempers over a game of draughts, and are pacified by the butler with wine and cigars. When the wine is poured into a minister's glass he studiously looks away until it is full to the brim, and then, with a Spartan air, cries "Stop." These would be amusing "Barrie" anecdotes in a book, with the delight of genial style. But they want the style badly. For they are literary effects, and very poor things in stage pantomime. Here, however, Mr. Barrie's humour, whatever we may think of it in itself, is at any rate in its right place—used, that is, for pause and relief. Elsewhere the humour is used so as to be absolutely misleading as to the progress of the story and the development of character. The husband, who is to play so grave a part in the sequel, is first introduced to us jumping over his bride's train, and cracking jokes about "trouserings." The father, after being a mere amiable nonentity for two acts, is suddenly promoted in the third to a principal place, in order that the question of parental responsibility for filial ignorance may be thoroughly threshed out. These developments are not "prepared"—one is tired of quoting Dumas' dictum on that subject. And, after all, this is not a question of "laws" or "stagecraft" but of common sense. When a puppet is turned into a live person at the close of a play, the transformation comes too late for plausibility. And the question of a man's sin and punishment is only confused by preliminary jokes about "trouserings." These incongruities, again, might be smoothed over in a book, with its leisurely narrative, philosophic reflections, charm of style, and so forth. All through the play I seem to see not so much a dramatist as a novelist out of his element.

Perhaps I speak with the bitterness of disappointment. Dramatically, *The Wedding Guest* shows no advance on either *The Professor's Love Story* or *The Little Minister*. Both those plays, however, were "successful" in the sense of giving pleasure to many thousands of quite worthy people to whom the Barrie humour and the Barrie *ethos* are of more account than the art of drama. These people, it is safe to assume, will all eagerly flock to *The Wedding Guest*. They may count upon seeing some good acting—"intense" acting, acting with nerves and heartstrings by Miss Violet Vanbrugh as the mistress, spontaneous acting—or, rather, as I have tried to explain, *being*—by Miss Dorothea Baird, intelligent, discreet acting by Mr. H. B. Irving as the husband, and absolutely delightful acting by a new actress (new to me, at any rate), Miss Joan Burnett, as a Scotch child of nature, who has a long scene with a baby all to herself. It is, by the way, not only a long but an irrelevant scene, yet so exquisitely is it done that, against my better judgment, I cannot help wishing there were even more of it.

A. B. WALKLEY.

Reviews.

THE TURK AS POET.

A History of Ottoman Poetry. By E. J. W. Gibb. Vol. I. (Luzac. 21s.)

Eighteen years ago Mr. Gibb published a volume of selections from Ottoman poetry, translated into English verse, which attracted some attention. The present work shows that he has not been idle in the interval: indeed, if the succeeding volumes, of which there will be in all probability at least two, are at all advanced in preparation, he must have laboured indefatigably. The death of Sir James Redhouse left Mr.

Gibb the reputation of the leading Turkish scholar of Great Britain, and his present "History of Ottoman Poetry" is an ample justification of his title to the position. Of his capacity to interpret faithfully the finest shades of Turkish idiom there is no doubt, and it is pleasant to find that his learning is joined to a gift of graceful and lucid expression, and that he can write good English as well as understand good Turkish. Such a combination of talents is unfortunately rare among scholars, who are apt to limit their range of instruction to the initiated minds of the erudite. Mr. Gibb is as erudite as one could wish, but he rightly feels that learning that cannot be communicated is useless cult is only half useful, and in this work he addresses himself, not merely to the Orientalist, but to the educated man in general. The result is a decidedly interesting book, and one that will doubtless astonish those whose conceptions of the Turk are founded upon Bulgarian or Armenian atrocities and the Visions of the Canons and the Poets. Ottoman poetry is really the mildest mannered vehicle in which a nation of butchers could express its thoughts. One begins to suspect that the man of blood may possibly be also the man of feeling.

There is nothing perhaps very remarkable in the fact that the Turks borrowed most of their ideas and their culture from other races—such loans have been effected in Western Europe too—but no race probably retains so little of its original possessions (not territorial only) as the Othmanli. The Seljuk Turks came to Persia, and learned Mahomedanism and all that it implied; they came in contact with cultivated Persians and Arabs, fell under the spell of Persian poetry and mystic philosophy, and carried it all along with them when they became rulers of Anatolia and most of Asia Minor. On the decay of the Seljuks, the Ottomans, who had been their vassals, rose rapidly to power, and together with the Seljuk dominion they took over the Persian culture of their age and place. The Turk, whatever politicians may say, has generally been eager for instruction and has proved an apt pupil. He had brought but a small stock of culture with him from his central Asian steppes, and he lost no time in improving himself by the aid of the ancient civilization of Persia, modified by the influence of the Mahomedan Arabs. The adoption of Persian ideas was as thorough as possible—so thorough that it crushed out all attempts at originality. The Turkish popular poetry, crude and unpolished, did not actually die out, but it was wholly neglected by the cultivated artist. To imitate Persian verse to the minutest detail, to copy the metres, forms, symbolism, metaphors, to repeat the national stories, and even to introduce as much as possible of the vocabulary of Persia, was the aim of every Ottoman poet for more than five hundred years. From the fourteenth century to about a generation ago all Ottoman poetry is a conscious imitation of the Persian style: in form and in subject, in idea and in treatment, it might have been written by Jelalu-d-din Rumi or Nizami, if they had happened to write in Turkish. At the same time the masters of Ottoman poetry were not merely slavish copiers. A really great poet like Sheykhi could not take the famous story of the loves of Khusrev and Shirin, and simply translate the celebrated narrative poem of the Persian Nizami on the same theme. He made innovations, he introduced lyrics, to break the monotony of the narrative or *mesnevi* metre. Yet the effect was absolutely Persian. The manner of Nizami was exactly reproduced, and the innovations were so harmoniously blended that they seemed no novelties at all. From his time onward—he died about 1450—the highest aim of Turkish poets was to rival his successful adaptation of the Persian manner, and to emulate his extraordinary mastery of technique. As Mr. Gibb says:—

> A studied grace of language and a laborious search for curiosity in idea and in expression, almost equal to what already was the rule in the lyric forms, replaces the more homely if ruder vocabulary and the more direct though less ingenious phraseology of the earlier *mesnevis*. . . . The cultivation of what we may call wit—of grace, refinement, and ingenuity—grew greatly fostered; but this was at the price of not only spontaneity and straightforwardness, but too often, it is to be feared, of sincerity. Naturalness was superseded by affectation.

And so it remained, in a greater or less degree, in the writings of most Ottoman poets down to the last generation. Mr. Gibb divides the history of Ottoman poetry into five periods. The first or formative age extends from 1300 to 1450, when "the Western branch of the Turkish language was being fitted to become a literary medium." The second lasts till 1600, and "marks the time when, the initial difficulties with the language having been overcome, the poets were able to give their chief attention to the study and reproduction of the methods of the contemporary Persian school," then led by no less a light than Jami. In the third period, embracing the seventeenth century, Persianising is carried still further, but the Persian models are no longer Jami, but "Urfi and Sa'ib." In the fourth period, which reaches to the middle of the present century, we find a note of uncertainty, Persian models being alternately followed and evaded, and unsuccessful attempts occurring to introduce a distinctive Turkish character to the poetry. In the fifth period, which is still in its early stages, the young Turks are endeavouring to assimilate Western poetic ideas and modes of expression, and in this new and unexpected phase Mr. Gibb sees the promise of great things. *Qui vivra verra.*

In his present volume we are taken only as far as the end of the first or formative period, but this is in some regards the most interesting of all. In his thoughtful critical studies of the works of such poets as 'Ashik Pasha, Niyazi, Ahmedi, Sheykhi, Nesimi, and lesser luminaries, Mr. Gibb traces the early development of Ottoman poetry out of the teaching of the Persian mystics, and shows how succeeding influences modified its growth. It is in fact the history of the grafting of a highly polished foreign system upon a very uncouth medium, and the remarkable success of the operation—however regrettable in the interests of original native art—is a proof of the literary talent of the Turk. The numerous examples of this early poetry, translated with no little skill as far as possible in the metres and rhymes of the originals, reveal an excessively polished, technically exquisite, mastery of metrical nicety, and also a large fertility in ingenious metaphor. To the Western reader this artificial symbolical verse is eminently unattractive, but it has always had its fascination for the Eastern mind. To understand and appreciate it one must be not only familiar with the principles of Persian prosody, but steeped in the mystic philosophy which the Sufi impressed upon the Turkish imagination. Mr. Gibb has happily supplied all necessary aids in his admirable introduction, where the technical system of poetic forms and metres are clearly explained, and a most lucid exposition of Sufi philosophy is set forth in a singularly attractive manner. The numerous devotees who worship at the shrine of that popular idol, Omar-Khayyam, would-find their comprehension of that typical pseudo-mystic poet (half his poetic mysticism was a pose) considerably improved by a study of Mr. Gibb's introduction. Oriental mysticism and artificiality have ruled Ottoman verse from its inception, and to our mind both are destructive to the very essence of true poetry. This, however, is not to say that the development of a literature governed by these twin demons is not a curious and interesting study, or that its history is not worth writing. Mr. Gibb's learned volume is evidence enough to the contrary. He has treated his difficult subject with marked ability and critical power, and we look forward to his next volume with confidence that it will be as suggestive and informing as the scholarly book which we are sorry to lay down.

ART.

THE ANGELIC PAINTER.

Fra Angelico. By Langton Douglas. (Bell, 12s. 6d. n.)

This is a beautiful book, well written and well illustrated; the work, we feel at once, of a good scholar and able connoisseur. Professor Douglas has devoted several years to the careful

study of Fra Angelico's works and we have no hesitation in saying that he has given us the truest and best appreciation of the Dominican painter's art that has hitherto appeared. Until quite recent times, popular writers and copyists have conspired to give the world a wrong, or, at least, an inadequate, impression of Fra Angelico's art. He has been held up as a saintly friar who had, as Professor Douglas puts it, "a happy knack of illustration," and his paintings have been vulgarized by cheap reproductions and Christmas cards, while the poorest of his works, the Angels playing musical instruments on the altar-piece of the Flax-merchants in the Uffizi, are those by which he is known to the world in general. On the one hand, this great painter is revered and loved as a Catholic saint; on the other, he is despised as a friar who "bolted his monastery doors and sprinkled holy water in the face of the antique." Even serious critics have failed to realize his position and have almost invariably described Fra Angelico as an artist out of sympathy with his times, who adhered slavishly to the methods of the Giotteschi, and belonged rather to the fourteenth than to the fifteenth century. Nothing could be further from the truth, as Professor Douglas shows us abundantly in his careful and minute analysis of the Angelic painter's art. "He was primarily an artist, but an artist who happened to be a Saint." And far from being a reactionary, or "*maître en retard*," as he has been called, he was from the first an innovator and throughout his career was always learning from other artists, always trying to improve his methods, and making steady progress from first to last.

Professor Douglas demurs, we notice, to the now generally received opinion that Fra Angelico received his artistic training from the painter Gherardo Starnina. In the absence of any of Starnina's works, it is, of course, impossible to speak with certainty on the subject, but the strong resemblance that exists between the works of his pupil Masolino (especially the frescoes at Castiglione d'Olona) and those of Fra Angelico, forms a strong presumption in favour of this theory. That the Camaldolese friar, Lorenzo Monaco, influenced Fra Angelico's early style considerably there can, of course, be no doubt, and the evident likeness in the technique of both of these monastic painters renders it highly probable that the Dominican artist originally learnt miniature painting in the school of Santa Maria degli Angioli. Even more important was the influence exerted upon the young friar by the eager band of youthful sculptors and architects in whose workshops the new artistic movement of the fifteenth century had its rise. In tracing the gradual evolution of Fra Angelico's style, his present biographer points out how strong was his sympathy with this movement, and how such altar-pieces as the Madonna of Perugia and the Madonna of San Marco abound in those details of classical architecture which the Quattrocento masters, Brunellesco and Michelozzo, were the first to introduce. Professor Douglas, again, stoutly resists the frequently repeated statement that Fra Angelico rejected nature. This old fallacy, we hope, is one that hardly needs refutation. The artist's love of nature, his joy in the beauty of the natural world which had appealed so powerfully to St. Francis and his first followers, reveals itself in his earliest pictures—in the Annunciation at Cortona, with its convent-garden full of roses, pinks, and daisies, in the groves of cypress, of pines, and ilex, and the mountain landscapes which adorn the backgrounds of many of his finest works. In the Visitation, which forms one subject of the predella belonging to the Cortona picture, for the first time in Florentine art a scene from nature is actually rendered in the view of Lake Trasimeno as seen from Cortona, with the tower of Castiglione del Lago rising against the evening sky. And other well-known landscapes, the hill of Fiesole, the wooded heights of Vallombrosa, and the lovely valley of the Tiber as seen from Assisi, appear in his later works. The removal of the Dominican community from their old home at Fiesole to the new convent in Florence which Michelozzo built for them, at Cosimo de' Medici's command, between the years 1437 and 1443, forms an important epoch in Fra Angelico's career. The painter was now brought into close connexion with the foremost sculptors and architects of the day, especially with Michelozzo, the builder of San Marco, whose portrait he introduced in his Deposition of the Academy, and he was able to study the frescoes of Masaccio in the Brancacci Chapel. In the great altar-piece which he painted for his own convent church, and in the scattered portions of the predella which tell the story of Cosimo and Damianus, the patron-saints of the Medici family, the return to antiquity and the return to nature, which were the leading features of the new movement, are both happily illustrated. We see "the return to antiquity in the exquisitely designed classical canopy above the Madonna, as well as in the architecture, sculpture, and armour in the predella pictures; the return to nature in the naked child, in the finely-modelled figures of saints, in the beautiful landscape, a reminiscence of the Lake of Trasimeno with its girdle of low mountains."

The famous series of frescoes which Fra Angelico painted during the next seven or eight years on the walls of San Marco reveal the growth of his artistic powers and the development of his style. His knowledge of the nude and fine sense of form are as wonderfully shown in the fresco of St. Dominic at the foot of the Cross, which meets us on the threshold of the convent, in the great Crucifixion of the Chapter-house, and in the Nailing to the Cross, in one of the cells on the upper floor, as in the great Deposition, which he painted for the Trinità church. The Adoration of the Magi, which adorns the cell occupied by Cosimo de' Medici when he paid a visit to his friend, Prior S. Antonino, and by Pope Eugenius IV., when he came to consecrate the church in 1442, was evidently suggested, as Professor Douglas remarks, by the sojourn of the Greek Emperor and Patriarchs in Florence during the Council of 1439, and is full of Oriental reminiscences. It is by studying these later frescoes in connexion with the San Marco altar-piece, and a few other early pictures, that students will be able to reconstruct Fra Angelico's artistic personality and to form a true idea of his position in the history of Florentine art:—

> They will realize that he was, in truth, a pioneer of the new movement, the first of the painters to study seriously antique forms, and one of the first to arrive at a truer rendering of the appearance of natural things. They will see that Fra Angelico's personality developed itself quite regularly, that the influence of the architects and the sculptors on the one hand, and of Masaccio on the other, is constant throughout the San Marco period. The one influence can be seen most clearly in the San Marco altar-piece . . . in the carefully-drawn Ionic capitals of one of the "Annunciations," in the beautiful architectural background of the Madonna of the Corridor, and yet more in the admirable spacing of the same picture. The influence of Masaccio is most obvious in the Crucifixion of the Cloister, in the great Crucifixion of the Chapter-house, in the Deposition of the Academy, in the Nailing to the Cross, and in the Adoration of the Magi. Here, as elsewhere, Fra Angelico's general sympathy with the Renaissance is not only shown in his return to the antique, and in his study, under Masaccio's guidance, of the human form; it is also manifest in the keen interest that he continually takes in man, in nature, and in the moving world around him. We see it in the portraits scattered here and there through his frescoes, in the careful rendering of landscape, of trees and flowers. We see it in his fresco of the Last Supper, where, so far from allowing his imagination to look to other worlds for a setting to the picture he chooses for his background part of the convent itself, the actual building in which he was. . . . At San Marco, as throughout his whole career, the master was preparing himself for his culminating achievement.

This culminating achievement was the decoration of the studio or oratory of Pope Nicholas V., in the Vatican. Fra Angelico was summoned to Rome early in 1447 by Pope Eugenius IV., who had spent many years in Florence and had been intimately associated with the Medici; but the only works by his hand in the Eternal City which have escaped destruction are the frescoes on

the lives of St. Stephen and St. Lawrence, which he painted after the death of that Pontiff, in the Vatican Chapel. These admirable works are the crowning triumphs of the Dominican painter's long career, and reveal that strong sympathy with the Renaissance which, as we have already seen, was so prominent a feature of his frescoes in San Marco. His passion for classical architecture, his delight in picturesque scenery, his tender human interest in mothers and little children are all displayed in the fullest measure, together with a knowledge of the human form and a technical mastery that surpass anything we see in his earlier works. Unfortunately, these beautiful frescoes are far less known and appreciated than Fra Angelico's work in Florence. The mere fact that they lie in such close proximity to Raphael's Stanze has been one chief cause of this neglect. As a rule travellers come to them already tired with sight-seeing, and often, it is to be feared, they miss the chapel altogether, and never even discover the existence of Fra Angelico's rarest and loveliest creations. In conclusion, we must not forget one last point that is especially worthy of notice in Professor Douglas' able and exhaustive work. This is his account of Alessio Baldovinetti's connexion with the Angelic painter. This interesting artist is now generally recognized to be the author of three panels in the series of small pictures on the Life of Christ, painted by Fra Angelico for the silver-press of the Annunziata. Professor Douglas declares his conviction that he was a pupil of the Dominican master. He advances many excellent arguments in support of this theory, and points out how Baldovinetti inherited from Fra Angelico that love of landscape which he passed on to Andrea Verrocchio, and through him to Leonardo da Vinci, while another of his pupils, Benozzo Gozzoli, transmitted the same delight in natural beauty to the Umbrian master, Fiorenzo di Lorenzo, and through him to Perugino and Raphael.

The Artists' Library.

The latest additions to the series of the Artists' Library, published by the Unicorn Press, are ALTDORFER, by J. Sturge Moore (2s. 6d. n.), and GOYA, by Will Rothenstein (2s. 6d. n). It would be hard to find a greater contrast than which exists between the prosperous and well-to-do burgher of Ratisbon, who led a quiet and peaceful life in the old German city on the banks of the Danube in the early years of the sixteenth century, and the restless, intriguing adventurer who represents the art and life of Spain in the eighteenth century. Yet both were true artists whose names deserve to live, and whose work is full of interest and originality. Albrecht Altdorfer, whom the French call "the little Albrecht," by way of contrast with the great Nuremberg master, was an architect as well as a painter, who built the market Thurm and Neue Kirche in his native city, worked diligently with brush, pen, and burin, and designed processions and illuminated prayer-books for Kaiser Maximilian. His sacred pictures, the Nativity in the Snow at Vienna, the quaint Holy Family resting by the fountain at Berlin, and the delightful little St. George at Munich, show a delicate fancy, homely pathos, and romantic poetry of conception which place him next to Durer and Holbein among German painters, while the large Battle of Arbela, which he executed for Duke William of Bavaria, impressed Napoleon so much that he carried it off to Paris and hung it in his bath room at St. Cloud. Mr. Sturge Moore gives a pleasant picture of this worthy burgher and excellent artist of Ratisbon, and the twenty-five productions of his pictures, drawings, and engravings help the reader to form a good idea of Altdorfer's art.

Mr. Rothenstein, being himself a painter, and one moreover who is thoroughly in touch with the modern French school, fully appreciates the strangely-mingled elements of Goya's art, and recognizes the frankness and brutality that go hand in hand with the rarest delicacy and keenest insight in so much of this curious master's work. The son of a poor working man in a remote village of Spain, he rose by his talents and force of character to be Court-painter to Charles IV., and became the petted favourite of the high-born ladies of Madrid. When fear of the Inquisition drove him from his native land, he worked his way south as a bull-fighter, and when he carried off a young girl from a convent in Rome, he was only saved from the hands of the monks by the intervention of the Spanish Ambassador. In due time he returned to Madrid to become the leader of Spanish painting and director of the Academy of San Fernando. But his last years were spent under gloomy circumstances. He left Spain in 1822, feeling that he no longer belonged to the new Court of the restored King Ferdinand VII., and lived chiefly at Bordeaux, being quite deaf by this time, and having lost most of his old associates. Often he would sit for whole days sunk in silent apathy. Then the old passion would come upon him and he would draw furiously for a few hours. But he lived to see the beginning of the romantic movement which he had helped to bring about, and was delighted with the works of Gericault and Delacroix. The last-named artist copied every one of the eighty plates known as Los Caprichos, and always acknowledged how much he owed to the Spanish master whose works reveal so strong a sense of composition and style, and at the same time so amazing a vitality. The reproductions of Goya's pictures at the end of Mr. Rothenstein's volume are unequal in quality, and strike us as being less successful than most of the illustrations in this series; but among them we are glad to see the admirable drawing of the Duke of Wellington in *sanguine*, which is quite the finest and most interesting portrait of the great commander of the Peninsula. On one occasion, while Goya was painting the larger portrait of the Duke, now at Strathfieldsaye, he became so exasperated by his sitter's remarks on his work, that he seized a sword hanging on the wall, and made a sudden onslaught on the Duke, who was obliged to beat a hurried retreat from the room, and took care in future not to excite the rage of this passionate master.

On the practical side of Art mention should be made of Mr. McWhirter's LANDSCAPE PAINTING IN WATERCOLOUR (Cassell, 5s.). It does not attempt to enter very closely into the innumerable difficulties which face the watercolourist, but the advice it gives is sound. The coloured reproductions of Mr. McWhirter's own sketches are admirable, and the student will be interested in learning what palette and colours he makes use of. Three more of Messrs. Dawbarn and Ward's "Useful Arts and Handicrafts Series" (6d. n. each) now published are STENCIL CUTTING AND STENCILLING, PASTEL OR CRAYON DRAWING, and FIRST STEPS IN PAINTING. They are slight but thoroughly practical, and will undoubtedly assist those who are at the first stage in these arts.

A RUSSIAN PROPHET.

WAR AND LABOUR. By MICHAEL ANITCHOW. (Constable, 18s.)

Whether this volume is translated from the Russian, or whether M. Anitchow originally wrote it in English, does not appear. In either case the publishers ought to have employed as a proof-reader some one sufficiently acquainted with the names of writers on political economy and philosophy to have avoided such spellings as "Gratius," "Richard" and "Rickardo," "Torrents," "Leon Levy," "Carl Marks," "Sheffle," "Bluechly," &c., which disfigure its pages with distressing frequency; and some textual eccentricities might also have been removed, though as a whole the English is lucid and idiomatic.

M. Anitchow has read widely, and done his best to bring his reading up to date. He evinces a shrewd intelligence and some power of judgment; and, although for the most part, he sees things through Russian spectacles, there is a breadth about his views, and a frankness in his way of stating them, which prepossess the reader in his favour. But he is too apt to be dominated by abstractions, too anxious to see causes at work where most people would notice nothing but the inertia of events, and far too sanguine in his expectations of the immediate future. "The nineteenth century," he begins, put an end to slavery, the twentieth ought to do the same for war. We soon gather that this is not exactly what is meant. M. Anitchow

does not suppose that the coming century will see the sword generally converted into the plough-share and the spear into the pruning-hook. He is too clear-sighted not to see through the rubbish put forth not long since about war becoming impossible by reason of the improvements in its methods, and too logical to think that it can be superseded by international tribunals of arbitration. What he means is that the appeal to arms between civilized nations is already obsolescent, and must in due time become obsolete. None the less, he argues, must civilized nations go on arming, and even improving the art of arms to the utmost. Civilization is always on its defence. Not only has its message to be carried into the darkest parts of the earth, where its apostles hold their lives in their hands: it is ever menaced by barbarism, by retrograde societies directed by ambitious and ignorant schemers, and by lawlessness and socialism within its own borders. As long as the reign of right is not firm everywhere, says M. Anitchow, force will have to be applied more than once. But will future wars, as he predicts, be concerned only with Asiatic despots, savage tribes, and corrupt transmarine states of European origin? We wish we could think so.

In common with many shrewd Continental observers, M. Anitchow believes that the time is coming when some one of the nations of Europe will actually immolate itself on the altar of socialism. It is amusing to see how ready each of them is to yield the *pas*, in this respect, to its neighbour. Believing that national collapse must be the inevitable result of a dominant socialism, the great nations are anxious that the experiment should be made by some small one—say Belgium, in whose case Germany and France would step in to restore order, and ultimately to fight over the carcase. Assuredly socialism will never fall into this trap. It will bide its time, sapping secretly and steadily, until the mine can be simultaneously exploded in two or more nations, the larger and the more powerful the more hopefully for the success of the movement. Meanwhile many changes, which according to M. Anitchow are well on the way, will facilitate its triumph. There is to be general free trade, freedom of frontiers, and transmigration, Government help for labour, Government appropriation of railways, and as quickly as possible, following on this, government "resumption" of the land. How advanced M. Anitchow's anticipations are with regard to our own country will be seen from the following extract:—

> The ethical and political consequences of the purchase and sale of English entailed property would be very great. The unpopularity of the landed aristocracy would disappear, and, preserving all forms of hereditary revenue except lands, this aristocracy would lose nothing. The useful sides of influence would be preserved, the injurious would disappear. The democratic feeling is strong in the English populace, but it is joined with historical feeling. All know what the nobility and gentry did for English freedom, and therefore titles and family wealth, if they do not threaten general interests, do not rouse in the farmer and labourer that animosity which is so strong and fiery in many Continental countries. There will be no landlords, but lords will remain. Rich dukes and barons and wealthy squires will still dwell upon the family estates in the midst of ancestral gardens and parks. But they will be freed from their present and not very elevating relations to farmers and farm-labourers. Extortions, foolish lenience, and oppressions would cease. Country squires would be surrounded by friendly neighbours, by a class of owners and agriculturists among whom the wealthy, educated, and noble inheritors of the ancient halls, by force of English traditions, will always enjoy an honourable influence. The sad aspects of rural life in the counties will disappear, and the best customs of old and merry England will reappear, as soon as English land becomes the property of the English nation.

M. Anitchow evidently knows little of England, and nothing of the best English opinion on these matters. He is more at home in Russian affairs; and we are indebted to him for a very candid account of something which Russia expects in the near future. Who is to possess the Bosphorus? For of course the Turk is to go, and Turkey is to be partitioned between Austria, Russia, and Greece. When frontiers are abolished this question will be settled quite amicably. So far as Russia is concerned, "the possession of Constantinople and the Dardanelles, from a vital interest, will become a platonic and historic tradition." Russia, in fact, will be perfectly indifferent to the matter. She would not care who got Constantinople, provided it were only a civilized Power. But in the good time coming the prize she has coveted for two centuries will be positively thrust upon her by general consent. "England, Austria, and Germany will see nothing dangerous in the tradition of St. Oleg's shield being renewed, the Mahomedans driven away, St. Sophia re-established, and a Russian governor residing at Constantinople"—simply because under the new constitution of things the Russian Empire will become "one vast free port." It will be time enough to consider this question from a practical point of view when the last-named little change has been made—or, at all events, when there is the least sign of it.

OTHER NEW BOOKS.

Africa.

Twice Captured (Blackwood, 10s. 6d.), the Earl of Rosslyn's record of his adventures in the Boer War, is not literary, and is often ungrammatical, but it is interesting because the author speaks his mind, and seldom refrains, when repeating camp gossip, from putting the dots on the i's. Concerning General French's early successes, for instance, we are told that "if you had been in South Africa you would have heard it said that his Brigade-major, Haig of the 7th Hussars, had done it all!" and of General Buller we read that his "inaction in coming through to help Lord Roberts points to an unnerved man whose great strength of tenacity has been severely shaken." Then comes a strong comment on the Sanna's Post business:—"Nor was it pleasant to hear aspersions cast on the fighting qualities of the 10th Hussars and composite regiment, who are reported to have deserted the guns in their mad flight to such an extent that an officer remarked that he hoped the 10th Hussars would never again be detailed to escort his guns"; followed by a statement that "There is a rumour prevalent that General Broadwood asked twice for reinforcements, which were not forthcoming, and that on being summoned by the Commander-in-Chief, the whole matter was hushed up because General Broadwood fired up to Lords Kitchener and Roberts and attributed neglect to them." And a good deal more in the same strain. We do not of course take it very seriously as military criticism; for we have no reason to suppose that the Earl of Rosslyn possesses the qualifications of a military critic. But no doubt it echoes the voice of the local malcontents, and will probably start some fresh controversies.

The chapters in which Lord Rosslyn relates his detention at Pretoria are also interesting and in places provocative, and we should be surprised if Mr. Winston Churchill and Mr. Richard Harding Davis have not something to say in reply to them. The account of the Courts of inquiry held after the recovery of the prisoners furnishes more painful reading on a subject on which little has so far been heard:—"Only two or three days ago an officer, whose name shall be unwritten, committed suicide after he had stood the formal trial. I do not suggest that the deed was due to harsh treatment, as he had shown signs of melancholy during his incarceration. Another officer, lately a fellow-prisoner of mine, was also insulted after he had been before the Court, not by the members themselves, but by an officer of high rank who should have known better."

On the whole we think it likely that Lord Rosslyn's book will attract more attention than most of the war-books, not because Lord Rosslyn's name carries any particular weight, but because he has audaciously printed a great many statements—inaccurate statements we trust—which have hitherto only been whispered darkly in the Service Clubs. They will be new to the public, and the public will probably want to know whether they are truths or slanders.

We have had various books about the siege of Mafeking. Now we have THE RELIEF OF MAFEKING (Methuen, 6s.) by Mr. Filson Young, who was permitted to accompany Colonel Mahon's flying column. It is much like most of the other war books, a narrative of interesting events written in a common-place manner. The author has the advantage of being first in the field of the chroniclers of the episode which he relates.

SOUTH AFRICAN STUDIES, by Alfred Hillier, B.A., M.D. (Macmillan, 6s.), consists mainly of a reprint of lectures delivered before the Royal Institution and the Royal Colonial Institute, articles contributed to the *Fortnightly Review*, and letters written to *The Times*. Dr. Hillier's name is a sufficient guarantee of their interest and value. They establish various important propositions bearing upon the justice of the British case: that the Boers began to arm long before the raid; that the Reform movement was not fomented by capitalists, &c. We have been over the ground so often in connexion with so many books that we are reluctant to traverse it again, but must content ourselves with remarking that Dr. Hillier is a safe and judicious guide. His final essay is in favour of straight shooting for British soldiers, and incidentally discusses the alleged deterioration of Boer marksmanship. There are, he admits, bad marksmen among them; but he cites the exploit of the Ermelo commando at Colenso to show what good marksmanship can accomplish.

> Not only did they shoot down all our men manning the guns, but they were apparently able to prevent our force from even defending these guns from subsequent removal by the Boer forces. In this feat these Ermelo Boers relied almost entirely on their rifle fire, and knowing the facts I have referred to as I do, I have little doubt their rifle fire was accurate and deadly.

HOW WE ESCAPED FROM PRETORIA, by Captain Aylmer Haldane (Blackwood, 1s.), has already appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine*. It is a stirring story admirably told.

SHOULD I SUCCEED IN SOUTH AFRICA, by A Successful Colonist (Simpkin, Marshall, 1s), is addressed to intending emigrants. It points out lucidly and with plenty of detail, what are the prospects of different classes of colonists, and warns off those who are only capable of work that can be done just as well by Kaffirs. A useful and opportune manual.

The East.

THE ATTACHÉ AT PEKING, by A. B. Freeman Mitford (Macmillan, 6s.), consists of letters written home from China—most of them from the capital—some thirty-five years ago. They are bright and picturesque, though superficial and unpretentious. Readers who prefer argument to gossip will find it in the preface. The author's examination of the causes of the hostility of the Chinese to Christians is thoughtful and worth weighing. It cannot, he says, be religious fanaticism, seeing that "a colony of Jews has dwelt among them unmolested for 2,000 years," and that both Buddhism and Mahomedanism flourish in their midst. It is, therefore, political antipathy—the fear of the Mandarins that the triumph of Christianity means the downfall of their power. As regards the urgent problems of the moment Mr. Mitford shows the difficulties which attend the solution gravely recommended by our leader-writers:—

> "The murderer Tuan must be executed" is a favourite cry. By all means; but we know what is the first postulate in the cooking of a hare. Prince Tuan will hardly be more easy to catch than Nana Sahib in 1857. If the Emperor, a weak-kneed boy, be left at Peking, in a hot-bed of harem intrigues and secret societies, how can he be protected? Will his life be worth many days' purchase? Will a progressive Ministry be able to overawe any authority over the great provincial [illegible]? The Foreign representatives will be locked up in the old deathtrap, and in ten, twenty, thirty years, history will repeat itself.

The matter could not be better stated. We do not blame Mr. Mitford for not undertaking to solve (it as well as to state it.

Mr. James M'Carthy spent twelve years (1881-1893) in collecting material for the compilation of a map of Siam, to form the foundation of a national survey system. A number of notes and observations relating to this great task are published under the title SURVEYING AND EXPLORING IN SIAM (Murray, 10s. 6d. n.), under the auspices of the Royal Geographical Society. Those who know something of the subject and are anxious to know more will welcome the book, though any one who picks it up under the impression that it is a narrative of adventure will be disappointed. There is nothing in it more exciting than triangulation, but it has a magnificent map, printed on copper at the cost of the Siamese Government.

FICTION.

War Stories.

If we had to class Stephen Crane's work in his collection of stories of the Spanish-American war—WOUNDS IN THE RAIN (Methuen, 6s.)—we should be disposed to describe it as Kiplingism with a strong American flavour and a certain lack of seriousness. There is much of Mr. Kipling's vigour, vividness of presentation, and unconventional vocabulary. Mr. Kipling might very well have written such a sentence as—

> Havana was happy, for it was known that the illustrious sailor, Don Patricio de Montojo had with his fleet met the decaying ships of one Dewey, and smitten them into stuffing for a baby's pillow.

On the other hand, Mr. Kipling's brutality is always redeemed by a certain underlying earnestness of conviction. It symbolises strength put forth on the whole for the advancement of the world through the aggrandisement of the race best qualified to rule the world. Stephen Crane's brutality is more of an end in itself. He writes like an acrobat performing feats of strength just to show what he can do—to say which is not quite the same thing as saying that he pursues art for art's sake, though it may sound as if it was. There is a place for this sort of thing in literature, but it is not the highest place by any means. It results in the detached episode whereas Mr. Kipling's episodes, with rare exceptions, elucidate life as a whole. To put it differently, Crane gives us many feasts of horrors, but shows little sense of the continuous drama of life in which those horrors are startling and impressive incidents. His work, at its best, is perhaps as good as cynical work, lacking insight, can be. He makes the reader see what he sees, though he himself often fails to see all that he should; he can draw pictures, though he cannot draw characters. But the stories before us are very unequal. "Virtue in War" and "The Second Generation" are at least pungent satires on the American military system and the American political soldier. "The Majestic Lie" is very trivial, and it is not the only trivial story in the book.

Miss Violet Hunt.

No doubt Miss Violet Hunt would laugh at our optimism and simple faith, but we will still confess that we turn to each of her books as it arrives with a sense of relief and a moment of hope. We say in our hearts—Miss Hunt will give us sincerity and wit—and of how few novelists can that be expected. But there was "Unkist, Unkind," one of the poorest novels by a clever lady we have ever read, to crush the promise of "A Hard Woman" and "The Maiden's Progress." But that was followed by the careful and convincing book, "The Human Interest." This prepared us again for more successes by Miss Hunt, and we looked forward to AFFAIRS OF THE HEART (Freemantle, 6s.) as a refreshment. Can anything be made more amusing than the *affaires de cœur* of one's neighbours when they are recounted by an observant and cynical passer-by? But these fifteen short detached stories suffer somewhat from the method Miss Hunt has chosen; read close upon each other's heels they leave a sense of disappointment. But if the reader be wise, and that much one must always presuppose, he will select a story or so from the bulk and preserve his ideal of Miss Hunt as

a writer of high artistic merit, vivacious but discreet. The sketches which please us most are in the dialogue form of drama, such as "The Way to Lose Him," a gay and effective form in which Miss Hunt excels. She is not always quite so pleasing in her descriptive passages: such a sentence as "curiosity prompted, while scruples of fastidiousness deterred, the young man from speaking to her" is much too slovenly to come from the pen of the author of "A Hard Woman." The short study, "The Encore," is perhaps a little out of place among its amusing and flippant neighbours, but it has the merit of that tragic note, unforced but clear and certain, which is a sign of a fine imagination. We trust that Miss Hunt will continue to study the affairs of the human heart. "For," as she quotes, "many loves are good to see, Mutable loves, and loves perverse"; and no one can give us a more entertaining account of them than Miss Hunt at her best.

Senator North.

Although also dealing with modern life and beautiful women, Mrs. Atherton's method is in marked contrast to that of the author of "Affairs of the Heart"—where the latter is light and flippant, the former is serious, almost severe—both ladies give us admirable pictures of the life they know, but their appeal is made to widely different audiences. A bold and careful picture of fashionable life in Washington, sharp sketches of perhaps well-known political personages, the tragedies that attend mixed blood in America, the love that is born in woman at the sight of the strength of man, the development of strong individual qualities, these subjects Mrs. Atherton handles with freshness and frequently with power. But her latest novel is not without certain artistic faults. SENATOR NORTH (John Lane, 6s.) is prefaced by a long quotation from what William Pitt Fessenden said in the memorial address before the Senate, 1866. This sort of thing is a little embarrassing. In a pusillanimous age there will be many readers who take affright at this serious and political note at the very outset of a stout volume. But they would do well to be bold and go forward, for the work is both interesting and sincere. Mrs. Atherton gives us of her best, and means to entertain and enlighten us. But before she can do this with complete success she must learn, we think, something more of the advantages of compression and literary reticence. If she would also care to cultivate that sense of humour about which she writes, no great harm would come of it. In reading of the political surroundings of Miss Betty Madison, a daughter of an aristocratic Southern family, and of the accomplished Senator North, the thought has once or twice occurred to us that Mrs. Atherton had decided to show how a clever lady might write a dull book; but the idea passes, and, despite the local note, this latest work will add to the author's already considerable reputation. It contains two principal motives and many subsidiary political points: the first is the development of the life of Betty Madison's illegitimate half-sister, Harriet Walker. This beautiful girl has a drop of black blood in her veins, and the story of her life is, of course, the story of an immense American problem. The second motive is the love of the heroine, Betty, for Senator North, and the love of others for Betty. Mrs. Atherton leaves her heroine happy and draws down the curtain on a fairly satisfactory *dénoûment*. There are times when the details of parties and bills are tedious and the story drags, but the picture of higher politics in Washington is carefully observed and clearly told. But it does not incline us to learn more of that body of which one of the characters says, without much originality, that it is "the most delightful club in the United States." Betty Madison is elaborately drawn from the outside. We are told that she has a "keen sense of humour" (always a dangerous thing to say of a woman), but she does not display it. We are told that "she belonged to that small class of Americans whose ear-mark is the absence of all Americanisms," and she speaks to her admirer, Senator Burleigh, of her mother as "a lovely intelligent woman." We are told that she radiated magnetism, and yet one learns of the "most momentous decisions of her life" without a thrill. Mrs. Atherton is inclined to crowd her picture with detail, and she might do well to remember that the half is greater than the whole. But if there be a tedious page or two, "Senator North" shows that its author is a gifted writer on public events and a keen observer of social life. This we think is distinctly different from being an entertaining novelist or an enthralling writer of romance.

Annals of a Dull Town.

Miss Julia M. Crottie calls her simple and unaffected book NEIGHBOURS (Unwin, 6s.), "annals of a dull town," but there could be no tedium in a place where so much keen observation, so much humour and sympathy are constantly working. These Irish stories of the town of Inisdoyle are "racy of the soil" in the best meaning of the worn phrase. Miss Crottie is an artist who can vividly reproduce her impressions. The same characters run through each of the sketches, yet each story stands apart. Miss Crottie captures the true spirit of her people. That unintentional humour of the peasant class which is so remarkable a product of Ireland is here displayed with no varnish nor affectation. The melancholy that underlies the Celtic temperament shows through the veneer of wit and gaiety which is often supposed to be the outward sign of an Irish mind. The smile and the tear follow quickly in Irish eyes, and in this volume one feels that the rapid changes are thoroughly suitable to the environment—that life, under the circumstances depicted, must snatch its pleasures at the very mouth of death. Miss Crottie and her readers are to be congratulated on both the matter and manner of the stories in "Neighbours."

Miss Braddon.

The author of THE INFIDEL (Simpkin, 6s.) is also the writer of at least 60 successful novels. Before such an array of victories the critic stands aghast. How is he to attain the detachment necessary to his avocation when the author has such a history? But if one may venture to judge Miss Braddon's book without thought of the list from "Lady Audley's Secret" to "His Darling Sin," we should say it is an admirably machine-made story, certainly to be enjoyed by that highly normal person the average reader. Miss Braddon's choice of a period falls "in the days when George the Second was King and Grub Street was a reality." It is a time which a thousand memoirs and biographies have made familiar to us and to Miss Braddon. The story of Antonia Thornton and her loves fits excellently into the picture of the period. The heroine's father, "the Socrates of his vulgar Academy," if not remarkably original, is equally in the spirit of the times. We meet a vast number of semi-historical characters, we have more than one lively intrigue. The colours are laid on with great freedom, there are no "fine shades" here, no subtleties, no analytical fuss. Miss Braddon does not hesitate at dislike of the superlative. She writes:—"As she outshone every woman he had ever seen in loveliness, mental and physical, so his love for her surpassed any love he had ever imagined." Yet one does not feel that the matter is overdone. But then we are in the eighteenth century, and have all the assistance of well-managed stage effects and of the skill and tact of an accustomed and cunning story-teller.

THE FLOWER OF THE FLOCK (Nisbet, 6s.) is one of Mr. W. E. Norris light and bright romances, full of pleasant, leisured people. His gifted Charlie is a delightful young fellow, with as much reliability and honour as shifting sand, but charming and lovable so long as life runs smoothly with him. A rich, humorous, and tenderhearted widow with no illusions is the very note for him, and Mr. Norris probably thought of his feminine readers and their feelings when he consigned Charlie to Mrs. Van Rees rather than to the felon's cell he had earned by making use of his widowed mother's trust money. There is nothing subtle about the book, and there is nothing crude. It is typical of its author's readable work.

WINIFRED: A STORY OF THE CHALK CLIFFS, by S. Baring Gould (Methuen, 6s.), is a good, spirited tale of love and smuggling and the cliffs, varied with pictures of Bath in its salad days when a gentleman had a leg and loved to show it; but it is poor work compared with "Mehalah," or, indeed, with most of Mr. Baring Gould's earlier work. His heroines, the

girl Winifred of the title and her scarcely less attractive mother, are bold conceptions, original in character and in treatment, and the smugglers and their doings have all the old picturesqueness. Still, it is a falling off. The fire and verve of the early work have sadly died away.

THE DISHONOUR OF FRANK SCOTT, by M. E. Hamilton (Hurst and Blackett, 6s.), is hardly so good as "A Self-Denying Ordinance," or as "McLeod of the Camerons," but it has a good plot, and the author's style is pleasant. The dishonour of Frank Scott was incurred by his indiscreet habit of marrying without sufficient reflection. A beautiful, penniless woman, with more than a touch of the adventuress about her, works upon his feelings, and he marries her. Then a dying girl who has loved him for years appeals to his pity, and he marries her also, trusting to her early death to reunite him to Number One, whom he passionately adores. Matrimony with Number Two alienates his somewhat nimble affections from Number One; and the coil grows. The end is depressing.

Correspondence.

THE ABUSE OF THE POSSESSIVE.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—When in a letter on this subject I stated that "Personification alone, as a rule, justifies inflection," I thought in my innocence that I was stating a truism, and had no intention of announcing a discovery, or of laying down the law, or even of setting the ball of discussion rolling. Mr. Rouse's request, therefore, I might almost say his demand, for quotations in support of "this rule" comes upon me as a surprise. It is just possible that we are at cross purposes, and that, if I had been a little more explicit, I should have had Mr. Rouse for a supporter instead of an opponent. For my phrase "as a rule" only meant "in a general way," and implied the existence of exceptions, and in speaking of inflection I was referring only to the possessive case of the noun, and that in modern English prose. But, if we are speaking of the same thing, I shall have no difficulty in complying with his request.

I presume that your pages will be accepted as fairly representative of good English, and on that hypothesis I have compiled a list of the inflected possessives to be found in your current number. In the twenty-two pages of this number there occur 191 of these possessives, and these, with the possible exception of nine, all belong to one or other of the four following classes:—1. Personal names—138. 2. Designations of persons, as "father," "stonemason."—forty-seven. 3. Names of animals—two. 4. Obvious personifications, as "Concord's portals."—seven. The nine possible exceptions are the following:—1. "A day or two's fasting." 2. "The last minute's impression." 3. "A mere five minutes' rest." 4. "Last week's *Literature*." 5. "Last year's volume." 6. "To-day's issue." 7. "For old sake's sake." 8. "The struggling moonbeam's misty light." 9. "A stone's throw."

Now we are at once struck by the fact that six out of these nine instances fall under the head of "Divisions of Time," and it might very well be argued, having regard to our habit of personifying time in general, and days and months in particular, that these are all due to the same habit. As regards the three remaining instances, the first, "For old sake's sake" might still have been included in the obvious personifications, for such it is, albeit of a humorous complexion; of the second, "The struggling moonbeam's misty light," it may at least be said that it savours of personification, inasmuch as the "moonbeam" is near akin to the "moon," and the epithet "struggling" is distinctly metaphorical; while the third, "A stone's throw," was quoted, curiously enough, in my letter as an "idiomatic survival," fully justified by the fact that it has survived and is void of association. Thus the analysis, so far from disposing of my proposition, bears it out in a very remarkable way, for, even if I were to make an opponent a present of the nine possible exceptions, I should still have ninety-five per cent. of a large number of instances, impartially chosen, in my favour, and I have shown that the testimony of the remaining five per cent. is, to say the least, not very damaging.

I am sure with Mr. Rouse that Mr. Andrew Lang is well able to take care of himself, but I am equally sure that if my appeal ever meets his eye, he will not regard it as an attack. In the Free State of Letters, the President is not omnipotent, but he wields great influence, while the humblest burgher need not fear to express the hope that that influence will be used on what he believes to be the right side.

Yours faithfully,

E. D. LITTLE.

IS SWINBURNE "A GREAT POET?"

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—It seems to be the fashion nowadays to fix a writer's position rather prematurely. Sovereigns are not canonized by the term "great" until they are dead, and a generation at least should pass away before the epithet can be attributed to a writer. But I notice that a book about Swinburne is just going to be published, and that can hardly be considered premature when we have books about Mr. Kipling and Mr. Barrie.

Mr. Noyes claims to anticipate the judgment of posterity by calling Swinburne a great poet; and if we are beginning now to settle the question, I for one should dispute it. Greatness implies self-restraint—that is, literary self-restraint. Mr. Swinburne, as it seems to me, makes very little appeal to the mind because he is always in superlatives. He adds nothing to our knowledge of Shakespeare or our appreciation of him by saying that he is

> Above
> All praise, all adoration, save of love,
> As here on earth above all men he stood,
> That were or are or shall be—great and good
> Past thank or thought of England or of man.

Such a eulogy is a mere shout, it fills the ears only and deadens the brain. In the same way the volubility with which he pours forth musical verse makes him lose all sense of effect. It is reserve of force, concentration, which makes a great poet. As you yourself suggested some time ago, Tennyson could probably have put the whole of Shelley's "Sensitive Plant" into a stanza of four lines; and Shelley and Swinburne have much in common. Both, to use the language of Mr. F. W. H. Myers, on the former poet, show us "forms that luxuriate into arabesque, colours that shimmer into iridescence, speech that kindles into imagery," but all Mr. Swinburne's smooth and silvery torrent of words, flowing on for page after page with tireless facility, are worth nothing in comparison with one wise and pregnant thought succinctly uttered, or one fine image brought to life in a terse and striking phrase.

I am, Sir, yours, &c., C. C. C.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Were it not for Mr. Alfred Noyes' assurance that "a small critic cannot hurt a great poet" one could almost be annoyed with him for his clamorous advocacy of Swinburne's claims to the distinction; but he certainly goes very near marring our enjoyment of the exquisite melody which that poet's name brings back to us. It can, indeed, matter nothing to Swinburne what the present generation thinks of him: time is on his side.

Tennyson's modesty and Stevenson's powers of memory are not in themselves sufficient to establish any poet's position, and their citation "is very ridiculous in the eyes of all who know what great poetry is." May it be suggested to Mr. Alfred Noyes that the dogmatic fashion in which he unpacks his soul is distinctly at variance with the spirit which was so dear to the critic whose words he appropriates at the close of his letter?

Yours very truly,

P. A. SILLARD.

18, Mountjoy-square, Dublin, Oct. 1.

THE SIN-EATER IN SOUTH WALES.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Some recent wanderings in the reputed country of the Sin-Eater must account for my not having at once seen Mr. Owen's interesting letter to you on the subject. Need I say, that in putting the "Song of the Seven Candles" into the mouth of a Welsh glee-woman I did not ask the readers of "The Whistling Maid" for more faith than goes with the pleasures of romance? But it happens that neither Mr. Sidney Hartland's always suggestive treatment of Welsh Folk-lore, nor any literary allusions in the Sin-Eater, had much to do with my song. It was prompted indirectly, and so far as I can account for it, by my hearing from a gentleman, native to Cardiganshire, a very striking account of the custom of Sin-Eating as seen in that county by his own people. This was enough for romance and its freer purposes, if not for Folk-lore. But I hope my authority will be able to do as I ventured to ask him at the time, and write down (if he has not already done so) a matter of fact, literal account of the custom as witnessed within the last fifty years, so that the doctors may presently decide on its value for themselves. I am, Sir, yours, &c.,

Abbey-cwm-Hir, 1st Oct., 1900. ERNEST RHYS.

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

A correspondent writes:—Apropos of the projected collected edition of Ruskin, alluded to in *Literature* last week, I am in a position authoritatively to state that such a scheme is contemplated. Nothing as yet, however, is definitely settled, for one reason, if I mistake not, because Professor C. E. Norton, who lives in America, co-literary executor with Mr. Wedderburn, Q.C., has not had an opportunity of stating his views.

Miss Bailey's Monthly Index to *The Times* began its course last year, and we have now before us what is likely to be an invaluable work of reference—the first Annual Index to *The Times*. It is published by Messrs. Spottiswoode, and printed in clear type on a large page. Miss Bailey has taken much pains with her classification. Thus, under "Law," which is very carefully done, we have the class "Appeal" and the subhead "Applications for Leave to Appeal." This is as far as classification could conveniently go, and the same double classification appears in other cases, such as "Literature."

Mr. Leslie Stephen's new book on "The English Utilitarians," to which we have before referred, is now promised by Messrs. Duckworth very shortly. Mr. Stephen told us long ago that his own ethical theory, so soon as he became the conscious possessor of an ethical theory at all, was that of the orthodox Utilitarians. John Mill was the Gamaliel at whose feet he sat, wherein, he said, he simply followed the example of the majority of the more thoughtful lads of his generation. Later came the influence of Darwin's work, and then of Mr. Herbert Spencer, and, lastly, the stimulus of the "Methods of Ethics" of Henry Sidgwick, and the general aim of his work in this department has been to bring ethical truth as he saw it into harmony with the prevailing scientific doctrine of evolution. The forthcoming book, however, is understood to be rather historical and biographical than philosophical, Mr. Stephen having already given expression to his own philosophical views in his "Science of Ethics," published now nearly twenty years ago.

In the review of "The Third Salisbury Administration," in our last week's issue, we said that the book was "a convenient compendium of recent political history, which would be still more convenient if it had an index." We understand from Messrs. Vacher, the publishers, that this criticism can only apply to the first fifty copies sent out. An index which Messrs. Vacher have sent us, and which seems to be very complete, is now part of the book.

The keen interest which is being aroused by the newly-published letters of the poet of "Fo'c's'le Yarns" and the sympathetic portraits of the man to be found in Mr. Quiller-Couch's article in the *Monthly Review* and Mr. Tarver's in *Macmillan's* ought to prepare a wide welcome for the new collected edition of Mr. T. E. Brown's poetry which Messrs. Macmillan are about to issue. Mr. Brown's circle of readers has hitherto been hearty rather than wide, the British public being doubly shy of poetry in a provincial dialect; but the poet who had Mr. W. E. Henley, Mr. Quiller-Couch, and Mr. Newbolt for pupils has good ambassadors to the public, even were his own poetry a less authentic passport to posterity than it is. It is only to be hoped that he has not posthumously trod on too many literary corns by the very frank criticism of contemporaries now revealed in his published correspondence.

Books to look out for at once.

BIOGRAPHY—

"The Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain: The Man and the Statesman." By N. Murrell Marris. Hutchinson. 10s. n.
"William Cotton Oswell." By W. E. Oswell. Heinemann. 25s. n.
"Thomas Henry Huxley." By P. Chalmers Mitchell, M.A. Putnams. 5s.

LITERATURE—

"Ephemera Critica: Plain Truths about Current Literature. By John Churton Collins. Constable. 6s.
"Reflections on the Character of the Sir Roger de Coverley of Addison." By R. E. H. Duke. Elliot Stock.

SOUTH AFRICA AND THE FAR EAST—

"Ian Hamilton's March." By Winston Spencer Churchill, M.P. Longmans. 6s.
"The Story of the War in South Africa." By Captain Mahan. Sampson Low. 10s. 6d. n.
"The Awakening of the East: Siberia-China-Japan." By M. Leroy-Beaulieu. Translated by Richard Davey. Heinemann. 6s.

THEOLOGY—

"Meditations of the Heart." By Annie J. Levi. With an Introduction by Dr. G. Gottheil. Putnams. 5s.

POETRY AND FOLKLORE—

"The Unpublished and Uncollected Poems of Wm. Cowper." Edited by Thomas Wright. Fisher Unwin. 3s. 6d. n.
"The Handy Man: and Other Verses." By Harold Begbie. Grant Richards. 3s. 6d.
"Shakespeare's Greenwood." By George Morley. Nutt. 5s.

FICTION—

"Quisanté." By Anthony Hope. Methuen. 6s.
"Tommy and Grizel." By J. M. Barrie. Cassell. 6s.
"Old Fires and Profitable Ghosts." By A. T. Quiller-Couch. Cassell. 6s.
"The Brass Bottle." By F. Anstey. Smith, Elder. 6s.
"The Filibusters." By Cutcliffe Hyne. Hutchinson. 6s.
"The Eagle's Heart." By Hamlin Garland. Heinemann. 6s.
"A King's Pawn." By Hamilton Drummond. Blackwood. 6s.
"I'd Crowns Resign." By J. MacLaren Cobban. John Long. 6s.
"A Traitor in London." By Fergus Hume. John Long. 6s.
"The Malice of Grace Wentworth." By R. H. Heppenstall. John Long. 6s.
"Chapel Street Children." By Edith Farmiloe. Grant Richards. 5s.

SPORT AND TRAVEL—

"A History of Steeplechasing." By W. C. Blew. Nimmo. 21s. n.
"Reminiscences of a Falconer." By Major C. H. Fisher. Nimmo. 10s. 6d. n.
"Through Siberia." By J. Stadling. Edited by Dr. Guillemard. Constable.
"Lepcha Land; or Six Weeks in the Sikhim Himalayas." By Florence Donaldson. Sampson Low.

MISCELLANEOUS—

"The English Utilitarians." By Leslie Stephen. Duckworth. 30s. n.
"Men of the Merchant Service." By F. T. Bullen. Smith, Elder. 7s. 6d.
"The Living Races of Mankind" (Part I.). Edited by H. N. Hutchinson. Hutchinson. 7d.
"Later Love Letters of a Musician." By Myrtle Reed. Putnams. 7s. 6d.
"Sussex." (Little Guides Series.) By F. G. Brabant, M.A. Methuen. 3s. and 3s. 6d. n.
"The Nineteenth Century." By Havelock Ellis. Grant Richards. 3s. 6d.

NEW EDITIONS—

Mrs. Gaskell's "Cranford." Edited by Miss Gollanez. Vasari's

" Lives of the Painters." Vol. I. New translation by Allen Hind. Caxton's " Golden Legend." Vol. VII. Edited by F. S. Ellis. (Temple Classics.) Dent. 1s. 6d. and 2s. n. each.
Dr. Johnson's " Table Talk." (Bibelots.) Gay and Bird. 2s. 6d. n.
" The Holly Tree and the Seven Poor Travellers." By Charles Dickens. Illustrated by C. E. Brock. Dent. 4s. 6d. n.
" Richard Wagner." Trans. by G. Ainslie Hight. Dent. 10s. 6d.
Shakespeare's " Romeo and Juliet." Edited by Prof. Dowden. Methuen. 3s. 6d.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

ART.

Roman Art. By *Franz Wickhoff.* Translated by Mrs. S. A. Strong. 12¼×9in., 138 pp. Heinemann. 36s. n.

The Paris Salon of 1900. 13¼×11in., 96 pp. Unwin. 6s.

BIOGRAPHY.

Memoirs and Correspondence of Lord Playfair. By *Wemyss Reid.* (People's Ed.) 8¼×5¾in., 487 pp. Cassell. 7s. 6d.

The Story of Dr. Pusey's Life. By the Author of "Charles Lowder." 8½×5¾in., 570 pp. Longmans. 7s. 6d. n.

The Earl of Rosebery, K.G. By *Jane T. Stoddart.* 10×7¾in., 171 pp. Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.

BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

Gold in the Furnace. By *M. H. Cornwall Legh.* 8×5¼in., 321 pp. Religious Tract Society. 3s. 6d.

Tom Wallis. By *Louis Becke.* 8×5¼in., 320 pp. Religious Tract Society. 5s.

Bubbles, His Book. By *R. F. Irvine.* 9½×7¾in., 111 pp. Unwin. 3s. 6d.

The Girl Without Ambition. By *Isabel S. Robson.* 7¼×5in., 287 pp. Cassell. 3s. 6d.

Red Jacket. The Last of the Senecas. By *E. S. Ellis.* 7¼×5in. 317 pp. Cassell. 2s. 6d.

Grey-Beards at Play. By *G. Chesterton.* 7¼×5¼in., 102 pp. Brimley Johnson. 2s. 6d. n.

DRAMA.

Shakespeare's Predecessors in the English Drama. By *J. A. Symonds.* 8×5¾in., 551 pp. New. Ed. Smith, Elder. 7s. 6d.

English Drama. By *J. L. Robertson.* 7¼×5in., 277 pp. Blackwood. 2s. 6d.

EDUCATIONAL.

A Manual of Ethics. 4th Ed. By *J. S. Mackenzie.* 7×4¾in., 472 pp. Clive. 6s. 6d.

The Tutorial French Accidence. 3rd Ed. By *E. Weekley.* 7×4¾in. 318 pp. Clive. 3s. 6d.

A German Commercial Reader. By *S. E. Bally.* 7¼×5in., 153 pp. Methuen. 2s.

The Old Testament History for Young Students. (2nd Ed.) By *The Rev. C. J. Hamer.* 7×5¼in., 156 pp. Allmann. 1s.

Chemistry For Examinations. By *H. W. Hill.* 7¼×5in. 130 pp. Allman. 2s. 6d.

Excerpts From French Authors. By *H. Blouet.* 7¼×4¾in. 118 pp. Allman. 1s.

FICTION.

The Carissima. By *Lucas Malet.* (The Novelist Series.) 9×5¾in. 124 pp. Methuen. 6d.

Tongues of Conscience. By *Robert Hichens.* 7¼×5¼in. 368 pp. Methuen. 6s.

Servants of Sin. By *J. Blouindelle Burton.* 7¼×5¼in. 306 pp. Methuen. 6s.

The Puppet Show. By *Marian Hoover.* 7×5in. 373 pp. Constable. 6s.

Prejudged. By *Florence Montgomery.* 7¼×5¼in. 298 pp. Macmillan. 6s.

In Male Attire. By *J. Hatton.* 7¼×5¼in. 346 pp. Hutchinson. 6s.

The Marble Face. By *G. Colmore.* 7¼×5¼in. 306 pp. Smith Elder. 6s.

The Heart's Highway. By *Mary E. Wilkins.* 7¼×5¼in. 308 pp. Murray. 6s.

The Gray House of the Quarries. By *Mary H. Norris.* 7¼×5¼in. 418 pp. Jarrold. 6s.

The Realization of Justus Moran. By *F. Carrel.* 7¼×5¼in. 309 pp. J. Long. 6s.

The Sinves of Society. By *The Man Who Heard Something.* 7¼×5¼in. 265 pp. Harper. 6s.

Palace Tales. By *H. Fielding.* 7¼×5¼in. 282 pp. Harper. 6s.

The Chase of the Ruby. By *R. Marsh.* 7¼×5¼in. 315 pp. Skeffington. 3s. 6d.

A Woman's Soul. By *Beatrice Heron-Maxwell* and *Florence Eastwick.* 7¼×5¼in. 269 pp. Marshall. 6s.

Vivian of Virginia. By *H. Fuller.* 7¼×5¼in. 377 pp. Jarrold. 6s.

As Luck Would Have It. By *W. Westall.* 7¼×5¼in. 381 pp. Chatto and Windus. 6s.

Edmund Fulleston. By *B. B. West.* 7¼×5¼in. 360 pp. Longmans. 6s.

MILITARY.

Twice Captured. A Record of Adventure During the Boer War. By the *Earl of Rosslyn.* 8½×5¾in. 477 pp. Blackwood. 10s. 6d.

The Operations of War. 2 vols. 5th Ed. By *Gen. Sir E. B. Hamley, K.C.B.* 9½×7¾in. 491 pp. Blackwood. 31s.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Should I Succeed in South Africa. By *A Successful Colonist.* 7¼×5in. 116 pp. Simpkin Marshall. 1s.

The Book of Sundials. By *Mrs. A. Gatty.* Enlarged and Re-edited by H. K. F. Eden and Eleanor Lloyd. 11¼×7¾in. 529 pp. Bell. 31s. 6d.

The Pageantry of Life. By *C. Whibley.* 7¼×5¼in. 269 pp. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

ORIENTAL.

The Temples and Ritual of Asklepios at Epidauros and Athens. 2nd Ed. By *R. Caton, M.D.* 10×6¾in. 49 pp. Cam. Un. Press. 3s. n.

PAMPHLETS.

An Essay on the Nature and Origin of English Blank Verse. By *E. Lummis.* A. Brown.

POLITICAL.

Supplement to the 9th Ed. of the Handbook to Political Questions of the Day. By *Sydney Buxton, M.P.* 8×5¼in. 67 pp. Murray. 2s. 6d.

REPRINTS.

Cranford. By *Mrs. Gaskell* (The Little Library). 6×4in. 254 pp. Methuen. 1s. 6d. n.

Marcella. By *Mrs. Humphry Ward.* 8½×5¼in. 312 pp. Newnes. 6d.

Life in London. By *Pierce Egan.* 8×5¾in. 406 pp. Chatto & Windus. 3s. 6d.

SPORT.

Sport and Travel East and West. By *F. C. Selous.* 9½×6in. 311 pp. Longmans. 12s. 6d. n.

THEOLOGY.

Savonarola. Meditations on Psalm LI. and Part of Psalm XXXI. In Latin. With an English Translation. By *E. H. Perowne, D.D.* 8½×7in. 227 pp. Camb. Univ. Press. 10s. 6d. n.

Thirteen Homilies of St. Augustine on St John. XIV. Ed. by *H. F. Stewart.* 7¼×5¼in. 140 pp. Cam. Univ. Press. 6s.

TOPOGRAPHY.

A Picturesque History of Yorkshire, Part XIV. Dent. 1s. n.

A History of the Isle of Man. 2 Vols. By *J. W. Moore.* 9×5¾in. 1,020 pp. Unwin. 32s.

TRAVEL.

Arabia, The Cradle of Islam. By the *Rev. S. M. Zwemer.* 8½×5¾in. 431 pp. Oliphant. 7s. 6d.

CHESS.

Address "Chess": LITERATURE, Printing House Square, London.

PROBLEM No. LXIV.
By B. G. LAWS, London.
BLACK.

WHITE.
White to play and mate in two moves

PROBLEM No. LXV.
By J. FRIDIZIUS, Sweden.
BLACK

WHITE.
White to play and mate in three moves.

It is highly interesting to observe how problemists imitate each other. Whether it is done unconsciously or not the fact remains that in many instances the similarities are glaring. Take No. 65, for example, a prize-winner years ago in the *Manchester Weekly Times*, and compare with it the following, which curiously enough is a competitor in the present tourney of the same journal:—PROBLEM No. 66.—White (6 pieces), K at Q Kt 2; Q at K Kt 8; B at K B sq; Kts at K 4 and Q 5; pawn at K B 3. Black (6 pieces), K at Q B 5; B at Q R 5; pawns at K 4, Q 5, Q 6, Q B 3. Two moves.

The present writer gave in the *American Chess Magazine* a number of examples, of which the following may suffice at present:—

PROBLEM No. 67, by F. M. Teed.—White (7 pieces), K at K R 5; Q at Q Kt 6; B at K Kt 6; Kts at Q Kt 4 and Q B 8; pawns at K B 3 and Q 5. Black (5 pieces), K at K 4; B at Q R 3; pawns at K R 3, K B 5, Q Kt 2. Two moves.

PROBLEM No. 68, by Dr. S. Gold.—White (6 pieces), K at Q B sq; Q at Q Kt sq; B at Q 5; Kt at Q B 8; pawns at K Kt 3, K 4. Black (5 pieces), K at K 4; B at Q R 3; pawns at K Kt 3, K Kt 4, K Kt 5, Q Kt 2. Two moves.

PROBLEM No. LXIX.
By J. K. HANSHEW, U.S.A.
BLACK.

WHITE.
White mates in three.

It is easy to miss the key of these little tit-bits, and thus lose the whole point of the argument. Various explanatory theories may be suggested, but nothing really satisfactory occurs to us. We have far too much confidence in the honour of problemists generally to suppose that flagrant plagiarism is possible in any but exceptional cases. The sneak move of the Queen, which is the feature of Nos. 67 and 68, originated, no doubt, in Mr. Hanshew's three-mover, which is appended. The solution is 1. P - K 6, P × R; 2. Q - Kt 8, getting behind B and Kt. One must move, and then comes mate by Q - R 8 or Q Kt 2.

GAME No. XXXIV.—Played in Paris by the Russian champion:—

White. S. Rosen.	Black. M. I. Tchigorin.	White. S. Rosen.	Black. M. I. Tchigorin.
1. P - K 4	P - K 4	21. Q - B	Q - K 2
2. Kt - K B 3	Kt - Q B 3	22. Q - B 5	Q R - Q 2
3. B - Kt 5	P - Q R 3	23. P - K B 4	P - Q 5
4. B - R 4	Kt - B 3	24. Kt - Kt 3	B - P
5. Castles	B - K 2	25. P × P	P - P
6. R - K sq	P - Q Kt 4	26. Kt - B 5	Q - B 4
7. B - Kt 3	P - Q 3	27. P - K 6	P - Q 6 ch
8. P - Q 4	B - Kt 5	28. Kt (B 3) - K 3	R - Q B 2
9. P - Q B 3	Castles	29. Q - R 4	P - B 3
10. B - Q 5	Q - Q 2	30. Q - Kt 4	B - P
11. Q Kt - Q 2	P - P	31. Kt - R 6 ch	K - B sq
12. B - Kt	Q × B	32. Q × B	P - Kt
13. Kt - P	Q - Q 2	33. K - B sq	B (B 2) - K 2
14. P - B 3	B - K 3	34. Q - B 3	P - Q 7
15. Kt - B sq	P - Q B 4	35. R - K 2	R - Q 6
16. Kt - B 2	K R - Q sq	36. Q - P ch	K - Kt sq
17. K - Kt 2	P - Q 4	37. Kt - Kt 4	R × R
18. P - K 5	Kt - K sq	38. K × R	Q - Q 5
19. Q - Q 2	R - B 2	39. P - K R 4	R - K Kt 6
20. Q R - Q sq	R × R	40. Q - R 5	Black wins (a)

(a) This singularly interesting contest, which is, we believe, unpublished in this country, is one to be followed in detail. The fight was singularly close and keen until move 40 when of course the blunder came. It could be called. 42. Q - K 4 ch, 41. K × P, R × P ch and wins. Note at move 27 the pretty P - K 6, threatening to win the queen.

Literature

Published by The Times.

No. 156. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1900.

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NOTES OF THE DAY.

The death of the Marquis of Bute removes a figure no less renowned in fiction than in real life. Disraeli did but scanty justice to him. Side by side with the spirit of piety and devotion which led "Lothair" into the bosom of the Roman Church, there was in the late Marquis a keen business capacity which enabled him to carry out large schemes for the benefit of his fellow men. He made Cardiff prosperous, and Cardiff in return made him its Mayor. A rather shy man, he was a scholar by temperament and a recognized authority on ecclesiology and Byzantine art and history.

* * * *

His contributions to literature included "The Early Days of Sir William Wallace," originally delivered in the form of a lecture at Paisley, the "Burning of the Barns of Ayr," the "Altars of St. Columba," a translation into English of the "Coptic Morning Service for the Lord's Day," and another of "The Roman Breviary." Lord Bute's books figure in the autumn announcements—a new edition of his translation of the "Roman Breviary," and a new work on "The Arms of the Baronial and Police Burghs of Scotland," of which he was joint author with Mr. J. H. Stevenson and Mr. H. W. Lonsdale. Messrs. Blackwood are the publishers of both volumes.

* * * *

One of Lord Bute's most recent adventures in the world of letters was a volume entitled "The Alleged Haunting of B— House," published last year. The book, edited by him in association with Miss Goodrich Freer, gave little scope for literary talent. In effect, it was issued to confute certain statements made in an anonymous article, entitled "On the Trail of a Ghost," which appeared in *The Times* of June 8, 1897. Lord Bute—who for some time previously gave money-aid to the Society for Psychical Research in order that it might carry on investigations into second sight—heard in the autumn of 1892 from a certain Father H. of psychical disturbances alleged to have been witnessed by him at Ballochin-house, which lies a few miles above Dunkeld. Desirous that these phenomena should be investigated in a scientific way, the Marquis became responsible for the rent of the house for a given period, during which several persons were invited by the Psychical Research Society to stay there. In order that the property might not suffer by reason of its supposed ghostly tenants, secrecy was enjoined, and not even in conversation with outsiders were guests to give the name of the house. To the end Lord Bute refused to publish the name, and his book shows that his paramount desire was, not to prove the existence of the ghosts, but that scrupulous investigation should be made into the alleged phenomena.

* * * *

We commented the other day on the novelist as politician; and we are sorry to note that Dr. Conan Doyle has had the experience, to which the names of Thackeray and Trollope give distinction, of seeking in vain the suffrages of the electorate. The irony of fate decreed that the creator of Sherlock Holmes should be defeated by a publisher. He had, at any rate, the satisfaction of knowing that he made a good fight for victory. The majority at the last contested election was reduced by more than 1,400 votes. And no doubt he has secured material, as some one has already suggested, for a new novel on Parliamentary life.

* * * *

Our congratulations, on the other hand, are due to Mr. Henry Norman, the elect of South Wolverhampton, and to Mr. Gilbert Parker, who defeated a strong local candidate in Mr. Harmsworth at Gravesend. Both are men of wide travel, but while Mr. Parker's specialty, so to speak, is Northern Canada, Mr. Norman has done his exploring chiefly in Russia, Siberia, China, and the East. Though not himself a novelist, the late assistant-editor of the *Daily Chronicle* connected himself with fiction by marrying, in 1891, the authoress of "Gallia" and "The Crook of the Bough." Of Mr. Parker's stories it is hardly necessary to speak, but we may perhaps hail as a happy omen, for the outset of his Parliamentary career, the title of his latest work "The Lane That Had no Turning."

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The closure during the whole month of September of the Print Room at the British Museum was a source of much inconvenience to several editors and publishers. In consequence, the intention of illustrating, from old prints and the like, some articles in the October monthlies had to be abandoned, and at least one important book has been delayed. But, then, the room must on occasions, however few, be cleaned and repainted.

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The rather sensational statements which have recently appeared regarding the Broughton papers at the British Museum are, we understand, beside the mark. The papers are simply withheld from the public, because they are in the binder's hands—every reader in the British Museum knows

what that means—and will therefore not be available for two or three months. They were directed to be opened in 1900, which was done. They might have been made public in the earlier part of the year, but for the nine hundred and thirty volumes of the Hardwicke papers, which had to be brought out first. The Broughton papers, though of considerable value as State papers, have little or no interest for the general public. They contain no reference whatever to the Byron case. Their contents are pretty well known.

* * * *

"After some small search," says Rousseau in his "Confessions," "we fixed on an estate at a very small distance from Chambéry, but as retired and solitary as if it had been an hundred leagues off." This house, Les Charmettes, to which he retired with Mme. de Warens "towards the latter end of the summer of 1736," is now advertised for sale. It is still in much the same state as it was at that famous period of its history. The garden, with the pavilion where the philosopher was wont to write, is much the same now as when he first saw it. We must hope that it will not fall into the hands of any proprietor who will alter it or pull it down.

* * * *

The story of Rousseau's sojourn there is one of the most fascinating episodes related in the "Confessions," though it is also a story in which it is hard to place implicit belief. The generally accepted allegation that the philosopher lived on terms of privileged intimacy with his middle-aged benefactress is not borne out by his published correspondence. His tone in his letters to Madame de Warens is always that of the adopted son, and never that of the accepted lover. Moreover, though the fact is generally ignored, the whole story was flatly contradicted by the "Memoirs of Madame de Warens," set forth and edited, after the appearance of the "Confessions," by General F. A. Doppet. These memoirs are, no doubt, a "fake" and a very dull "fake," too, but they evidently represent the contemporary public opinion of Chambéry, and are hardly less worthy of credence than Jean Jacques' irresponsible and vainglorious boasts. Rousseau's biographers have paid too little attention to them; and it is at least a tenable view that the love story in the "Confessions" was as pure romance as the love story in "La Nouvelle Heloise." One searches in vain for any independent confirmation of it. There certainly is none in the "Memoirs of Madame de Warens," written by her intimate friend M. de Conzié, and published some years ago by the Historical Society of Savoy.

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A pleasant, discursive little volume is "Cranford Souvenirs," by the Hon. Mrs. Lionel Tollemache (Rivingtons). The "souvenirs" of the title occupy but seven pages out of 148. The longest study is on Charles Victor de Bonstetten, the Swiss statesman and writer, and the friend of the poet Gray. We talk of Cranford nowadays just as we talk of the houses in Rochester and in London to which Pickwick and Sairey Gamp, and the Grandfather and the rest have given an immortal fame. We can locate them all, and so familiar are the incidents of which they were the scenes that they no longer seem to belong to the world of fiction. Mr. E. V. Lucas has lately introduced us once more to Cranford in a pleasant introduction to the last volume of Messrs. Methuen's "Little Library," containing a reprint of Mrs. Gaskell's novel. Mrs. Tollemache has a special proprietary interest in Cranford, for it was her home. Outside the gates of Tatton-park, where she lived before her marriage, stood the little town of Knutsford, and she knew Captain Brown and Mr. Holbrook, as well as Mrs. Gaskell herself. Mr. Holbrook is found by Mrs. Tollemache in the person of a Mr. Peter Leigh, a small squire with a penchant for weather prophecy. We should like to have heard something from her of Mr. Holland of Sandlebridge, near Knutsford. His grandson, Sir Henry Holland, gives in his "Recollections" an agreeable sketch of the yeoman of Sandlebridge, which certainly seems to bring Mr. Holbrook nearer to him than to Mr. Leigh, especially as Mrs. Gaskell tells us nothing of the Almanack and the Observatory. But she was doubtless loth to bite the picture in too accurately.

* * * *

There may be seen just now at Mr. W. T. Spencer's a characteristic letter by Ruskin, addressed to "My dear Dallas." One passage warrants transcription:—"One thing you said when I saw you last which I have had in mind to write to you concerning ever since—that 'Wordsworth's reputation was owing to Wilson.' Now Wordsworth's reputation so far as it is worth *anything* consists in the honour given him by men who owe to him the teaching of all that has been most precious to them in their modes of thought—as, for instance, myself among thousands more, and the men who do owe this to him would pay no more attention to any of Wilson's opinions on any subject than they would to those of the clown at the Surrey Theatre." The idea of the opinions of John Wilson—the "Christopher North" of *Blackwood*, it need hardly be said—being of no more account than those of a clown at a second-rate London playhouse would have shocked thousands at the beginning of the century; now it serves to raise a smile.

* * * *

Speaking of Ruskin we are reminded that the Society of Arts has been more prompt than is its wont in placing a tablet on the front of No. 54, Hunter Street, Brunswick-square, to the memory of Ruskin. The inscription, as usual, is of the simplest kind:—

John Ruskin,
Artist and Author,
Born Here.
B: 1819,
D: 1900.

Ruskin, who had a good memory, tells us that "by the time I was four years old . . . there was just the least possible shade of shyness on the part of Hunter-street, Brunswick-square, towards Market-street, Croydon," where lived his maternal aunt. "But whenever my father was ill—and hard work and sorrow had already set their mark on him—we all went down to Croydon to be petted by my homely aunt and walk on Duppas Hill and the heather at Addington." Hunter-street, now a noisy thoroughfare through which omnibuses pass, has little attraction to-day.

* * * *

Mr. Beatty Kingston was what it is the custom to call a journalist of the old school. His books about the Kings and other great people whom he knew had a certain anecdotal value. He had represented the *Daily Telegraph* in various European capitals, and was a man of multifarious accomplishments. He could probably have earned his living as a professor of languages or as a pianist no less easily than as a representative of the Press. His polyglot attainments are the subject of enthusiastic comment in "Edmund Yates' Recollections." In Berlin he came to loggerheads with Prince Bismarck. He generally "did" International Exhibitions for his newspaper; and he had latterly acted as its foreign news editor.

* * * *

London seems to afford a fertile soil for the growth of new weekly papers, which spring up with a quite surprising suddenness. Mr. Clement Scott is responsible for the latest of our penny weeklies, which he has called the *Free Lance*, and decorated with a preface explanatory of his choice of title. Miss Marie Corelli is allowed to turn the full flood of her invective upon the unhappy journalist, passing at the end of her article, by an easy transition, to "The Master Christian" and its critics. Mr. Clement Scott himself criticizes, in his customary style, two plays—*The Lackey's Carnival* and *The Wedding Guest*, and Mr. Godfrey Turner provides a column or so of *persiflage*.

* * * *

The story of the poet Gray and his migration from Peterhouse is affording material for discussion in the New York *Nation*. With many other tales of eminent persons, it seems to have grown considerably by the lapse of time. Even Mr. Leslie Stephen, in the "Dictionary of National Biography," makes

the poet descend his rope-ladder and find himself immersed in a tub of water. But Nichol's "Illustrations" publishes a letter from the Rev. John Sharpe, who was a fellow of Corpus Christi College when the affair took place, in which he makes no mention of the tub. These are Mr. Sharpe's words, written only six days after the date of Gray's admission to Pembroke:—

> . . . The other morning, Lord Percival and some Petrenchians, going a-hunting, were determined to have a little sport before they set out, and thought it would be no bad diversion to make Gray bolt, as they called it, so ordered their man, Joe Draper, to roar out fire. A delicate white night cap is said to have appeared at the window, but finding the mistake, retired again to the couch. The young fellows, had he descended, were determined, they said, to have whipped the butterfly up again.

The tub and the immersion appear to be later accretions. But the correspondence in the *Nation* adds a sting to the reproach that Americans seem to take a far closer interest in the lives of our famous men than we ourselves do.

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We gave the other day details of the decree of the French Minister of Education upsetting the traditional rules of French syntax. The Academy immediately decided to appoint a special committee on the matter, and M. Hanotaux was chosen reporter. His report, although not yet officially made public, is known to be conciliatory, so that those who anticipated a conflict between the Academy and the State will be disappointed. The chief item in M. Leygues' decree was the question of the agreement of participles with noun and verb. M. Hanotaux reports in favour of an important alteration in the rigour of the rules which govern this agreement. We hope to return to the subject when the report appears.

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Mr. Alfred Hamonet writes on this subject from 85, St. Helen's-gardens, North Kensington, W.:—

> Your readers are perhaps already aware that all minds do not agree on this subject. M. Michel Bréal, no mean authority, in a letter published in *Le Temps* of September the 7th, says:—
>
> Les réformateurs se trompent s'ils croient servir la cause du Français à l'étranger. Anglais, Allemands, Italiens, Suédois, et, je crois bien, tous autres maîtres, hors de France, ne veulent pas qu'on se mette à leur portée; ils prétendent enseigner le Français avec ses délicatesses et ses difficultés.
>
> Allow me, Sir, to ask you whether any of your readers could explain why foreign teachers should wish to retain the blocks causing their pupils so many tumbles in their walks over the French language. It is hardly credible.

* * * *

Mlle. de Menant is the first woman who has ever been sent on a mission by the French Academy and Government. She left for India a few days ago to continue her studies of the Zoroastrian community in Guzerat and to collect documents, &c., concerning the aborigines of the Travancore Hills. The collections she makes will be placed in the Natural History Museum. The French Ambassador in London has been instructed to request the English Government to give her all possible assistance in her researches. Mlle. de Menant is the authoress of a History of the Parsees.

School Books.

It is impossible to contemplate the immense number of school books published nowadays—a further instalment of which we review in another column—and not to realize that they have opened a new chapter in the history of education. The facility with which books are printed and published is as important an influence in that history as the teaching of Ascham or Pestalozzi. That, however, is rather too large a subject to discuss at the moment. The lay person may sometimes wonder why a new French grammar should appear every month, and a new edition of Virgil almost as often. When the current has once begun to flow it is not surprising that it should increase rather than diminish in volume. School books in the first place are a source of much profit; for if they once secure a sale, the sale is necessarily a large one. The question is not whether Jones *maximus* shall have a new book on Latin prose composition, but whether the entire form to which he belongs shall have it, and that means a large and continuing sale. Also the old books, useful as they may be, become exhausted, and the master wants a new stock of examples. The growth of specialization and of new educational subjects—such as English literature—also tend to the multiplication of books. It is, at any rate, satisfactory that they should increase not only in number but in quality, though the advance in this particular is more noticeable in some cases than in others. "Notes," generally and rightly placed nowadays at the end and not under the text, have become far more workmanlike, and far less demoralizing, during the quarter of a century which separates Anthon from Sidgwick. The teaching of French and German, though we should regret as much as any one the neglect of the rigorous grammatical method, has certainly gained by the large number of selections now published from contemporary literature. The exponents of English literature for schools must be said at present to be feeling their way towards a right method. The modern history text-book has not, to our thinking, improved upon the model set by Collier, and later by Professor York Powell. The science text-book must always leave a good deal to the teacher. But the pupil must rely partly upon his own book work, and it is doubtful whether the exactitude and lucidity of the best recent school books is really so helpful as the method adopted in the excellent little science primers published twenty years ago under the eye of that master of exposition, Professor Huxley. In pure mathematics, on the other hand, the present tendency to simplify processes is certainly a step in the right direction. Generally speaking the note of the modern school book is to do more and more for the pupil, in the way of intelligent help, and leave less and less to the teacher. A proper system of training of secondary teachers might very likely act in the other direction. There ought certainly to be less hearing of lessons from a book and more discussion. Bacon's maxim that "Conference maketh a ready man" should be followed in the interest of both master and scholar. But if supplemented by oral instruction notes such as we generally get in a school edition of to-day are invaluable. They are great time-savers. They subserve the purpose of what has been called sign-post criticism, and if the dangers of learning by rote are avoided, they stimulate faculties of thought and observation. A thorough study of Conington's Virgil is an indelible lesson in critical analysis, and in a less degree smaller books achieve the same result. The cry for the pure text, the complaint that literary taste and enjoyment are smothered under a mass of commentary may easily be exaggerated. Even Shakespeare without a commentary must often be grievously misunderstood. And after all literary taste is not a spontaneous growth. A good deal of scorn has been poured on the head of those commentators who point to and explain the beauties of literary masterpieces. Yet an Art teacher does not leave his pupils to find out for themselves the beauties of artistic masterpieces. The commentator's function is to develop the literary judgment of boys by spurring it into exercise, and he will do it better than an indifferently equipped teacher "spooning literary jargon into their mouths." There is at any rate a chance of his making them think, a process in which they would not otherwise engage. We only wish the principle were adopted in the official catalogues of our art galleries and museums. We should not then see a crowd of aimless wanderers pathetically seeking guidance from the directors and finding nothing but a bald and unmeaning description with names and dates. The tendency of educational books is to give as much help as possible to the pupil—not only to instruct and explain, but to educate and stimulate—and until we have a supply of "heaven-born teachers" for every form in every secondary school, the tendency must, we believe, be regarded as the right one.

Personal Views.

ON BATTLES AND THEIR NARRATORS.

"Every battle of the warrior," wrote the prophet Isaiah, "is with confused noise and garments rolled in blood." Between his age and our own there have been plenty of worthy folks who have never arrived at any clearer notion of military operations than that they involve many loud and discordant sounds, abhorrent to the philosophic ear, and that they are attended with a lamentable loss of human life. Thus felt many a cloistered chronicler of the Middle Ages, and thus, too, some of our modern historians, who by their denunciation of the emptiness of "drum and trumpet history" have tried to conceal from themselves and their readers the fact that they have never succeeded in grasping the meaning and the inwardness of a battle. Military history, nevertheless, has to be written, and it has occurred to me that it may not be uninteresting to set down the way in which it must be constructed, and the limitations that exist to our power of gaining accurate and useful information as to its details.

Before the special correspondent was invented there were three main sources from which the tale of a campaign could be worked out—official despatches and reports, the letters and memoirs of the soldier, and the books of the professed historian.

Of these the first class is in many ways the most unsatisfactory. All through history, ancient and modern, official documents have erred both in the direction of the *suppressio veri* and in that of the *suggestio falsi*. Napoleon's camp can not have been the first in which the phrase "to lie like a *Bulletin*" was current. Sennacherib, as his inscriptions show, was a past master of the art of suppressing "untoward incidents" and "regrettable occurrences." Sulla's despatch on the battle of Chæronea, wherein he declared that he had defeated 80,000 good troops and slain three-fourths of them, with a total loss to his own legions of twelve killed and two missing, must have moved Napoleon to envy when he read his Plutarch. For the Emperor was not accustomed to divide his own casualty list by more than two or three on publication, and he seldom did more than double the losses of the Austrians or Russians whom he had beaten. Sulla put him to shame.

Of course there have been, and there are, plenty of generals who have written their despatches in perfect good faith, and with a fixed intention of telling the truth. But over and above the usual causes of human error in narration, the general is afflicted by special ones of his own. He must not frighten his Government at home, but must put the best face on affairs, lest he be perchance recalled. He must not discourage his army, who will sooner or later read what he has written. He must not give information that may, even after some lapse of time, be useful to the enemy. Wellington used to declare that one of the most valuable sources of news which the French in Spain possessed consisted of official documents republished in the English journals. This was perfectly true; there is a letter extant in which Napoleon upbraids one of his Marshals for concealing the fact that he had lost guns in a battle. "The English despatches," wrote the Emperor, "give the number of cannon that they took; why has this fact been concealed from me?" This is a fine testimony to the confidence which Bonaparte placed in the relative veracity of his own lieutenant and of Wellington. But it has other morals also.

But it is not only political and military reasons that often prevent a general in the field from writing the whole truth. There are many disturbing causes of a personal nature. A beaten commander is often on the look-out for a scapegoat among his subordinates, on to whose back—rightly or wrongly—he may transfer a portion of his own responsibility. On the other hand, when things have come right in the end, it often seems a pity to dig up old grievances, and the offender gets off lightly. To avoid the necessity for present unpleasantnesses and future discussions, many a commander has bottled up his wrath, and refrained from any public censure of an incompetent lieutenant or a battalion which has disgraced itself at the front. The former can be quietly "Stellenbosched," and the latter sent back to guard lines of communication. Let those who need an example read Wellington's mention of the Prince of Orange and the Dutch-Belgian army in his Waterloo despatch, and compare them with the Duke's private expressions concerning the "d — d D — h," to use the expressive euphemism of 1815. The rash and meddlesome young Prince and his evasive troopers got no word of blame; but public opinion quite understood the situation. It is curious to reflect what a strange and distorted picture of Waterloo would be produced by an attempt to reconstruct the battle by patching together Wellington's official report and Napoleon's *bulletin* of June 21. Yet there is many a battle in history whose tale has to be told from documents of a similar nature, simply because no independent narrative of it has chanced to survive.

With all their faults commanders usually endeavour in their despatches to give some sort of a general account of the operations for which they have been responsible, though with reticences and euphemisms which often make it valueless. Quite other are the faults and merits of the second class of documents from which military history has to be reconstructed—the letters, memoirs, and reminiscences of eye-witnesses. It is almost impossible for any one outside the staff of the commanding officer to get a comprehensive view of the whole of an action. Even when battlefields and armies were small, and when the engagement which settled the fate of a campaign could be fought within the limits of a single square mile, the regimental officer could rarely see anything that went on beyond the flanks of his own battalion. He had too much to do in looking after his own corner of the field, and keeping his own men together, to allow him the wish or the leisure to find out what was going on a few hundred yards to the east or the west of him. Panoramic battles like Balaclava—where 40,000 men could watch the result of a charge—are the rarest things in history. But when the military eye-witness is content to describe exactly what went on in his own quarter of the fight, and does not launch out into tales of what happened in other parts of the line, he is invaluable. The ideal account of a battle is that which is constructed by a competent author carefully putting together and comparing the evidence of as many eye-witnesses as he can catch and cross-question. He will find that it is impossible to make them all agree, but the main facts will emerge from the evidence of the majority. This, we cannot doubt, is how Thucydides worked in ancient days. In modern times the best example of the proper use of the method that I know was made by Captain Siborne in constructing his admirable account of the campaign of 1815. The raw material contained in the vast bulk of "Waterloo Letters" that he gathered together contains some of the most interesting reading in the world. He worked by collecting the written evidence of hundreds, rather than scores, of witnesses, with the most admirable results. If he had but possessed a tithe of the literary skill and narrative

power of some of his contemporaries, he might have been placed among the best of military historians. As it is, not one-fifth so many readers peruse him as go through Napier's "Peninsular War." For Napier, the most inspired but not always the most accurate of military writers, made every page of his six volumes glow with his own energy and eloquence. His versions of the charge of the Fusiliers at Albuera and of the storming of the great breach at Badajoz will live as models of vigorous narrative as long as the English language is spoken.

In going through the mass of evidence given by eye-witnesses, which is available for the reconstruction of a modern battle, two or three sources of error soon strike the compiler. The first is that even an honest witness has a tendency to improve his story when once he gets into the habit of retelling it. This it is which makes the version of any fight written down a few days after it has occurred so much more valuable than the version which is only compiled after a long interval. There are plenty of books of memoirs in which the author, apparently in all good faith, represents himself as having seen things which it was physically impossible that he should have witnessed—occasionally things that never happened at all. Many a man has such an instinctive tendency to turn all his experiences into a kind of epic, with himself as the hero, that in the course of a few years he succeeds in persuading himself that he remembers that which he has really invented. I do not quite credit the famous old story that George IV. talked himself into the belief that he had been present at Waterloo. But there are things almost as absurd in the memoirs of Marbot and Thiébaud, both of whom only wrote out their reminiscences in their old age, when they had well "rounded off" all their more thrilling adventures.

Another not unfrequent source of error is the fact that after a day of intense excitement and fatigue the memories of many men play them strange tricks. Just as there are instances of those who profess to have seen that which—as a matter of fact—never occurred, so there are others of those who retain no recollection of stirring episodes which must have passed under their very eyes. Stranger still is it to find in some cases a complete inversion of the order of time, a fixed belief that the first of two events occurred after the second, in spite of conclusive external evidence to the contrary. It would seem that in the storm and stress of conflict some minds retain a vivid memory of incidents, without being in the least able to place them in their proper relation to each other. Still more common is a clear recollection of the early part of an engagement, combined with a practical oblivion of its later stages, when the brain has grown dazed and fatigued by the long-protracted excitement of battle. I have never met with the opposite phenomenon—a confused memory of beginnings, and a precise impression of later incidents. The man who loses his head early seems seldom to recover his power of accurate observation; it is quite usual for a witness to confess that after the first wave of battle-fever passed over him, he has no clear and definite memory of any subsequent incidents.

For much the larger half of history we have practically no assistance from either official despatches or the notes and memoirs of eye-witnesses. Only the formal narrative of the historian survives. From the old days of classical antiquity there has come down to us only one contemporary letter describing the author's personal experiences in a recent fight—that in which Galba related to Cicero his adventures at Forum Gallorum. We would give anything for a dozen such documents scattered across the wars of the elder world, from Thermopylæ to Adrianople; but we cannot get them. The next best evidence—the first-hand narratives of military men describing their own campaigns—that have survived are not much more numerous; Xenophon's "Anabasis" and Cæsar's "Commentaries" are the only prominent examples. Thucydides, Josephus, Ammianus, and Procopius had seen part, but only part, of the vast scenes of strife that they describe. The larger portion of the ancient history of the Art of War has to be collected from the works of men who were not professional soldiers, like Herodotus, Plutarch, Sallust, Livy, or Tacitus. Some of these writers had not the "military eye," others were writing with a view to rhetorical effect rather than accuracy, others to support some political thesis. We can never be sure that they selected the best evidence available, or went to work with an unprejudiced mind and a single-hearted wish to arrive at the real facts.

Matters grow even worse in the early middle ages; between Procopius and the First Crusade there is a gap of over 500 years, during which we have hardly one single detailed narrative by a competent eye-witness of any single campaign. The art of writing had fallen into the hands of the clerical caste, and even when the monk or priest saw some fragment of a campaign he was not competent to describe it. Instead of tactics we get banal generalities and moral reflections. With the Crusades things begin to improve; the first great military narratives of the modern world are Villehardouin's "Conquest of Constantinople" and Joinville's account of St. Louis' campaign in Egypt. The layman and the soldier had at last ceased to be dumb, and our knowledge of the military art at once expands. But besides these well-known works there are other records of eye-witnesses, like Fulcher of Chartres, Odo of Deuil, and the author of the French poem on Richard Cœur de Lion's exploits in Palestine, which give us interesting accounts at first-hand of the battles which we desire to investigate. The later Norse Sagas have the same value, though those which claim an earlier date are not to be trusted; we may gain some certainty as to the details of the campaigns of King Sverri, but not as to the exploits of Harald Hardrada and his predecessors.

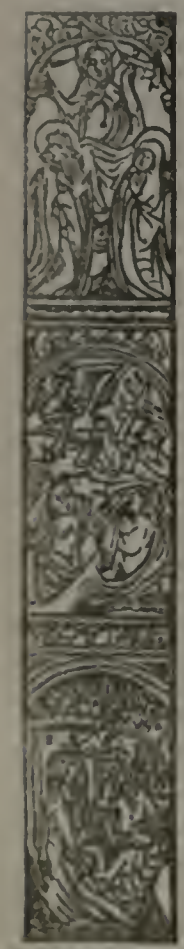
From the twelfth century onward the reconstruction of the history of the Art of War is comparatively easy, though there are plenty of dark corners where the want of an intelligent contemporary historian is sadly evident. The Wars of the Roses, for example, are not nearly so well known to us as the wars of Edward I. or Simon de Montfort, simply for want of good first-hand witnesses. The blight which fell upon English literature in the fifteenth century extended over every branch of composition, and the received accounts of Towton or Hexham are largely borrowed from Tudor historians of doubtful authority. It was not till the reign of Elizabeth that modern conditions as regards the evidence for things military began to prevail. But from the opening of the wars in Holland we are in a well-lighted path, and despatches, memoirs, letters, and formal histories all became available in plenty. The difficulty is no longer to obtain information, but to estimate the relative trustworthiness of each writer; and the ordinary canons of historical criticism are perfectly at our disposal. By the time of the great war between Charles I. and his Parliament, the difficulty in writing military history has already begun to be the same which we meet in the campaigns of to-day. The sources of evidence are so many that there is a danger lest we may "not see the wood for the trees." But this is the peril to which all modern research is exposed, and the History of the Art of War must take its chance no less than all other branches of historical study.

C. OMAN.

THE CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS.

BEFORE the age of William Pitt, its eponymous hero, the Cambridge University Press went through many vicissitudes. Its earlier history—the traditions of John Siberch, who set up the first press in Cambridge in 1521, the struggle against ecclesiastical prejudice and commercial jealousy which succeeded the appointment of Thomas Thomas as University printer some sixty years later, and the ups and downs of the press during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries—are all but forgotten nowadays. The facts are scattered, but, collected and strung together consecutively, they make one of the most interesting chapters in British typographical history.

Oxford had produced books more than forty years before Siberch came to Cambridge, but printing was not permanently established at either University until towards the end of the sixteenth century. Siberch has usually been identified with Siber or Sibert, who printed at Lyons between 1482 and 1498, but Mr. Graves, in the "Dictionary of National Biography," considers it more probable that he came to England from Cologne. There is no doubt, however, that he was a friend of Erasmus. Erasmus greets him in a letter, written from Basle on Christmas Day, 1525, to Dr. Robert Aldrich, of King's College, afterwards Bishop of Carlisle. The printer had apparently ceased operations at Cambridge when the great scholar's letter was written; at all events we lose sight of him after 1522, and the nine or ten books recorded under his name are the only fruits we have of the two years' work of his press. Erasmus' "De Conscribendis Epistolis" had been printed by him at Cambridge in 1521.



Siberch styled himself the first Greek printer in England, and one of his earliest productions, Linacre's Latin translation of "Galen de Temperamentis"—the prescribed text-book in the medical course of study—contains a little Greek matter which is believed to represent the earliest appearance of Greek metal types in England. But he left no book entirely printed in that character. Two years previously Caxton's pupil and successor at Westminster, Wynkyn de Worde, had introduced a few Greek words, cut in wood, in his edition of Whitenton's "Grammatica." Siberch worked his press at the sign of the Arma Regia (a fact which explains how he stamped the Royal arms of England and France on the sides of some of his books) facing St. Michael's Church, now part of Gonville and Caius College. The Bodleian contains a splendid example of the Linacre volume, printed on vellum in the original binding, and bearing the Royal arms, the identical copy presented by Linacre to Henry VIII. That Monarch in 1534 gave the University a special licence to appoint from time to time three stationers or printers—the terms were virtually synonymous in those days—empowered to print all manner of books approved of by the Chancellor and his vice-gerent or three doctors, and to sell these and any other works passed by the same censors. By means of this censorship the opponents of the Reformation hoped to suppress heretical literature in the University, but it is curious that one of the stationers appointed in pursuance of the Royal decree was Sygar Nicholson, of Gonville Hall, who had been charged in 1529 with holding Lutheran opinions and harbouring Lutheran works. The proctors' accounts mention that fagots for burning Nicholson's books on that occasion cost the University a groat.

The Raid of 1583.

The licensed press was strangely unproductive. After Siberch's last volume in 1522, there is no record of another book

From "BENTLEY'S HORACE," 1711. 4to. By C. Crownfield.

from a Cambridge press for sixty-two years. The Oxford press was barren for a very similar period. Printing in England had, at first, developed too rapidly; the intolerant Church, which began by countenancing the art, grew fearful of its possibilities, and the censorship established in 1530, together with the Reformation tumult, led to serious deterioration both in the quantity and quality of the books printed in England. Printing, during Mary's reign, was confined to the members of the Stationers' Company, founded about 1556, and trade jealousy on the Company's part seems to have had something to do with the delay in re-establishing the press at Cambridge. When Elizabeth had reigned some eighteen or nineteen years, however, the Vice-Chancellor and Heads of the University determined to assert their independence in the matter. In 1577, Lord Burghley, objecting "to prejudice the Queen's Grants," discouraged their proposal to restore the art of printing in the University, but they settled the question in 1582 by appointing Thomas Thomas, a Fellow of King's College, as University printer, the first of a long and honourable line which has remained unbroken to the present day. "The circumstances that attended Thomas' first year of office," writes Mr. Mullinger, in his invaluable history of the University to the accession of Charles I., to which we are indebted for much of our information, "were by no means of favourable augury. Among the most rising scholars at Cambridge at this time was the eminent William Whitaker, Fellow of Trinity College, who had succeeded in 1580 to the Regius Professorship of Divinity. In 1583, Thomas was entrusted with a work by Whitaker for publication, and the reputation already acquired by the author caused its appearance to be awaited with some interest. Other books were also in preparation, when suddenly the agents of the Stationers' Company appeared upon the scene and seized the press, the whole plant, and all the printed sheets on which they could lay hands. The humiliation and pecuniary loss inflicted by this summary proceeding roused the spirit of the University, and a formal demand was despatched by the Vice-Chancellor and Heads to the Bishop of London (by whose authority the seizure had been sanctioned), for the restitution of the property, and at the same time an urgent appeal was addressed to Burghley, imploring his good offices for the protection of the University in the exercise of its ancient privileges." The Bishop was John Aylmer, hardened since the time when he watched over the education of Lady Jane Grey,

and now distinguished by his zeal against the Puritans. The correspondence which followed upon the Cambridge raid reads rather curiously in days when the liberty of the press is merely a matter of historic interest.

"That Puritan Cambridge Printer."

In their report to Burghley, the Bishop and the wardens of the Stationers' Company added insult to injury by describing Thomas Thomas as "a man utterlie ignorant in printing and pretending to be the printer to the Universitie of Cambridge," and also pointed out the danger to the commonwealth involved by the activity of a press "farre from ordinarie research." There were already fifty-three printers in London, urged the wardens, and on that account alone a press at Cambridge was less necessary than it had ever been. Then follows a delightfully naive proposal to the Bishop on the part of the wardens:—"And we will recompense the said schollar for all his charge that he hath been in the suite aforesaide, and also paie him to the full for all such instrumentes as he hathe already provided, and withal be most ready to doe to the saide Universytie or arrange there such acceptable service in printinge as anye waie he is or mighte be able. And herein we proteste and think in our consciences we doe the said schollar a greate good turne and are a meane that he doe not undoe himself." The University authorities, on their part, stoutly defended their printer, "whom we know to be a very godly and honest man," but it was not until the following March that Burghley, having been assured as to the validity of the charter of Henry VIII. by the Master of the Rolls Sir Gilbert Gerrard (himself a Cambridge M.A.), wrote authorizing the reinstatement of Thomas.

Thomas, besides being "a very godly and honest man," and printer to the University, was an accomplished scholar, like many other early printers. He compiled a Latin dictionary with such assiduity that his health broke down and he died shortly after its completion—not, however, before the Stationers' Company had pirated the work, together with other books printed by him, whereby, to quote the letter which the Vice-Chancellor and Heads wrote to Lord Burghley on the subject, he was "almost utterly disabled." Thomas, by the way dedicated his dictionary to Lord Burghley. It went through five impressions in eight years, and in 1611 had reached its fourteenth edition.

In the dedication to Lord Chancellor Bacon of the eleventh edition of the dictionary, published in 1619, the following tribute was paid to Thomas' memory by John Legate, his successor:—

> He was about thirty years ago a famous printer among your Cantabrigians; yes, something more than a Printer such as we now are, who understand the Latin that we print no more than Bellerophon the letters he carried, and who sell in our shops nothing of our own except the paper black with the press's sweat. But he, a companion of the Stephenses and of the other, very few, printers of the true kind and best omen, was of opinion that it was men of learning, thoroughly imbued with academic studies, who should give themselves to cultivating and rightly applying that illustrious benefit sent down from heaven and given to aid mankind and perpetuate the arts. Accordingly what more fit than that when he had wrought what was worthy of type, he should himself, needing aid of none, act as midwife to his own progeny?

Meantime the University had increased the suspicion and mistrust with which both Aylmer and Whitgift regarded its printing operations by producing a new translation in English of Travers' heretical "Disciplina." "Ever sens I hard," wrote the indignant Archbishop, "that they had a printer at Cambridge I did greatlie fear this and such like inconveniences wold followe," and at his urgent request every impression of the work that could be traced was burned. If Whitgift could have had his way he would probably have put an end to the press as well; he did suggest that it should be subjected to the same strict rules under which her Majesty's printers worked; but nothing came of it. In 1586, two years later, Thomas Thomas, whom "Martin Marprelate" called "that Puritan Cambridge printer," made matters worse by undertaking to publish "The Harmony of the Confessions of Faith of Christian and Reformed Churches," which Aylmer had previously condemned in London. "The Harmony," being subsequently pronounced an illegal publication, was in due course printed; but the incident did

Lud. Cheron del. [illegible] J. Gribelin sculp.

From Price SERMON, &c., 1714. 4to. By C. Cousard

not improve the relationship existing between the press and the ecclesiastical powers.

Still Working Under Difficulties.

University publishing, indeed, was never more grievously handicapped than in those days. Besides being opposed by the Church the sister presses of Oxford and Cambridge were systematically victimized by the unscrupulous publishers of London, who pirated the University volumes (there was no copyright law to prevent them), and undersold the legitimate publishers. The Universities retaliated by forbidding the local booksellers to buy or sell any books printed in London or elsewhere in England when an edition had already been produced or was in contemplation at either Oxford or Cambridge, "under pain of perpetual banishment and confiscation of such books," the students being also prohibited the purchase of these editions. That was in 1585-86, and the Star Chamber added to the hardships by restricting the number of presses and apprentices at each University to "one at one tyme at the most."

Thomas' successor at Cambridge was John Legett or Legate, a London stationer, who was the first to use the device of the "Alma Mater Cantabrigia" and "Hinc lucem et pocula sacra" round it. He remained at the head of the press until the seventeenth century was seven or eight years old—hindered continually by the jealousy of the Stationers' Company and worried repeatedly by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners. His immediate successors for many years fared no better, and the Great Rebellion brought other excitements to distract their attention. When Cromwell seized Cambridge in 1643, Thomas Buck and Roger Daniel were partners as University printers, and only a year previously had printed their fine edition of Beza's Greek and Latin Testament. Last year, it will be remembered, the Cambridge University Press published a facsimile reproduction of the "Codex Bezæ," as it is generally called, the manuscript of which is preserved in the University Library. In 1628-29 Buck and his partner were accused by the Stationers of having broken a decree of the Star Chamber, but the Lord Chief Justice, after consulting with six other Judges, advised the Privy Council that no patent for sole printing restrained the privilege of the University Press under the licence of the Chancellor, or the Vice-Chancellor and doctors. Two years later, however, the Privy Council limited the privilege of the University to a yearly impression of 3,000 "Lilly's Grammars" and "Common Prayers with Singing Psalms," without restraint of number, the only condition being that the Bible was to be bound with them. The Long Parliament abolished the Star Chamber, but fresh restrictions continued to trammel the printing press throughout the country. These restrictions were succeeded by the Licensing Act and its renewals, which did not expire until 1694. Then the art of printing gradually revived, presently encouraged by the passing of the first Copyright Act, and greatly aided in another forty years or so by the improvements in type-founding. At Cambridge, as we shall presently see, the end of the seventeenth century brought a much-needed change in the prospects of the University Press.

The "Pitt Press" Building and its Predecessors.

In its early days the press had no home of its own; its work was done at the houses of the University printers. One of our illustrations shows Mr. Buck's building—"which said house," wrote the Rev. William Cole, who preserved the sketch, "tho' just behind the east end of St. Benedict's Church and Corpus Christi College, is nothing more than the Refectory of the Austin Friars, and is complete, only made into 3 stories." The first attempt of the press to start its own building was made through John Field, who succeeded Buck—then sole printer—in 1650. Field, on behalf of the University, took a lease of the ground near Queen's College, and built the printing house which was in use until the present century. Another building was added to the north of this in 1690, when, thanks to the energy of Mr. Bentley, and the patronage of the Duke of Somerset, new life was instilled into the press. The Duke had been elected Chancellor in 1689, and he came to the assistance of the press of his University in much the same way that Bishop Fell went to the rescue of the Clarendon Press some thirty years before. Contributing considerable sums of money himself and obtaining benefactions from others, he helped largely to improve and renovate the business. The two buildings were used until 1716, when the more modern house was made over to the Professors of Anatomy and Chemistry, a Grace of the Senate stating that it was of no other use to the University. The press then confined its operations to the older building, which stood at the corner of Silver-street and Queen's-lane, with a range of warehouses extending eastward from it.

From ALTAR SERVICE, 1714. 4to. By J. Smith.

The circumstances which led to the adoption of the name "Pitt Press" are best set forth in Clark and Willis' 'Architectural History of the University.' Strictly speaking, the name "Pitt Press" only applies to part of the existing buildings, which were erected in 1831, with the balance of the money subscribed for the Pitt Statue in Hanover Square. The University had already shown a disposition to honour the memory of her distinguished son, first by allowing a statue to be placed in the Senate House, and afterwards by accepting £1,000 offered by the Committee for managing the Statue to found a Pitt Scholarship. It is suggested in the "Architectural History" that circumstances may have induced the London Pitt Club to turn their attention to Cambridge when considering the purposes to which the surplus fund at its disposal might best be devoted. Dr. Monk, Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, who had been Professor of Greek at Cambridge from 1808 to 1822, is believed to have originated the idea, but the first definite proposal came in a letter to Vice-Chancellor Lamb from Lord Camden, chairman of the Committee and Chancellor of the University. The Committee, he said in a subsequent letter, "feel that it will be a most flattering addition to the character and reputation of Mr. Pitt that his name should be connected with that press from which emanate works of enlightened literature and profound learning, and they trust they will be able to add to the magnificent improvements now proceeding at Cambridge by the erection of a building which will adorn and decorate the University." That was in June, 1821, but four years elapsed before the committee began seriously to consider the nature of the proposed building. The design submitted by the architect, E. Blore, was accepted towards the end of 1829, and the first stone laid by Lord Camden in October, 1831. The committee meantime, had discovered that the Hanover-square statue would cost more than the members anticipated (Chantry received £7,000 for it), and they were unable to carry out their original plan of paying for all the additions required for the completion of the press. The cost of the buildings which could not be included in the range next Trumpington-street was accordingly defrayed by the University. The new home of the press took about eighteen months to build and cost exactly £10,711 8s. 9d. On April 28th, 1833, in the presence of the undergraduates and the dignitaries of the University, Lord Camden handed the key to Dr. Webb, the Vice-Chancellor. "Like the building in our sister University," said the Vice-Chancellor in reply to Lord Camden's speech, "which bears the name of Lord Clarendon, this is dedicated to the memory of him whose counsels upheld and whose guidance preserved this country amid the torrent of anarchy and infidelity which overwhelmed the neighbouring nations, raising it to a dignity and eminence which rendered it the refuge and sanctuary of religion and virtue." Undergraduates have since dubbed the impressive-looking building in Trumpington-street the "Freshman's Church," and the gateway tower at a first glance certainly gives one the impression that it is an ecclesiastical structure of some sort. It used to be a favourite hoax with Cambridge students to send the uninitiated newcomer to church there, but the meaning of the epithet is too well known to make the trick worth playing nowadays.

Bibles and Other Books.

Cambridge University, until 1873, had its publishing done through the agency of various London firms, but in that year the press established its own publishing warehouse in Paternoster-row, removing the business in 1881 to the present address in Ave Maria-lane. In the first instance this branch of the business was conducted by Mr. C. J. Clay, who was University printer from 1854 to 1891. It is now managed by his sons, Mr. J. Clay and Mr. C. F. Clay, though the publishing imprint of the firm remains C. J. Clay and Sons.

At the time of the revision of the Bible in 1870-1885 Cambridge was represented by Mr. C. J. Clay and Dr. W. Aldis Wright; Oxford by Mr. Frowde and the Rev. Bartholomew Price. It is hardly necessary to repeat that the Revised Version is the joint property of the two Universities, which voted £20,000 to the expenses of publication, or that the copyright of the Authorized Version and the Book of Common Prayer are vested in the Crown, the right to print them in England being granted by charter to Oxford and Cambridge and by licence to the Queen's printer. The Cambridge Press, like that of Oxford, uses its privilege to the full, issuing Bibles in almost every variety of size and type. One of its historic possessions is a facsimile of the massive Bible, originally printed on vellum, and splendidly bound, for the use of William IV. The chief interest attaching to this volume lies in the fact that its first eight pages were taken off the press at Cambridge by Lord Camden (then Chancellor of the University), the Duke of Northumberland (High Steward of the University), the Duke of Cumberland, Prince George of Cambridge, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Duke of Wellington, Lord Hardwicke, and the Vice-Chancellor of the University. The Press has lately given special attention to the correct printing of the Prayer-book and

the present standard for printing all Cambridge editions is the new Minister's Prayer-book in large octavo (1896), to which the late Archbishop Benson, who was anxious that his University should move in the matter, gave his approval. The press to-day is also very active in the production of mathematical literature—a branch of printing which obviously calls for exceptional skill; and the Cambridge printers have reason to be proud of their achievements in this direction. Yet towards the end of the last century William Ludlam, who published his "Mathematical Essays" and "Rudiments of Mathematics" at Cambridge, complained that the press was so extremely defective in mathematical types that he was obliged to make many a brass rule himself. This, however, had been fully remedied before 1824, and the collected scientific papers which the press is now producing are worthy monuments to the memory of the University's greatest mathematicians. It would make our record wearisome to give a list of the masterpieces of erudition produced under the parental care of the Cambridge Press; we need not go beyond Professor Jebb's edition of Sophocles, now nearing completion, to mention a work which is representative, in the best sense, of the Cambridge scholarship of to-day. And the "General History of Modern Times," which Lord Acton is editing, and which, it is hoped, will make a start this year, is one of the greatest literary enterprises ever undertaken in this country.

THE UNIVERSITY PRESS.
From the Royal Octavo Bible of 1830. By J. Smith.

GERMAN PLAYS IN LONDON.

Iphigenia, Nora, Magda! They are the three heroines of the plays presented last week at St. George's-hall by the German Dramatic Society. At first sight it seems a strange combination and a far cry from Greek mythology to the modern problem play. But one feature is common to all these dramas—it is the woman who is paramount, it is the woman who solves the knot in so far as it may be solved. Iphigenia and Magda, though each in a very different way, are at war with circumstances; Nora, through lack of wise training, is overcome by them. And Goethe's Iphigenia is not the demi-goddess of classical antiquity, but a living, breathing woman, the pure, innocent member of an accursed race (exactly as Helene is in Hauptmann's play *Before Sunrise*), a woman feeling the loneliness of exile, the uselessness of her life. And yet it is not all useless, since by what she herself names the not ignoble weapons of a woman—dignity, love, tenderness, unselfishness—she saves her brother from physical and moral ruin. The happy ending, the generally domestic tenour of the story, lend themselves particularly to modern treatment, and indeed make the fable attractive in every guise. "How many Iphigenias have been written!" said Goethe. "Yet they are all different, for each writer manages the subject after his own fashion."

The literary beauty of Goethe's play is of the highest kind. In language of the greatest charm and simplicity, in the most melodious verse, are embodied various emotions—rage and fury, love and tenderness, religious faith, patriotism and family affection. The lines were exquisitely rendered by Maria Pospischil, of Hamburg, and she succeeded in imparting a melodious charm to the German language that was as delightful as it was unexpected.

Poor Nora Helmer! Life had made a fool of her. Most of the women who discover that fact—and they are not few—acquiesce in it and endure their lot silently to the bitter end. Ibsen had the courage to solve the problem in the only logical way. Nora's one firm conviction had been her husband's love for her—no matter what might change or disappear or have end, that would last for ever; she feared his anger, she dreaded the sacrifice he would naturally make in her behalf should he learn her fault, but one thing she did not fear—the failure of his love.

> Nora. When this crushing blow threatened me, I said to myself confidently, "Now comes the miracle." . . . I firmly believed that you would come forward, take everything upon yourself, and say, "I am the guilty one."
>
> Helmer.—Nora!
>
> Nora. You mean I would never have accepted such a sacrifice? No, certainly not. But what would my assertions have been worth in opposition to yours? That was the miracle I hoped for and dreaded. And it was to hinder that that I wanted to die.

The *Doll's House* is in many ways the best of Ibsen's plays in the more literary sense. Indeed, it is so good a play that bad acting could not entirely spoil it for any intelligent spectator. The most trifling incidents have their value, and even if we dislike the subject and the dramatist's portrayal of it we are bound to recognize in Nora and her husband persons whom we know; we are compelled, almost against our will, to pause and consider seriously things hitherto set aside as of no importance.

The character of Magda has been made familiar to London playgoers by the genius of Mrs. Patrick Campbell. And most persons are agreed that the rendering of the part by the English actress surpasses that of her German, French, and Italian sisters. And yet in some ways, despite even inferior acting, the play goes better in German than in French, English, or Italian. Although the main problem of the drama is the universal one of egoism *versus* altruism, the setting is purely German and provincial. In the translations that *milieu* is eliminated as far as possible, but its retention helps to explain Magda's character, especially the motives which lead her to revisit her home. Few persons can shake themselves free from their early influences. In a great play—and *Heimat* is a great play of its kind—the spectator is often struck on a second or third hearing by some fresh aspect hitherto unperceived. Thus the psychological interest of the play is considerably heightened if we regard the conflict as one not only between parent and child, but between two strong characters of similar obstinacy, of similar limitations, and both of them pure egoists.

The German actors take their art seriously and make up in careful training what they lack in inspiration. Maria Pospischil has genius, and we should like to see her in some tragic part. Irene Triesch, who played Nora and Magda, was in both cases too hysterical, and her alternations of mood were too sharply distinguished. Her best performance was in the scenes of the *Doll's House* after Nora's awakening. There she showed herself capable of real dramatic power.

Herr Schönfeld has issued a notice stating that his original intention to give a performance of the German favourite, *Gespenster* (better known perhaps as Ibsen's *Ghosts*), has been compulsorily abandoned, owing to its having been vetoed by the censor. Commenting upon this, a Berlin paper indignantly assured its readers that their compatriots in London were being deprived of the opportunity to witness this drama by the puritanical tyranny of Mr. Chamberlain! Evidently our contemporary's correspondent was confusing the Lord Chamberlain with the Colonial Secretary.

There is a certain ambiguity in this announcement in the prospectus of the Society:—

> As under the agreement existing between Germany and England the right of performing plays is freely granted to societies and clubs, the German Dramatic Society is in a position to select its repertoire, regardless of considerations as to whether the respective plays have been secured for performance by other parties.

If this merely means that authors and their assignees are so interested in the work of the Society that they are willing to waive their claims, there is nothing to be said except that they

are very obliging. If, on the other hand, the Society considers itself entitled to over-ride those rights because it is a "club" and not a theatrical company, the voices of learned counsel demanding injunctions will probably be heard in the Courts. It is not possible to drive a coach and four through the Berne Convention, and deprive authors of their fees, by calling yourself a club any more than by calling yourself an amateur. If money is taken, whether at the doors or elsewhere, the fees must be paid; and we gather that the Society does propose to take money for its services.

THE DRAMA.

"THE LACKEY'S CARNIVAL."

For obvious reasons novels and plays about domestic servants can hardly be expected to give a true picture of their subject. In the first place the people who know all about it, the domestic servants themselves, do not write them. And the people who do write them, the people "upstairs," are prevented by class prejudice (not to mention the disgraceful way in which the horse-radish sauce was sent up to table last night) from taking an entirely unbiased view. It especially behoves them, therefore, to take for their motto "Noblesse oblige." To dwell upon the foibles and ignorance and vulgarity and knavery of their domesties hovers on the outer edge of snobbery. There is something too much of this, as we all feel, in Thackeray. And we like Dickens all the better because his sympathies extend to the kitchen. If I had a valet, I would not mind asking his opinion of Sam Weller, but if I had a French cook I should blush were he to catch me reading about M. Mirobolant. And if my housemaid gets a night out at the theatre, I can only hope she will not go to see *The Lackey's Carnival* at the Duke of York's. The play is not fair to the servants, who are represented as all vicious or ill-mannered, whereas, I take it, their class exhibits just about the same admixture of good and evil as any other section of the community. We have recently seen the proper—that is to say, the fair and kindly—treatment of the kitchen in Mr. Carton's play, *Lady Huntworth's Experiment*. The cook in that play (who, to be sure, is a Countess in disguise, but knows her place and is not above it) is a sensible, quiet, "comfortable" woman, as a cook should be. The housemaid is a giggling creature, with a shocking taste in hats, but honest and not more silly in her way than her mistress upstairs. If we are invited to laugh at the butler it is because of his oddities as a man and not because of his position as a menial. In a word, there is no touch of condescension in Mr. Carton's treatment of his subject, merely kindness and a sense of humour. Now, Mr. Jones satirizes the servants' hall as though he owed it a personal grudge. Here is a stage-direction characteristic of his temper:—

> Enter from ball-room, fanning herself, Mrs. Bissett, the housekeeper, a stout, panting, perspiring matron of forty-five, in her best silk dress.

No doubt stout housekeepers (like stout mistresses) "pant" and "perspire," but why insist upon it? And no doubt a panting and perspiring housekeeper might say, as Mrs. Bissett says, "If we'd eat as much supper as we've made noise we should have hurt ourselves"; but does any one (except Mr. Henry Arthur Jones) see the fun of making her say it? She says it at a servants' ball, and the ball is a pandemonium where every one gets tipsy and the maids kick up their heels, and the public in the stalls are invited to note what crude colours delight Mary Jane on festive occasions. Was this worth showing? I submit that it was not. I feel that not only this scene, but the whole treatment of the servants in the play, is in bad taste. It so happens that the autumn publishing season has produced in Paris a book, a too notorious book, by M. Octave Mirbeau, "Mémoires d'une Fille de Chambre," which also deals with the seamy side of domestic service. There are obscenities in it, and of course there are none in Mr. Jones' play; but the two works have much in common—a certain savageness of tone, a persistent pretence that the servants' hall and the drawing room are in a state of internecine warfare. If I mention the French book it is to show into what queer company a lapse of taste may lead even so generally wholesome and manly a writer as Mr. Jones.

The lackey of his title is a worthy companion to M. Mirbeau's *fille de chambre*. Thomas Tarboy is a mere scoundrel who has just enough veneer to masquerade as his master, and in that disguise to become possessed of foolish letters from an indiscreet lady. The lady becomes by marriage a member of the household in which Tarboy is valet, and the sequel may be guessed—a sequel of blackmail, leading, of course, to grave misunderstanding between the lady and her husband, and only terminated by the "peaching" of a fellow-servant whom Tarboy has seduced and abandoned. It is impossible to sympathize either with the foolish lady who has written love-letters to a plausible ruffian or with a husband whose jealousy prompts him to throttle her rather than to insist upon a disclosure of her secret. It is, indeed, impossible to sympathize with any one in the play, all the people upstairs being as fatuous and nearly as vulgar as the people in the servants' hall. Mr. Allan Aynesworth acts very cleverly as Tarboy, and a new actress, Miss Edith Wynne Matthison, makes a favourable impression in the ungrateful part of his foolish victim; but the whole thing leaves a nasty taste in the mouth.

An incident connected with the production of this play calls for passing comment, because it is a sign, and not an encouraging sign, of the times. The actress originally cast for the part of the wife threw up her part because the wife has to allude to her unborn child (the line is really essential to the piece) and the actress happened to have been lately married. If the private affairs of a lady were allowed to remain private affairs, the difficulty would never have occurred. But the public was either invited or invited itself to take note of the actress's marriage; it was chronicled (and I believe was illustrated) in the newspapers as though it were an event of public importance. Consequence: an artist is checked by curiosity and tittle-tattle about her private life in the full and free exercise of her art. Moral: obvious.

A. B. WALKLEY.

Reviews.

CHAUCER.

CHAUCER MEMORIAL LECTURES, 1900. Read before the Royal Society of Literature. Edited, with an Introduction, by PERCY W. AMES, F.S.A. (Asher and Co. 5s.)

The Royal Society of Literature has published a series of popular lectures on the work of Chaucer, as it appears "in the new light of modern criticism," to commemorate the quingentenary of the poet's death. Readers who are only slightly acquainted with Chaucer's Life and Times will find the most necessary *data* set out for them in an unpretentious and entertaining form. More advanced students may perhaps think that the lectures have sacrificed rather too much to their fear of being tedious; that when they concluded no further opportunity could arise for original work upon the poems they were "too quick despairers."

For, though the qualities of Chaucer's genius have been amply described over and over again, and though the features of his society are as familiar to us as Shakespeare's men and women, there is a number of questions which the critic may still put to himself and others without feeling guilty of vain repetition—put to himself, but perhaps not get answered. What was Chaucer's sincere and undissimulated attitude of mind to universal and serious interests—Love, Religion, Art, the value and significance of Life? These questions may be asked without falling into an excess of solemnity—into priggishness. Indeed, against a temperament so invariably arch as Chaucer's, an excess of seriousness defeats itself. No one has held himself less bound than Chaucer to express his own sentiments, even when professing to speak from his own mouth. There is not in these

lectures such a misdirection of seriousness as in Dr. Morris' discovery of Chaucer's esteem of marriage, expressed by January's liquorish encomium of the matrimonial sacrament, but—lightly as the intellectual and psychological side has been dealt with—Mr. Ames has erred in the same manner when he twists Chaucer's humorous reminder that no one has ever returned from heaven or hell, to say how men fare there, into a distinction "between knowledge derived from tradition and taught by authority and knowledge capable of verification."

For a rapid survey, then, of Chaucer's poetry, its origins, and its social setting, these lectures may be fairly commended. Mr. Imbert Terry has discoursed of Langland, Gower, Hoccleve, and Lydgate. Mr. Davey has illustrated the "Canterbury Tales" from the "Paston Letters." Mr. Axon has compared most of the passages in Chaucer's works, which are derived from the Italian, with their originals. Mr. Percy Ames, the editor, has worked up into a very readable form the biographical details given in Professor Skeat's "Student's Chaucer."

A really valuable article, involving much research, has been contributed by the editor of the *Magazine of Art*, dealing with the extant portraits. He draws special attention to the Seddon, or Fairfax Murray, portrait, the only one, after Hoccleve's, which can make any claim to authenticity. Of this Mr. Holman Hunt had said that "not being by a highly-skilled painter, it had so many delicate touches about the eyes and nostrils that such a painter could hardly have produced it except from life." Mr. Spielmann believes it may be identical with a traditional portrait said to have been "in the possession of George Greenwood, of Chasleton, in Gloucestershire." The reproductions of the various portraits are exceedingly interesting, and the printing excellent throughout the book.

THE HERO AS DANDY.

THE PAGEANTRY OF LIFE. By CHARLES WHIBLEY. (Heinemann. 6s.)

Mr. Charles Whibley is a very clever young man, and like a great many other clever young men he is not proof against the temptation to adopt a pose. Whether he always adopts the same pose we do not know; but here, at all events, we have him in the attitude of an awestruck admirer of the Beaux and Dandies. Ostensibly, indeed, the scope of his hero worship is a little wider than this. He presents us with a gallery of more or less notable persons whom he introduces as Artists in Life; and by an Artist in Life he generally seems to mean the sort of man who conceives of life as a kind of Lord Mayor's Show with himself in the most prominent place on the most gorgeously appointed car—a type which finds its supreme expression in such types as Beau Nash and Beau Brummel. Before these dandies, therefore, Mr. Whibley bows down in homage as before great men. We do not admire the posture, though no doubt it is only adopted for the purpose of making sport for us; but of course the dandies, no less than the Prince of Darkness, should be given their due.

What is their due? Though the world, differing from Mr. Whibley, despises them, it would be unjust to deny that they must have had many great qualities in common with the great men whom the world does not despise. A man cannot become a great dandy merely by giving a free hand to an expensive tailor. Were it so, Beau Brummel would have been no more remarkable than Mr. Toots. The dandy must invent, and must impose his inventions upon the public—if he cannot impose them he is merely a fop or an eccentric. But in order to impose his inventions he must first impose his personality, and persuade a hostile and envious world to accept him at his own valuation. A Beau Brummel, in short, like a Napoleon, must be a born leader of men. Nor can he attain his pre-eminent position without self-discipline and self-denial. Not for him are the ordinary affections of humanity. He dares not love; he dares not even unbend. Though his triumphs are in Society, he must dwell in it in the stately isolation of the captain of a man-of-war, with this difference, that while the captain gets a holiday when his ship goes out of commission, the dandy gets no holiday at all. And all this for what reward? All merely in order that the gaping crowd may say, with the American humourist, that there never was any single man who managed to look more like a procession. It is a poor end, considering the trouble that has to be taken to attain it; and at the same time it is an end which no man can pursue without making himself ridiculous if he fails to attain it. A soldier is not ridiculous because he is not so great a soldier as Wellington, nor a poet because he is not so great a poet as Shakespeare. But an unsuccessful Beau Brummel is merely comic. It was at such an one that the Master of Trinity launched the stinging epigram:—"The time that he can spare from the adornment of his person he devotes to the neglect of his duties."

These observations have led us somewhat away from Mr. Whibley's book. It is a book of strangely uneven merit. Some of the studies—notably those of Pepys (who has not much business in the galley), of Beckford, and of Barbey d'Aurevilly—strike us as thin and inadequate. On the other hand, the final paper on "Disraeli the Younger" is brilliant, and contains ample proof that Mr. Whibley really knows better than to stand agape in admiration of his Artists in Life. Disraeli, who described himself in a well-known anecdote as a "developed Jew," was also a developed dandy. He might also be described as a dandy with a purpose, who adopted dandyism as a means of imposing his personality, and who never imagined, as the Beaux did, that it was an end in itself. This Mr. Whibley perceives, and when he follows Disraeli into politics, he criticizes with an intelligence and a sympathy which he could not conceivably have shown had he been in earnest in his earlier exaltations of the dandies who, when all is said and done, came to bad ends because they had made fools of themselves. This, for instance, is a fine piece of political criticism:—

> The sternly orthodox of all shades were quick to denounce Disraeli for a charlatan, and all the while he was a political philosopher, profoundly inspired. He stood not for a party but for his opinions, and when once his opinions were shaped he created a party which should hold them. By a subtle irony he chose for his adherents the nobles and squires of England, and it is small wonder that they looked with suspicion upon his support, which soon grew into dominion. But he was a statesman who could not live from hand to mouth, upon political intrigue, which, said he, was the resource of the second-rate. He would sustain himself upon "great truths," and unpalatable as they were, he forced those "great truths" upon his colleagues.

This sort of thing, surely, or the fine literary criticism he has recently given us on Rabelais, is Mr. Whibley's *métier*, rather than posing as an admirer of men who were only not contemptible because they were audacious.

TRAMPS: SCIENTIFIC AND FICTIONAL.

All women are opposed to the nomad life, but most men, the staid and portly citizens no less than the imaginative, undeveloped artists, have something of the vagrom man in their composition. Even highly respectable and remunerative employments do not always close the ears to the fluting on ahead of Stevenson's gauger or prevent dreams of mysterious fertile lands beyond the hills without name or latitude or longitude—

> For who would gravely set his face
> To go to this or t'other place?
> There's nothing under heaven so blue
> That's fairly worth the travelling to.

It is the joy of travelling that is desired, not the arrival, and so it is well to follow

> . . . . . wherever hie
> The travelling mountains of the sky.
> Or let the streams in civil mode
> Direct your choice upon the road.

But the forces of the world are against the *Wanderlust*. We would recommend those afflicted with the *cacoethes ambulandi*, with an inclination to attempt the cure of life's *malaise* by going afoot to the mountains of the moon, to read, before starting, Mr. Josiah Flynt's admirable studies, TRAMPING WITH TRAMPS (Unwin, 6s.), and when this work has convinced them of the barrenness of the pleasures of "the road," to turn to Mr. J. le Gay Brereton's Australian sketches, LANDLOPERS (Unwin, 3s.6d.), and refresh his chastened beliefs in this more agreeable picture. Mr. Flynt's book is a serious attempt to give us a picture of the tramp world, with, as he says, incidental reference to causes and occasional suggestion of remedies. The book is of undoubted value as a scientific study. Mr. Brereton, too, has taken to the road, but in quite a different spirit—rather, we should say, from the *bon motif* of having "a good time" and writing an agreeable book about it than with any serious sociological intention.

In "Tramping with Tramps" a new and little-known world is laid bare. Mr. Flynt has spared neither himself nor the subject of his penetrating investigations in any particular. As a tramp he lives among these wastrels of the world—America, Russia, Germany, England, all countries knew him—notes their motives and their moods, and "partly sounds their policy." After many labours and not a few dangers he spreads before us his observations and his frequently profound deductions. His researches among the good and evil among tramps leave us with a melancholy feeling that the world has lost many a good fellow whom "Hololand" has captured. "Our first scrape" (we quote from "Contarini Fleming") "generally leads to our first travel." It is some early false step in the lower ranks of society which leads a promising boy to take to the road. But, as Mr. Flynt points out, the ranks of trampdom are filled from all possible sources and the "discouraged criminal" and the unsuccessful rogue send a large contingent. There are tramps and tramps, but to learn of all the small distinctions and delicate *nuances* of this ragged world you must read Mr. Flynt's entertaining pages. When he has exhausted the scientific side of his inquiries he gives some extremely vivid sketches of individual members of the fraternity, such as "Old Boston Mary," a remarkable type, and "Jamie the Kid." His article, too, on "Tramps' Jargon," with glossary, is full of curious information. The interest of Mr. Flynt's book is assisted by many excellent illustrations; such pictures as those of the "Old Bucks" and "Telling Ghost Stories" show that the artist is as full of his subject as the author.

Mr. Brereton's experiences are touched up to make them appear just a little more agreeable than is altogether probable. Roughly speaking, his view is that for certain months of the year, and in Australia, the "Landloper's" life is one of delight, of primitive, elemental joy. At the end of a chapter he writes his credo:

> Abysmal ease received us both,
> The Boy and me beneath the trees—
> An unimaginable sloth,
> Abysmal ease.
>
> The rush of water, hum of bees,
> And air to slumber nothing loth
> Made silence quick with mysteries.
>
> To Nature we had sworn our troth,
> And whose to her bosom flees
> Is given, till he break his oath,
> Abysmal ease.

Thus the man who, like Stevenson, would join the nomads and wayside adventurers may learn much from these two books of the shady and the sunny side, and find, without the sharp test of actual experience, the secrets of the *Wanderlust*. After Mr. Flynt's scientific facts and Mr. Brereton's romantic pictures come Mr. J. H. Crawford's realistic work, THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A TRAMP (Longmans, 5s. n.), which one is a little doubtful whether to class as a book of research or a work of imagination. But neither category would quite fit this curious, interesting, disappointing volume. Dick, a son of tramps, tells the history of his early life from the time of his birth in a dialect that is occasionally unintelligible and always tedious. This is a pity, as his matter, although sometimes rather too trivial, is often convincing and dramatic. The "Autobiography" seems to us too realistic for a work of art and too sentimental for a "human document." Mr. Crawford's Dick is allowed too free a hand and becomes disjointed, confused, and irritating just at those moments when he has something very well worth telling. This is, no doubt, just what a tramp would do, but a literary artist would do otherwise. The impression one gains of his father, another Dick, and of his mother, is sufficiently vivid, but three generations of ladies named Bess and even Dick's love, The Kelpie, are drawn in vague lines and their stories so much involved as to leave them rather mysterious even at the close of the book. Dick writes of his father's method of speaking, "We ne'er liked to ask what he was driving at, but just waited, and all came out." We hardly like to ask Mr. Crawford sometimes what he is driving at, but trust that to some of his readers it will "all come out." The author of "The Autobiography" has keen observation and a strong sense of pathos, but he appears to lack humour. Dick tells us that his father and mother never laughed and, indeed, that tramps seldom do. If the dialogue in this book is up to the usual standard of wit among nomads we can well believe this statement. Although Mr. Crawford possesses as sound a knowledge of tramp life as Mr. Flynt, and although he has a far higher sense of poetic beauty than Mr. Brereton, his book is not so satisfactory as theirs. In the forefront of the volume is an excellent reproduction of Walker's "The Vagrants," in which it will be remembered the real and the ideal are, for once, cleverly blended. The other illustrations are photographs taken at various times and places and made to fit into the letterpress in a way which does not make for the vraisemblance of the "Autobiography," though as photographs of scenery and of tramps they are well enough.

OTHER NEW BOOKS.

Reprints.

Among reprints just arrived are a LAVENGRO (2s. n.), the first of Mr. John Lane's Borrow Series, a pleasantly-bound little book. Mr. H. M. Brock's skill as an illustrator will no doubt help the reader through our old friend THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS (Macmillan, 2s. 6d.) in case he does not, in these degenerate days, find the interest of Fenimore Cooper's masterpiece "so unflagging, so breathless, so bewildering almost," as Mr. Mowbray Morris says he is. Mr. Mowbray Morris' introduction is well written, and he retells the interesting story of Cooper's tour up the Hudson with Mr. Wortley and Edward Stanley (afterwards Lord Derby), to whose suggestion "The Last of the Mohicans" was due. It is an interesting experiment which will certainly attract the student of English literature, if not the "general reader," to reprint THE SCOTTISH CHIEFS. It is published without note or introduction, and the only modern features are Mr. T. H. Robinson's really beautiful illustrations and the pleasant *format* which Messrs. Dent have given to it (5s. n.). Miss Jane Porter, who published the book in 1809, was one of the chief pioneers of the novel of historical romance, and "The Scottish Chiefs" was admitted by Sir Walter Scott to have been the parent in his mind of the Waverley Novels.

Few books have been so copiously and variously illustrated as THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS. It is interesting to see the modern black-and-white artist turned on to it, and Mr. H. M. Brock is as successful as he is with Fenimore Cooper. Apart from the good technique of the drawings, he grapples very happily with the exceptional demand Bunyan makes on the artistic delineation of character. The volume belongs to Messrs. Pearson's "Illustrated Scarlet Library." (2s. each volume.)

The seventh volume of Mr. John Lane's diminutive quartos entitled "Flowers of Parnassus" is Tennyson's DAY DREAM (1s. 6d.) with sympathetically conceived drawings by

Amelia Bauerle. The sixth volume of the New Century Thackeray, which we have already commended once or twice, contains THE BOOK OF SNOBS, CHRISTMAS BOOKS, and SKETCHES AND TRAVELS IN LONDON. (Nelson, 2s.)

Three little volumes of Meredith, beautifully bound, come from Messrs. Constable. Two contain his less known TALE OF CHLOE and THE STORY OF BHANAVA THE BEAUTIFUL, and the other is a volume of SELECTED POEMS—the selection being made "under the supervision of the author." The volumes cost 3s. 6d. each. Equally dainty are the two volumes in which Messrs. Isbister reissue Mr. Stopford Brooke's TENNYSON, HIS ART AND RELATION TO MODERN LIFE, 5s., first published in 1891. From Mr. Murray we have a new impression, with portrait, of the sixth and last edition (1872) of that classic of science, Darwin's ORIGIN OF SPECIES; while Darwin's CORAL REEFS (2s.), with Illustrations and introduction by Prof. J. W. Judd, is added to Messrs. Ward, Lock's "Minerva Library."

A new edition of Burke's REFLECTIONS ON THE REVOLUTION IN FRANCE is published, with an introduction by Mr. George Sampson (Scott, 1s. 6d.). Perhaps the best thing in the introduction is the intimation that those who wish to see Burke refuted should not turn to the works of Paine or Mackintosh but to Arthur Young's Journal of his travels in France. Like so many great orators Burke often obscured the issues which he was professing to illuminate and stirred the emotions instead of persuading the intellect. This is not a reason, of course, for consigning his speeches to oblivion, but it is a reason for reading something more solid and temperate side by side with them.

Mr. A. E. Gathorne Hardy's recent AUTUMNS IN ARGYLESHIRE WITH ROD AND GUN (Longmans, 10s. 6d. n.) is a notable addition to the recent literature of sport, remarkable for its variety. Deer, seal, sea and fresh water fish, grouse and many other birds and beasts contribute to Mr. Gathorne Hardy's experiences, and Mr. Archibald Thorburn supplies some of his admirable work in illustration of them. The only incident we did not read with pleasure was one which Mr. Gathorne Hardy gives at second-hand, describing it only as a "curious" one—viz., that of a friend of his who came upon a roebuck standing looking at him, which, "to his unbounded surprise, allowed him to walk right up to it, take it by the horn, and put the knife into its throat." He thought it must have been wounded, but it turned out perfectly healthy.

Miss Coleridge's book of sketches, called NON SEQUITUR (Nisbet, 6s.), should be among those books the author recommends one to put in one's portmanteau on leaving town. The subjects of the articles are widely diverse, being grouped under such all-embracing titles as "Hither and Thither," "The Treasure House," "Travellers' Tales," and "By the Fireside." In each division there are graceful essays, but nothing startlingly brilliant—just a pleasant flow of literary small-talk and a delicate knowledge of worldly affairs. It is a book to which one may turn for refreshment and the repose which can only be obtained from the light, easy essayist.

The SUPPLEMENT TO A HANDBOOK TO POLITICAL QUESTIONS OF THE DAY, by Mr. Sydney Buxton (Murray, 2s. 6d.), which deals with Old Age Pensions, Elementary Education, and Intoxicating Liquor Laws, though issued in connexion with the general election, will be of more value when the public interest revives in these questions, and would have guided the electors more directly if it had included a discussion of Imperialism and Army reform—or even the threatened changes as to Secondary Education. The subjects chosen are treated with the acuteness and impartiality which were conspicuous in the Handbook itself. Our only criticism is a formal one—viz., that the book would be much more readable if all the reasons for and against did not begin with the word "That."

FABIANISM AND THE EMPIRE (Grant Richards, 1s.) is the election address of the Fabian Society, written out by the society's "literary expert," Mr. Bernard Shaw. The society apparently desires to municipalize most things and nationalize the little that is left. As neither party in the State is at present much interested in these objects the manifesto could hardly be of much use as a practical guide to the disposition of a vote. The elector who tried to apply the principles to any given case would probably be left gyrating in true Fabian fashion. In the meantime, however, he would have been amused by the perusal of an exceedingly entertaining pamphlet.

Any capable writer who took the trouble could, we suppose, write a book (from the layman's point of view) on the conduct of life, and though his readers would know beforehand all he had to say they might like to have it put before them in an orderly and exhaustive way. This is what Mr. Lecky did in his "Map of Life." To do more requires exceptional brilliance and originality. These qualities, we are afraid, are not possessed by Mr. A. Stodart Walker, the author of THE STRUGGLE FOR SUCCESS (Grant Richards, 6s.). Nor has he any of the charm of Mr. Lecky's style. His watchwords are "compromise, expediency, and adaptability." In the exposition of his scheme of life, he is constantly on the verge of the platitudinous; and though his advice, platitudinous though it be, is generally sound, he envelops his ideas in so many words that not many of them are likely to stamp themselves on the minds of the reader.

EDUCATIONAL.

English.

The art of writing fine English prose is one thing; the art of writing an English essay for an examination is another. For the cultivation of the latter it would be difficult to find a better guide than Mr. A. W. Ready's ESSAYS AND ESSAY WRITING FOR PUBLIC EXAMINATIONS (Bell, 3s. 6d.). Style means for him nothing but graphicness and lucidity. You must break your long sentences up into short statements. You must not ape Gibbon or Ruskin or Johnson. You may study Stevenson. You may also get help from "Mr. Stanley Weyman, and Mr. Henty, and Mr. Anthony Hope"—rather a strange "derangement" of authors. But Macaulay is the model of all others to follow; and you must be careful, therefore, not to speak of "the genius of the greatest of war ministers and the energies of the greatest of generals," but rather of "the genius of a Carnot or a Pitt, and the energies of a Marlborough or a Wellington." We should be sorry to believe, with Mr. Ready, that at the present day "style is at a discount," and that "you can hardly dismiss a writer with more contempt than by designating him a stylist." There Mr. Ready goes beyond his last. But in his particular line he is excellent, both in his advice and his examples. He includes the smallest details to be observed by an examinee. We only hope that examinees will observe these rules, which are intended to make matters easy for the examiner; and that if they ever become journalists they will not forget them when they send contributions to editors. A less minutely practical book is ENGLISH COMPOSITION, by L. Cope Cornford (Nutt, 3s. 6d.). Its collection of extracts from English authors to illustrate the different kinds of composition is good and extremely varied. The author's own contribution, consisting of short chapters on composition generally and notes on the extracts, seems to us to deal too much in mechanical classification and unnecessary definition.

It may be true, as Mr. Logie Robertson says in his ENGLISH DRAMA FOR SCHOOL AND COLLEGE (Blackwood, 2s. 6d.), that in the school curriculum the range for this particular study has been too long confined to Shakespeare. His idea is to give passages from representative writers, from Marlowe to Sir Henry Taylor, with notes and introductions. The latter are useful, and if we are to have selections at all—which is questionable, for they can teach nothing about drama—these given are of the right length, and, except in the case of Shakespeare, well chosen. The drunken scene in *Antony and Cleopatra*, the Falstaff scenes in *Henry Fourth*, Part I., and a passage from the *Winter's Tale* are, for Shakespeare, most inadequate. The notes do not impress us. Neither teacher nor pupil is allowed to smile at the humours of Lepidus. "Lep. You have strange serpents there. Ant.—Ay, Lepidus." "The frivolous remark of Lepidus, who is intoxi-

cated," says Mr. Robertson, "is treated by Antony in a different spirit from that with which he received the question about the resources of Egypt." "Lep.—I am not so well as I should be, but I'll ne'er out." Note. "*So well. So sober. But I'll ne'er out*, I will pledge it (see L. 76, *infra*); out means separation or cessation; as in the expression 'to give out' in the sense of ceasing from a contest, or yielding." Can anything be more ponderous? And there is much more of the same sort. Surely some intelligence may, and should be, credited to the pupil? No; what says the note on "Enter Falstaff, Gadshill, Bardolph, and Peto"? "Gadshill.—Not the place, but a member of the thieves' gang."

Mr. E. E. Speight's New English Series has received general commendation, and the JUNIOR TEMPLE READER (Horace Marshall, 1s. 6d.), which he now issues in collaboration with Miss Clara Thomson, shows the same spirit of careful and wide selection and of real knowledge of children's requirements. We fancy there is a real need for such a book as this, putting children as it were near the portals of really good literature, without expecting them to reveal the tastes of grown up literature. The many illustrations are mostly original and very well drawn. They are a little above the artistic perception of a child; but that is better than being below it.

French.

EXCERPTS FROM FRENCH AUTHORS, by Henri Blouet (Allman, 1s.), will be a welcome relief from the selections from classical writers. All the pieces are from contemporary literature, and touch on the Exhibition, on the Boer War, on cycling, &c. One of them is Sarah Bernhardt's letter to the *Daily Telegraph* on *Hamlet*, written in June of last year. This is a good idea; it brings actuality into the class-room and teaches the student what he is most likely to want, the French manner and idiom of the moment. There is a vocabulary.

UNE JOYEUSE NICHÉE (3s. 6d.), by Mme E. de Pressensé, has the merits of others of Dent's "Modern Language Series." The story is new, simple, and charming, and we feel sure it will be as much liked in this country as it is in Switzerland. There are grammatical and other questions, a short grammar, and a vocabulary, all in French; and the last is so arranged that by an ingenious succession of phrases the pupil is often taught what a word means without being told. This is, indeed, to train the intelligence.

ASINETTE, by Mrs. T. G. Fraser (Dent, 3s. 6d. n.), is described as a French story for English children, though it is, as a matter of fact, written in the form of dialogue. It has, we think, too many hard words, and we should have thought that a story by a French writer would have served the purpose better. But the book is exquisitely illustrated, and may lure young students on.

A CHILD'S FIRST STEPS IN FRENCH, by Arthur Vizetelly (Pitman, 6d.), is an elementary reader. It is so composed as to repeat useful words over and over again with the view of locating them definitely in the memory cells. A commendable little book.

German.

Mr. Richard Kaiser's EXERCISES IN GERMAN COMPOSITION (Arnold, 1s. 6d.) is intended for candidates for the leaving certificates of higher-grade schools. The pieces are well chosen and arranged so as to introduce the student gradually to the idioms. There is a list of idiomatic phrases and a vocabulary.

GERMAN WITHOUT TEARS (Arnold, 1s.), translated from the French of Mrs. Hugh Bell by A. H. Hutchinson and S. Beisch, is an elementary reader for small children. The exercises are stories of the sort that will cause amusement in the nursery, and words are repeated over and over again so as to minimize the fearful task of referring to the dictionary. There are pictures.

The passages in Mr. S. E. Bally's GERMAN COMMERCIAL READER (Methuen, 2s.) are selected with a view of giving the commercial student a wide vocabulary of the sort that he is likely to want. There are pieces, for instance, about railways and the various arts and industries. A useful book for its somewhat limited object.

Miscellaneous.

THE OLD TESTAMENT HISTORY FOR YOUNG STUDENTS, by the Rev. C. J. Hamer (Allman and Son, 1s.), is simply told, and seems to be well suited for its purpose, being more attractive for the young, we think, than the well-known work of Maclear. Moreover, in Scripture quotations it calls attention to the alterations in the Revised Version. The author does not indulge in the higher criticism; and the only criticism we make is that Old Testament stories when they are clearly legendary are better told in the old-fashioned style of the Authorized Version. To retell them as history implies a belief that they are all equally historical. Yet Gideon's fleece is perhaps hardly on a par with the siege of Samaria.

Mr. W. A. Kessen's SPANISH GRAMMAR (Blackwood, 3s. 6d.) is written on a more simple and practical plan than Schilling's, which we reviewed last year. If the new book contains less than the old, it should do all the better for beginners. Only a few new words are given with each exercise, instead of Schilling's long string of them. The exercises lead up to easy and thence to more difficult reading; there are two vocabularies, a Spanish and an English. The book seems to be designed for commercial students especially; and we congratulate Hillhead High School, Glasgow, on having a teacher of Spanish. Scotland is clearly not going to be left in the lurch.

Mr. Frederick Smith, who was once appropriately enough a master in Dollar Academy, has published an excellent BRIEF INTRODUCTION TO COMMERCIAL GEOGRAPHY (Raleigh Geographies, VII., Blackie, 1s. 9d.). He attempts to describe the "present conditions and the future possibilities of the commerce of our great Empire," with which he closely associates the United States. Incidentally he sketches the growth of our commerce, and impresses some useful lessons of patriotism and responsibility. The portions of the Empire are taken in turn, and afterwards the chief products of the earth—coal, iron, tea, linen, wool, &c. The relation of the Navy to trade is made clear, and some useful political lessons are given. We note that Mr. Smith is up to date, and the Transvaal appears as a British colony. Maps and plans complete a book which should be used in the elementary schools of all our towns.

FICTION.

Mr. Anthony Hope.

Mr. Anthony Hope's QUISANTÉ (Methuen, 6s.) was probably written to please the author rather than to please the public. It is not in the least exciting, and the general tone is gloomy, though, thanks to Mr. Hope's sunny disposition, cheerfulness breaks in at fairly frequent intervals. Some readers may read it for the sake of the radiant interludes, but it really challenges attention as a study in psychology. The eponymous hero is an unscrupulous man, given to playing to the gallery, a man who, in virtue of a fascinating, though repellent, personality, forces his way to the front in politics and marries a lady whose ideas and code of honour are very different from his. Apart from the baser qualities which Mr. Anthony Hope emphasizes in his hero, there is more than one instance in recent political history which might have suggested the idea of the politician who attains influence in the councils of a party that does not like him. But, though all the characters are politicians, there is not any real politics in the book; and though there is an election chapter—uncommonly well done—we never get to know whether Quisanté is a Liberal or a Conservative. The state of his affections and the state of his wife's affections—particularly the latter—are the pivots on which the story turns. She never quite approves of him, and she is never quite in love with him; but she is dazzled and spell-bound by the magnetism of his personality to such a point that, even after his death, she cannot bring herself to marry the other man—a typical well-bred and high-minded Englishman—whom, but for the other, she would have loved. It is a hard situation

for a novelist to have to handle, and we do not think that Mr. Anthony Hope has handled it with complete success. He is better at stating results clearly than at showing that they must inevitably have arrived; and the character of Quisanté is more indicated than drawn. We perceive that he was "bad form" a good deal more clearly than we perceive that he was magnetic; we do not realize him as we realized "Comingsby." But the book is redeemed by many incidental merits. Several of the minor personages are well sketched and amusing. We particularly commend Mrs. Baxter, the wife of the Dean, who illustrates the problems of high politics with parallels from petty parochial experiences, and the artist, Morewood, who has nothing to do with the story, but is at the head of the epigram department. On the whole the book is entertaining, but is not the sort of book that Mr. Anthony Hope writes best.

Mr. Seton Merriman.

In THE ISLE OF UNREST (Smith, Elder, 6s.) Mr. H. Seton Merriman demonstrates once more the power which is so marked in all his books of painting in a picturesque background; of moving before it carefully drawn, distinctive, and interesting figures; and out of their interaction distilling, as it were, some fine spiritual essence which raises his story above the level of a purely sensational romance. His background is Corsica, and its scenery and its life—the lawless, suspicious life of that island of unrest from which sprang the first Napoleon, and which is here depicted as ruled, if not controlled, by his nephew—are described with real power; equally good are the characters of the two rival families of the island, and of Colonel Gilbart, the French resident engineer officer; while Lory de Vassalot, whose fortunes take the reader on to the battlefields of 1870, embodies, in the love motive of the tale, the old spirit of chivalry:—"I could not love you, dear, so much, loved I not honour more." Despite all these advantages, the novel, like others of Mr. Merriman's, shows why he fails to rank among the greater novelists. He is never quite ready to let himself go, to live with his characters, and let them lead him irresistibly on from event to event. His manner is a little too much that of the conscious artist. He contemplates and moralizes upon the incidents of his imagination with a touch of self-complacency. His conversations sometimes lack spontaneity and his reflections are a little overweighted by the manner of profound wisdom with which they are enunciated. With a little more enthusiasm and a little more humour Mr. Merriman would write novels of real distinction. As it is, "The Isle of Unrest" is a book which no lover of a good story can fail to read with pleasure, and which, we doubt not, will meet with a well-deserved success.

Mr. Frankfort Moore.

In the CONSCIENCE OF CORALIE (Pearson, 6s.) Mr. Frankfort Moore gives us a rather unfamiliar type of American girl. Of course Coralie is the heiress of a fortune of about a thousand pounds a week—to make her anything else would be too audacious a revolt against the conventions. But she is very seriously devoted to social reform and Universal Brotherhood, and her conscience is grievously outraged by the apparent lack of seriousness in English society. Her disenchantment is described with all Mr. Moore's happy gift of humour. He fails a little at first, here as in one or two other of his books, to hold the reader at the outset—there is a little too much talk before we become interested in his characters—but when once the ball begins to roll the story is excellently told. We have a great admiration for Mr. Moore as a novelist; he is amusing and convincing, and he understands exactly how far to press romance for all who like a genuine love-story ending as all cheerfully-disposed persons hope it will end. But it is a pity that he should not sacrifice to the cause of art his personal social likes and dislikes, and that he should let himself hint at a moral—the very hackneyed and, we venture to think, unintelligent moral that all social reformers are charlatans, and that among the apparently frivolous and luxurious votaries of fashion reside all the fine qualities of the nation. He dislikes his hero, Bernard Mott, the Socialist, because he inveighs against "society," and the inevitable result is that his picture of Mott is a crude one. Otherwise the story is full of delightful and well-conceived people; while the description at the end of the book of Barry Joyce's ride across Irish bogs to win a wife is a real masterpiece.

Mr. Pett Ridge.

We suspect Mr. Pett Ridge of being something of a social reformer as well as a humourist. In his last two books he has shown what may be done for the young people of the lowest city class; in the present volume he demonstrates what cannot be done at a later stage. With these moral ideas in his mind, the characters in A BREAKER OF LAWS (Harper, 6s.), Alfred Bateson, Caroline, Mr. Finnis, Miss Ladd, and the rest are to some extent taken from life. They are, however, sufficiently untrue to their originals to make them adaptable for the purposes of romance. The outward circumstances are the result of careful observation, but the characters act as Mr. Ridge thinks will be most entertaining and not quite as they would in their own work-a-day world. Thus the reader gets, in a realistic setting, a compact and well-planned story. "Alf" or "Elf" is uncommonly like the "young Alf" of "The Hooligan Nights," but whereas Mr. Rooke's hero hurts us a little by reason of his brutishness, this Alf of romance has many tender qualities which make him sympathetic, despite his unconquerable inclination towards dishonest courses. The strong point of "A Breaker of Laws" is, indeed, this struggle of a young criminal who has married an innocent girl to keep away from the easy, remunerative, downward path. No one tries to persuade Alf to return to his old ways. The "old set" leave him alone, but, as time goes on, his brain becomes alert with the old interests, and he desires, while earning a living in the ordinary way, to increase the comforts of Caroline and his son by means he knows too well how to put into practice. Mr. Ridge's picture of the wife and her little son, and their warm friend William Finnis, is full of charm, and written with a skill by no means common in recent fiction, and superior to much of the work for which the author of "Mord Em'ly" has been praised. Alf's futile attempts to release himself from his criminal inclinations and Finnis' determination that Caroline shall not know her husband's real character give scope to Mr. Pett Ridge's powers of presenting the comic side of serious matters. The moral of the story is contained in the sigh of Miss Ladd, the sister of a house-breaker. "Ah!" she remarked dolefully, "people who run straight seem to get all the best of it."

LIBRARY NOTES.

The recent conference of American and Canadian librarians at Montreal has been followed by the publication in book form of the papers and proceedings. We have before commented on the conference, and can only add that the striking point about the papers is the intensely practical nature of their subjects and the practical manner in which they are treated. The president's address dealt with the efforts which had been made towards popularizing books and libraries in various States. Of the other contributions perhaps the most interesting were those upon children's libraries. Another feature was the round-table discussion on different technical subjects. Altogether the volume forms a useful record of a week's good work.

Many will recollect the sensation caused by the discoveries of Professor Hilprecht in Babylonia, whereby he proved that the antiquity of the human race was far greater than had hitherto been supposed. The excavations at Nippur have now brought to light the great temple, and Professor Hilprecht believes that the library contains 150,000 clay tablets. This news is a striking appendix to the speech of Sir Edward Fry to the Library Association. The continuity of learning might form the subject of another address, for that this long-buried wisdom should ever stretch out across the ages to touch hands with ours is a very striking event. Probably in no other manner than the total destruction of all its surroundings could it have been preserved to us—an instance of the survival of the fittest which modern libraries may never hope to emulate under the present condition of materials, which rather invites than retards decay.

Mr. William Martin, a resident of Acton, has sent several pictures to its public library. They are nominally lent, but are to be presented if it can be shown that the people appreciate

them. The *Daily News* thinks it is gratifying to know that a library may so extend its sphere and develop into a local museum. Undoubtedly anything which is of literary interest or of artistic value and all that may advance knowledge of local history is worthy of place in a library. But the museum idea has its dangers. Some of our public libraries have been made convenient receptacles for odds and ends, possessing neither local nor any other interest, articles which would never be admitted into a regular museum. The generosity which would turn the public library into a similitude of the "dime museum" should be gently, but firmly, discouraged.

A bust of Chaucer is probably to be placed in the Guildhall, on the strong recommendation of the Library Committee. This will be actually the only monument of Chaucer possessed by the City.

The Report of the Librarian of the Public Library of Victoria, at Melbourne, is an interesting record of progress. The addition of important books to the reference library has resulted in an increased attendance. The set off to this is in the unsuitability of the building for its purpose. "Supervision is difficult and costly—adequate supervision is impossible." The lending library was closed for four months and the 13,000 volumes re-classified. The system now in vogue is "open access," and, so far, it has proved successful, only six volumes of small value having left for parts unknown.

A reading room was inaugurated in Kensal-rise on the 27th of last month. Mark Twain, who declared the building open, testified as an old journalist to the value of newspapers, adding that it was a capital thing to begin with a news room as the first step towards the study of higher literature in a library. It was (he thought) a splendid idea of the Legislature to make public libraries depend upon the choice of the people. The worth of a community might be measured by its willingness to tax itself for the supply of mental food.

At Teddington the Public Libraries Acts have been re-adopted by the district council. The original adoption in 1896 turns out to have been invalid, owing to informality in the resolution, as the authorities discovered when they sought to obtain sanction to a loan for a new library building.

Mr. R. Aslie King is giving a course of ten lectures on "English Novelists" at the Shoreditch Public Library, Pitfield-street, every Friday evening, and a similar course on "Novels and Novelists of the nineteenth Century," by Professor W. Hall Griffin, has been arranged for Thursday evenings at Longfield-hall, North Brixton, near the Minet Library. The admission to these lectures is free.

Correspondence.

IS SWINBURNE "A GREAT POET?"

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—May I reply to your correspondents who criticized my remarks on Swinburne? I will take Mr. Sillard's letter first, for, though he does not concern himself with the subject, he may as well be answered. He says that I do not write in the spirit of Matthew Arnold and that I gave "Tennyson's modesty and Stevenson's powers of memory as sufficient in themselves to establish the reputation of a great poet." This, I presume, is an instance of Mr. Sillard's power of "seeing the object as in itself it really is," for I had an idea that I merely mentioned, in passing to more important matters, a few great authors who, unlike Mr. Henley, thought that Swinburne did not write bad poetry. I used the words "bad poetry," and Mr. Henley used the words "damned to the infernal deeps."

As for my "appropriation" of the words of the great critic, Mr. Sillard has shown me that I was wrong. I thought that for the readers of a periodical devoted to literature it would be unnecessary to put the famous "best that is known and thought in the world" between inverted commas. I might, if I were captious, object to Mr. Sillard's appropriation of Mr. Gladstone's famous words about time being on his side; I might, remembering Nathan's parable, protest against Mr. Sillard's free and unacknowledged use of my own words in his opening sentences, but it has nothing to do with the subject. I may add, however, that I had no wish to come to grief in imitating the spirit of Matthew Arnold, as I see Mr. Sillard does. He "might almost be annoyed" with me, he says; but then, fortunately for my peace of mind, he spoils the effect by concluding with my "clamorous advocacy." The repose of Matthew Arnold, the repose that marks the caste of Vere de Vere, is not a healthy repose. It is really better, in Mr. Sillard's choice phrase, to "unpack one's soul," even in "dogmatic fashion." If Mr. Sillard is really annoyed, I am sorry; but, in any case, let us be clear about it; let him speak out like a man. I rather like warm abuse; the cold sort only makes me shudder, and that is uncharitable in October.

I am sorry that I could not wedge anything about Swinburne into my reply to Mr. Sillard; but I will try my best to do it in reply to "C.C.C." In the first place, I must really make a strong protest against the assertion that the greatness of a writer is not to be acknowledged till he is dead. There are difficulties in assigning him his place among the great; but there is no difficulty in honestly acknowledging that he is one of the great. "C.C.C." couples him with Shelley; I can scarcely desire more.

Secondly, I cannot conceive of any definition of poetry which would require a great poem on Shakespeare to add to our knowledge of him. For knowledge and appreciation "C.C.C." could hardly do better than turn to Swinburne's prose "Study of Shakespeare." But if "C.C.C." will turn to Swinburne's beautiful sonnet sequence on the English dramatists he will find that Shakespeare is treated differently from the rest, and among the rest he will find that there is much "pregnant thought succinctly uttered."

I cannot recognize the description of Swinburne's work as "a smooth and silvery torrent of words flowing on for page after page with tireless facility." It is the popular idea of him; but W. M. Rossetti in his admirable book on the Poems and Ballads upset that idea long ago. Swinburne's work is akin to Victor Hugo's in the passionate grip which he takes of his subject. Every word, every phrase, every sentence tightens the grip. It is true that we have pure melody like

> A sail to seaward, a sound from shoreward,
> And the spell were broken that seems
> To reign in a world of dreams
> Where vainly the dreamer's feet make forward
> And vainly the low sky gleams.

But we also have blank verse like

> Old men, grey borderers on the march of death,
> Tongue-fighters, tough of talk and sinewy speech.

And the grand ode that begins:—

> The trumpets of the four winds of the world
> From the ends of the earth blow battle.

There is not a form of poetry—praise, passion, or prayer—that cannot be found in one part or another of the works of Swinburne. His "Ode on the Eve of Revolution," "Ave atque Vale," "The Triumph of Time," "The Watch in the Night," "The Forsaken Garden" fulfil all the demands of great poetry. The test is easy; they have only to be compared with any other poetry. It proves nothing to make quotations from Swinburne which are not great poetry; the same could be done with every other poet, and more easily. As for restraint, the only criterion of literary restraint is the style; and it is generally admitted that Swinburne's style is almost perfect. What "C.C.C." mistakes for lack of restraint is merely a matter of literary evolution. Homer wrote about wine-dark seas and hollow black ships; Tennyson, even taking into account that he lived by a grander sea, gives us far more elaborate pictures—of a wave, for instance, "green-glimmering toward the summit, with all its stormy crests that smoke against the skies." Swinburne is more elaborate still, but he holds a tighter rein over his words than even Tennyson did. He never loses himself as Byron did, and as "C.C.C." does when, in a rapture of description, he says, "All Mr. Swinburne's silvery torrent of words *are* worth nothing"—the italics being mine.

I will conclude with another quotation in illustration of Swinburne's pregnant thought and succinct expression. I would commend it to the gentleman who wishes to imitate the

homogeneity and "aloofness" of Matthew Arnold:—

Who cannot hate, can love not; if he grieve,
His tears are barren as the unfruitful rain
That rears no harvest from the green sea's plain,
And as thorns crackling this man's laugh is vain.
Nor can belief touch, kindle, smite, reprieve
His heart who has not heart to disbelieve.

Yours faithfully,

ALFRED NOYES.

19, Pier-street, Aberystwith, Oct. 6.

HEINE AS A SONG WRITER.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Heine, as a writer, has suffered on the whole from the extraordinary success of one or two particular portions of his works. We in England know him as a poet almost entirely through the "Buch der Lieder," and in prose rarely make any excursions beyond the "Reisebilder." The fame of the "Buch der Lieder" is largely due to the fact that so many of its numbers have been wedded to the music of Schumann, Schubert, and Mendelssohn. The "Reisebilder" have achieved popularity through their charming style and wit, and also because they form the setting of the Harzreise series of songs; indeed to most readers, German as well as English, the term "Reisebilder" means the Harzreise and nothing else. Parts of them are tedious through over much personality, and the long diatribes against Count Platen have now lost whatever meaning they once had. But the statement made by the writer of the article on Heine in *Literature*, September 29th, that Heine's fame must rest on these two works seems somewhat inconsiderate.

If he had pursued his investigations a little further, he would have found equally beautiful lyrics in the "Neue Gedichte" and in the same volume several charming ballads and the two tragedies *Almanzor* and *Ratcliff*, which most people know only by name, but which nevertheless contain some of Heine's finest poetry. It would be impossible to mention in detail the whole of the gems in this fascinating volume, but a few of the most exquisite may be named:—"Es treibt dich fort von Ort zu Ort," "Das gelbe Laub erzittert," "Tragödie," "Gesanglos war ich und beklommen," "Ein schöner Stern geht auf in meiner Nacht," and amongst the ballads "Frau Mette," "Ritter Olaf," "König Harald Harfagar." The lyrics in the "Romanzero" volume are scarcely, if at all, inferior.

One of the most characteristic of Heine's works is the adventures of the bear Atta Troll, surely the most delightful and philosophical talking animal ever idealized, and any one who has once read the marvellous description of the "Wilde Jagd" will never fail to recall it on the eve of St. John. But perhaps the most beautiful of his neglected works is "Bimini," the story of the search for the fountain of eternal youth by Don Juan Ponce de Leon. Heine never wrote anything more humanly pathetic than the old hidalgo's prayer to the Virgin for the restoration of his youth, and mingled therewith is a vein of quaint humour entirely his own. Heine is one of the most untranslatable of writers, and naturally has suffered terribly at the hands of the translators. The singularly infelicitous examples quoted by the writer of the article in question will scarcely commend Heine to readers unfamiliar with German.

Yours faithfully,

EMILY WATERS.

7, Mansfield-street, Portland-place, October 3.

BARBER SURGEONS.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—In an interesting article on "The London of Chaucer" in this week's issue of *Literature* the writer speaks of the "Doctor of Physic" being "a member of the Guild of Barber Surgeons."

If there is any evidence of a Doctor of Physic of that period ever having been a barber surgeon, I should much like to know where it is to be found, as *primâ facie* it is very improbable. The early physicians had nothing to do with surgery, and regarded the barber surgeons as illegitimate practitioners. In 1423 the Mayor and Aldermen of London granted a petition, presented by the physicians and surgeons (not barber surgeons) of that city, for the formation of an institute of medicine and surgery, to be governed by a Rector, who was to be a Doctor of Physic, and to control the practice of those professions within the City. There is ample evidence that this institute was bitterly hostile to the Guild of Barber Surgeons, so that it would appear unlikely that a Doctor of Physic would have had any connexion with that Guild.

I am yours truly,

MAJOR GREENWOOD,
213, Hackney-road, N.E., Oct. 5th, 1900. M.D., LL.B.

THE ABUSE OF THE POSSESSIVE.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Mr. Little has not quite understood my letter. No doubt, as he says, "the pages of *Literature* will be accepted as fairly representative of good English"; but I asked for quotations from standard authors—that is, from those which have stood the test of time. Mr. Little knows, of course, that the genitive inflexion is not confined to persons and personifications in Chaucer, still less in older English. I wish to find out when Mr. Little's limitation came into use, if it really exists. Like Rosa Dartle, I ask for information.

Yours faithfully,

Rugby, Oct. 5, 1900. W. H. D. ROUSE.

THE SIN-EATER IN SOUTH WALES.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Mr. Ernest Rhys' frank acknowledgment of the entirely modern authority on which he based the reference, in his song, to a supposed old Welsh superstition, is just what I had expected. As his inspiration came from Cardiganshire, students of Welsh folk-lore will have no difficulty in identifying the genesis of the story which so impressed the talented author of "The Whistling Maid."

The original sketch may be found in Joseph Downes' "Mountain Decameron" (1836). That powerful but unequal writer simply transfers John Aubrey's "sinne-eater" to a desolate stretch of the Welsh coast lying between Aberystwith and Machynlleth. Whenever, during the past half-century or so, the "Welsh sin-eater" has been discussed, whether in conversation or in print, Downes' sketch, more or less altered, is sure to make its appearance. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that every single soul living before 1836 within reasonable reach of the spot indicated by Downes has, at one time or another, been questioned about the existence of the alleged custom. No evidence, however, independent of what could be traced to the "Mountain Decameron," has yet been forthcoming—and I feel sure that no evidence can now be produced—to establish the belief referred to in the "Song of the Seven Candles." I am somewhat surprised that Mr. Rhys did not at once recognize the paternity of the tale when he heard it, for the "Mountain Decameron" is not only in itself a remarkable work, but "Christopher North" made it the subject of two characteristic papers in *Blackwood*, while it was also honoured with a review in the *Quarterly*.

Downes, who was a medical man, spent the latter (and greater) part of his life at Builth, in South Wales. In the forties and fifties he contributed many papers—verse and prose—to local newspapers. None of his productions, however, that I have seen (and I have come across about a score) come anywhere near the "Mountain Decameron." He contributed one paper to *Blackwood* (1843)—an account of a journey made in the track of the Rebecca riots. In the course of that journey the writer skirted the parish of Llandebie, the only spot in Wales, outside his own tale, where the so-called "sin-eater" has been located; but he betrays no con-

sciousness of the fact. Downes lived in close communion with nature in her wildest aspects, and in her remotest and most inaccessible retreats among the Brecknockshire hills; but he nowhere shows any familiarity with the modes of life and the modes of thought of the Welsh peasantry. In fact, as he himself says, he was a "Solitary."

As he has no niche in the "Dictionary of National Biography," perhaps I may be allowed to translate the following description of him by a well-known Independent minister, the Rev. J. R. Kilsby Jones, which appeared in the *Genius* for April, 1886:—"In Builth itself there lived a short time ago a medical man named Downes, a native of Hertfordshire [? Herefordshire], Atheist, hermit, and *littérateur*, or at least bastard-*littérateur*, he wrote a great deal of *true* poetry, and more of innocent nonsense, for the *Hereford Times*; and several articles for the *Cambrian Quarterly* [some of these reappeared in the "Mountain Decameron"], as long as that periodical could keep breath in its nostrils; and he published a book which he called the 'Mountain Decameron.' . . . He was a passionate admirer of mountain scenery, and in the summer season he used to camp out night and day in the open air, in the recesses of the most secluded glens that he knew of. His hat was his larder, in which he carried his butter and groceries. Within the last few years he has gone the way of all flesh." Kilsby Jones was regarded by his numerous admirers as a most unconventional character. But the measure of *his* disdain for social conventions may be easily gauged from the above extract. In the presence of what was really unconventional he was plainly a mere Philistine. Downes was certainly no "atheist," whatever his religious beliefs may have been.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

72, Comeragh-road, W. J. P. OWEN.

THE SPELLING OF POLISH NAMES.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—May I be allowed to congratulate you on having welcomed in your columns a "Foreign Letter" that tends at last to accord to recent Polish writers their due place in European literature? The critical horizon of your correspondent "L. G." is, however, too much restricted to Warsaw and the made-in-Vienna Kingdom of Poland; to the literary activity of Cracow he is most unjust. He opens, too, with a remark about the European reputation of Mickiewicz, Krasinski, and Slowacki, whose names are, as a matter of fact, so little known in England that you very venially have misprinted them as "Miekiewicz, Kraminski, Slowackie"; the reputation of Sienkiewicz is much wider than was ever theirs, except among their own countrymen.

But it is to your correspondent's treatment of Polish names that I should like to call attention in the hope that he may modify this in the promised continuation of his letters. He appears to divide his authors into English Poles as Henry Sienkiewicz and Mr. Wislicki, French Poles as Gabrielle Zapolska, Madame Orzeszko and Louis Pierre Leliwa, and Polish Poles as Zygmunt Milkowski and Aleksander Glowacki. Of course it is not so very, very long ago that it was supposed necessary to Frenchify the name of every foreigner; "the Chevalier Bunsen" and "M. de Bismarck" figured in the leaders of *The Times*; but why now speak, as does your correspondent, of "King Jean Sobieski"? (It says something that it is not "King Jean de Sobieski.") To the Poles the deliverer of Vienna is "Jan Sobieski" (pronounced "Yan"); to us "John Sobieski." "Pan Michael," as the title of a translation, is an indefensible mongrel; either "Pan Michal" or "Mr. Michael." Who would ever write "Herr William" or "Monsieur Francis"? In the hope of popularizing translations from the Polish it may be sound policy to use "Henry" instead of "Henryk," but then we should use "Sigismund" and "Alexander" instead of "Zygmunt" and "Aleksander."

The initial difficulty in adapting Polish history or Polish fiction to English eyes must always be the repellent agglomerations of consonants in the proper names. The Poles treat English names phonetically according to their own ideas of sounds, writing, for instance, "Szekspir" for "Shakespeare"; it is a great question whether it would not be better for us to follow their example *vice versâ*, and change, at any rate, their "ch," "cz," "sz," and "w" into our "kh," "ch," "sh," and "v," if not also their "c," "rz," and "j" into our "ts," "rj," and "y" respectively. "Szujski," for example, is pronounced as if in English "Shuyski," "Bobrzynski" as "Bobrjinski," "Chmielowski" as "Khmielovski," "Waliszewski" as "Valishevski," "Glowacki" as "Glovatski." If you Anglicize the Christian name, should you not Anglicize the surname also? Either "Henryk Sienkiewicz" or "Henry Sienkievich."

Drastic contractions, like that of "Modrzejewska" (pronounced "Modrjeyevska") into "Modjeska" can only be condoned on the ground of sheer necessity.

Yours faithfully,

CADWALLADER J. BATES.

Langley Castle, Northumberland, Sept. 29.

EGYPTIAN CHRONOLOGY.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—The recent review in *Literature* of my book with the above title is so fair and appreciative that I should be reluctant to suggest any alteration of an article so clearly and tersely written; but if you can spare me space sufficient to draw attention to the confirmation of your reviewer's opinions and the establishment of the principal hypothesis set forth in my essay afforded by a monument made known almost directly after my publication, you will confer an obligation on me; and I think add a valuable supplement to the review.

In September, 1899, Professor Erman, of Berlin, read at the Congress of Orientalists at Rome a paper written by Dr. Borckhardt, of Cairo, on a papyrus discovered by him, to this effect:—"In the 7th year of Usertsen III. the star Sothis was for the first time (in that year) on the horizon at daybreak on the 16th day of the 8th month (Farmuthi)." Taking 1318 B.C. as the epoch of the Sothic cycle, this would give 1875 B.C. for the 7th year of Usertsen III.

The advocates of the long chronology appear to ignore this all-important discovery of Borckhardt's, and one of the ablest of them, Flinders Petrie, in his recent book on the earliest dynasties, still adheres to 2653 B.C. for the date of 7 Usertsen III., a difference of 778 years.

On the other hand, the date in my "Egyptian Chronology" 1931 B.C. gives only a difference of 56 years, and even this difference can be diminished; for Lieblein in his treatise on Egyptian Chronology showed long since that there was a co-regnancy between Usertsen III. and Amenemhat III. of 33 years; a fact unknown to me when I wrote my book. Subtracting these 33 years, and reading 3 [1] for the conjectural 3 [...] years for Usertsen III. in the Turin papyrus, gives 1907 B.C. for 7 Usertsen III., still leaving a discrepancy of 32 years. If this petty discrepancy cannot otherwise be explained, we should have to shorten Manetho's Dynasty XV. or XVIII. by that amount; and it is quite possible that such an error should exist. But it is noticeable that 16th Farmuthi, the day of the observation in the papyrus, was not a day of Sed festival; and it is on such a day that we should expect such a memorandum to be made. The Sed festivals in Farmuthi fell on the 1st, 8th, 15th, &c. Is it not possible that the true reading of the papyrus (or of the original authority from which it was derived) should be "the 8th day" (𓏺𓏺𓏺𓏺 for 𓏺𓏺 𓏺𓏺)? If so the coincidence between my calculation and the papyrus would be exact. In any case Dynasties XIII., XIV., XVI., XVII. must be omitted from the direct chronological line; and the most important of my two main theses, viz., that only 20, not 30, successive dynasties must be counted, is now certain.

As to my other thesis, viz., that Manetho enlarged dynasties I.-VI. by interpolations of various kinds, I take this opportunity of correction by limiting his corruptions to Dyn. III.-VI. the Memphite dynasties. For the Thinite Dynasties I., II. I now prefer to take the Abydos list (with Manethonian

numbers) as my authority rather than the Turin. My chief reasons for this change are:—(1) The discovery of Petrie that the ten Thinite Kings, hitherto supposed to be mythic, are really historic; (2) the nearly certain conclusion that the entrance passage of the great pyramid was used for astronomical observations. This gives an amended scheme with approximate dates.

B.C.	DYNASTY, &c.
3185	10 Thinites.
3135	Menes (instead of 2934).
2475	completion of Great Pyramid
2040	end of Dyn. VI.

From this date I adhere to my published tables.

This discovery of Borchardt's within a month of the publication of my reasons for adopting an almost identical date is one of the most singular coincidences on record. I may add that no other of the scores of schemes hitherto proposed is reconcilable with Borchardt's papyrus.

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AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

Mr. Winston Churchill's election to Parliament will have one collateral advantage for his readers. The appended "M.P." will in future enable them to distinguish between his work and that of his American namesake, and to realize that he is not the author of "Richard Carvel." A new book by the American Mr. Winston Churchill, entitled "The Crisis," is among the announcements of Messrs. Macmillan.

Mr. C. F. Clay is publishing with Messrs. Bell and Sons an English translation of "Les Secrets de l'Épée," by the irrepressible Baron de Bazancourt. An account of the original work (first published in 1862 and reprinted in 1875, but for some years past inaccessible) is given in the introduction to the Badminton volume on fencing. Mr. Clay's book reminds us that our leading publishers are a sporting race. Mr. C. J. Longman was the archery champion of England in 1883, and was in the Oxford Eleven (Association football) 1872-73; Mr. R. B. Marston also turns to archery for relaxation, but like his father, Mr. Edward Marston, he is best known as a fly-fisher and is the founder of the Fly-Fishers' Club; Mr. Sonnenschein is another enthusiastic fly-fisher; while Mr. Murray finds recreation in shooting, cricket, cycling, and golf (captain of the Royal Wimbledon Golf Club, 1881). "No exercise," however, writes Mr. Clay in connexion with his translation of Bazancourt's book, "is so absorbing as fencing." His volume is illustrated by Mr. F. H. Townsend.

Our Paris Correspondent announces the death, at an advanced age, of M. Adolphe Hatzfeld, who was for a great many years Professor of Rhetoric at the Lycée Louis-le-Grand. As professor, he formed a number of pupils who have since become eminent in political life, and in literature. After retiring from active work as a teacher, M. Hatzfeld undertook the preparation of a new dictionary of the French language in association with Messrs. Thomas and Arsène Darmesteter, a labour that occupied thirty years and was finished only a few months ago. Although Littré's dictionary is considered by most persons as a model of what a dictionary should be, M. Ratzfeld was of opinion that this work shows too much confusion in the enumeration of the various meanings of each word, and his own dictionary realizes what he esteemed to be useful reforms in the work of his predecessor.

"In the South Seas," which Messrs. Chatto and Windus are about to publish, has only appeared in book form in the *edition de luxe* of Stevenson's works, and is very difficult to obtain. It gives an account of experiences in the Marquesas, Paumotus, and Gilbert Islands in the course of two cruises in the yacht Casco (1888) and the schooner Equator (1889). "R.L.S." is one of those authors whose popularity, if circulation counts for anything, increases every year. Messrs. Chatto and Windus, who publish about twelve of his works, are constantly reprinting them, and inform us that there is such a constant demand for "Virginibus Puerisque" that they have difficulty in keeping it in stock. At the present moment they are preparing new and uniform editions, set in new type and bound in buckram, of "The Silverado Squatters" and "Prince Otto" (both of which are out of print), and "Travels with a Donkey" and "The Inland Voyage," which are also out of print except in the cheap edition. The same publishers are bringing out "The Cloister and the Hearth" in a thin paper edition for the pocket, with large type and fancy binding.

The Bibliographical Society will begin its return session a month earlier than usual. On Monday Mr. H. R. Plomer will read a paper entitled "Notices of English Printers in the City Records"; at the second meeting, on November 19, Mr. A. W. Pollard, the Hon. Secretary, will deal with "Some Notes on the History of Book Illustration in England." Members anticipate with interest Mr. Macfarlen's monograph on Antoine Verard, the celebrated French printer, soon to be issued.

It is a bad fire that burns to nobody's benefit. Mr. Hall's "Problems of the Mycenæan Age" should have appeared last year, but a large portion of the work was destroyed in the fire at the Ballantyne Press. Mr. Nutt states that the delay has enabled the author to embody the results achieved by Mr. Arthur Evans in his Cretan excavations, and generally to recast the volume. Mr. Nutt also announces that a large portion of Berners' Froissart (the next six volumes in the Tudor Translations) is in type, and that a first instalment may be ready for subscribers during the autumn. "Shakespeare's Greenwood: The Language, the Superstitions, the Customs, the Folklore, the Birds and Trees, the Parson, the Poets, the Novelist," by George Morley, was issued this week. A week or so later Mr. Nutt will publish a little manual on "The Boys' Club in Theory and Practice," by B. Paul Neuman, containing supplementary chapters by various experts on the subject. No. 3 of "Scottish History, from Contemporary History," which deals with the Rising of 1745, and is edited by C. Sanford Terry, M.A., will probably be ready next month. The fourth volume, "The Chevalier de St. George and the Jacobite Movement in his favour, 1701-1720," also edited by Mr. Sanford Terry, will appear during the winter. A second and enlarged edition of the second volume of "Mary Queen of Scots" has just been issued. "Heroines of the Bible in Art," by Clara Erskine Clement (a companion volume to Miss Hurll's "The Madonna in Art" in the same series), will be published next month, together with three new volumes in "Popular Studies in Mythology, Romance, and Folklore" (including "Cuchulainn, the Irish Achilles," by Mr. Alfred Nutt), and Volume III. of "The Publications of the Irish Texts Society," dealing with the poems of Eogan O'Rahilly. O'Rahilly, an ardent Jacobite, and the leading minister poet of the early eighteenth century, has hitherto been known only by a few printed specimens, but he is now edited, with an English version, introduction, and notes, by Father Dinsen, S.J. "The Wife of Bath's Tale," Vol. XIII. of "The Grimm Library," is a study by C. H. Maynadier upon the origin and evolution in literary history of the theme embodied in Chaucer's tale, and will not be ready before the winter. Another book announced by Mr. Nutt is "Indian Story and Song from North America," by Miss Alice Fletcher, the best-known authority on the manners and customs of the great Omaha tribe, of which she is an adopted member. It includes for the first time harmonized versions of thirty Indian songs.

Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton's list is strong in biographical works. One is the life of General Sir Arthur Cotton, R.E., K.C.S.I., by his daughter, Lady Hope, with some "Famine Prevention Studies," by Mr. Wm. Digby, C.I.E. Sir Arthur Cotton was within three years of being a centenarian when he died in the summer of 1899. He took part in the expedition against Burmah, in the defence of Rangoon, and rendered great service in connexion with the vast irrigation works of India. Miss Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler figures in the same publishers' list in two places, first with a volume of verse, as a reminder that she wrote, and published, poetry some years before her first novel appeared, and then as the recipient of a compliment without which no popular author's success would nowadays seem complete—the familiar birthday book. "The Isabel Carnaby Birthday Book," is arranged by E. D. Berrington. Other

books in Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton's list were included in our supplement last week. Their new "Self-Educator Series" deserves a note of explanation perhaps. The general editorship is in the hands of Mr. John Adams, Rector of the Free Church Training College, Glasgow. The aim in view is to avoid two common mistakes (1) expecting too much from the student; (2) attempting to exhaust a whole subject in one book. At present five volumes are nearly ready—French, German, Latin, Botany, and Chemistry.

The most important work in Messrs. Blackwood's new list is "The Englishman in China in the Victorian Era," by Mr. Alexander Michie, giving a *résumé* of modern Chinese history as illustrated in the life of Sir Rutherford Alcock. Sir Rutherford Alcock was sent to China as British Consul in 1844, and after serving in Japan first as Consul-General, and then as Minister Plenipotentiary, became our Minister in China in 1865. He retired some fifteen years ago. Mr. Michie himself has been connected with China and Japan for the last half century. The two volumes containing this work will be ready shortly. Sir Henry Craik's "Scotland since 1745" will also occupy two volumes. Its main interest lies not so much in political history—though this will be dealt with at some length—as in the record of the social and educational progress of Scotland during the eighteenth century. Mr. Hueffer's volume on "The Cinque Ports" is described as "an attempt, by means of suggestion, to interpret to the passing years the inward message of the Five Ports." A feature of the book will be the illustrations by Mr. William Hyde. Sir Theodore Martin's life of "Helena Faucit (Lady Martin) also announced by Messrs. Blackwood, is due next month. The most interesting literary item in the list is Professor Saintsbury's "History of Criticism and Literary Taste in Europe," which is to be completed in three volumes. The first volume deals first with the whole of Greek and Roman criticism, the last division being devoted to mediæval criticism, and continuing the history down to Gavin Douglas. The next volume in the Memorial edition of G. W. Steevens' works, "From Cape Town to Ladysmith, and Egypt in 1898" contains several new letters from Ladysmith which Mr. Steevens failed to get through the Boer lines, and which were found among his papers when the town was relieved. "Egypt in 1898" which has been included in the volume, has not been reprinted since it appeared in its original form, although it has been out of print for some time.

Messrs. P. S. King announce for next month a work on statistics, intended to be a text-book dealing in their methods and principles. It is written by Mr. A. L. Bowley, a lecturer at the London School of Economics, and the author of a work on wages, and will be called "Elements of Statistics."

Besides the Cranford mentioned elsewhere Messrs. Methuen announce many volumes in their "Little Library," including Lord Tennyson's Early Poems and his "Maud," Cary's translation of Dante's "Inferno," Kinglake's "Eothen," Thackeray's "Pendennis," Jane Austen's "Pride and Prejudice," and Mrs. Craik's "John Halifax." These are all edited with introductions and notes.

In the list of autumn publications given in our supplement last week Mr. R. Lydekker's "The Great and Small Game of India, Burma, and Tibet," was inadvertently included under Messrs. Robinson's announcements. It is published by Messrs. Rowland Ward.

M. Anatole France is now correcting the proof-sheets of a new volume in the famous series entitled "Histoire Contemporaine." This volume, which will very likely be called "M. Bergeret à Paris," will contain the articles or chapters published two years ago in the *Echo de Paris*, and a certain number of those in the *Figaro* of the last eighteen months, besides several still unpublished.

The October number of the *Mercure de France* contains the following note:—"The Society of the *Mercure de France* has just been exclusively authorized by the heirs and the executors of the will of Robert Louis Stevenson to translate and to publish such of his works as are still unpublished. Moreover, this house alone has been authorized to publish a complete edition."

Mr. Poultney Bigelow has in preparation a book on the influence of Colonies upon national life, which will be published shortly.

Apparently purchasers of *The Times* reprint of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" may continue to feel every confidence in the value of their investment; for a copy, in its case, was sold by auction recently at a private house on Tulse-hill for the exact sum given for it some eighteen months ago.

The *Gardeners' Magazine* is now published at 148-149, Aldersgate-street, instead of 4, Ave Maria-lane.

Books to look out for at once.

BIOGRAPHY—
"The Life of Oliver Cromwell." By J. Morley. Macmillan. 10s. n. and 14s. n.
"Life and Letters of Thomas Henry Huxley." By Leonard Huxley. 2 vols. Macmillan. 30s. net.
"Coventry Patmore." 2 vols. Ed. by B. Champneys. Bell. 32s. net.
"The Empress Augusta." By Clara Tschudi. Translated by E. M. Cope. Sonnenschein. 7s. 6d.
"Captain Mayne Reid." By his Widow and Chas. Coe. Greening. 3s. 6d.
"Irene Petrie, Missionary to Kashmir." By Mrs. Ashley Carus-Wilson, B.A. Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.

LITERATURE AND BELLES LETTRES—
"Architects of English Literature." By R. F. Sharp. Sonnenschein.
"Studies by the Way." By the Right Hon. Sir E. Fry. Nisbet. 10s. 6d. n.
"The Bystander." By J. Ashby Sterry. Sands. 6s.
"Mrs. Gaskell and Knutsford." By the Rev. G. A. Payne. Gay & Bird. 3s. n.

ART AND THE DRAMA—
"Holbein's 'Ambassadors': The Picture and the Men." By Mary F. S. Hervey. Bell & Sons. 10s. 6d. net.
"Anthony Van Dyck; An Historical Study." By Lionel Cust, F.S.A. Bell & Sons. £2 2s. net.
"The Fantastics" (as produced by Mrs. Patrick Campbell). Trans. of Rostand's "Les Romanesques" by George Fleming. Heinemann. 2s. 6d.

THEOLOGY—
"Unto You Young Men." By Archd. Sinclair. Grant Richards. 3s. 6d.
"The Life of Christian Service." By Dean Farrar. Elliot Stock.
"Religion and Life: A Plain Essay." By R. Russell. Longmans.

FICTION—
"The Man-Trap." By Sir Wm. Magnay. Smith, Elder. 6s.
"Lord Jim." By Joseph Conrad. Blackwood. 6s.
"The Woman of Death." By Guy Boothby. Pearson. 5s.
"The Spell of the Snow." By C. G. Mitford. Pearson. 6s.
"A Boer of To-day." By George Cossins. George Allen.
"Ebnslie's Drag-net." By E. H. Strain. Methuen. 6s.
"Farthest South." By Harold E. Gorst. Greening. 3s. 6d.
"A Man's Woman." By Frank Norris. Grant Richards. 6s.
"The Marriage of True Minds." By Theophila North. Grant Richards. 3s. 6d.
"John Charity." By Horace Annesley Vachell. Murray. 6s.
"Parson Peter." By Arthur H. Norway. Murray. 6s.
"The Day of Wrath." By M. Jokai. Trans. by R. Nisbet Bain. Jarrold. 6s.
"The Stickit Minister's Wooing, and Other Galloway Stories." By S. R. Crockett. Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.
"Church Folks." By Ian Maclaren. Hodder & Stoughton. 3s. 6d.
"Higgith Shy, Quakeress." By Mark Ashton. Hutchinson. 6s.

TRAVEL, GEOGRAPHY, AND HISTORY—
"A Vagabond in Asia." By Edmund Candler. Greening. 7s. 6d.
"Madagascar, Mauritius, and the other East African Islands." By Dr. C. Keller. Translated by H. A. Nesbitt, M.A. Sonnenschein. 7s. 6d.
"From the Cape to Cairo." By Edward Scott Grogan and Arthur H. Sharp. Hurst & Blackett. £1 1s. net.
"The Successors of Drake." By Julian Corbett. Longmans. 21s.
"Little History of Belgium," with Chapter on the Congo Free State. By Carlyle Smythe. Hutchinson. 6s.

BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG—
"The House that Grew." By Mrs. Molesworth. Macmillan. 4s. 6d.
"The Adventures of Odysseus" told for Children. By F. S. Martin, R. J. G. Mayor, and F. M. Stawell. Dent. 5s. net.
"Hans Andersen's Fairy Tales." New translation. By H. L. Brækstad. 2 vols. Heinemann. 10s. net each.
"Peter Simple." Illust. by J. A. Symington. Dent. 4s. 6d. net.
"The Grey Fairy Book." Edited by Andrew Lang. Longmans. 6s.
"The Golliwogg's Polar Adventures." By F. and B. Upton. Longmans. 6s.

MISCELLANEOUS—
"Christian Names of Girls." By Helena Swan. Sonnenschein. 2s. 6d.
"Northern Lights and Shadows" (Stories and Folk-lore Tales). By R. G. Taber. Greening. 3s. 6d.
"Woman; A Scientific Study." Translated from the French by the Rev. T. A. Seed. Greening. 2s. 6d.
"The Life of a Century, 1800-1900." Ed. by E. Hodder. Part I. Newnes. 6d.
"The Holy Year of Jubilee." By H. Thurston, S.J. Sands. 12s. 6d. net.
College Histories.—"Oriel College, Oxford," by D. W. Rannie, M.A.; "Exeter College, Oxford," by W. K. Stride, M.A. Robinson. 5s. n. each.
"Essays in Illustration of the Action of Astral Gravitation in Natural Phenomena." By Wm. Leighton Jordan. Longmans. 9s.

NEW EDITIONS—
"The Pickwick Papers"—"A Tale of Two Cities." Vols. I. and II. The Authentic Edition of Dickens. Chapman & Hall. 5s. each.
"The Story of Burnt Njal." By the late Sir George Webbe Dasent. Grant Richards. 6s.
"Maud." By Lord Tennyson. Edited by Elizabeth Wordsworth. (Little Library.) Methuen. 1s. 6d. net and 2s. 6d. net.
"A Dream of Fair Women and other Poems." By Lord Tennyson. Illustrated by Edmund J. Sullivan. Grant Richards. £2 2s. net.
"In the South Seas." By R. L. Stevenson. Chatto & Windus. 6s.
"Under False Pretences." By Adeline Sergeant. Chatto & Windus. 3s. 6d.
"Mrs. Crichton's Creditor." By Mrs. Alexander. Chatto & Windus. 3s. 6d.
"Meditations of Marcus Aurelius." Translated by Casaubon. Edited by W. H. D. Rouse. Dent. 7s. 6d. net.

SOUTH AFRICA, CHINA, AND INDIA—
"The Tale of a Field Hospital." By Frederick Treves. Cassell. 6s.
"Pictures from China." By Mrs. Isabella F. Bishop. Cassell. 3s. 6d.
"The Far East: Its History and its Geography." By Alexis Krausse. Grant Richards. 18s.
"Chinamen at Home." By the Rev. T. G. Selby. Hodder & Stoughton. 3s. 6d.
"The Forward Policy and its Results; or, Thirty-Five Years' Work Amongst the Tribes on the North-West Frontier of India." By Richard Isaac Bruce, C.I.E. Longmans.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

ART.

The Paris Exhibition. Section I. 13×10in., 191 pp. Virtue. 10s. 6d.

Line and Form. By *Walter Crane*, 9½×6in., 282 pp. Bell. 12s. n.

Sodoma. (Great Masters Series.) By *Contessa Priuli-Bon*. 8×5½in., 143 pp. Bell. 5s. n.

BIOGRAPHY.

James Martineau. By *A. W. Jackson*. 8½×5½in., 150 pp. Longmans. 12s. 6d.

Lord Rosebery: His Life and Speeches. 2 vols. By *T. F. G. Coates*. 9 6in., 1,077 pp. Hutchinson. 21s. n.

William Landels, D.D. By *T. Landels*. 8×5½in., 311 pp. Cassell. 6s.

George Whitefield, Field-Preacher. By *J. P. Gladstone*. 8½×5½in., 350 pp. Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.

The Life of Sir John Fowler. By *T. Mackay*. 9 5in., 603 pp. Murray. 16s.

William Cotton Oswell. 2 vols. By *W. E. Oswell*. 9½×6in., 267–280 pp. Heinemann. 25s. n.

BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

Grimm's Fairy Tales. Translated by *Beatrice Marshall*. 8½×5½in., 637 pp. Ward, Lock. 3s. 6d.

The Junior Temple Reader. Ed. by *Clara L. Thomson* and *E. E. Speight*. 7½×6in., 402 pp. Marshall. 1s. 6d.

The Biography of a Grizzly. By *E. Seton Thompson*. 8×6in. Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.

Young England. 11×7½in., 491 pp. Sunday School Union. 5s.

The Child's Own Magazine. Vol. for 1900. 8½×6½in., 111 pp. Sunday School Union.

Tib and Sib. By *Stella Austin*. 7½×5in., 184 pp. Wells Gardner. 2s. 6d.

Brownie. By *Amy Le Feuvre*. 7½×5in., 160 pp. Hodder & Stoughton. 2s.

A Work-a-Day World. By *Mary Bell*. 7½×5in., 222 pp. S.P.C.K. 2s.

The Son of Alla. By *Gertrude Hollis* 7½×5in., 221 pp. S.P.C.K. 2s.

Over the Garden Gate. By *Alice J. Jackson*. 7½×5in., 255 pp. S.P.C.K. 2s. 6d.

Uncle Bart. By *G. Manville Fenn*. 8×5½in., 502 pp. S.P.C.K. 5s.

The Lifeboat: Its History and Heroes. By *F. M. Holmes*. 7½×5in., 160 pp. Partridge. 1s. 6d.

The Home of Santa Claus. By *G. A. Bird*. 10×7½in., 188 pp. Unwin. 6s.

Raggylug the Rabbit, and other Animal Stories. By *E. Seton-Thompson*. 7½×5½in., 147 pp. Nutt. 3s. 6d.

Miss Nonentity. By *L. T. Meade*. 7½×5½in., 367 pp. Chambers. 5s.

Chargo I or, Briton and Boer. By *G. Manville Fenn*. 7½×5½in., 391 pp. Chambers. 5s.

The Three Witches. By *Mrs. Molesworth*. 7½×5½in., 278 pp. Chambers. 3s. 6d.

Story of a School Conspiracy. By *Andrew Home*. 7½×5½in., 328 pp. Chambers. 3s. 6d.

A Cat Book. By *H. O. Smith* and *E. V. Lucas*. 5×3in., 121 pp. Grant Richards. 5s.

Chapel Street Children. By *Edith Farmiloe*. 7½×5½in., 195 pp. Grant Richards. 5s.

The Tremendous Twins. Pictures by *Mrs. E. Ames*. Verses by *E. Ames*. 8½×10in., 95 pp. Grant Richards. 3s. 6d.

Four and Twenty Toilers. By *A. D. Bedford* and *E. V. Lucas*. 9½×12½in., 103 pp. Grant Richards. 6s.

Alfred the Great. By *Jesse Page*. 7½×5in., 304 pp. Partridge. 2s.

The True Annals of Fairyland. Ed. by *W. Canton*. 7½×6in., 366 pp. Dent. 4s. 6d.

Roy. A Tale in the Days of Sir John More. By *Agnes Giberne*. 7½×5½in., 328 pp. Pearson. 3s.

The Other One. By *Gertrude M. Hayward*. 7½×5in., 219 pp. Pearson. 5s.

Fiddlesticks. By *Hilda Cowham*. 12×9½in. Pearson. 3s. 6d.

Animal Land for Little Folks. By *S. H. Hamer*. 10×7½in., 74 pp. Cassell. 1s. 6d.

EDUCATIONAL.

Problems in Education. By *W. H. Winch*. 7½×5½in., 157 pp. Sonnenschein. 1s. 6d.

Asia. School Geography. By *L. W. Lyde*. 7 5in., 112 pp. Black. 1s.

FICTION.

The Philibusters. By *Cutcliffe Hyne*. 7½×5½in., 310 pp. Hutchinson. 6s.

The King of the Rocks. By *A. Pratt*. 7½×5½in., 376 pp. Hutchinson. 6s.

The Madness of David Baring By *J. Hocking*. 7½×5½in., 395 pp. Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.

A Sugar Princess. By *A. Ross*. 7½×5½in., 312 pp. Chatto & Windus. 3s. 6d.

The Dissemblers. By *T. Cobb*. 7½×5½in., 313 pp. Lane. 6s.

The Autobiography of a Tramp. By *J. H. Crawford*. 7½×5½in., 328 pp. Longmans. 5s. n.

Joan Brotherhood. By *Bernard Capes*. 7½×5½in., 320 pp. Pearson. 6s.

The Brand of the Broad Arrow. By *Major A. Griffiths*. 7½×5½in., 305 pp. Pearson. 6s.

The Plunder Ship. By *Headon Hill*. 7½×5½in., 306 pp. Pearson. 6s.

Marshfield the Observer. By *Egerton Castle*. 7½×5½in., 356 pp. Macmillan. 6s.

The Footsteps of a Throne. By *Max Pemberton*. 7½×5½in., 312 pp. Methuen. 6s.

The Poet's Larder, and other Stories. By *Dottie Radford*. 6½×3½in., 171 pp. Arrowsmith. 6d.

The Pretty Polly. By *W. Clark Russell*. 7½×5½in., 321 pp. Chatto & Windus. 5s.

Rue with a Difference. By *Rosa N. Carey*. 7½×5½in., 475 pp. Macmillan. 6s.

The Pestilence that Walketh in the Darkness. By *Mrs. C. Aynesc*. 7½×5½in., 171 pp. Sonnenschein. 2s. 6d.

The Lane That Had No Turning. By *Gilbert Parker*. 7½×5½in., 313 pp. Heinemann. 6s.

The Will of an Eccentric. By *Jules Verne*. 7½×5½in., 408 pp. Sampson Low. 6s.

The Boers' Blunder. By *Fox Russell*. 7½×5½in., 360 pp. Wells Gardner. 6s.

The Worldlings. By *L. Merrick*. 7½×5½in., 312 pp. Murray. 6s.

Modern Broods. By *Charlotte Yonge*. 7½×5½in., 315 pp. Macmillan. 6s.

Œuvres Complètes de Paul Bourget de l'Académie Française. Tome III. Romans I. Cruelle Enigme; Un Crime d'Amour; André Cornelis. 9½×6½in., 490 pp. Paris. Plon. Fr.8.

Le Calvaire. By *Octave Mirbeau*. 7×5½in., 355 pp. Paris. Ollendorff. Fr.3.50.

FOLKLORE.

Popular Studies in Mythology, Romance, and Folklore. No. 7. By *E. S. Hartland*. 6½×4in., 53 pp. Nutt. 6d.

HISTORY.

The Coly Papers. Correspondence and Memoranda of the Coly Family, A.D. 1475-1688. Ed. by *H. E. Malden*. 8½×7in., 314 pp. Longmans.

The Despatches and Correspondence of John, Second Earl of Buckinghamshire. 1762-1765. Vol. I. Ed. by *A. D'Arcy Collyer*. 8½×7in., 256 pp. Longmans.

La Fédération de l'Europe. By *J. Noricow*. 7½×4½in., 807 pp. Paris. Fr.3.50.

Paris de 1800 à 1900. D'après les Estampes et les Mémoires du Temps. Publié sous la direction de *Charles Simond*. La Monarchie de Juillet, 1830-1851. 2me Série. 11×7½in., 79 pp. Paris. Plon. Fr.1.75.

LITERARY.

Tennyson: His Art and Relation to Modern Life. 2 vols. By *Stopford A. Brooke*. 6½×4½in., 281+253 pp. Isbister. 5s. n.

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WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

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WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

Referring to last week's notes, the following rendering of the theme by a Russian master appears to require a little explanation:—

PROBLEM No. 72, by N. Maximov, Russia.—White (7 pieces), K at K R 4; Q at Q Kt 6; Kts at K Kt 5, Q B 8; pawns at K Kt 3, K 4, Q Kt 4. Black (4 pieces), K at K 4; B at Q R 3; Kt at Q Kt 2; pawn at K Kt 3. Two moves.

PROBLEM No. 73, by A. Troitzky.—White (5 pieces), K at Q sq; Q at K B sq; Kt at Q 3; pawns at Q 2 and Q Kt 3. Black (8 pieces), K at K 5; Q at K R sq; Kt at Q B sq; pawns at K R 5, K Kt 5, K 3, Q 3, Q 5. White to play and win.

SOLUTIONS.—Problem No. 55, Nemo (2), Q–R 3. No. 56, Ohlsson (3), key Q–K P. Then if B–Q; 2. Kt–K 6 ch, &c., or if K–R; 2. Q–Kt 8 ch, &c. No. 57 (Troitzky Ending), White, 1. P–R 6, P–P; 2. P–K 7, &c. No. 58, Loyd, White wins by R–Q, &c. No. 59, Jespersen (2), Kt–B 7. No. 60, Znamenacek (3), 1. Q–K B 2, threatening 2. Kt–P ch and 3. P–Q 5 mate. No. 61 Ending, 1. P–Kt 4 ch, &c. (see No. 12). No. 62, Brenander (2), R–Q 6. No. 63, Traxler (3), 1. Q–Q 8, threatening 2. Q–Kt 8 ch, &c. If 1. Q–Q 8, K–R; 2. P–B 4 ch, &c.

Correct solvers are J. D. Tucker (Ilkley), Nos. 55 to 63; A. C. Waters (Bromley), Nos. 53, 55 to 63; Otto Würzburg (Grand Rapids), Nos. 47 to 58; R. H. B. (Enfield), Nos. 59, 60; E. J. M., Nos. 55, 59; M. E. Roberts, No. 62.

CITY OF LONDON CHESS CLUB.—The season opens to-day (Saturday) at 7, Grocer's-hall-court, Poultry, when Mr. Blackburne plays blindfold.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A. C. W. [illegible] No. 58 is no doubt solved by R×Q as stated by Mr. Loyd. If 1. R–Q B 8 ch, B–K R, 2. B–R 3, B–R 4, P–K 8–Q 4. B–Kt 5 ch and appears to mate next move. Thanks for many useful notes.

W. P. B. E. and others.—1. The queen at White's K B sq in No. 63 is Black. 2. In No. 61 White has only to draw.

N. S. A.—Has appeared.—A good deal may be learned at starting from Rayner's "Chess Problems and Laws." Two cheap Problems, each published at 1s.

[illegible] at Chess Stands.—Nos. 52 and 63 are very fine. In No. 52 one has to [illegible] the idea that the queen must remain on the fifth rank for the sake of a mate in 2. Q–K 5—. P–Q [illegible] Kt–K [illegible]. In No. 57 the White king keeps on the queen's [illegible] Black checks. No. 59 very fresh and clever key A. C. W.—In the very interesting game Jaenisch v. Mackenzie, 1862, [illegible] B. R 7 for White. I saw this move noticed (after [illegible] to win in the *New Orleans Times-Democrat*. The editor replied to B–Kt 5, to which I would reply Q–R 8 [illegible] last either Q, Rook P, though it [illegible] Where is to carry on the attack after a waiting move. The game looks rather [illegible] I think.—WILLIAM [illegible].

GAME No. XXXV.—Played in Prague:—

White. P. K. Trajan.	Black. J. Hannak.	White. P. K. Trajan.	Black. J. Hannak.
1. P–K 4	P–K 4	9. B–R	R–R
2. Kt–K B 3	Kt–K B 3	10. B–K Kt 5	R–Kt 5
3. Kt–B 3	Kt–B 3	11. Q–R	Q×B
4. B–Q [illegible]	P–Q Kt 5	12. B–Kt	B–Kt
5. Castles	Castles	13. B–K P	B–K P
6. P–Q 3	P–Q 3	14. B–Kt P	P–Kt P
7. B–Kt	B–Kt	15. R–B	R×R
8. B–P	B–P	16. Q–Kt 7 [illegible]	

[illegible] Game XXX. [illegible] a little too far [illegible] White's K B's attack. [illegible] Black's 12th move. [illegible] 13. B–Kt 5 ch, [illegible] 14. Q–R 5 ch, [illegible] 15. Q–Kt 6 ch, [illegible] 16. Q–B 7 ch, [illegible] 17. Q–Kt 7 ch, [illegible] 18. Q–B 7 mate.

GAME No. XXXVI.—Played in the New York State Meeting:—

QUEEN'S PAWN GAME.

White. D. W. Wesser.	Black. I. K[illegible]	White. D. W. Wesser.	Black. D. Ke[illegible]
1. P–Q 4	P–K B 4	11. Castles	Kt–Q B 3
2. P–K 4	Kt–K B 3	12. Q–B 2	Kt–Q sq
3. P–K B 3	P–K 3	13. K–B 2	K–B 3
4. P–K 5	P–Q Kt 2	14. Q–Kt 3	P–R 3
5. Kt–K B 3	P–Kt 2	15. Q R–Q sq	Kt–B 2
6. B–Q 3	B–Q 3	16. Kt–K 5	Kt (B 2)–K 4
7. B–P	P×B	17. P–K B 4	Kt–R P
8. Q Kt–Q 2	Kt–K 5	18. P–Kt [illegible]	Q–R 6
9. P–B 4	Castles	19. K–Kt	Q×P ch
10. Kt–B 4	Q–K 2	20. K–Kt sq	Q–R 7 mate

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Literature

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NOTES OF THE DAY.

The quincentenary of Chaucer's death falls, we need hardly remind our readers, on the 25th October (next Thursday), on which day at one o'clock a window is to be unveiled by the Poet Laureate in memory of the poet at St. Saviour's, Southwark. We publish elsewhere four articles on different sides of the poet's genius.

* * * *

Another important anniversary, which is likely to be overshadowed, falls on the same day. Mr. W. P. James, whose literary notes in the *St. James's Gazette* rank among the best literary matter in the daily Press, reminds us that Macaulay was born on October 25, 1800, "the day of St. Crispin, the anniversary of Agincourt." He adds, "An eminent living critic has stated as the result of his experience that though the characters and events depicted by Macaulay are neither the most impressive nor the most important in our history, he has found this period almost invariably the most familiar to people of all sorts and conditions." We much doubt whether this is as true as it was. If we may judge from the list of new reprints there is not much demand now for Macaulay's history. The fact is, we are afraid, that there is no "familiarity" with any period of English history. But at the present moment, we fancy, people know and are learning more about the Reformation and the great Rebellion than any other period.

* * * *

Macaulay has his tomb in Westminster Abbey, as most people are aware, because he rests in Poets' Corner at the feet of Addison's statue, and amidst the tombs of Johnson and Garrick and Handel and Goldsmith and Gay. But, probably, not every one remembers that his is one of the rare cases where both son and father have been so honoured. Zachary Macaulay, too, was buried in Westminster Abbey, and the inscription on the pedestal of his bust is an eloquent testimony to his services in the cause of the abolition of slavery and his self-denying character. Sir George Trevelyan has said that this inscription, telling more of the man than he himself would wish to have been told, was likely to remain his only biography. But Sir George's conjecture is about to be falsified. A biography of Zachary Macaulay is among the announcements of the season. Zachary Macaulay was Governor of Sierra Leone during the most anxious period of the long French war. His biographer is Lady Knutsford, his grandniece, and niece of his son the historian. The book will be published shortly by Mr. Edward Arnold. Lady Knutsford has had Zachary Macaulay's large and varied correspondence as well as his journals to help her.

* * * *

From a literary and artistic point of view the general election now drawing to a close has produced two notable things—one to the credit of either side in politics. If anything could have won the election for the Liberals, it would have been the admirable caricatures contributed by Mr. Carruthers Gould to the pages of the *Westminster Gazette*. Mr. Gould's draughtsmanship may not be above reproach, but he has an unfailing sense of humour and a keen eye for the weak spots in his opponents' armour. On the Unionist side, perhaps, the best things that have appeared have been the crisp and epigrammatic biographies of members in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. They smack a little of the style of "John Junior" in *Vanity Fair*.

* * * *

No man of letters with a reputation approximating to that of Dr. Johnson has addressed the electorate during the past days of Parliamentary excitement—this for the sufficient reason that we have not among us a man whose life shall form the subject of a second Boswell. When in 1774 Parliament was dissolved and Mr. Thrale had to encounter a contested election in Southwark, it will be recalled that Johnson wrote an incisive political pamphlet entitled "The Patriot," in which, among other things, he attempted to justify the American war. Boswell admits that in this as in two former pamphlets there was "a considerable proportion of sophistry, a contemptuous ridicule of his opponents, which was very provoking." The year subsequent to his third, unsuccessful, attempt to win the suffrages of the Southwark electorate, Thrale died. Johnson had aided his friend by writings, advertisements, and letters.

Here is a Johnsonian election address, dated Southwark, September 5, 1780:—

> A new Parliament being now called, I again solicit the honour of being elected for one of your representatives; and solicit it with the greater confidence, as I am not conscious of having neglected my duty, or of having acted otherwise than as becomes the independent representative of independent constituents; superior to fear, hope, and expectation, who has no private purposes to promote, and whose prosperity is involved in the prosperity of his country. As my recovery from a very severe distemper is not yet perfect, I have declined to attend the Hall, and hope an omission so necessary will not be harshly censured. I can only send my respectful wishes, that all your deliberations may tend to the happiness of the kingdom and the peace of the borough.

Johnson's efforts were of no avail, however, for the borough discarded the services of its "best representative in the Commons." Six years earlier, as we learn by a letter from Johnson to his biographer, "Mr. Thrale (had) happily surmounted a very violent and acrimonious opposition; but all joys have their abatement. . . . Mrs. Thrale has fallen from her horse and hurt herself very much." Some candidates perhaps would think success cheaply purchased at such a cost.

* * * *

Apropos of the Thrales, it is not generally recognized that the second name in the title of the great brewing firm, Messrs. Barclay, Perkins, and Co., is that of the man who hung a mezzotint portrait of Johnson in the counting-house of the Southwark Brewery, and upon being asked by Mrs. Thrale why he did so, answered "Because, Madam, I wish to have one wise man there." The Doctor, greatly flattered, said "It is a very handsome compliment, and I believe you speak sincerely." No wonder many gracious things were said to him.

* * * *

It is not given to many men to be immortalized in such words as Ruskin uses, in his autobiography, of his friendship with the late Sir Henry Acland—a friendship which, as he wrote, "has never changed but by deepening to this day." Senior to Ruskin as an undergraduate only by about a year and a-half, Acland's judgment was even then "unerring, his aims determined, his powers developed," and the whole force of his character was required in the coming struggle for the future of scientific education at Oxford. Himself a High Churchman, and an intimate friend of Dr. Pusey, Acland found almost all the religious world of Oxford up in arms against the spread of physical science. The votes for the new scientific museum in Convocation were carried only by very narrow majorities; the final vote would probably have been lost but for the intervention of Dr. Pusey. Acland's aim was to make his University not only a centre of classical and theological learning, but a place where men might study profoundly the whole range of physical science. No man ever did more to widen the outlook of those in authority. It is safe to say that he will be remembered rather as a son of Oxford than as one of our most eminent physicians.

* * * *

Illustrated journalism lost one of its best known leaders by the death of Mr. William L. Thomas, the founder of the *Graphic* and *Daily Graphic*. A successful artist himself, he could detect talent in others, and his counsel and encouragement laid the foundation of many artistic successes. It used to be said that the Royal Academy had to study the *Graphic* before filling its vacancies, and certainly a great number of *Graphic* artists have been gathered into its select portals. On its literary side, the *Graphic* has always preserved a high tradition. Victor Hugo, Anthony Trollope, Charles Reade, Wilkie Collins, Thomas Hardy, Sir Walter Besant, and many another well-known author helped to make the paper what it is. The mainstay throughout, however, has been Mr. W. L. Thomas. He broke away from the *Illustrated London News* when that journal was twenty-seven years old and audaciously founded a rival. The tide of success came to the *Graphic* with the Franco-German war. Before the *Graphic* came of age in 1889 nearly two millions of money had, we believe, been spent on its production. Out of the *Graphic* came the *Daily Graphic*, the accomplishment of an ideal formed by Mr. Thomas, it is said, more than twenty years before. It was a daring experiment; the mechanical difficulties were enormous, and, at times, disheartening; but, one by one, they were overcome, and the *Daily Graphic* is now as firmly established as the parent paper.

* * * *

The late Mr. Locker-Lampson, in 1886, printed what he intended should be a complete list of his unique collections at Rowfant. He thought that this little piece of extravagance would be atoned for by his firm resolution never to buy another book. Alas for human resolves! He soon began to buy again, and there has just appeared, fourteen years after the publication of the first catalogue, an "Appendix to the Rowfant Library," giving all the printed books, manuscripts, autograph letters, &c., collected in the interval. For Mr. Locker-Lampson's son is as keen a collector as his father, and the present volume is almost as large and contains nearly as many entries of interest as the first.

* * * *

Edited by Mr. Godfrey Locker-Lampson and excellently printed at the Chiswick Press, this new production is something more than a bare catalogue of rare editions. Mr. Lang, who contributed some prefatory verses to the first catalogue, writes again here on "the special act of grace" by which

> The well-loved honours keep their place,
> And new-won glories half efface
> The splendours of the old.

Mr. Wilfrid Blunt adds a reminiscent sonnet; Mr. Dobson sings characteristically of

> The courtly Owner, glass in eye
> With half sad smile, forérunning
> Some triumph of an apt reply,—
> Some master-stroke of punning.

Lord Crewe contributes a longer poem, beginning in verse as smooth and polished as Frederick Locker's own:—

> The yellow autumn sunset falls
> On copse, and lawn, and shaven green,
> And gilds the russet Rowfant walls
> Their trees between.

and closing thus:—

> What hope but this his heart could ask,
> As thick the shadows gathered round,
> That hands he loved should take the task
> He left uncrowned?
>
> And thus as years are rolled apace,
> New comrades gather, these to those,
> Alike the bluest-blooded race
> That Bookland knows.
>
> 'Tis well! we bid thee no good night
> Dear Master of the lyric strain;
> The life that made our days so bright
> Lives here again.

Those booklovers who can bear to read about others' treasures will find here a rich store of entertainment. Some entries will arouse a pang of envy in the best of us. Here we have, among many others, the "Religio Medici" (first and unauthorized edition), the first issue of the first edition of "Gulliver's Travels," and Edward FitzGerald's own copy of the first edition of the "Rubáiyát."

* * * *

The death is just recorded of Mr. John Baird, of Chatham, whose likeness to Dickens, both in features and physique, was so remarkable that he was known in the neighbourhood as Charles Dickens' "double." Strangely enough, Dickens seems to have known nothing of the resemblance. Mr. F. G. Kitton writes:—

> Some twelve years ago I accompanied my friend, the late Mr. W. R. Hughes, F.L.S., Treasurer of Birmingham, on a visit to Mr. Baird, whom we found the very counterpart of Dickens, and he was "exceedingly proud to be mistaken for so great a man, although it was inconvenient at times." His appearance then much resembled the last photographic portrait of the novelist, taken in America in 1867. At the last public reading given by Dickens at Chatham the policeman at the door, observing Mr. Baird as he left the hall, mistook him for the reader himself and shouted to the attendant outside for "Mr. Dickens' carriage!" Mr. Baird, who was in his ninety-first year and had been chairman of the Chatham Waterworks Company for nearly fifty years, was personally known to Dickens. Yet I am assured on excellent authority that neither Dickens nor the members of his family residing at Gad's Hill Place had ever heard of Mr. Baird, so that the many mistakes said to have arisen from the alleged

resemblance must have been very one-sided, the Novelist and his nearest relatives being quite unconscious of them.

* * * *

A more real link with Dickens is broken by the death of George Dolby, Dickens' private secretary. He was a brother of the famous singer Madame Sainton Dolby. In the great days of the famous reading tours, both in England and America, Dolby's name was almost as widely known as his master's. For he succeeded Arthur Smith (brother of the more famous Albert) in the onerous post of manager. Upon him fell the arrangement of every detail—the engagement of the hall, the advertising, the providing of much-needed refreshment between the acts in the dressing-room, the selling of tickets, and finally the counting of the gains. Then came the long railway journeys, on which it was Dolby who exerted himself to amuse his wearied employer, and provided him with the best procurable of food and drink.

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The two lived for many years on terms of the greatest intimacy, and during the American tour Dolby watched over Dickens' failing health with the most anxious solicitude, in spite of the strain and worry caused by the wild rush for tickets. Writing from Boston, Dickens said :—"Dolby is nearly worked off his legs ; nothing can exceed his energy and good humour." Again, from New York, he wrote :—"Dolby continues to be the most unpopular man in America (mainly because he can't get four thousand people into a room that holds two thousand), and is reviled in print daily. Yesterday morning a newspaper proclaims of him, 'Surely it is time that the pudding-headed Dolby retired into the native gloom from which he has emerged.' He takes it very coolly and does his best." After this Dickens always used to call him "P. H." Dolby, in allusion to those "graceful specimens of literature describing him as the 'pudding-headed.'" Later on he wrote from Boston :—"Dolby is as tender as a woman and as watchful as a doctor. He never leaves me during the reading now, but sits at the side of the platform and keeps his eye on me all the time."

* * * *

One of the many "ridiculous things" which were performed by Mr. Dolby and Mr. Osgood (the well-known Boston publisher) to keep Dickens in spirits was a walking match between those two gentlemen, into which the Novelist entered with so much enthusiasm that he drew up the Articles of Agreement, in which he referred to the competitors, in true sporting style, as "the Man of Ross" and "the Boston Bantam." A description of the event, duly chronicled by Dickens, was printed on a broad-sheet with gold borders, each impression of which was signed and stamped, the stamp being cancelled with a monogram from a die specially prepared and immediately afterwards destroyed. One of these broad-sheets (believed to have been Mr. Dolby's own copy and probably unique) was recently disposed of at Sotheby's (the Wright Collection) for £20. Mr. Dolby's volume of reminiscences, entitled "Charles Dickens as I Knew Him" (1885), is one of the most entertaining and informing books relating to the novelist ever published. In 1887 Mr. Dolby brought an action against the proprietor of a well-known publication for libel, which appeared in an article describing him, erroneously and disparagingly, as "Dickens' Deputy Diner-out." The plaintiff won the day and obtained damages amounting to £100. His end was pathetic, he died "penniless, at the Fulham Infirmary," and the inquest held upon him produced a verdict of "Bronchitis, accelerated by self-neglect."

* * * *

The quincentenary of Chaucer's death gives a new interest to the old haunts and habits of the poet's life in London. Recently we devoted a paper to the subject, and the *Home Counties Magazine* offers a pleasant article on "Chaucer at Aldgate," by Professor Hales. The Professor shows how we may trace the probable route taken by Chaucer every morning from his house above the Gate of Aldgate to the Custom House.

We may picture him going forth to his labour till the evening by several routes—down the Minories and then by the Tower, and the Church of All Hallows, Barking, and so to Customers' Key ; or down Aldgate and Fenchurch-street as far as Mark-lane and so to his destination ; or more commonly perhaps proceeding down Jewry-street and Cretched Friars and Hart-street (to use the now current names) and so into Mark-street and on to his official desk.

The writer speaks of Chaucer as a lover of London in the same category as Lamb, Dickens, or Johnson. The poet certainly expressed his affection for the city, but he did singularly little to immortalize the town itself. There is nothing in all his works which brings the streets of old London before our eyes so vividly as Lydgate's "London Lyckpenny."

* * * *

Mrs. Henry Birchenough is of opinion that this country is sadly in need of a Tyrtæus. "Wanted—A New War Poet !" is the title of her article in the current number of the *Nineteenth Century*, and she scornfully compares the "storm of patriotic jingles" aroused by the struggle in South Africa with the poetry published at the time of the Crimean war. The little volume "Wagers of Battle," recently republished—its original title, by the way, was "Points of War"—serves to furnish her with several illustrations of the nobler strains that nerved the hearts of an earlier generation. Times have sadly changed, she thinks, and we have now but Messrs. Rudyard Kipling and Harold Begbie to catch the mantle fallen from the shoulders of Sir Franklin and Mr. Henry Lushington.

* * * *

Upon Mr. Kipling the lady is especially severe. She speaks of his "deplorable, meaningless, and vulgar jingle," and, not content with attacking the author, brands with no less infamy the composer of the music for his well-known "jingle." Sir Arthur Sullivan must stand in the dock beside his associate in crime. "Alas !" she cries, "nobody can forget how some of the rhymes found tune-makers of the same quality, and hence new and everlasting torments from the indefatigable barrel organs." It is the privilege of ladies to state their convictions forcibly, and it is conceivable that certain minds might class the words as "deplorable and vulgar." They, however, certainly achieved the purpose for which they were written, and we imagine that a moderate degree of intelligence only is requisite to discover their meaning.

* * * *

The *Onlooker*, a new threepenny weekly, is of the "bright, gossippy" class, and tells you all about well-known people or people who wish to be well-known, and take the necessary steps to that end. It is well got up, and has a portrait by Mr. Mortimer Menpes of Mr. Winston Churchill, M.P. The Dramatic Calendar, giving a brief description of the chief plays now running, is a good new feature. There is an attempt at "a better method" of telling the world what books to read. This better method is to get six of the "well-known people" aforesaid to inform the world what books "they have lately most enjoyed reading." Possibly some people may prefer their own judgment : but tastes differ. At any rate, they can here see the autographs of these celebrated personages. "John Oliver Hobbes" contributes a curious item :—

Ouida's Critical Essays ; —
The Symbolists . . . . . Arthur Zymons.

Lady Pembroke is made to include in her list "Fanny Berney and her Friends." She is the only contributor, by the way, who mentions "David Harum."

* * * *

In America, where they are nothing if not thorough, a book has been recently published called "The Real David Harum." It appears that the gentleman described in Mr. Noyes Westcott's popular novel answered, in real life, to the name of David Hannum, that the village of Homer, Cortland County, New York, is the Homeville of the book, and that several other names have been so slightly changed as to be readily recognizable by their neighbours. According to Mr. Vance's little

handbook it seems that the Homer people are jealous of the fame that has come to their fellow-townsman. They are prone, says a writer in the *New York Daily Tribune*, to speak thus :—

> I do not see why this here Westcott picked out David Hannum to put in a book. The town has a heap sight bigger men than Dave Hannum ever was. Why, we sent men to Congress, and there was a lot of fellows who went West and made their fortunes, and was much more distinguished than Dave Hannum ever thought of being. . . Dave Hannum was an ordinary sort of amusing cuss, and though he had lots of money one time he died poorer than a church mouse.

Probably "the ordinary sort of amusing cuss" makes a more interesting figure as hero of a novel than the most successful member of Congress. We rather wonder that the good folk of Homer have not a sufficiently keen eye to business to send a bill in to Mr. Westcott similar to that which was drawn out against Shakespeare by the originals of Snout, Starveling, and the rest in Mr. Black's novel "Judith Shakespeare."

* * * *

It is strange that the City authorities do not encourage rather than hinder the genuine student, anxious to search for first-hand information of a special kind in those valuable Letter-books, Journals, and the like, kept at the Guildhall. Mr. Riley's "Memorials of London and London Life," in the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries, extracted almost without exception from the Letter-books, suffices to indicate the richness of the harvest that remains ungarnered. On Monday evening Mr. H. R. Plomer gave to the members of the Bibliographical Society some interesting details as to his "finds" in the City archives. He discovered, for instance, that Richard Pynson was official printer to the City from 1517 onward to the time of his death, the first mention of his name being on the 23rd of March, 1517, when a bill for 54s. for the printing of books was presented. On December 10, 1528, another bill of 37s. 3d. is mentioned, the comment thereon being that he "must be contented with less." Another entry relates to an unknown book by Palsgrave, author of "Les Clairissement de la Langue Francoyse," on the teaching of Latin and French, upon which a pound or two was advanced in November, 1550; members of the Court were asked to peruse it, presumably with a view to publication. Systematic search by competent persons through these old volumes would doubtless add considerably to our store of knowledge.

* * * *

Hans Andersen is popular with the publishers just now, though the new editions of his "Fairy Tales" can hardly be, as the *Daily News* suggests, in commemoration of the centenary of his birth, for that is nearly five years off. We recently announced a new commemorative edition to be published in this country by Mr. Heinemann, which is to have an introduction by Mr. Edmund Gosse. In the New York *Critic* for October there is an article entitled "Side Lights on Hans Andersen," by Mr. Gosse, of which the following is an extract :—

> It was a favourite exercise with Andersen to read aloud his fairy tales, soon after they were written, to some fortunate friend. The number of those who can say that they have enjoyed this privilege must now be growing small. In England it must be extremely small, for Andersen's latest visit to this country was paid in 1857. The present writer, therefore, is tempted to believe that there is some little rarity, at least, in the experience which he is able to relate, and the more so from a particular which will be presently mentioned. Only on a single occasion did Hans Christian Andersen read to me one of his unpublished fairy tales, and, indeed, I had not the honour of knowing him until he had given to the world the main bulk of his productions. But in the summer of 1872 I had the happiness of listening to "The Cripple." At that time Andersen had a suite of rooms in Copenhagen, but he was much more frequently to be found at the mansion of some friends just outside the fortifications, called Rolighed or "Quietude." This house had been the residence of several interesting people, among others of no less a person than Oersted. It was now owned by a wealthy and liberal merchant, Mr. Moritz Melchior, who had rebuilt it, and who had turned it into a miniature of Rosenborg Castle, with a tower, and with high balconies overlooking the Sound.
>
> In this house Andersen was so constantly welcome that a portion of it—three or four charming rooms—was set apart entirely for his service, and he came and went in them without restraint. "Rolighed" is the subject of Andersen's latest poem, in which he says :—
>
> My home of homes, where behind the slope of elder-bushes,
> My life regained its sunshine and my harp its tone,
> To thee I bring with gratitude this blithe song of mine!
>
> It was here, in his bright room open to the east, with the long caravan of ships going by in the Sound below, "like a flock of wild swans," as he said, with the white towns of Malmö and Landskrona sparkling on the Swedish coast, and the sunlight falling on Tycho Brahé's island, that Andersen proposed to recite to me a new fairy tale. He read in a low voice, which presently sank to almost a hoarse whisper; he read slowly, out of mercy to my imperfect apprehension, and as he read he sat beside me, with his amazingly long and bony hand—a great brown hand, almost like that of a man of the woods—grasping my shoulder. As he read, the colour of everything—the twinkling sails, the sea, the opposite Swedish coast, the burnished sky above—kindled with sunset. It seemed as if Nature herself were flushing with ecstasy at the sound of Andersen's voice.

The suggestion of the *Daily News* that copies of the tales should be sent as Christmas gifts to elementary schools, children's hospitals, &c., deserves support.

Perpetual Youth.

Some ten years ago (or it may be more) a certain critic, whose sympathies were rather with French than English forms of literature, remarked upon the prevalence in this country of a class of book seldom seen elsewhere—the book of adventure pure and simple. The critic was perfectly correct, and the last few years have witnessed the publication of a larger number of volumes in this kind than ever. It is curious to notice, too, that the more adventurous they become—the more crowded with peril and escape, with battle and murder and heroic rescue—the more bald and ungrammatical becomes their style of writing. And yet it was R. L. Stevenson, that most eminent stylist, who did more than any one else to popularize what may be called the adult boy's book. In his hands it was at least literature. Stevenson's novels were not in our opinion his best work—he was primarily an essayist—but the prose in which they were written was admirable, spirited, easy, and with a distinctive touch of its own. His followers achieve success in spite of all the faults incident to hasty and careless writing. Their chief concern is to keep the story moving, and, to do them justice, they commonly contrive that events should follow one another with a breathless rapidity. And their fertility is amazing. Let us not deny them the possession of talent—the talent of the Italian *improvisatore* "who recites but will not pause to write." Four stout volumes in the year is a light estimate of the contribution that the successful practitioner in this line makes to the world's literature; as many as seven have been recorded as one year's output from the workshop of a persevering lady. The odd thing is that these books are not intended for the young; boys may buy them, but they are not what are commonly known as boys' books. Most nationalities, presumably, have their writers who cater for the adventurous youth; but England alone (so far as we know) is happy in the possession of authors and readers alike endowed with the spirit of perpetual juvenility. It is well to keep young, and we would not willingly lose the adventurous mind. "An author's mind," says Hazlitt in one of his essays, "is seen in his writings, as his face is in the glass." It may well be that we have some gallant fellows, pining for adventure, in our midst; perhaps we meet them daily in the literary clubs without a suspicion of their fiery nature; but certainly if their writings are in any sort an index to their minds it might be well to give some of them a wide berth. As to the many thousands of adult citizens of the Empire who buy their books, they have at least the pleasure of knowing that they have preserved their boyish tastes. But when they praise one of these tales of breathless incident as a work of genius, as has been lately done, it is difficult for the judicious hearer to repress a smile.

TO CHAUCER,

Who Died in the Autumn of 1400, on October 25th.

" When that Aprille with his shoures sote
The drought of March had perced to the rote "
And the first notes of Spring had power to call
You from your book, her glances to enthral
Your eyes long-fastened on the hearts of men ;
When at your window where the fowles sang
The winding horn their melodies outrang ;
Or at the inn, in your rare company
The pilgrims laughed and little thought to be
—Poor dust—the immortal pictures of your pen ;

In that fair season would the unfettered lays
Of rhymeless songsters prick your heart with praise ;
By gilded mead, down deep embowered glade,
In haunts by natural beauty secret made,
Wandered alone our poet of the throng ;
We wander with you, Chaucer, down the years ;
Love's Rose reopens, and the pomp of spears
Sparkles anew ; once more the daisies blow
Beneath your feet, and o'er us as we go
Sounds sweet and full the nightingale's song.

On cloistered lawns, empurpled by the rose,
Where memory softly into music flows,
Linger the burdens of your far refrain ;
Swiftly, to love or laughter tuned, the strain
From sparkling humour into passion glows ;
With prayer of martyr, cry of battle shrill
Mingles the distant murmur of the mill ;
On high sentence and knightly speech sublime
Breaks the rude laughter of the olden time,
On true love's sigh the sound of lawless blows.

E'en so your eyes that shone with ecstasy
Grew dim with mirth, twinkled from sage to sly,
Now scoffed at Love, now bowed before Her shrine,
Till She at last in clemency divine
For saintlier song forgave Her poet's scorn.
Softly you closed the book of chivalry,
True knight, repenting all your " ribaudye " !
The rose had laid her loveliness aside,
The fields were widowed of their golden pride,
What time their poet to the grave was borne.

What though at this sad season silence fell
On lips that loved of vernal days to tell,
Shrewd Time that robs the rhymester of his song
Reveres the bard ; e'en now through ages long
Visions of elder days your verses bring.
A mortal dies, soon must his image fade
In the most loyal memory to a shade ;
The poet lives, within the heart secure ;
Five hundred years ! and still your words endure,
Poet of Spring-time, of our verse the Spring !

W. S. CASE.

Personal Views.

LEGALIZED ARTISTIC ROBBERY.

Go, little book, from this, my solitude,
I cast thee on the waters,—wend thy way—,
And if, as I believe, thy plot be good,
The stage will grab thee before many days.

When it first entered the minds of our appointed legislators that literary produce, like more vulgar and material produce, had a claim (far more shadowy, of course) to be considered as property, it occurred to them that it would be advisable to supplement the rough equity of the Common Law with a Statute Law designed to protect it from common robbers who were something more than plagiarists. The dramatic pickpockets who stole literary handkerchiefs, picking the initials of the owner out of the corners and substituting their own, were overlooked with contempt, as the property they stole was considered to have no literary value; and the stage, supplied and satisfied with this refuse, was never thought likely to burgle the strongholds of literature—properly so called. The chartered felony of Shakespeare in one age and one language, and the equally chartered and more impudent felony of Molière in another age and another language, did not disturb this complacent theory, and the statutory definition of copyright never contemplated such a thing as stage-right, or the power of selecting, plot, story, characters, names, titles, dialogue, &c., at will from any work of fiction, re-arranging them in any form that might please the selecter, and using them for fame and profit, not only without the consent, but often in defiance of the active opposition of the original creator and owner. This was not justice, but it was law—a legalized form of robbery, and those who objected to it had the stone wall of costs to knock their heads against.

The first and greatest victim of recent times was Mrs. Henry Wood, the novelist, whose popular story of " East Lynne " was pounced upon by some nameless hack who used the licence given him by a highly-paid legislature and dramatized the work without the slightest communication with the author. The result of this robbery by Act of Parliament has been that Mrs. Henry Wood, with her heirs, executors and assigns, have been despoiled during the allotted span of copyright of a sum that at the lowest computation may be taken at a quarter of a million sterling supposing her equitable stage-right had been enforced with the business ability which directs the operations of a Pinero or a Barrie.

This unblushing encouragement of a " Thieves' Kitchen " by the legislature—an encouragement that has been stigmatized by public writers for more than a quarter of a century—naturally stimulated authors with a legal training to take steps for their own protection. One of the earliest and most successful of these authors who could take care of themselves was the late Mr. Charles Reade—a writer who possessed the unusual double gift of novelist and dramatist. I say unusual, because neither Thackeray nor Dickens possessed it. To be a dramatist was one of Thackeray's unsatisfied ambitions, and Dickens positively smelt of the footlights. Charles Reade produced a drama at Drury Lane Theatre, which I should almost be justified in describing as a theatrical " man-trap and spring-gun." It was called *Gold*, and it contained in solution the seeds of another drama, and a powerful novel. *Gold* ran its allotted time, and in due course the novel of " It's Never Too Late to Mend " appeared, to be followed by a carefully-prepared drama bearing the same title.

Some time before Charles Reade's version of his novel found its way to the stage, the hot and eager "adapters," as they were politely called, tumbled over each other in their haste to utilize the novelist's invention. He was waiting for them. He selected one "adaptation" (they used stronger terms in "Old Fagin's" days) as a test-case, and easily proved that in *Gold* he had anticipated the pirates and had secured his stage-right in *It's Never Too Late to Mend* by priority of production.

This signal victory obtained over legalized fraud by an author who combined in his single person novelist, dramatist, and sharp attorney roused novelists to a sense of the value of stage-right, but few of them had the energy, or were in the position, to take action. Their stories, such as they were, were printed and published (some of them, perhaps, with a weak and valueless notification that the "right of dramatization" had been reserved), and as such, according to the late Chief Justice Cockburn, were "dedicated to the public," giving any would-be adapter the right to use names, titles, incidents, plot, and anything he could find within the four corners of the binding for the purpose of stage-representation, but not for printed publication. Naturally writers of fiction fretted under this deprivation of a valuable right. As far back as 1873, the late "George Eliot" wrote to me: —

I thoroughly concur in the opinion that the Law of Copyright in relation to the dramatization of novels ought to be changed, and I shall willingly give my adhesion to any energetic effort towards attaining that end.

The late Lord Lytton: —

I heartily sympathize with your efforts, and shall be very willing to co-operate to obtain such an amendment of the Copyright Law as may prevent the unauthorized dramatization of novels.

The late Wilkie Collins: —

My "Poor Miss Finch" has been dramatized, without asking my permission, by some idiot in the country. I have been asked to dramatize it, and I have refused, because my experience tells me that the book is eminently unfit for stage purposes. What I refuse to do with my own work another man (unknown in literature) is perfectly free to do against my will and (if he can get his rubbish played) to the prejudice of my novel and my reputation.

Miss M. E. Braddon: —

I have written twenty-four novels, many of these have been dramatized, and a few of the dramatic versions still hold the stage. I have never received the smallest pecuniary advantage from any of these adaptations, nor does the law of copyright in any way assist me to protect what appears to be a valuable portion of my copyright—namely, the exclusive right to dramatize my own creation.

The late Watts Phillips, a dramatist by profession, as well as a novelist, the late Charles Mackay, Tom Taylor, Westland Marston, William Gilbert, Sir Charles Young, Florence Marryat, and Palgrave Simpson all write in the same strain, with W. S. Gilbert, F. W. Robinson, and other writers still living. An Authors' Protection Society was the outcome of this agitation (for it assumed the form of an agitation), and a Royal Commission was appointed, consisting of Lord John Manners, the Earl of Devon, Sir Charles Young, Sir Henry Holland, Sir John Rose, Sir Louis Mallet, Sir H. Drummond Wolff, Sir Julius Isaacs, Mr. Daldy, Mr. Froude, Mr. Herschell, Dr. W. Smith, Mr. Fitz James Stephen, Mr. Edward Jenkins, M.P., and Mr. Anthony Trollope. Our committee comprised Mr. Tom Taylor, Mr. Charles Dickens, jun., Mr. B. L. Farjeon, Mr. Charles Gibbon, Mr. J. Glaisher, F.R.S., Mr. Joseph Hatton, Mr. Edward Jenkins, M.P., Mr. Blanchard Jerrold, Mr. Charles Reade, and Mr. Moy Thomas, who consented to act as honorary secretary. The Commission sat and took long, exhaustive, and varied evidence and its report was published in 1878. It advocated the protection of the novelist. Twenty-two years have passed, and the Blue-book still paves the vaults of Westminster.

To make a workable play out of a novel, not written with an eye to the stage, requires much labour and ingenuity, and a special talent not always possessed by the ordinary writer of fiction. In the novel the descriptive writer is perfectly unfettered. He describes his scenery and surroundings, and in many cases his characters impress themselves upon the reader with the smallest possible amount of dramatic dialogue and the largest possible amount of descriptive writing. In the drama this process is reversed. The scenery is handed over to the scene-painter, and the dress and appearance of the characters are the work of the costume and wig maker, *plus* the interpretation of the actor and actress. The words of the dialogue have to be subordinated to the action, and if they throw no light on the inner character of the puppets they are worse than useless, and become what the stage-manager irreverently calls "cackle." This shows that the man who possesses the true *optique du théâtre* may be a valuable collaborateur as a reformed thief in the hands of a writer of no dramatic talent who is willing to condone a felony. The copyright law entirely overlooks the possibilities of such beneficial partnerships, where one man supplies just as much literature, or "cackle," as may be wanted, and the other the stage-carpentry—and this law gives the same legal protection, neither more nor less, to the thief who finds his play practically ready-made as it does to the thief who merely steals rough materials, and has to shape them together. A case of this kind is in the Law Reports—"Toole v. Young"—in the seventies. A short story was written in *Good Words* in such a form (nearly all dialogue) that it could be transferred to the stage without the addition of a dozen words. It was so transferred by an unauthorized so-called adapter, and produced in defiance of the writer (myself) and the owner by purchase, Mr. J. L. Toole. The action before the late Chief Justice Cockburn brought out the "dedication to the public" theory and the judgment that the "original source" (the book or the magazine) was open for the whole world to go to and pick out what it fancied. This judgment was upheld on appeal, in spite of the able opposition of the late Sir John Karslake.

Within the last few years a new and almost comic interpretation of a bad Statute Law has been acted upon by Mrs. Hodgson Burnett in protecting her "stage-rights" in "Little Lord Fauntleroy." The Copyright Act, the Printing and Publishing Act—was dragged in to fire a broadside at the pirates, and it was contended that the "Copying of parts" for use at rehearsals, and the actors to study, was a "multiplication of copies" within the meaning of the Copyright Act. Mr. Justice Stirling, a sound Judge on these questions, before whom the case was tried, upheld this view, and, for the present, this decision holds the field. It is difficult to speak about such a decision, on such pettifogging grounds, with becoming respect, and it would be foolish to prophesy the result, if the case is ever carried to the Court of Appeal. The weighty and valuable property of "Stage-right" ought not to be left trembling on such a foundation.

JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD.

CHAUCER.

CHAUCER'S WORLD.

The essential interest of Chaucer's work lies not in its representation of mediæval life, but in its revelation, sometimes almost prophetic, of the elements which we know, from record or by actual contact, as part of a more modern England. The Age of Faith lay behind, if, indeed, that fascinating Age does not fly further and further from our search, till it loses itself in the mists of Iona or the obscurity of the Catacombs. At any rate, the Age of St. Dominic and St. Louis was past, and an impassable gulf seemed to sever it from the contemporaries of Wickliffe and Parson Ball. In Italy and France there had been an awakening of the human spirit, which was a kind of false alarm of the great awakening of the Renaissance. Something of this early stir communicated itself even to the remote scholars of England, and Chaucer became, in a manner, the untimely herald, not only of the melodious bursts of song, but also of the liberal thought and discursive culture that distinguish the spacious times of Elizabeth. The baronial feuds, which were so effectual in hastening political liberation, rudely checked the liberation of the spirit. Not many nobles had, like Tiptoft, Earl of Worcester, the heart for long and curious studies, when it was so difficult a task to keep their heads on the battlefield or from the block.

Behind Chaucer lay the mediæval world, the world of saintly miracles and fantastic deeds of chivalry, a world mysterious with dreams from the Forest of Broceliande, elfin echoes from Caerleon or Tintagel, when all the land was "fulfild of fayerye," and one had but to take horse and ride out at the frowning gate of some castle-crowned burgh to strike at once into an unknown land of forest or waste heath, beckoning to adventures endless such as those half-told that befell Sir Thopas. It was a society, in that ancient world, of rude barons secluded in their impregnable fastnesses, where they could give rein to all the lust of avarice, pride and cruelty, and lowered over a sparse community of beast-like serfs. It was a society almost devoid of intellectual resource, a society of knights who could barely spell and clerks who could hardly write. Its sustenance and its recreation were, on the one hand, a barren and rigid theology; on the other, narratives embellished of dry blows and furious manners, the moral treatise, or the *chanson de geste*.

All this lay behind Chaucer. Around him there was growing up a very different world. The sturdy Saxon courage had been crushed for a time; it had not been tamed. The noble could no longer bid defiance to the world from the security of his Gothic keep. There had come back into the country from the Crusades engineers who could make short work of portcullis and barbican. Even those clumsy, ineffective cannon were, at least, a menace. Besides, against the extortions of a Lackland, the faithlessness of a Henry of Winchester, the Norman noble had been fain to invoke the aid of the Saxon churl. In the green shaw many a man, who had taken for motto "He moste needës walke in woods that may not walke in toun," had made head against all the King's power. The fame of these outlaws was dear to every yeoman who drew a good bow, whose "not-heed" no quarter-staff could break, and whose homely English visage had been embrowned by the suns of France. Nor were the burghers, whose shops had clustered at the foot of the castle rock, any longer the cringing dependents of a feudal lord. The Londoners made a little army of themselves, and had turned the fortune of more than one field. William de la Pole, of Hull, became the founder of a noble, almost a royal house. Canynges of Bristol, Whittingtons of London, rose to a state almost as princely as that of the Florentines or Venetians, whose names were inscribed in their "Libri d'oro." Chaucer, himself a Londoner and the son of, perhaps, such a jovial host as the keeper of the Tabard, was bred at Court, where his father was often in attendance, became the friend of Princes, and the accredited agent of the Crown in matters of high diplomacy. There seems to have been a larger and more opulent middle-class at this time than we find again till the present day. The craft-gilds entered into competition with the great trade-gilds. A weaver, a dyer, and a carpenter are introduced in the Tales, each with property and rent enough to become an alderman. Their wives intend that their husbands shall soon attain that dignity, when they themselves will be "stylèd" "ma dame," take precedence in church, and have their trains carried by pages in queen-like state. The Wife of Bath, who carried on a cloth-making trade on her own account, was able for her own pleasure to make travels almost as extensive as those of the knight-adventurer in his own career. Even in the country the middle classes were treading on the kibes of the nobility. The Reeve lived in a pleasant house standing by itself on the common, and sheltered by trees.

> His wonyng was ful fair up-on an heeth,
> With greene trees shadwed was his place—

something like a manor-house in a park, it would seem. Though he liked to get the present of a coat and hood from his master, the reeve was a greater capitalist than the lord of the manor.

The glamour and mystery had fled from forest and heath with the rapid growth of the towns, and the invasion of waste land by farm and thorp and stead. The country was invaded in different fashion, too, by the mendicant orders, "limitour and othere holy freres," who swarmed everywhere—

> As thikke as motes in the sonne-beem,
> Blessinge halles, chambres, kitchenes, boures,
> Citees, burghes, castels, hye toures,
> Thropes, bernes, shipnes (*i.e.*, stables), dayeryes,

they were the cause "That there been no fayeryes"—an odd contrast this to good Bishop Corbet's belief, in the days of King James, that the disappearance of the elves was due to the suppression of the abbeys! Into every village and township these wandering friars carried the news of the day. "The itinerant friar was of necessity a newsman." In the village tavern the friar did then what the thumbed news-sheet does now. He was the one link with a wider world, and he furnished the material for the sluggish talk that circled round the ale-benches. And every friar, bearing the scandals of Avignon and Rome, intrigue and counter-intrigue, and slanderous depreciation of rival orders—as in the conversation of the Holdernesse limitour who complained of the parish priests—

> Thise curats been ful negligent and slowe
> To grope tendrely a conscience—

and described so contumeliously the regular monks—

> Fat as a whale, and walking as a swan,
> Al vinolent as botel in the spence,
> When they for soules seye the Psalm of Davit,
> Lo, "buf," they seye, *cor eorum eructavit*—

or in the mutual recriminations of "Peres the Ploughmans Crede"—was unconsciously disseminating revolt and incredulity. Feminine sensibilities were touched by their dexterous acting and ready tears. The masculine intellect was disgusted by their absurd pretensions. Wives and daughters ran after relics, and welcomed the holy men with open arms. Husbands and fathers suspected their undue familiarity, and resented, like Thomas of Holdernesse, their unmannerly intrusion into the domestic circle.

The rapid extension of knowledge militated against ecclesiastical claims. For scholastic hair-splitting had been substituted Greek subtlety. Porphyry and Aristotle were read in preference to Aquinas. Boëthius was the clerk's study now; not the Legends of Saints. Miracles were the staple of conversation only to churchmen and nuns. The marvellous was relegated from the region of ubiquitous reality to the distant unknown. The borders of the world had been enlarged. Marco Polo had penetrated to the heart of a civilization older by centuries than the Roman or the Greek. In the Squire's Tale we hear of Cambinskan (Ginghis Khan), of Camballo, a personification, or misreading, of Cambalue (Pekin), of Sarrai, the ancient Mongol capital. Sir John Maundeville had discovered that even

Mahometans were in possession of a revelation—faint, compared to that which Christians enjoyed and abused, but genuine, of the Truth of God. Arabian science prevailed over mediæval obscurantism. Avicenna and Averroës, their clear-cut logic filtering through the medium of Latin paraphrases, had tinctured even Scholastic philosophy. Criticism had begun to make havoc of other impostures than the asses' bones and dilapidated shirts which the pardoners paraded. Master Harry Baily's treatment of relics is too outspoken to bear quotation. Chaucer laughs slyly at the pretensions of the Alchemists. The host non-plusses the Canon's Yeoman, when he boasts that his master by his skill can pave all the ground from Boghton-under-Blee to Canterbury with silver and gold, by the pertinent inquiry why a man of such mastership goes in such sluttish and tatter-de-mallion array.

Chaucer, who is not, perhaps, "a master of them that knew," lord of all the intellectual wealth of his generation, like Dante, is, perhaps, at least as great a scholar as the "moral Gower"; only he carries his knowledge with the lightness of a man of the world, and not like a pedant. But under all his knowledge and all his culture, his Italian eloquence and rhetoric, his brilliance of French chivalry, he is at heart the plain English *bourgeois* of birth and temperament. It was a hard-headed, light-hearted race of which he came, with all the qualities of a full-fed animal, leading an open-air life. The sturdy, Anglo-Saxon life was still in full vigour. Robin Hood and Little John were dead and gone, but the outlaws had not quite deserted the forests. They still, even in Chaucer's time, lay in wait for the merchants passing to and from the great fair at Winchester. The Teutonic race was full of music and noise. The miller brought the pilgrims out of town to the sound of bag pipes. The squire was singing all day long. The Friar "wel couthe singe and pleyen on a rote." The Pardoner "loude song 'Come hider, love, to me.'" They loved sport like the King to whom the deer were as his brother, and knights never rode to the war without the resource of a cast of hawks. It was necessary that they should live most of their lives in the open air, for their homes were without any of the conveniences or even the decencies that we require. Their pageants were magnificent, their dress superb, at their tables they were "Epicurus' own sons," but their houses were little better than hovels; the furniture of a manor-house consisted of little more than a few benches, a few pots and pans, a few platters, an iron candle-stick, and a salt box. In the miller's house, and the miller was a man of substance, it was necessary for the guests to sleep in the same room as the women of the family. It was inevitable that these men should be coarse in manners and thought. Their objection to the impositions of friars and monks was founded on no religious feeling. They were as ready to cry out on Lollardry if they were rebuked for swearing; their ears ached at the "drasty speeche" when they heard that Sir Thopas was a water-drinker. Professor Minto has found the motive of Chaucer's genius in the spirit of chivalry. If he had only left those poems which are inspired by chivalrous ideals we should have found him a beautiful but ineffectual poet. He wrote the "Boke of the Duchesse" and the "House of Fame" to please his patrons; the "Canterbury Tales" to please himself. He was delicate and fanciful when he wrote for the nobles; great when he appealed to his own middle class. We keep his memory to-day not as the fashioner of delicate porcelain figures of knighthood, but as the creator of those strong English beings of flesh and blood, brain and muscle.

THE DREAMER AND THE HUMOURIST.

Tu es d'amours mondains dieux on Albe
Et de la Rose en la terre *Angélique*.

With these lines, adapting the old pun of Pope Gregory, "not angles but angels," a French poet of the fourteenth century, Deschamps, pays Chaucer the greatest compliment that one poet can pay another by sending him a copy of his works. The compliment is enhanced by the authority in matters of love which Deschamps, writing from the land of the Troubadours, allows to his confrère across the Channel. The pursuit of the tender passion had become a sort of religious cult in France. Taine tells us of a company of love penitents "who, in order to prove the violence of their passion, dressed in summer in furs and heavy garments, and in winter in light gauze, and walked thus about the country, so that several of them fell ill and died." Aggrieved lovers referred to the jurisdiction of the Courts of Love, and those who were proved to have infringed the statutes of the goddess are supposed to have suffered the penalties imposed by the Court. It is no wonder if we discover an excess of sentiment in the literature of the time. Love is the all-engrossing theme, and the poet's treatment of it hovers between the licence of realism and the mystic fervour of symbolism and allegory. The two extremes are also to be found in the Italian literature known to Chaucer. Even the gay author of the "Decameron" could bring tears from the eyes of Petrarch with his story of the patient Griselda. And so Chaucer is half a man of the world and half a dreamer and sentimentalist; adapting his work at one moment from the "Decameron" and the "Fabliaux," and at another from the Teseide and the Roman de la Rose.

As a sentimentalist he goes almost as far as his French models, and makes a religion of love. The ideas of Christianity are engrafted upon heathen mythology. Betrayed lovers are regarded as the martyrs of Cupid; the Goddess of Love is described as "Saint Venus." To heighten the sentiment in the story of Dido and Aeneas the classical idea of fate calling the hero from the arms of love is completely transformed. Aeneas is represented as a faithless lover, only too glad of an excuse to escape from Dido. In Virgil we feel almost as sorry for the hero as for the Queen. In Chaucer all our sympathy is reserved for the martyred Dido. The story of Lucrece, told by Chaucer with a dramatic power which rivals that of Shakespeare's version, is nevertheless marred by an excess of sentiment.

The poet of sentiment includes the allegorist and the dreamer. Chaucer translated the "Roman de la Rose" in his youth, and was also constantly indebted to it in his later work for his landscape pictures and for his favourite framework of the dream. Even in the "Canterbury Tales," where he has learnt to draw his characters from life, his early love for allegory has not entirely left him. Griselda, Constance, and Cecilia are not real characters, but the abstract impersonations of the highest ideals of the Middle Ages in its more reverential mood. It is only Chaucer's command of pathos that redeems the story of their misfortunes from dulness. We could not wish for a more touching picture than he draws of the exiled Constance, putting forth to sea alone in a small boat with her child.

Her litel child lay weping in hir arm
And knoling pitously to him she seyde:
"Pees, litle sone, I wol do thee noon harm."
With that hir kerchef of hir heed she breyde,
And over his litel yen she it leyde,
And in hir arm sche lulleth it ful faste,
And unto to heven hir yen up she caste.

And Chaucer does not only sympathize with the misfortunes of saintly women. No less pathetic are the lines in which the poet shows his charity for the wayward Cressida:—

No me ne list this sely womman chyde
Ferther than the story wol devyse;
Hir name, allas! is publisshed so wyde
That for hir gilt it oughte ynow suffyse.
And if I mighte excuse hir any wyse,
For she so sory was for her untrouthe,
Ywis I wolde excuse hire yet for routhe.

Here it is no longer the mediæval visionary but the man of the world who speaks. Chaucer, with his penetration into character, could not bring himself to regard Cressida as altogether bad. It is the same insight that makes his comedies so delightful. We have his word for it that his eyes were for

ever cast upon the ground; yet not a detail escapes them. He is a master of the final touch that immortalizes a character. The "sergeant of the lawe" is a busy man, "no wher so busy a man as he ther n'as," "and yet," Chaucer adds, "he semed busier than he was." The prioress spoke French "ful fayre and fetisly," but here again comes the qualifying phrase, "after the scole of Stratford atte Bowe." Her learning was in fact more showy than profound. The forester is appropriately assigned a head like a nut, and lest we should forget the shipman we are told

With many a tempest hadde his herd been shake

The pardoner mounts the pulpit; observe his antics!

Than peyne I me to streeche forth the nekke
And est and west upon the peple I bekke
As doth a dowve sitting on a berne.

The dove stretching his neck to right and left on the roof of a barn! No simile could be more exact and humorous. Even Cowper's preacher is hardly as good;

The things that mount the rostrum with a skip,
And then skip down again; pronounce a text;
Cry—hem! and reading what they never wrote
Just fifteen minutes, huddle up their work,
And with a well bred whisper close the scene.

Chaucer is equally amused with the vanity of the parish clerk, with all his charms calculated to fascinate the sex—his hair straight and broad like a fan, reminding us of Struwwel Peter, his shoes embroidered in patterns like the tracery on church windows, his red stockings and blue tunic, his manner of dancing—

After the scole of Oxenforde tho
And with his legges casten to and fro—

his playing upon the guitar and small rubible! But what says the object of the "joly" Absolon's affections to all this?

Go forth thy wey or I wol cast a ston.

And no wonder! Absolon is the fop of the lower classes, the fourteenth-century "toff." He is but one of a countless number of equally amusing and typical figures scattered up and down the tales. It is in the stories that contain these comic sketches that Chaucer is most original. As in the serious tales, the groundwork of the tale is borrowed, but the scenery is English, the characters have English names, and display the dress as well as the humours familiar to the eye of the poet. Chaucer had in fact grasped the great truth that the effects of comedy are more local and particular than those of tragedy. Moreover his comic characters are drawn from every rank of life, a fact which gives his comedy more variety than either the humour of the Restoration or the satire of the eighteenth century. In width of range it may be compared to Shakespeare's, while in satiric power it is as effective as Swift's without losing its geniality. But it is more often humourous than witty in the highest sense. Leigh Hunt's remark that the "jests of the fool in Lear are the sighs of knowledge" would bear little application to the sayings of any character in Chaucer. It is as a master of the picturesque in humour that he excels. And his characters are not only designed for the eye; they speak and act throughout consistently with the poet's first description of them. Chaucer's treatment of the character of Pandarus in "Troilus and Cressida" is a triumph in this way, and affords an excellent example of his genius as an adapter of other men's work. In Boccaccio Pandarus is a young nobleman. The English poet completely alters his character, turns him into an old man, as crafty as Archimago himself and as witty as Polonius. By dint of the experience of years he persuades Cressida to listen to the avowals of the too bashful Troilus.

It would be vain to attempt an exhaustive analysis of Chaucer's humour. When we get to Pandarus we are carried sufficiently far away from the medieval visionary whom we have seen receiving a letter of congratulation from the poet, Des Champs, to realize the two opposite sides of the poet's genius. There can be little doubt which has made the greater impression. His comedy sheds much more light on the contemporary life of his time than his sentiment does, and for this reason alone it would be more interesting. Moreover as a tragic poet he was surpassed in the Middle Ages by Dante. His comedy was unrivalled.

A POET OF TRANSITION.

No one nowadays disputes or is likely to dispute the genius of Chaucer. He stands side by side with the greatest of modern poets. No poet of this century has had so wide a range, and no English author of the first rank has had less to guide him along the highway of song. Nevertheless, it is idle to assert that our enjoyment of a poet who wrote in the fourteenth century can ever be the same intense pleasure that we derive from the poetry of lesser luminaries of more recent date. Besides much that still makes an intimate appeal to the modern reader there is much that can only be regarded as curious and interesting to the antiquarian. The genius of the man enabled him often to outrun his contemporaries and overstep the border line which separates the Renaissance from the Middle Ages. But his poetry also bears strongly the marks of his own time. The literature of medieval France, with all its conventionality, made a lasting impression upon his mind. The poet who in his rarest treatment of character foreshadowed Shakespeare himself was content, in his treatment of nature, to produce the same landscape over and over again. Is not "the month of May motif" in Chaucer, pretty enough at first hearing, reiterated a little too often? Even the celebrated address to the daisy in the Legend of Good Women which opens so beautifully need not surely have extended to more than eighty lines. After all, it is almost certainly a veiled eulogium of a lady, a fact which a little mars the touching picture of the great poet kneeling down to immortalize the humble flower.

The medieval side of Chaucer's work is by no means confined to his outlook upon nature. It often extends to themes that bear more intimately upon the destiny of man. His picture of death in the Knightes Tale, in the passage where he describes the last moments of Arcite, is repelling to the modern reader. Like the Danse Macabre of the later Middle Ages, it enforces the mere physical horror of death and corruption. The air of romance with which Chaucer invested the story—that of the rivalry of Palamon and Arcite for the hand of the fair Emelye—only increases by contrast the shock caused by his repulsive realism:—

Swelleth the brest of Arcite, and the sore
Encreeseth at his herte more and more.
The clothered blood, for any leche-craft,
Corrupteth, and is in his bouk y-laft,
That neither veyne-blood, ne ventusinge
Ne drinke of herbes may ben his helpinge
The vertu expulsif, or animal,
Fro thilke vertu cleped natural
Ne may the venim voyden ne expelle.
The pypes of his longes gonne to swelle,
And every lacerte in his brest adoun
Is shent with venim and corrupcioun.
Him gayneth neither, for to gete his lyf,
Vomyt upward, ne downward laxatif.

This can hardly be termed poetry. It is the picture of a dying man as it might appear to the practical and hardened eyes of a medical student. Such a crude and grotesque catalogue of horrors would have been inexcusable in the mouth of the "Doctour of Phisyk" himself, and it is still more inappropriate from the lips of the "very perfect gentle knight" who tells the tale. Chaucer does not indeed always dwell upon the material side of death. In the celebrated Ballade of Good Counsel, supposed by some to have been written on his death-bed, he strikes a very different note.

Her is no home, her is but wyldernesse
Forth pilgrime! forth best out of thy stalle?
Look up on hye, and thonke God of alle.

Moreover, we have but to turn the page from the descrip-

tion of Arcite's death to the requiem speech of Duke Theseus, and we light upon lines which are fully worthy of the coming renaissance.

Infynyt be the sorwes and the teeres
Of olde folk and folk of tender yeeres,

or again—

The world is but a thurghfare of woo
And we ben pilgryms, passying to and froo.

It is not only the poet's point of view that is often at variance with our own, but also his ideals of poetic workmanship. What would now be regarded as an error in poetic tact was not so regarded in his time. The art of selection and arrangement, the craftsmanship which saves a poet's work from incongruity and bathos, was only partially understood by Chaucer. This does not mitigate our admiration of the poet's genius. With no great models of literature in his own language to aid him, with no great contemporaries to stimulate or to check him, as a poet in fact before criticism, he achieved wonders. But it does hinder our full enjoyment of his work. It is often in those passages which approach most nearly to the sublime that the want of technique in the artisan mars the pictures conjured up by the brain of the artist. Witness his description of the scene painted on the walls of the Temple of Mars :—

Ther sangh I first the derke imagining
Of felonye, and al the compassing ;
The cruel ire, reed as any glede ;
The pykepurs, and eek the pale drede ;
The smyler with the knyf under the cloke ;
The treson of the mordring in the bedde ;
The open werre, with woundes al bi-bledde ;
Contek, with blody knyf and sharp manace ;
Al ful of chirking was that sory place.
The sleere o himselfe yet sangh I ther,
His herte-blood hath bathed al his heer ;
The nayle y-driven in the shode a-night ;
The colde deeth, with mouth gaping upright.
Amiddes of the temple sat meschaunce,
With discomfort and sory contenaunce.
Yet sangh I woodnesse laughing in his rage ;
Armed compleint, outhees and fiers outrage.
The careyne in the bush, with throte ycorve
A thousand slayn, and nat of qualm ystorve.
The tiraunt, with the prey by force y-raft ;
The toun destroyed, ther was nothing laft
Yet sangh I bent the shippes hoppesteres ;
The hunte strangled with the wilde beeres ;
The sough freten the child right in the cradel
The cook y-scalded, for al his longe ladel.
. . . . . .
Ther were also, of Martes divisioun
The barbour and the bocher and the smith
That forgeth sharpe swerdes on his stith.

Was there ever a better example of bathos than this passage, so wonderful in parts, and so incongruous as a whole ? We are carried with the rapidity of a shuttlecock from the sublime to the ridiculous and back again to the sublime. We have not a moment to shudder over such dramatic pictures as that of " the smyler with the knyf under the cloke," " the colde deeth, with mouth gaping upright," or " the hunte strangled with the wilde beores " before we are confronted with the vision of a sow poking his nose into a child's cradle, or of " a cook scalded for all his longe ladel." And what poet but Chaucer would have dared to discover a barber on the walls of the Temple of Mars ? Dryden, for one, had not sufficient courage, and in his adaptation of Chaucer's poem omits the barber. The Knight's Tale in which the passage occurs is modelled upon the Teseide of Boccaccio, and belongs to Chaucer's maturer period. He had become thoroughly conversant with the best Italian literature ; he had even visited Italy, where he is supposed to have made the acquaintance of Petrarch and Boccaccio. In his more youthful poems, written under the influence of French literature, the hand of the apprentice is much more obvious. It is not easy to read " The Boke of the Duchesse " with any real pleasure in these days, and it is difficult to believe that the praise which is lavished upon it by some critics can be quite sincere. In his delightful " Literary History of the English People," M. Jusserand says of this poem, which was composed on the occasion of the death of Blanche of Lancaster, wife of John of Gaunt, that " the occasion is sad, but the setting is exquisite." As a Frenchman, M. Jusserand is perhaps naturally inclined to regard this work of Chaucer's French period through favourable eyes. But we can hardly understand how John of Gaunt, Chaucer's patron, could have been best pleased with the poet's description of his deceased lady. In the first place the distressed knight, who in the allegory represents John of Gaunt, thinks it necessary to inform the poet that his lady, *i.e.*, Blanche of Lancaster, was not afflicted either with a squint or with the opposite misfortune of looking both ways at once—surely superfluous information in describing a Duchess.

Therto hir look was not a-syde,
Ne overthwert . . . . . .

In the extremity of his grief the bereaved lover goes on to describe the most intimate charms of the lady that he has lost. These are the cherished memories that crowd the knightly mind in the depths of its despair :—

. . . . . and body long
She hadde, and armes, every lith
Fattish, fleshly, not greet therwith ;
Right whyte handes, and nayles rede, &c.

A requiem of which a Duchess might be proud, but, we think, few poets !

But even " The Boke of the Duchesse," written in the poet's youth, and so crude in parts, gives us a glimpse of Chaucer's greatness in the few lines describing the opening of the dream which forms the framework of the poem. The birds settle on the roof of his bed chamber, "upon the tyles, al aboute," and treat the poet to a feast of harmony—

The moste solempne servyse
By note, that ever man, I trowe,
Had herd ; for som of hem song lowe,
Som hye, and al of oon acorde
. . . . . .
For ther was noon of hem that feyned
To singe, for ech of hem him peyned
To finde out meny crafty notes ;
They ne spared not hir throtes.

Meanwhile, through the melody of the birds comes the sound of the horn calling the poet to the hunt, and the light of the dawn flows through his stained glass windows on to his bed.

. . . . . my chamber was
Ful wel depeynted, and with glas
Were al the windowes wel y-glased,
Ful clere, and not an hole y-crased,
That to beholde it was gret joye.
For hoolly al the storie of Troye
Was in the glasing y-wrought thus.
. . . . . .
My windowes weren schet echon
And through the glas the sunne schon
Upon my bed with brighte beames
With many glade gilden stremes.

Possibly Keats was indebted to these lines for the similar idea expressed with such warmth of colouring in the Eve of St. Agnes.

Full on this casement shone the wintry moon,
And threw warm gules on Madeline's fair breast,
As down she knelt for heaven's grace and boon ;
Rose-bloom fell on her hands together prest,
And on her silver cross soft amethyst,
And on her hair a glory like a saint.

Both these passages have an enchantment about them which carries us back over hundreds of years, and it is probably the

very small portion of "The Boke of the Duchesse" that begins with the arrival of the birds and ends with the lines we have quoted that has blinded some critics to its faults. Certainly no work of Chaucer's more appropriately illustrates by its unevenness the transitional nature of his genius. It is just this unevenness in his poetry that has led students, such as Mr. Cowden Clarke, to select "the Riches" of Chaucer, or poets like Wordsworth, to rewrite some of his poems in modern English. Such attempts are doomed to failure. Chaucer, with all his fallings, was inimitable. To rewrite him and to bowdlerize him in such a way as to break up his well-knit narratives are alike unprofitable tasks. It is better to study his work for ourselves and distinguish for ourselves between the medieval rhymer and the immortal poet.

CHAUCER'S LANGUAGE.

Chaucer is one of those writers who are more often talked about than read. We all know he is the father of English poetry, a well of English undefiled, and so forth; some of us may have read the "Prologue" in our schooldays, or a tale or two for some examination; but to all appearances few except professed scholars ever read him of their own accord. Dryden, for all his generous appreciation of Shakespeare, and of others not always fairly esteemed of in his day, seems to have been puzzled by Chaucer. The intellectual power of the man indeed, and his inward poetic quality, were perceived by him; but they shone forth as a gleam through clouds, obscured by a diction and rhythm which were strangely unlike what might have been looked for from such a man. The common distaste for him, or reluctance to read him now, is partly due to the same cause which acted on Dryden—that is, to ignorance of a few simple principles. These once mastered, as a matter of fact Chaucer is easier to understand than Swinburne or Robert Browning. There are not so many obsolete words in Chaucer after all, and his syntax is simplicity itself; while the themes of his verse are drawn straight from life and the hearts of mankind.

It is necessary, of course, to get a good text, such as Professor Skeat's "Student's Chaucer," or the Globe edition, or those of the Clarendon Press. As the verse is printed in these, it will be seen that the spelling is practically phonetic—that is to say, every syllable is sounded, the same letters represent the same sounds, and where popular contractions are used, the contraction is really spelt as it was spoken. Thus we have *nam, nis, nath* for *ne am (am not), ne is, ne hath*; *theffect* for *the effect*; *wandring* for *wandering*, and so on. Not that all elided or slurred vowels are left out; but this is done in the commonest phrases, and with a little practice the reader will find no difficulty in reading the others. No one with a fair ear will fail to see that there must be a slur in such lines as:—

> Bût by hēre cóote-armûres, and bý hēre gérē:—
> I lóvēde hirē first, and tóldē thé my woo.

There is often a liquid or nasal in these words, and they are specially words of Romance origin. But, for the rest, all written syllables must be sounded: the final *e* in such words as *swétĕ* (adj.), *sónĕ* (adv.), *dédĕ* (short in dative), *súffrĕ* (inf.), and other syllables which in modern English are not separate, as the plural *-es* (*wórdĕs*), the *-ed* of the past tense and participle (*péreĕd*). The ending *-ie* or *-ye* is, according to the same principle, two syllables, and adds much to the music of the verse. Thus in the line—

> And smálĕ fówlēs máken mélodíĕ,

the voice dwells with delight on the last word, which is almost an echo of the birds' cheeping. We are not concerned here with the reasons for the inflexional endings: there they are for us, and all we have to do is to read them. It is a general rule, however, that the final vowel of a word is slurred (not exactly elided) before another vowel; but no one who can read Milton will find any real difficulty here.

If Dryden had had Professor Skeat's excellent text, and had known what is said in the last paragraph, he could have enjoyed Chaucer to the full; but for us unfortunately more is needed. The pronunciation of English has changed since Dryden's day far more than it had changed between him and Chaucer; and our vowel sounds are nearly all spoilt. Chaucer must be read with the pure vowels—the broad *a* of *father*; *e*, *i*, and *u* (*ou*) much as in Italian; *o* (or *oo*, as it is also written) as in *no*; but without the affected diphthong one often hears. Of the consonants, we need only mention that gutturals (*ch, gh*) are sounded as in *loch*, but perhaps a trifle lighter (Ger. *nicht*), and *r* must be properly rolled. With these few rules we shall get close enough to Chaucer's pronunciation for all practical purposes; and the gain in musical quality is quite astonishing. Chaucer's English has all the merits of German, without one of its defects.

No one can tell a story more vividly or with keener point, and he excels in drawing a clear picture with a few words. Not least of his merits is the healthy heart which he shews. There is coarseness in Chaucer, but chiefly where he speaks through the coarse lips of a Reeve or a Miller; there it is part of the character drawing, and at its worst it does no harm. We laugh at the humour, but the coarseness disgusts. It is quite otherwise with the modern problem novel or play, which are for ever suggesting vile things which they fear to speak out; which, whatever their aim may be, more often attract to vice by alluring hints than show it in its own naked ugliness. Chaucer is fresh as a May morning, and his influence kills all hurtful things as the sunlight purifies garbage.

And he is well worth the trouble of reading. His breezy geniality and rich humour make him as fascinating to young boys, or to uneducated men and women, as to the critic or dilettante. No English book is more popular in the schoolroom, if properly read, than the "Prologue," though it is easy to make desperate dull work of it by the dry-as-dust method; and a party of intelligent working men fairly revel in it, and will have more. Mr. Stead made a mistake when he printed his "Penny Chaucer" in the modern spelling, altering the verse where he must to make it scan. It is the real thing men want; and a reprint of the whole "Prologue," with a page of explanations prefixed how to read and pronounce, would have been just as easy to understand, and would have taught the reader much more. Moreover, extracts and abstracts obscure one of Chaucer's chiefest virtues.

THE DRAMA.

"MRS. DANE'S DEFENCE."

Is social ostracism quite so dreadful, or, rather, is the dread of it quite so potent a force as the playwrights, and more particularly Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, would have us believe? I fancy not. I fancy that many men and women have lived it down, or simply ignored it and been, like the jackdaw of Rheims under the Archbishop's curse, not a penny the worse. It is, surely, only the weaklings who are perpetually asking themselves, What will the world say? But this, I know, does not suit the dramatists' book. They cannot spare any of the great irresistible forces which serve as dynamos, so to speak, to the dramatic current. Hence the tendency of the stage always to overestimate social pressure and to exaggerate the fear of public opinion. A woman's "reputation," important as it is in life, no doubt, becomes in the theatre something as sacred as the Ark of the Covenant. There, too, her "past" has tenfold the influence which it has in the real world of inertia, practical compromises, and short memories. And in the playhouse "society" is always treated as a monster, or chained tyrant, hidden somewhere behind the scenes, to be let loose whenever there is a risk of the characters thinking out their own lives independently of the conventions. Playwrights have always had need of some symbol of irresistible power, something final, about which there is to be no argument. In Shakespeare it is the Prince or the Rightful Duke. In *Tartuffe* it is "L'Exempt." In *Théodora* it is the eunuch with the bowstring. In modern melodrama it is the policeman with the handcuffs. And in modern comedy it is that mysteriously awful abstraction "the world." It is the playwrights' axiom that you cannot defy "the world." And, whatever scrapes hero or heroine may get

into, they must always before the curtain falls be set right with "the world." Mr. H. A. Jones has (at any rate for stage purposes) a profound belief in "the world." Did not Mr. Charles Wyndham, in the last act of *The Liars*, arrest two eloping lovers by expatiating on the misery of their condition when banned, as they assuredly would be, by "the world"? And now, again, in Mr. Jones' latest play *Mrs. Dane's Defence*, we find Mr. Wyndham vindicating the majesty of "the world" and emphatically declaring that the displeasure of "the world" is not to be braved by any sane person for a single moment. Well, without any desire to pose as a social rebel, I am inclined to think that "the world," in this sense, "is too much with us" on the stage. The first dramatist who has the courage to make his hero say "fudge!" and his heroine turn up her pretty nose, when threatened with "the world," shall have my hearty applause. For then I shall know that another ancient bogey has been found out to be only a candle stuck in a turnip.

Meanwhile we have to accept the convention at Mr. Jones' valuation, and, accepting it, we cannot but find much that is of absorbing interest in his new play. Let it be granted that if once Mrs. Dane (Miss Lena Ashwell) is found guilty of a "past" it is all up with her, that no honest man must dream of marrying her, that she must be kept out of villadom as though she were the plague. Let it be granted that it is the proper and most urgent business of villadom and of one of her Majesty's Judges (Mr. Wyndham) and of his friend the charming widow (Miss Mary Moore) and of the Rector (Mr. Alfred Bishop)—in fact of all the respectable *dramatis personæ*—to devote their whole time and energy to an inquisition into Mrs. Dane's history. It is not, perhaps, altogether pleasant to see one forlorn woman so heckled and harried. And even when she is exposed for the impostor that she is, we still think her too good a match for the Judge's sentimental young noodle of a son. To be fair, Mr. Jones himself has wanted us to think that all along, and, even had he not, Miss Ashwell would compel us to think it. If I were asked to define womanliness, I should say, Don't ask me, for I don't know, but go and see Miss Ashwell. The French would say that she is *très femme*, and I defy you to put it more succinctly. Though I cannot define womanliness, I know that there are several sorts of it, and Miss Ashwell's is the tender-fierce, pleading-passionate, meek-sarcastic, in some deliciously paradoxical sort. It is in the third act that we see this woman going through all her changes, the act in which the judge mercilessly cross-examines her and forces her to a confession of the truth. It is a capital bit of stage-writing, this act which is nothing but a prolonged conversation. It begins quietly, with the two interlocutors in complete accord; then a critical word slips out, all is changed in a trice to discord, and there is a rapid crescendo to a catastrophe at the end. As I sat watching this scene I felt that, while the details were fresh, the formula was vaguely familiar. I now recognize that the old scene I had at the back of my mind was the scene between Clarkson and the Duke in Dumas the younger's *L'Étrangère*. There you have two people sitting down for a quiet talk as friends till a chance word suddenly charges the atmosphere with storm so that finally one man first loads the other with his scorn, and then slays him, in his own words, *comme un petit lapin*. It was a most effective thing, and Mr. Jones' scene (which of course owes nothing to Dumas) is a most effective thing. I merely compare them, because they show how two very different tunes may be set to the same rhythm.

The third act is the play, the first two merely "positing" the question Who is Mrs. Dane? and the last decently dismissing her in deference to "the world." By the way that question, Who is Mrs. Dane? is only a question for the persons of the drama; the audience are allowed to know the answer from the first. I have seen it stated that this is not so, and Mr. Jones has been accused of the dramaturgic blunder of keeping a secret from his audience. Some playgoers seem to want announcements made by the Town-crier. Did they not see the look which the man who had withdrawn his charge against Mrs. Dane furtively threw at her? Did they not hear him promise, with emphatic significance, to "be her friend whenever she needed one?" Did they not see her throw up her hands in despair at the first "curtain"? No, Mr. Jones knows his business as a playwright; and *Mrs. Dane's Defence* is a very characteristic specimen of his most skilled work.

A. B. WALKLEY.

Reviews.

HAMPSHIRE.

THE VICTORIA HISTORY OF THE COUNTIES OF ENGLAND: A HISTORY OF HAMPSHIRE AND THE ISLE OF WIGHT. Vol. I. Edited by H. ARTHUR DOUBLEDAY, F.R.G.S. (Constable.)

This is the great beginning of a great undertaking. It is the first time that a serious attempt has been made to put forth a national survey of the counties of England after a fashion which shall at once show their condition at the present day and trace back their history to the earliest times. When the work was first announced it was felt that no one man, nor any special group of men, however able, could possibly achieve success. The difficulties in the way of any general scheme of co-operation were so great and complex that Mr. Doubleday is much to be congratulated on having secured so able a body of experts to begin the history of Hampshire. If the three other volumes are conceived and executed on similar lines—and we see no reason to doubt that this will be the case—Hampshire will have good cause to congratulate itself on the success of this great experiment.

This volume opens with natural history under the general editorship of Mr. Trevor-Battye. It would be difficult for the most experienced naturalist to group together any college of men of the time more capable of doing justice respectively to English geology, palæontology, botany, marine zoology, insects, fishes, birds, or mammals than Messrs. Clement Reid, Lydekker, Townsend, Garstang, Herbert Goss, Boulenger, Meade-Waldo, and Gerald Lascelles. Moreover, in addition to their contributions, the sections on botany and insects have been subdivided amongst a number of special experts on different branches, every one of whom are at once recognized by the naturalist as having particular gifts for dealing with the assigned subject from a Hampshire standpoint.

In Hampshire the natural history contributors had before them an exceptionally fine field. The geologist had an area so varied as the chalks of the secondary system in the north and the Bagshot sands of the tertiary deposits in the south, as well as smaller areas of London clay or of gault and greensand. This much-diversified geological area naturally creates a corresponding difference in the vegetable and, to some extent, in the animal life of these districts. The extent, too, of wood and forest in the county, which is very considerable, adds materially to the wealth and variety of insect, bird, and other animal life, as well as to diversity of vegetation. Hampshire contains not only 37,000 acres of wood, properly so called, but also upwards of 100,000 acres of true forestland. Of this latter total the New Forest alone absorbs 90,000 acres—a vast amount for a small country like England, which has been thickly populated for so many centuries. Mr. Trevor-Battye puts its extent vividly before us:—

> Ninety thousand acres is a large amount, and perhaps we shall best convey a sense of its size by saying that a deer standing at Vinney Ridge, in the middle of the New Forest, could, if it chose to do so, travel ten miles to the north-west or south-east, and five miles to the north-east or south-west, without crossing the forest borders.

The conditions within the forest are extremely varied, and if the north of the county is compared with the south the contrasts are yet more startling—greater, probably, than in any other part of England. "In the north of the county a hare could scarcely run from covert to covert without being seen; in the wild country of the New Forest a wild boar by choosing its ground might easily pass from one end to the other without being observed."

The butterflies of Hampshire are a well-known attraction to the entomologist. That rarity the lovely White Admiral occurs in many woods of the county as well as at Parkhurst, in the Isle of Wight; but in some parts of the New Forest it literally abounds. Mr. Goss writes of having counted thirty on a single bramble bush, and of seeing thousands floating gracefully up and down the rides. Mr. Trevor-Battye, with enviable enthusiasm, says that "the sight of a bramble bush in full flower and literally covered with these magnificent insects is worth going a hundred miles to see." He also waxes eloquent over the silver-washed fritillary, which he describes as being found in myriads in the forest, "and dazzlingly beautiful they are, sailing up a glade or feasting on the flowers of a thistle." Although scientific experts will, we believe, be abundantly satisfied with the technical list of all Hampshire visitants, the writers, in their introductions and general comments, are by no means superior to appealing to a larger class of readers, or to showing that abstruse knowledge does not extinguish a generous admiration. It is of interest to some to know the exact nomenclature of the six kinds of earwigs found in Hampshire; whilst it will probably interest more to learn that the unpleasantly obtrusive insect termed the common earwig, or *forficula auricularia*, is popularly known as the "eari-wiggle," or in the north of the county as "twitch-bell" or "furkin-robin."

There is probably no other county in England more favourably situated for a great variety of bird life than Hampshire. The woods and forests, the great chalk plain of the centre, the numerous rivers and lakelets, and the long stretch of seaboard combine to supply a delightful list of 280 species. It is pleasant to find that neither the common buzzard nor the honey buzzard are yet extinct; that the peregrine falcon is not at all rare; that the hoopoe is an annual spring visitor; that the stone curlew nests in many localities and is on the increase; and that that beautiful bird the great crested grebe now breeds annually on almost every suitable piece of water throughout the county. With regard to the golden oriole, Mr. Meade-Waldo describes it as "an occasional summer visitor," and states that it would doubtless breed if undisturbed; it will probably interest him and others to know that it was seen on the Lyndhurst side of the forest only last April. It is reported of the starling that in Hampshire, as elsewhere, it has greatly increased in numbers; it is described as the greatest enemy of the green and greater spotted woodpecker, as it appropriates their nesting holes. Curiously enough, we are told that that charming bird the nuthatch is an increasing species, and that "it has practically no enemy." If this is the case in Hampshire, the starlings there are more considerate than in several parts of the Midlands, where of late years they have been cruelly busy in ejecting nuthatches from their holes.

Botany is treated of in the comprehensive and exhaustive fashion that the county deserves, for Hampshire actually lays claim to 1,118 species out of the 1,958 flora inhabiting Britain, a number not approached by any other county save possibly in the case of Kent. Mr. Townsend's plan of mapping out the county for his important subject into twelve districts corresponding with a like number of principal river basins will certainly commend itself to his fellow-botanists. The subject is worthily and exhaustively dealt with from a technical point of view by Mr. Townsend and his colleagues, but the love of flowers is happily so universal that we wish it could have been treated in a slightly more popular form in the large type introductions to the lists. The special local names for flowers are always interesting, and sometimes valuable in their associations; the popular nomenclature of Hampshire flora is unusually frequent and varied, and yet in these pages it seems to be ignored, save in a single instance. It is melancholy to read, of the south of the Isle of Wight, that "the fern-hunter might detect the rare sea spleenwort (*asplenium marinum*)." We well remember the time, early in the "sixties," when we found the sea spleenwort as readily, and as in much profusion, between Freshwater and the Needles as it can now be found between Tintagel and Port Gavern, on the Cornish coast.

It is not to be expected that the superlative position which Hampshire holds amongst the counties with regard to botany and zoology could be maintained in other branches of its history. There are not a few county, as well as parochial, writers whose exuberant and localized patriotism leads them into enthusiastic exaggerations with regard to the districts of which they treat. Errors of this kind are rendered almost impossible by the scheme adopted in this general survey. Professor Boyd Dawkins, who writes in this volume on prehistoric Hampshire, will have charge, as we understand, of the prehistoric sections throughout all the counties; a similar task is assigned to Mr. Haverfield and Mr. Reginald Smith, who discourse respectively on Roman and Anglo-Saxon times. Professor Boyd Dawkins gives us a highly interesting sketch of Palæolithic or River-drift man as he might have been found in Hampshire in the pleistocene age, when he occupied the country in common with the woolly rhinoceros and the mammoth, the bison and the urus, finding formidable rivals in the chase of the deer in the lion and spotted hyæna. This is followed by a vivid general description of the county in the neolithic age, and of its conquest in the bronze age by the Goidels, who formed the van of the great Aryan migration. But the professor has to admit that the earlier antiquities of Hampshire have not yet been sufficiently explored to go into detail; that the numerous camps cannot at present be safely dated; and that the pit dwellings have not been examined with sufficient care to allow of them being assigned to their proper place in the archæological record. Professor Boyd Dawkins is so deservedly noted for his caution in all assertion that we confess to being somewhat surprised to read—when he is mentioning the new weapons, the new customs, and the higher civilization which the Goidels brought into Hampshire—that "they worshipped the unknown God in temples, the largest of which are represented by the great stone circles of Avebury and Stonehenge." There is certainly no historic record which connects the worship of this race with stone temples or stone circles. We were also under the strong impression that archæological research had not brought to light anything that could warrant more than a qualified surmise in the direction of this temple use of great stone circles. It must then, we think, be the case that Professor Boyd Dawkins has in his possession certain facts with regard to Avebury and Stonehenge not generally known to scientists. We shall look forward, therefore, with the greatest interest to his account of these temples when the history of Wiltshire comes to be written in this series.

Mr. Haverfield's investigations into the traces of the Roman occupation of Hampshire are painstaking and thorough, and the results as tabulated on a clearly marked special map can be easily grasped. But by far the most interesting matter relative to the Romano-British period is the excellently illustrated account given by Messrs. W. St. John Hope and G. E. Fox of the long-buried city of Silchester. These gentlemen, as is well known, have been in charge of the systematic exploration of this site which has been conducted during the summer months by the Society of Antiquaries for the last ten years, and which will extend over several more years in the future. Elaborate reports have been issued of the results of this work, year by year, in the *Archæologia*; but the fellows of the Society who have followed these most closely will be the first to enjoy and appreciate the interesting and able summary here given of what has been accomplished and the scholarly conclusions that they venture to advance as the results of their ten years' study. These twenty-two pages, supplemented by Mr. Haverfield's remarks on inscribed objects found at Silchester, give a more readable and convincing idea of the true settlement of the Romans in Britain, from a municipal as opposed to a military standpoint, than all the other treatises and essays that we have read on the subject. Not the slightest trace of a garrison force to keep down a conquered people has come to light at Silchester.

The particular enthusiasm of the Hampshire man may again be fairly kindled by the latter part of this volume. The last 150 pages are given to an introduction to the Domesday Survey, to an

English version of the portion relating to Hampshire, and to an account of the Winchester Survey. It is satisfactory that Mr. J. Horace Round, who is *facile princeps* among Domesday students, is to have the charge of this section in each county. As Mr. Round remarks, there is no county in England so closely connected as Hampshire with this great national record. "It was at Winchester that Domesday Book was kept; at Winchester that it must have been compiled; and at Winchester that the lost original returns were preserved, far into the next century, in the treasury of the Norman kings." Mr. Round's arguments, deduced from the survey, ought to set at rest for ever the gross exaggeration of early chroniclers as to the rooting up of sixty churches from as many fair townships by the Conqueror to make the New Forest. The survey, when critically examined, certainly seems to put the Conqueror's conduct in a more favourable light than is usually represented. The losses supposed to be sustained by the old English religious houses turn out, under careful scrutiny, to be entirely imaginary, so far as Hampshire is concerned, save for the loss by the nuns of Winchester of a single manor that was secularized. A most helpful feature, which must have involved considerable labour, is Mr. Round's Domesday map, whereon the names of the manors in which the King had an interest, those of the principal church tenants, and those of the greatest lay tenant (Hugh de Port) are underlined in different colours. This is a better plan than attempting to colour the whole extent of the different manors (which was once done for Somersetshire with unsatisfactory results), as there is so much uncertainty about their boundaries.

The value of a great undertaking of this kind depends much upon the nature and number of the illustrations. Considering that the subjects treated of in this volume do not readily lend themselves to illustration, this instalment gives fair promise both of their excellency and of a liberal supply. The woodland frontispiece, "On the Edge of the New Forest," a drawing by Mr. W. Hyde, is altogether charming. The full-page plates, both plain and coloured, illustrating Silchester and other Hampshire mosaic pavements, together with numerous blocks in the text, are quite satisfactory, whilst various plans and maps not specified in this notice tend materially to expound the letterpress. The front and end covers of the Winton Domesday MS. (in possession of the Society of Antiquaries) were well worth giving in facsimile, for the binding of this MS. is considered by experts to be contemporary, and the stamps prove it to have been the work of Winchester craftsmen.

We trust that this undertaking, so meritoriously begun, may be well supported. The volumes will be issued only to subscribers. The Hampshire volumes are four in number and the price six guineas net. The subscription list of each county history does not close until the last volume for that county goes to the press. When that time comes the publishers are under a pledge to destroy all unsubscribed-for copies that may remain in hand. When this stupendous work is completed, according to the lines laid down, this national survey will comprise 100 volumes. As we contemplate in imagination such a mass of profound literature we can only sum up our feelings in a single word, and exclaim with Dominie Sampson, as he stood aghast before the heaps of Colonel Mannering's library, "Prodigious!"

THOMAS DAVIDSON ON EDUCATION.

A History of Education. By Thomas Davidson. (Constable. 5s. n.)

It is characteristic of modern life to be unable to conceive of great abilities finding or seeking no public recognition. It was the medieval idea to search out and thrust into prominence the genius which was supposed to desire naturally to conceal itself. The modern idea is that powers which do not force themselves into prominence are mediocre. When a man's friends assert of him that he deserved a place in the world's memory which he did not obtain, any explanation is sought rather than indifference. The commonest explanation of genius *manqué*—of the Joubert, the Amiel, the Mallarmé—is that the healthy balance of an active mind was deranged by the preponderance of the fastidious and selective principle. No such reason can be assigned for the comparative failure of Thomas Davidson, whose career came to an unexpected close the other day in a hospital at Montreal. Of the selective principle, of fastidiousness, there is not a trace in his work. It was in his nature, rather, to fling down his thoughts, his facts, even his undigested erudition, with a sublime carelessness, only too happy if his readers were startled or scandalized. In the sphere which he had chosen this quality alone was likely to go far in prejudice to his success. It was not possible that specialists who had passed laborious years at the elucidation of subjects which he hastily and light-heartedly handled would bow to his arbitrary *dictum*. Nor was it possible that the public would prefer his unreasoned *ipse dixit*, supported by they knew not what measure of investigation, to the careful and laborious conclusions of acknowledged masters. "I am well aware that this is not the ordinary view," he would write on so hazardous a question as the Semitic element in Greek mythology, "but I feel sure that it is correct." The work he chose to do, consisting for the most part of large generalizations, requiring the support of scrupulously verified details of ethnology and social and literary history, made this eccentric self-confidence peculiarly dangerous.

Undoubtedly the author of this "History of Education" possessed a remarkable personality. Something of this might be divined even from these pages, but only his intimate friends knew his secret. A contemporary of Robertson Smith and Minto at Aberdeen, Thomas Davidson first went over to Canada and then wandered away to St. Louis, where he found a society of philosophic Germans which made a permanent impression on, at any rate, his intellectual character. Longfellow got him an appointment in the Examination Department of Harvard University. He then seized an opportunity to go to Athens and study Greek archæology. For years he followed a roving career—if it could be called a career that led nowhither—but showing a decided predilection for Italy. The credit is claimed for him of having "stimulated the Pope in the preparation of his famous Encyclical "—*Aeterni Patris*—"on Aquinas." If the claim is just, there is a fine irony in the result. In his work on Rosmini's Philosophical System he laughs at the conflicting interpretations which have vexed the Church since the reinstatement of the Thomist system, and in the book before us he throws the discredit of the Encyclical on the Jesuits. Better known than his "Rosmini" are the two volumes in the "Great Educators" Series on Aristotle and Rousseau, given forth to the world from "a mountain farm" near Keene, Essex County, in the State of New York. As we have to speak more than seems grateful of the defects of the writer, we perhaps may be allowed to quote from a contemporary some appreciation of the man:—

> It was the charm of this wandering scholar that he was ever human and ever young. Like Abou Adhem, he loved his fellow-men, and was as friendly with his old Italian housekeeper, who believed in ghosts and saintly protection, as with the learned men whose friend and correspondent he was. The present writer can see him now embracing a genial captain of the Alpine regiment stationed in the Italian mountain town where for a time he made his home. He was not quite a saint, but he loved much, and he shall be forgiven much. He could have kept Socrates company over the amphora while the rest were under the table, and could have gone forth to teach with as clear a head. A unique character, built on a solid Scotch foundation, polished by travel and by thought, and with the bright and eager tone of the American, he was the best example in our time of the medieval wandering scholar.

The conception of this "History of Education" is great, and the book would have been great if Mr. Davidson had given himself scope for its proper development—a proceeding which would have required at least two or three quarto volumes. It is an attempt to develop historically Froebel's thesis that Education is "conscious evolution." Mr. Davidson has traced the

growth of Education from the most primitive stage from the stage of Savagery, through the intermediate stages of Barbarian Education, among the Turanians of Chaldæa, Egypt, and China, the Semites of Babylonia and Assyria, and the Aryans of India and Iran, of Civic Education in Judæa, Greece, and Rome, to the Human Education of modern times. The conception, we have said, is magnificent, but to take such an enormous sweep in limits of space so circumscribed presents a task of the greatest difficulty, which has not been altogether overcome. There has been a failure, at all events, in the formal part. Only the most vital and predominant characteristics of each period are the proper object of such a study. But sometimes details of almost a trivial kind are introduced. The author has never been able to make up his mind whether it is the spirit of Education—"conscious evolution" as displayed by the whole community—or whether it is the material part of it—pure Pædagogics—with which he is concerned. In a larger work the material side, the Pædagogics, might have been treated sufficiently and yet kept in due subordination. It is difficult to apprehend the *rationale* of his classifications. It is not clear why the Patristic Education, which condemned poetry as *cibus dæmonum*, should not range with the Barbarian systems, or why Greek Education is denied the title of Human. The causes which ruined Greek culture may also disintegrate our own.

Exception may well be taken to Mr. Davidson's determination to set out from a metaphysical starting-point. Even to those who are prepared to accept the metaphysics doubts may intrude themselves how the theory of subject and object as "desiderant feelings" affects either the origin of civic organization in Greece or the value of Polytechnic Institutes in America. For ourselves we do not attach so great an importance to the psychology and ontology which Mr. Davidson has derived from Rosmini. A Philistine obtuseness prompts us to ask—If man is a "substantial feeling," how does he find room for a great variety of feelings, and how can "certain subordinate combinations . . . sunder themselves naturally from the whole, and . . . set up a new human body for themselves"? If man is a "fundamental feeling" and ideas are "relations between feelings," what is it that apprehends those relations? Again, Mr. Davidson believes that, until clearness is reached with regard to the eternal nature of the human spirit and its activities, true education is impossible. Yet he seems to explain the failure of the Egyptians to ascend to "any lofty ideals or philosophical conceptions" by their belief in immortality. There is probably no real contradiction, but here is another place where elaboration was all-important.

We feel compunction at having dwelt so long on imperfections. We repeat that the combination in this book of scope and extent made imperfection inevitable. It is an original book, bold in conception, vast in design, limited only in size, in execution paradoxical, irritating, tantalizing, but always suggestive. It is, as the last should be, the best of the author's books—better even than the Rosmini, far better than the Aristotle or Rousseau. We understand why Davidson made little impression on the world. He carried into literature the method and manner of the St. Louis *brasseries*. And the work which he chose was one in which personality can have but slight play. His metaphysics were a feature of his personality, but even his personality could scarcely suffuse metaphysics. It was as if George Borrow had left only some treatises of philology. Still, even from this impersonal book we can, as we said, faintly divine how he was so vivid an inspiration to those who were admitted to his intimacy.

OTHER NEW BOOKS.

Lord Rosebery.

Mr. Thomas F. G. Coates cannot be congratulated very warmly on his LORD ROSEBERY: HIS LIFE AND SPEECHES (Hutchinson, 21s. n.). The book seems to have been thrown together anyhow, and the narrative part is written in the conventional language of adulation. Much of it is scissored from the daily and weekly papers and the monthly magazines, even the *Era* and the *Ladies' Realm* being laid under contribution; and most of the anecdotes have the cloying charm of familiarity. Such interest as the book has depends upon the speeches; and Lord Rosebery's speeches, like Lord Beaconsfield's, are good to read as well as good to listen to. He seems to have more than the omniscience which Anglo-Indians find so irritating in Lord Curzon of Kedleston; but he also seems to be more used to it—perhaps because he has been omniscient longer. Even here, however, Mr. Coates does not do the history justice. The speeches are not complete; we do not even find the celebrated reference to "the predominant partner." We might, of course, take the book as a text for a discourse on his political career and prospects; but the book is a made book, and hardly worth that compliment—especially at a season when there are so many other books to write about. Being quite uncritical it challenges no controversy.

Most of the anecdotes contained in the book reappear in THE EARL OF ROSEBERY, K.G., by Jane T. Stoddart (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s. n.). It is on the whole a better written book, and the numerous photographs with which it is illustrated are magnificently printed. But it is only a *pot pourri*, after all, and hardly a book that claims any serious discussion.

South Africa.

Mr. Archibald R. Colquhoun is turning out books rather faster than is good for his reputation. Much of THE RENASCENCE OF SOUTH AFRICA (Hurst and Blackett, 6s.)—the pages on the scenery, the flora and fauna, the history, the climate, &c.—could have been knocked up in any newspaper office from the usual works of reference. Not until the closing chapters on the economic future and the settlement does the voice of the book-maker give way to that of the ex-Administrator of Mashonaland. Here experience and knowledge enable Mr. Colquhoun to make short work of the popular proposal to fill up the country with soldier settlers. The experiment, he points out, has been tried over and over again, in Albany, in Rhodesia, and in Bechuanaland, and has always failed disastrously. The soldiers accepted the farms readily enough, but sold them, shortly afterwards, to land speculators and drifted to the mines. Where they stuck to them they failed, as at Albany, where "successive years of blight, flood, and other misfortunes discouraged the colonists, and finally an elaborate system of relief had to be organized for them." This seems conclusive. The book has a fairly good map.

IAN HAMILTON'S MARCH, by Mr. Winston Spencer Churchill (Longmans, 6s.), is good journalism of the sort that one expects from the author; but there is nothing more that needs to be said about it. The last hundred pages or so are filled with extracts from the journal of Lieutenant Frankland, lately prisoner at Pretoria. This is not in the least important, though the subject gives it a certain interest.

THE RESURRECTION OF PETER, by Princess Catherine Radziwill (Hurst and Blackett, 1s.), is "a reply to Olive Schreiner," and introduces upon the scene another Divine Person who tells Peter Halkett that his former visitor was a false prophet, and draws a picture of South Africa unified and civilized by the energy of one man whom we are to identify presumably with Mr. Cecil Rhodes, and who, on one occasion, is spoken of as "He" with a capital H. The two little books together make an interesting contribution to the pamphlet literature of South African politics.

Reprints.

The first volume is now issued of "The Authentic Edition of Dickens." This, of course, can only come from one firm, Messrs. Chapman and Hall. As Dickens himself relates in the preface to PICKWICK, which forms the first volume of the present edition, Messrs. Chapman and Hall, attracted by some pieces which Dickens, a young man of three and twenty, was writing in the *Morning Chronicle*, or had just written in the old *Monthly Magazine*, waited upon him "to propose a something that should be published in shilling numbers." That something was, of

course, "Pickwick," and Messrs. Chapman and Hall remained Dickens' publishers until his death. The present edition is marred neither by notes or introduction. It contains Dickens' original preface and Hablot Browne's original frontispiece. It is a well-printed, admirably-bound volume, and it has the great advantage, not possessed by one or two other editions of "Pickwick," of containing the whole edition between two covers. The distinguishing feature, however, of the edition is, of course, the illustrations, still wonderfully strong, clear, and vivid. Those who possess the absolutely first edition will, of course, miss the drawing of the cricket match at Dingley Dell. This drawing by Buss, with another from the same hand, both of which, with other unused designs, appeared in the Victoria Edition of 1887, were quickly superseded by designs from the hand of Hablot Browne, and the new edition contains all the illustrations by Seymour and "Phiz." The text is from the edition which the author corrected in 1867 and 1868. Inside the cover, at the beginning and the end, are portraits of Dickens—Maclise's picture of the novelist at the age of 27 at the beginning, and the equally well-known portrait of him at the age of 58 at the end—both of them bearing Dickens' autograph. In each volume—there are to be twenty-one in all (5s. each)—one of the illustrations has been selected to form a coloured frontispiece. In the present case the frontispiece is "The First Appearance of Sam Weller."

The new edition of Pierce Egan's LIFE IN LONDON (Chatto and Windus, 3s. 6d.), like some of Jim Pinkerton's speculations, has "proved a disappointment." It is a new impression only, so far as we can see, of John Camden Hotten's reprint of 1869, with the plates omitted. As the letter-press was written for these plates, and contains numerous references to them, it hardly seems worth while to have given us the text by itself. Even the list of the plates, with their pagination, has been preserved, though only one of them is given as a frontispiece. The curious compiler of a slang dictionary may attach some value to Egan's contorted prose, but otherwise an edition like this is only of use to confirm Thackeray's opinion that any permanent popularity which the book might have would be due not to Egan but to Cruikshank.

Another re-issue of Nathan Bailey's translation of the COLLOQUIES OF ERASMUS comes from Messrs. Gibbings (7s. 6d.). Bailey was the lexicographer whose English Dictionary, published in 1721, was said to have been twice read through by Lord Chatham, and which formed the groundwork of many subsequent works. As might be expected, he had a large command of colloquial English, and he was fond of modernizing Erasmus, as when he makes him speak of a schoolmaster as "a greater Whipmaster than Busby himself." The present edition appears in three pleasantly got-up small octavo volumes, and the notes, by the Rev. E. Johnson, are brief and judicious. They are necessary not only for Bailey's modernizations but for his positive inaccuracies.

It is a pleasure to have brought to our notice again Mr. Whymper's SCRAMBLES AMONGST THE ALPS (15s. n.), which Mr. Murray re-issues with all its wonderful illustrations and a new preface by the author, with some interesting notes as to routes up the Matterhorn and changes which have taken place since the "Scrambles" in the conformation of the mountain. Mr. Morley Roberts has lately told us in these columns what an ascent of the Matterhorn to-day is like. It was a more difficult matter in the sixties.

FICTION.

The Roman-à-clef.

Mr. Morley Roberts' LORD LISLATHGOW (Arnold, 6s.) is well imagined and well written, as is all Mr. Morley Roberts' work. Two biographies of Lord Rosebery which we notice elsewhere have just appeared. Perhaps Mr. Morley Roberts is representing the spirit of the time more aptly by making him a hero of fiction. His book is a *roman-à-clef* in which Lord Rosebery supports the title role. It is more audacious than "The Colossus," and, under a very thin veil of fiction, it makes certain charges, not only against a party, but also against individuals. The general scheme of the story is to exhibit Lord Rosebery no longer sulking like Achilles in his tent, but coming down at the psychological moment on to the stricken field, dishing the old Radicals, and emerging as the triumphant leader of the new party of Liberal Imperialists. So far, of course, there is nothing that any novelist who watched politics might not have thought of and written out well or badly, according to his talents. What is striking, and challenges controversy if not verification, is the account of the manner in which the old Radicals are dished. This process is achieved by the publication in a Liberal Imperialist organ of certain compromising letters which their custodian—the editor of another paper—is blackmailed into surrendering. This part of the story, we hasten to add, is evidently meant to be read as fiction, and neither the blackmailer nor his victim can be identified with any public personage. The contents of the letters are more sensational, and there is hardly a pretence at concealing the identity of the correspondents. Those correspondents, in fact, are Eustace Loder, whom we already know from "The Colossus" to be meant for Mr. Cecil Rhodes, and John Midhurst, the latter part of whose name is intended to suggest the late Liberal organizer. The allegations conveyed in the letters are that Mr. Cecil Rhodes presented £5,000 to the Liberal party funds on the condition that the party should abandon "Little Englandism" or should return the money if it did not see its way to doing so; and that the leaders of the party violated the conditions and refused to return the money. It is no business of ours to plunge into political controversy. We need only say that it requires considerable hardihood to formulate charges of that nature in a *roman-à-clef*. A novelist is hardly justified in making them if they are really to be regarded as a mere play of fancy. It is of the essence of the *roman-à-clef* that its literary interest, and even its human interest, must suffer. But, even in these respects, Mr. Morley Roberts has been more successful than might have been expected—and emphatically more successful than in "The Colossus." With a good young man who turned blackmailer for his hero, it was practically impossible for him to end his story satisfactorily; but he steers through his difficulties with a dexterity which it is impossible not to admire. His women, too, are well and sympathetically drawn; and epigrams illuminate his pages.

A Welcome Humourist.

It can have been no easy matter for the author of "The Skipper's Wooing" and "Many Cargoes" to follow those deservedly popular collections with a long novel on the same lines, but in A MASTER OF CRAFT (Methuen, 6s.) Mr. W. W. Jacobs does it with a grace and ease that if not surprising is certainly delightful. It is many days since such a humoursome feast has been spread on our library table. The adventures of the agreeable Captain Flower in his desire to avoid marriage with at least two of the three charming ladies to whom he has engaged himself, the quaint development of the character of his uncle who attempts so much on his behalf and only arrives at landing himself in matrimony, and the wise courses of his faithful "mate," Fraser, are told with a delicacy and a certainty which will prevent the reader putting aside the book until he knows the issues of the fortunes of his friends. For each of the principal characters, from the captain to the boy, from the leading actors to the merest supernumeraries, become of vital interest to the reader. The publichouse people of Chelsea and the seagoing people of Wapping or of Seabridge are delineated with as much perspicuity as wit. But like all true literary humourists, Mr. Jacobs has a pretty taste in the pathetic. The account of the best of the captain's loves, Poppy Tyrell, in her affairs with the Wheeler family, and of the growth of her affection for the excellent mate, Mr. Fraser, shows that, although the *métier* of the author is to make us laugh, he can play upon other and deeper emotions with equal ease and skill if it chance to be his desire. It is hardly too much to say that in the dialogue there is no false note from the first line to the last.

Correspondence.

IS SWINBURNE A "GREAT POET"?

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—The discussion as to whether Swinburne is, or is not, a great poet leads us to consider lest in the present day we are in danger of calling certain authors gods "which by nature are no gods." Many years ago Professor Dowden declared that the deification of Shelley was complete. I do not think he would say so now. The poets at present deified are those whose verse sings of the camp and of bloodshed, and smacks of the barracks and the forcible language of "Tommy." Latter-day verse is nothing if not martial; at its best it is but a waving of the one flag above all other flags, a variation of that time-honoured vaunt that "Britons never shall be slaves." Now, although it may be much to stir the spirits and excite the somewhat cheap fervour of men by the writing of verses that can be recited with great effect at music-halls, we should not forget that poetry is not an essence that can be bottled and stoppered in such fashion. It is well at times to return to the deification of Shelley as a poet. Mr. Augustine Birrell asserts that we like our poetry to be serious, that as Englishmen we "are fond of sermons"; but it is Mr. Birrell's own comparison of Matthew Arnold's poetry with Shelley's that forces us more clearly than ever to recognize that a poet, born not made, has flights above and beyond all sermons, formulas, principles, and patriotism, and it is this power of flight that makes the true poet. In this airy, unearthly soaring Shelley excels. Who has ever matched the perfect music of "The Ode to the West Wind," or, "The Cloud," or

Swiftly walk over the western wave,
Spirit of Night!

more especially the second verse,

Wrap thy form in a mantle grey,
Star-in-wrought,
Blind with thy hair the eyes of Day;
Kiss her till she be wearied out, &c.

—these lines are a picture, a symphony, and a pealing of sweet bells all in one exquisite whole. The rare beauty, too, of "The Skylark," which we defame by giving to children as a task to learn and to disfigure by a sing-song repetition; and all the wonderful parts of "Prometheus Unbound." Beauty such as these pieces possess flash out here and there across the years, amid the accumulated work of poets, like diamonds in a circlet of precious stones. Colonel Lovelace in his marvellous "When love with unconfinèd wings" reflects it, and it is a quality impossible to compass or to describe. Read "To Althea from Prison" to any one not poetical and he will instantly demand from you an explanation of the sense of "grates" or even of "gates." These persons are deaf to the simple, haunting loveliness of "Arethusa arose"; they require a lesson in their poetry, powder in their honey, and find it possible to rejoice in

Tell me not in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream,
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

—lines which are a terror, and a horror, and a blasphemy of the sacred name of poetry. Matthew Arnold indeed complained that there was in Shelley's poetry "an incurable want," "the want of sound subject matter." He himself had not the ear to catch the perfect song, he never attained that uncareful, melodious note, nor, for all his really fine writing, did he have the actual touch of Apollo's lyre. Coleridge could finger that string, and it quivers all through the "Ancient Mariner" and "Kubla Khan." Tennyson less often sounded it, and Byron, I venture to think, never; the roll and volume and power of his verse never took their rise in the snow-capped mountain beneath the solitary morning star. "Shelley," says Swinburne, "outsang all poets on record but some two or three throughout all time; his depths and heights of inner and outer music are as divine as nature's and not sooner exhaustible." And among our modern poets who except Swinburne himself possesses this "inner and outer music"? Is it not well sometimes to go apart from cursing "Tommies" and hospital details and even "pregnant thought succinctly uttered" and be uplifted on the wings of the true spirit of poetry? To breathe what Masson calls "The intellectual ether" of Shelley's poetry, and after such refining we might be less prone to make unto ourselves gods of the last new scribblers, and less slow to recognise the truly great.

Lowlands, Bungay, Oct. ARTHUR HOOD.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Lord Beaconsfield on a famous occasion congratulated himself that a solid piece of furniture stood between him and Mr. Gladstone, and similarly may not I congratulate myself that a strip of water separates me from Mr Alfred Noyes, who seems to have been like Bob Acres when he sat down to write his letter—"Odds flints and triggers! I must be in a passion!"? Mr. Noyes appears to have studied Mr. Henley's writings sufficiently closely to copy some of what may be termed their "roughness" to the exclusion of those qualities that give a certain charm to what he (Mr. Henley) writes. Much as Mr. Noyes seems to dislike Matthew Arnold, he might learn from him to avoid exaggeration and never to praise with blind enthusiasm.

Swinburne is so essentially a musical poet that it is to be regretted that anything like discord should be imported into a discussion concerning him, but nothing that Mr. Noyes has said or quoted proves him to be a great poet. "Pregnant thought and succinct expression" have never been the qualities for which Swinburne has been long and deservedly admired, and Mr. Noyes is not fortunate in his quotation in support of this claim. "Who cannot hate, can love not" is untrue, and truth is an essential element in great poetry; so is restraint—a quality in which Mr. Noyes' prose is so lacking that one can only attribute it to the constant reading of Swinburne.

To say that Swinburne "holds a tighter rein over his words than even Tennyson did" is a *bêtise* that no one with a critical mind would commit.

Believe me, Sir, very truly yours,

P. A. SILLARD.

48, Mountjoy-square, Dublin, Oct. 15.

THE SIN-EATER IN SOUTH WALES.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Mr. J. P. Owen seems to doubt the existence of Sin-eating in Wales in his letters to you on the subject (*Literature*, pages 221 and 281). Some years ago I wrote a full account of the custom as practised in Wales in the *Cymro*. I cannot lay my hands on the number just now, but may I draw the attention of Mr. Owen and also of Mr. Ernest Rhys to a very important authority on the question, viz., "Dryeh yr Amserocdd," by Robert Jones, of Rhoslan. His account of the custom (pages 42 and 43) is too long for reproduction here; but it may be summarized. The custom was called in Wales "Diodlas" or "Diodles." It was done in the following manner. When any one died the family selected some poor fellow to perform the ceremony. A bowl was sent to the maker of the coffin to be coloured the same as the coffin. On the day of the funeral the head of the house, when the corpse was taken out and laid on the bier, delivered across the coffin to the poor man a loaf of good bread, a large piece of cheese with a piece of silver planted in it, and a bowl full of beer, or milk, if there be no beer. The poor man (viz., the Sin-eater) then blessed and prayed for the soul of the dead, eating and drinking. Mr. Ernest Rhys' allusion to Sin-eating in the "Whistling Maid" is therefore based on a real and historical Welsh custom.

I am, Sir, yours truly,

THOS. SHANKLAND.

Cardiff, Oct, 12, 1900.

THE ABUSE OF THE POSSESSIVE.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Mr. Rouse has raised an interesting point in asking when the tendency to limit the case inflection of nouns to those which were invested with a more or less personal sense began, and what is the history of its development. He is probably in a better position than I am to conduct the inquiry, as I have but few authors and no grammar at hand. But I have consulted the Preface, Dedication, and Postscript of Dryden's Virgil, the First and Third Parts of the Pilgrim's Progress, Ben Jonson's Discoveries, and Cavendish's Life of Wolsey, for the purpose of ascertaining the average practice in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; and the authorized version of the Bible, and the Prayer-book are always with us. If we may come to a fairly safe conclusion by accepting these as authorities it would appear that the association of the possessive inflection with person was undoubtedly the rule 300 years ago. For, although idiomatic survivals of the more general senses of the old genitive are easily found in Cavendish and Bunyan, they are not very numerous even with them, while they are almost undiscoverable in Jonson and Dryden. The example of the latter is the more remarkable in that he goes out of his way to disparage the substitution of prepositions, or signs of cases, as he calls them, for inflected cases, calling it one of the "barbarities on which our speech is built by the fault of our forefathers." We may hence conclude that, if he had felt justified in so doing, he would have gladly "rejected all those signs, and cut off as many articles as he could spare, comprehending in one word what we are constrained to express in two."

My impression, although I am at present unable to verify it, is that as soon as the analytical expression of relation had gained a firm footing in the language, the genitive began to lose most of its powers. A very curious instance of the tendency may be noted in the same chapter (I quote from memory) of "The Revelation," where "all manner spices" and "all manner of spices" both occur. "All manner" is, of course, an old genitive of quality, but its force was evidently moribund at the time that this chapter was translated or revised, and the connexion between the two names was emphasized by the insertion of the preposition between them.

I should be the last to deny or to regret the existence of old genitives in the language, but I fail to see why the cordial welcome which we extend to such old friends as "The Winter's Tale" and "A Stone's Throw" is due to such doubtful company as "The Criterion's New Play" or "The Lock's Rape."

Yours faithfully, E. D. LITTLE.

LOCAL MUSEUMS.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—With reference to your remarks in to-day's *Literature* on the subject of local museums in connexion with Public Libraries, it may interest some of your readers to know that in our small library at Brentford special efforts have been made, for more than ten years, to collect pictures that may advance our knowledge of local history, and the result has been, so far, very successful.

A special feature of the collection referred to is the series of prints illustrating the famous Wilkes elections here; these include some curious pictures with such titles as "Brentford Sweepstakes," "A Taylor riding to Brentford," and portrait groups of Horne Tooke, Serjeant Glyn, and John Wilkes, &c. Other pictures of interest are the first "Kew-bridge," the Three Pigeons Inn, frequented by Shakespeare and Jonson, &c.

To this interesting and valuable collection we are anxious to add any other prints illustrating local history, and recently a series of photographs of buildings that are being demolished have been secured, by gift and purchase. There must be a large number of prints relating to Brentford which we do not possess, and if this should meet the eye of some one who can assist us in making the collection more complete we shall be glad.

I am yours truly, FRED. TURNER.

Free Public Library, Brentford, Oct. 13, 1900.

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

A good catalogue of the works of art contained in the Louvre has long been a *desideratum*, and especially since the recent rearrangement of the principal galleries, grouping together the works of each school, and the opening of the new Rubens Gallery. Meanwhile, in the absence of an adequate catalogue for the general public, amateurs are soon to be provided with a work that renders justice to the great masterpieces in the Louvre. The house of Goupil and Co.—now under the management of Messrs. Manzi, Joyant, and Co.—is on the point of completing "Les Maîtres de la Peinture au Musée du Louvre." This work, which will form two large folio volumes and which has been appearing, in French and in English, at irregular intervals during the past two years, is among the most sumptuous of art publications. Each school of painting is, with a few exceptions, the subject of one of the twenty-four parts into which the work is divided. Elaborate articles have been written by the most competent French critics—M. Eugene Muntz, M. George Lafenestre, M. André Michel, M. Pierre de Nolhac, M. Frederic Masson, M. Maurice Hamel, and others. M. Henri Bouchot, the erudite curator of the print department of the National Library, gives a sympathetic description of the pictures by the English masters. Unfortunately the English school is very poorly represented in the French national gallery. The skilful employment of photogravure, aquatint, and typogravure has led to the accurate reproduction of 288 of the most important pictures. It is a pity that the necessarily high price of these volumes and the limited number of copies printed puts them beyond the reach of many lovers of art. But every one will be able to see them in the great public libraries, the directors of which have been among the first to become subscribers.

Reports from the book trade for the past month show that the autumn season, so far, has only been remarkable for its novels. The weightier and more expensive volumes, for the most part, have been kept back on account of the elections. There has been a good demand, however, for art volumes, which become more popular every year as gift books. It is too early, perhaps, to speak of the season's successes in fiction. Sir Walter Besant's "The Fourth Generation," one of the first to appear this season, will soon be in its third edition, and Mark Twain's new book, "The Man that Corrupted Hadleyburg" (both published by Chatto and Windus), has gone to a second edition. Another early success was Mr. Oliver Onions' "Compleat Bachelor"—the first volume in Mr. Murray's dainty series of half-crown novels—which is now in its third edition. Messrs. Methuen, besides their Marie Corelli record, announce new editions of the late Mr. Stephen Crane's "Wounds in the Rain," Mr. Anthony Hope's "Quisanté," Mr. W. W. Jacobs' "Master of Craft," Mr. Robert Hichens' "Tongues of Conscience," Dorothea Gerard's "The Conquest of London," Lucas Malet's "The Gateless Barrier," (a third edition), and Ada Cambridge's "Path and Goal." Mr. Eden Phillpotts' "Sons of the Morning," Mr. Max Pemberton's "The Footsteps of a Throne," and Mr. Gilbert Parker's "The Lane that had no Turning" are also successful. Messrs. Macmillan, too, have had to reprint Florence Montgomery's "Prejudged" and Rosa Carey's "Rue with a Difference," while Messrs. Smith, Elder are preparing a second edition of Mr. Merriman's new novel "The Isle of Unrest."

The proposal which Professor Dowden made in our columns to celebrate the new century by producing an "adequate" history of English literature is endorsed by Sir Walter Besant in the *Author*. The cost and the risk are, of course, the difficulties; and Sir Walter Besant's suggestion that these should be faced by a company formed for the purpose seems as feasible as any other. That plan was adopted, we believe, in the case of the new "County Histories," of which the first volume has just appeared; and at any rate it seems a plan eminently suitable to such large literary undertakings. The project may not be of

the sort that one would care to lay before the average promoter, eager for great profits and quick returns, but it would surely recommend itself to a good many rich men who perceive the need for such a work. The millionaires who endow Universities and pepper the country with free libraries are men to whom it seems not unreasonable to suggest so excellent a means of extending their literary efforts. They could not conceivably lose all the money they put into such a venture, and it is not beyond the bounds of possibility that they might see it all back again with interest.

There are also some instructive notes in the *Author* upon the economic aspects of the sixpenny book. The calculation is made that 27,200 copies must be sold before the publisher can clear out-of-pocket expenses, and that an author would, on the royalties usually offered, earn only £156 on an edition of 50,000. Seeing that there are many novels of which that number of copies would not be read even if they were given away with pounds of tea, it looks like a dangerous policy to produce new books at that price; and we believe that both authors and publishers are quite alive to the fact. Sir Walter Besant inclines to think that even the sixpenny reprint does harm by competing with the new novels at six shillings; but about that we have our doubts. It is probably the sixpenny magazines and the papers of the "bits" order that suffer most from the competition. The six-shilling novel goes on fairly healthily; and the sixpenny reprint probably increases its potential public by advertising the authors among classes not previously familiar with their names. The sixpenny reprint of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," for instance, will probably cause a good many fresh readers to look out for Mr. Thomas Hardy's next novel, whether it appears at sixpence or at any other price.

Mr. James, to whose notes in the *St. James's Gazette* we refer elsewhere, reproaches us for having said that "an author has no longer any right to complain of the use to which his book is put when once he has parted with the copyright," and that "the purchaser of a fine poem would be within his rights if he used it as an advertisement for pills." Our object in saying these things, or something like them, was to warn authors, and not to encourage their enemies, so that it may be worth while to go into the matter a little further. Let it be granted that the purchaser of a copyright from an author does not acquire the right to make any or every use of it to the author's detriment any more than the purchaser of a walking-stick acquires the right to hit the vendor over the head with it. His position would be both legally and morally untenable, for instance, if, by mutilation, addition, or abridgment, he made the author appear responsible for libellous, blasphemous, or even grossly inaccurate statements. The author would have his remedy under the Common Law, though not under the Law of Copyright. But would the use of a poem to advertise a pill be regarded as damaging, in this sense, to the poet? Seeing that pills are habitually advertised by poems, we hardly imagine that a jury would take that view. The question arose, in fact, not many years ago, in connexion with a poem of Sir Edwin Arnold's; and Sir Edwin, acting, no doubt, upon good legal advice, did not take the matter into Court, but contented himself with writing to the papers to explain that the poem was not written up to the pill, but that the pill (or, perhaps, it was a hair restorer) was compounded to fit the poem. Mr. James also asks:—"Could it be contended that an author would have no right to complain if a publisher, having bought the copyright of a work of genius, refused to produce it?" It certainly could be so argued; for it is easy to imagine a case in which a publisher would buy a copyright for the express purpose of suppressing a book which, if published, would compete with another book which he was pushing, and the author would be assumed to have taken that risk with his eyes open. But no author is obliged to face that risk if he does not wish to. In order to avoid it he has only to have his agreement so drawn that the undertaking to publish on or before a stated day is a part of the consideration for which the copyright is assigned. It is a simple way out of the difficulty, and we believe it is a way frequently taken.

The number of books on the war is steadily increasing. Two come from Messrs. Arnold, one being "The Story of My Captivity in the Pretoria Prison," by the Rev. Adrian Hofmeyr, who was recently the hero of a stormy meeting in Shoreditch in support of the candidature of Mr. Claude Hay. He is a cousin of the famous Boer leader, Jan Hofmeyr, and is now Assistant-Commissioner of Mafeking and a delegate to England from the Imperial South African Association. The other book to come from Mr. Arnold is by Mrs. Bagot, who, under the title of "Shadows of the War," gives an account of her experiences while in charge of the Portland Hospital at the front. Now that the war is nearing its end Messrs. Skeffington are bringing out a little volume of "Three Plain Sermons for the Day of Thanksgiving"; a collection of "Hymns of Thanksgiving," including a hymn by the Rev. S. Baring-Gould for the return of the troops, entitled "Coming Home," another hymn entitled "In Remembrance of the Fallen," and the National Anthem, with the addition of a new verse of thanksgiving. The tunes are specially composed by Sir Frederick Bridge, Sir George Martin, Mr. A. H. Brewer, and Mr. Martin S. Skeffington.

Messrs. Cotta, of Stuttgart, will publish about Christmas a complete collection of Prince Bismarck's letters to his wife; the volume will contain some five hundred letters written between 1847 and 1892.

We hear so much—so much more, perhaps, than is necessary—of FitzGerald's "Omar" that it is pleasant for a change to look forward to new editions of his prose. His Letters have already taken their place securely among the classics, and among the most engaging classics, of English epistolary literature; and are continually being quoted by the critics of the day for comparison, when other published letters come up for judgment. "More Letters of Edward FitzGerald," edited by Mr. W. A. Wright, is among the forthcoming additions to Messrs. Macmillan's admirable Eversley Series. Meanwhile the same firm is adding to the "Golden Treasury" Series a volume of "Miscellanies by Edward FitzGerald," to include the "Euphranor," "Polonius," and other pieces. Modest as FitzGerald was he was a little proud of "Euphranor," and was proud of Tennyson's praise of it. And has not some one said that the description of the boat race with which it ends is one of the most beautiful pieces of English prose? It was certainly time that these pieces were made more accessible than in Mr. Wright's three volumes of the complete works.

We have received the following from Mrs. Paget Toynbee:—

Mrs. Paget Toynbee, having undertaken to prepare for the Clarendon Press a new edition of the "Letters of Horace Walpole," would be greatly obliged if owners of original letters, whether already printed or not, would kindly communicate with her, in order that the new edition may be made as complete and correct as possible. Many of the letters as hitherto printed are either fragmentary or disfigured by misreadings, and it is desirable that they should be corrected by collation with the originals. Mrs. Toynbee has already succeeded in collecting from various sources nearly two hundred letters which are not included in current editions, and it is probable that there are many others in private hands which she has not yet been able to trace. Any letters entrusted to her would be treated with scrupulous care and returned to their owners as promptly as possible. To those who are unable to lend the originals Mrs. Toynbee would be grateful for careful copies. All obligations of this nature would of course be duly acknowledged by the editor. It is expected that the new edition, which will be provided with a full index, will be completed in ten or eleven octavo volumes. Communications should be addressed to Mrs. Paget Toynbee, Dorney Wood, Burnham, Bucks.

The announcement is welcome, for, Mr. John Morley's opinion notwithstanding, Walpole's Letters are among the most entertaining classics of their class; and there has been no attempt to present a complete edition of them since Cunningham's well-known collection in nine volumes, published in 1857-59.

Mrs. Paget Toynbee's contributions to "*Notes and Queries*" have become a recognized source of authoritative information about Horace Walpole.

"The Romance of the Earth," shortly to be published by Messrs. Sonnenschein, is by Professor Bickerton, Professor of Chemistry and Physics at Canterbury College, New Zealand, whose address before the last meeting of the British Association was widely commented upon. The book is a popular illustrated one tracing the development of life from the protoplasm, and containing speculations which carry the author back millions of years before the earth existed. In another book, to appear shortly afterwards under the title of "The Story of the Stars," Professor Bickerton will state his views in a more severely scientific form, with no illustrations beyond a few diagrams.

The first volume of a collected edition of Nietzsche's letters is promised for November. After the threats of legal proceedings which Nietzsche's sister, Frau Förster-Nietzsche, circulated in the Press a few months ago against the unauthorized publication of any of her brother's letters, it is doubtful if the authorized collection will be very complete. It is conceivable, at least, that many possessors of letters from the philosopher will not be so ready to oblige the directors of the Nietzsche archive as they might have been.

His Honour Judge Parry began his literary career by doing literature the excellent service of editing the Letters of Dorothy Osborne. Since then he has become better known as the author of books for children. He has now retold "The Story of Don Quixote" for children, and his version, with illustrations by Mr. Walter Crane, is among this season's announcements of Messrs. Blackie and Sons. Judge Parry must wish that the madmen of Manchester would tilt at windmills rather than at County Court Judges. He is now, we are glad to say, recovered in health from the serious injuries not very long ago inflicted on him by an assailant in Court.

According to the Berlin papers, Gerhart Hauptmann has all but finished two new dramas; one is a modern play of artist life, *Michael Kramer*, the other a dramatization of the Middle High German Idyll, *Der arme Heinrich*, on which he has long been engaged. The story of the *Arme Heinrich* is familiar to English readers as the basis of Longfellow's *Golden Legend*.

The Hon. W. Warren Vernon is about to complete his "Readings on the *Divina Commedia*" by the publication, through Messrs. Macmillan, of two volumes on the "Paradiso," uniform with his volumes on the "Inferno" and "Purgatorio," which appeared some years ago. The "Readings" are largely based on the lectures of Benvenuto da Imola, delivered in Latin at Bologna in 1375, only about fifty years after Dante's death, and never printed in their complete original form before 1887, when they were published at Florence at the expense of Mr. Vernon. In the "Readings" the text is given a few *terzine* at a time. Then comes a literal prose translation with a running commentary, and numerous explanatory notes.

"An American Anthology, 1787-1899," by Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman, was published in America last Wednesday. The selection makes a fitting companion volume to Mr. Stedman's "Victorian Anthology," which was published as far back as 1895. There is an introduction and biographies.

The *Agnostic Annual* publishes a "Twentieth century double number," with a good many important articles of which the chief are a paper on "The Triumph of Rationalism in Religion," by Mr. Leslie Stephen, and a review of "The Science of Evolution," by Professor E. Haeckel, Mr. T. Whittaker, and Miss C. E. Plumptre.

Messrs. Kegan Paul and Co. will publish the following volumes in their series of Westminster Biographies:—Next week, "John Wesley," by Frank Banfield; to be followed at once by "Adam Duncan," by H. W. Wilson, and a month later by "Daniel Defoe," by Wilfred Whitten.

The re-issue of the "English Historical Memoirs" in thirty volumes, announced by Mr. Nimmo, is the first uniform illustrated edition of the works of John Heneage Jesse, which were originally published during the forties and fifties. They will be uniform in size, type, and paper with the edition of Lady Jackson's French Memoirs, recently issued by the same publishers in fourteen volumes. Of the thirty volumes of the English Memoirs—all illustrated with etchings and engravings—fourteen will be ready this autumn, and the remaining sixteen in the spring. Mr. W. B. Boulton's work, in two volumes, on "The Amusements of Old London," a survey of the pastimes of Londoners from the seventeenth to the beginning of the nineteenth century, will be published by Mr. Nimmo towards the end of the month. The illustrations, from contemporary sources, are all coloured by hand, a feature which also marks the "History of Steeple-Chasing," by Mr. Wm. C. A. Blew (uniform with his "Quorn Hunt and its Masters") now coming from the same publisher. In November Mr. Nimmo will issue a new edition of Mr. Harting's "Handbook of British Birds." The author has edited the *Zoologist* for twenty years, as well as the natural history columns of the *Field* for a still longer period.

Mr. Heinemann will shortly publish the "Studies in Style" which Mr. W. H. Helm recently contributed to the *Morning Post*. They are not parodies, in the ordinary sense, but "gently exaggerated essays" in the methods of individual writers, or of schools of modern fiction.

A new edition of the third volume of Mr. C. P. Lucas' "Historical Geography of the British Colonies"—that dealing with West Africa—will be published immediately from the Clarendon Press. The recent Ashanti troubles should lend additional interest to this reissue. As is well known, Mr. Lucas is connected with the Colonial Office.

Mr. Arnold has a book on old colonial days, "The Journal of Mrs. Fenton," 1826-1830. Mrs. Fenton was an officer's widow in India seventy-four years ago, and, marrying again, wandered first to Mauritius, and then to Tasmania. Her journal gives a glimpse into ordinary life under many skies in the days of our great grand parents. A life of Admiral Sir Thomas Pasley, edited by his daughter, Miss Louisa Pasley, is another work announced by Mr. Arnold. Sir Thomas served in the naval expedition to the Crimea during the Russian war.

A new book by Mr. Samuel Gordon, the author of "Lesser Destinies" and "In Years of Transition," is entitled "Sons of the Covenant," and is a study of the Jew in European society. Another book about the Jews is coming from Mr. Fisher Unwin within the next ten days, under the title of "The Jew in London: A Study of Racial Character and Present-Day Conditions." The book contains an introduction by Canon Barnett and a preface by Mr. James Bryce. Mr. Zangwill's new novel, by the way—"The Mantle of Elijah"—will be published by Mr. Heinemann next week.

"The Inner Shrine," the novel by Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick that has been running serially in the *The Times Weekly Edition*, will be published by Messrs. Harper at the end of the month.

A new experiment in the lowering of prices is to issue a new edition of a recent six-shilling novel at the original price together with a shilling paper-covered edition. Mr. Burleigh is adopting this course in the case of Miss Nora Vynne's book, "The Priest's Marriage."

Mr. Harold E. Gorst has resigned the editorship of the *Review of the Week*.

THEOLOGY.—Mr. Murray has in preparation a short treatise on the Holy Communion, by Canon Gore, entitled "The Breaking of the Bread," and a book on the Atonement, by Canon Moberly, entitled "Atonement and Personality."

It is not often that Russian theological works find their way into English print, although Russian translations of Canon Farrar's writings, and of books by other foreign theologians, have been warmly welcomed in the Tsar's dominions. Next month, however, we are to receive through Messrs. Rivington an English translation of the monograph on "The Soothsayer Balaam," written by Bishop Seraphim of Ostrojsk. The book deals with the transformation of the Mesopotamian Soothsayer Balaam into a Prophet (Numbers xxii.-xxv.), and contains much archæological, philological, and psychological materials. Another translation announced by Messrs. Rivington is "La Bonne Souffrance" of Francis Coppée, a book to which Canon Newbolt called attention in one of his sermons in St. Paul's Cathedral some time ago. The work has been translated by Catherine M. Welby, and contains a preface by the Rev. W. H. Hutton. It will be ready at the end of this month. "The Idylls of Theocritus," translated into English verse by James Henry Hallard, M.A., is announced for November. In the following month the same publishers will issue "The Minor Festivals of the Anglican Church," by the Rev. M. J. Sparrow Simpson, and "The Pilgrim's Path: A Book of Prayer for Busy People," compiled by Frederick E. Mortimer, rector of St. Mark's Church, Jersey City. "The Pilgrim's Path" has passed through thirteen editions in the United States.

Messrs. Elliot Stock will publish a volume by the Dean of Ely entitled "Pro Patriâ," containing sermons preached on national occasions in England and America. The same publishers have nearly ready for issue a volume of selections from the writings of Dean Farrar entitled "The Life of Christian Service."

ART.—Vigo-street is striving assiduously, and, apparently, not without success, to preserve the art teaching of the Beardsley school. "Contrary to general anticipation," writes Mr. Lane, in a note announcing "The Later work of Aubrey Beardsley," consisting of upwards of 170 designs, many hitherto unpublished, "the Beardsley 'cult' has not proved of so ephemeral a nature as was prophesied." The volume will be uniform with Aubrey Beardsley's "Early Work." About the same time—early November—Mr. Lane will publish another album of cartoons by Mr. C. Dana Gibson—"The Americans." Across the way in Vigo-street Mr. Elkin Mathews has an album of cartoons in hand by Mr. Arthur Hopkins, R.N.S., "Sketches and Skits."

Books to look out for at once.

SOUTH AFRICA AND THE WAR—

"The Story of the War in South Africa." By Captain Mahan. Sampson Low. 10s. 6d. net.

"The Great Boer War." By A. Conan Doyle. Smith, Elder. 7s. 6d.

"How we Kept the Flag Flying." By D. Macdonald. Ward, Lock. 6s.
[An account of the siege of Ladysmith, by the Special Correspondent of the *Melbourne Argus*.]

"A History of Rhodesia." By Howard Hensman. Blackwood. 6s.

"Three Plain Sermons for the Day of Thanksgiving." Skeffington. 1s. n.
[The Sermons are by Canon Joseph Hammond, the Rev. H. J. Wilmot Buxton, and the Rev. J. B. C. Murphy.]

THE COMMONS AND THE ARMY—

"The New House of Commons." By A Kinnear. Blackwood. 3s. 6d. n.
[Intended to show the new member something of the life that is before him.]

"The War Office, the Army, and the Empire." By H. O. Arnold-Forster, M.P. Cassell. 1s. and 1s. 6d.
[Lord Rosebery contributes a preface.]

ART AND LITERATURE—

"Turner and Ruskin." Edited by Frederick Wedmore. George Allen. £7 7s. net and £15 15s. net.
[An exposition of the works of Turner, with descriptive and critical passages from Ruskin. Ninety plates.]

"Characters of Romance." By William Nicholson. Heinemann. £2 2s. net.
[A portfolio of 16 pastels reproduced in colours.]

"A History of Criticism and Literary Taste in Europe." Vol. 1. By Professor George Saintsbury. Blackwood.
[Is to be completed in three volumes. The present vol. deals with classical and mediæval criticism.]

THEOLOGY—

"An Introduction to the Old Testament in Greek." By Professor Henry Swete. Cambridge University Press. 7s. 6d. net.

"The Book of Daniel." Ed. by Prof. Driver. Camb. Univ. Press. 2s. 6d. n.
[The new volume in the Cambridge Bibles for Schools and Colleges.]

"What is Catholicism?" By Edmond Scherer. Grant Richards. 3s. 6d.
[With introduction by the Rev. R. F. Horton.]

BIOGRAPHY—

"General Sir Arthur Cotton, R.E., K.C.S.I." By his daughter, Lady Hope. Hodder and Stoughton. 12s. net.

"Memoirs of Edward Haro, C.S.I." By Major E. Haro. Grant Richards. 5s. n.

"Lord Monboddo and some of his Contemporaries." By Professor Knight. Murray. 16s.

"Francis: the Little Poor Man of Assisi." By J. Adderley. Arnold. 3s. 6d.
[Largely based upon the "Life of S. Francis," by M. Paul Sabatier, who has written an introduction.]

"John Wesley." By Frank Banfield. Kegan Paul.

HISTORY—

"Hero-Patriots of the XIXth Century." By E. Sanderson. Hutchinson. 6s.

"The Englishman in China in the Victorian Era" (2 vols.). By Alexander Michie. Blackwood.
[The story of the Englishman in the Far East as illustrated by the life of Sir Rutherford Alcock, for many years Consul and Minister in China and Japan.]

"The Cinque Ports: a Historical and Descriptive Record." By F. Madox Hueffer. Blackwood. £3 3s. net.
[Photogravure plates by William Hyde.]

TRAVEL—

"Among the Berbers of Algeria." By Anthony Wilkin. Fisher Unwin. 16s.
[Records the wanderings of two anthropologists in Algeria. The purely scientific results are to be published elsewhere.]

"The Inhabitants of the Philippines." By Frederic H. Sawyer, M.I.C.E. Sampson Low. 15s. net.

FICTION—

"An Outcast of the Family," "The Coronet of Shame," "Nance," "Her Heart's Desire." By Charles Garvice. Sands. 3s. 6d. each.

"Whylomville Stories." By Stephen Crane. Harper. 6s.
[Studies of boy life and character.]

"The Flame of Fire." By Gabriele d'Annunzio. Heinemann. 6s.

"The Mantle of Elijah." By I. Zangwill. Heinemann. 6s.

"The Lady of Dreams." By Una L. Silberrad. Heinemann.

"The Story of Ronald Kestrel." By A. J. Dawson. Heinemann.

"Chloris of the Island." H. B. Marriott Watson. Harper. 6s.

"The Life Romantic, including the Love Letters of the King." By Richard Le Gallienne. Hurst and Blackett. 6s.

"The Lady of Robertval." By Jean Delaire. Sands and Co. 3s. 6d.

"Verity." By Sidney Pickering. Arnold.

"Jenny of the Villa." By Mrs. C. H. Radford. Arnold.

"Love of Comrades." By Frank Mathew. John Lane. 3s. 6d.

"The Luck of a Lowland Laddie." By May Crommelin. John Long. 6s.

"The Way Out." By G. B. Burgin. John Long. 6s.

"Love in a Mist." By Olive Birrell. Smith, Elder. 6s.

"Gwynett of Thurlough." By F. W. Hayes. Hutchinson. 6s.
[A Sequel to "A Kent Squire."]

"The Adventures of Tyler Tattock, Private Detective." By Dick Donovan. Chatto and Windus. 3s. 6d.

"The Journal of a Jealous Woman." By Percy White. Nisbet. 6s.

"The Lesser Evil." By Iza Duffus Hardy. Chatto and Windus. 6s.

"A Forest Officer." By Mrs. Penny. Methuen. 6s.

"Edward Barry, South Sea Pearler." By Louis Becke. Fisher Unwin. 6s.

"The Harp of Life." By Elizabeth Godfrey. Grant Richards. 6s.

"The Doctor Speaks." By the Rev. W. J. Dawson. Grant Richards. 6s.

PHILOSOPHY AND SOCIOLOGY—

"An Essay on Personality as a Philosophical Principle." By the Rev. Wilfrid Richmond, M.A. Arnold. 10s. 6d.

"The Jew in London." Fisher Unwin.

BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG—

"Mother Goose Cookbook." By J. H. Myrtle and R. Rigby. Lane. 2s. 6d.

"The April Baby's Book of Tunes." By the Author of "Elizabeth and her German Garden." Illustrated by Kate Greenaway. Macmillan. 6s.

MISCELLANEOUS—

"Twentieth Century Practice of Medicine." Vol. XX. Edited by Thomas L. Stedman. Sampson Low. £1 1s. net and £1 10s. net.
[This volume brings the work to a conclusion. It deals with tuberculosis, and contains an appendix and index.]

"Wooings and Weddings in Many Lands" By L. J. Maas. Pearson. 10s.

"Low's Handbook to the Charities of London." Edited by H. R. Dalmville. Sampson Low. 1s. and 1s. 6d.
[Contains the statistics for 1899-1900, and has been revised up to June, 1900.]

"Rectorial Addresses: Delivered before the University of Edinburgh, 1858-1899." Ed. by A. Stodart-Walker, M.B. Grant Richards. 7s. 6d. n.

"Clothes and the Man." By the "Major" of "To-day." Grant Richards. 2s. 6d.
[A book on dress and etiquette for men.]

"How to Choose your Banker." (No. IV. of the "How To" Series.) By Henry Warren. Grant Richards. 3s. 6d.

"French Cooking for English Homes." Blackwood. 3s.

"Cassell's Cyclopædia of Mechanics." Ed. by P. N. Hasluck. Cassell. 7s. 6d.

"On Sanitary and Other Matters." By Dr. G. S. Keith. Black.

NEW EDITIONS—

"Digby Grand." Vol. XXII. of the Library Edition of Whyte-Melville's novels. Ward, Lock. 3s. 6d.

"The Blessed Damozel," by Dante Gabriel Rossetti. Illustrated by Percy Bulcock. ("Flowers of Parnassus" Series.) John Lane. 1s. net.

"The Poems of Edgar Allan Poe," with an introduction by H. Noel Williams. Bell and Sons. 21s. net.
[In the "Endymion" Series. Illust. by W. Heath Robinson.]

"Secrets of Happy Home Life" and "The Blessing of Cheerfulness," by Dr. J. R. Miller. (Miniature ed.) Hodder and Stoughton. 1s. each.

"Horæ Subsecivæ," by Dr. John Brown. A. and C. Black. 2s. net each.
[In three volumes, uniform with Nelson's New Century Library.]

Edward FitzGerald's "Miscellanies." ("Golden Treasury" Series.) Macmillan. 2s. 6d. net.
[Includes "Euphranor," "Polonius," &c.]

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

ARCHÆOLOGY.

The Reliquary and Archæologist. Vol. VI. 10¼×8in., 281 pp. Bemrose. 12s.

BIOGRAPHY.

Oliver Cromwell. By *John Morley*. 9×6in., 510 pp. Macmillan. 10s. n.

Augusta, Empress of Germany. By *Clara Tschudi*. 9×5½in., 241 pp. Sonnenschein. 7s. 6d.

Thomas Sydenham. (Masters of Medicine Series.) By *J. F. Payne*. 7¼×5¼in., 264 pp. Unwin. 3s. 6d.

Irene Petrie, Missionary to Kashmir. By *Mrs. A. Carus-Wilson*. 8¼×5¼in., 343 pp. Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.

Emma Marshall. By *Beatrice Marshall*. 7¼×5¼in., 310 pp. Seeley. 6s.

Memoirs and Correspondence of Coventry Patmore. 2 vols. By *Basil Champneys*. 9×6in., 336+368 pp. Bell. 32s. n.

The Rt. Hon. Joseph Chamberlain. The Man and the Statesman. By *N. M. Marris*. 9×6in., 480 pp. Hutchinson. 10s. n.

BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

The Shadow of the Cliff. By *Catherine E. Mallandaine*. 7¼×5in., 319 pp. S.P.C.K. 3s.

Four Everyday Girls. By *R. Jackberns*. 7¼×5in., 219 pp. S.P.C.K. 2s.

Wonder Stories from Herodotus. By *G. H. Boden* and *W. B. D'Almeida*. 8¼×6in., 163 pp. Harper. 3s. 6d.

A Thoroughbred Mongrel. By *S. Townesend*. 8×5¼in., 175 pp. Unwin. 3s. 6d.

The Lively City o' Ligg. By *G. Burgess*. 8¼×6¼in., 219 pp. Methuen. 6s.

Our Darling's First Book. 10¼×8in., 16 pp. Blackie. 1s.

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THEOLOGY.

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The Way into the Kingdom; or, Thoughts on the Beatitudes. By the *Rev. J. D. Jones*. 6½×4½in., 159 pp. R.T.S. 1s. 6d.

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Historical Memoirs of the City of Armagh. By *J. Stuart*. New Ed. rev. and largely rewritten by Rev. A. Coleman. 10×7½in., 477 pp. Dublin. Gill.

Dartmoor. (Homeland Handbooks.) By *Beatrix F. Cresswell*. 7½×4½in., 136 pp. St. Bride's Press. 6d. n.

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Chinamen at Home. By *T. G. Selby*. 8½×5½in., 285 pp. Hodder & Stoughton. 3s. 6d. n.

CHESS.

Address "Chess": LITERATURE, Printing House Square, London.

PROBLEM No. LXXIV.
By VALENTIN MARIN, Madrid.
BLACK.

WHITE.
White mates in two moves.

PROBLEM No. LXXV.
By L. PRADIGNAT, France
BLACK.

WHITE.
White mates in three moves.

Above and No. 76 add some further illustrations of the fact that several problemists may, unconsciously or otherwise, hit upon precisely identical ideas. On the face of it the similarity of position will be apparent, and the solutions will add point to it. We were both interested and amused to see, in a London daily recently, the following, where the theme once more appears as a speaking likeness:—

PROBLEM No. 76, by R. Oswald.—White (7 pieces), K at Q Kt 6; Q at K sq; rooks at K B 4 and Q 4; pawns at K R 2, K 3, Q B 2. Black (5 pieces), K at K 4; B at K Kt 2; pawns at Q 2, Q 3, Q 4. Two moves.

In No. 68, by Dr. Gold, the White queen is at K Kt sq. With Q at Q Kt sq there is a solution, but the point of the illustration is lost.

PROBLEM No. 77, by A. Troitzky.—White (7 pieces), K at K Kt 2; R at Q 6; B at K sq; Kt at Q 8; pawns at K Kt 4, Q 2, Q R 2. Black (5 pieces), K at K 4; Q at Q B 5; B at K Kt 4; pawns at K Kt 2 and K 3. White to play and win.

We should be glad to realize that genuine interest is taken in these End-game studies. Above looks critical, but we have not seen the solution.

WHY BLINDFOLD CHESS IS POSSIBLE.—A French writer notes that the very fact that in chess the pieces have distinctive powers is an aid to his memory. Blindfold exhibitions of Polish draughts are unknown, not because of the uniform appearance of the men, but because of their almost uniform powers. In draughts there is little to which the memory can cling except position. In chess the blindfold player has to deal with several entities as distinct in their nature as so many different persons. The incidents of the game are not chaos, but an intelligent development of intimately related events which have something of the interest of a novel. Games, indeed, may differ from each other as widely as novels, and a blindfold player, having usually the first move, can often impress each of his games with a different character from the outset, and thus facilitate his task. For him there is safety in variety.

GAME No. XXXVII.—Played in Yorkshire tournament. White, Mr. J. T. Stockwell (Leeds); Black, Mr. O. L. Anders (Halifax):—

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
1. P–K 4	P–K 4	12. P–K B 4	B–Q 5 ch
2. Kt–K B 3	Kt–Q B 3	13. K–R sq	P×P
3. B–Kt 5	Kt–B 3	14. Kt×P	Q–R 5
4. Castles	B–B 4	15. Kt–Kt 5	Q–R 3
5. P–Q 3	Castles	16. P–Q B 3	B–Q B 4
6. R×Kt	Q P×B	17. P–B 5	Q–K 5
7. Kt×P	B–Q 3	18. Q–Kt 3 ch	K–B sq
8. Kt–K B 3	Kt–Kt 5	19. Kt–B 7 ch	K–Kt sq
9. P–K R 3	Kt–K 4	20. Kt–R 6 ch	K–B sq
10. Kt–Q B 3	P–K B 4	21. Q–Kt 8 ch	R×Q
11. Kt–Kt	B×Kt	22. Kt–B 7 mate (a).	

(a) A lively little contest ending with a "Philidor's Legacy" (which, by the way, is much older than the celebrated Frankenstein). The first player thought 17. P–B 5 better than Q–Kt 3 ch. Black failed at move 10.

GAME No. XXXVIII.—Played in Munich.

WHITE. A. Halprin.	BLACK. J. Berger.	WHITE. A. Halprin.	BLACK. J. Berger.
1. P–Q 4	P–Q 4	15. Q R–Q sq	Kt–B
2. Kt–K B 3	Kt–K B 3	16. P×Kt	Q–B 2
3. P–K 3	P–K 3	17. R–K B sq	Q R–Q sq
4. B–Q 3	B–K 2	18. R–B 2	R–B 3
5. Q Kt–Q 2	Kt–Q 2	19. Q R–K B sq	P–K 4
6. Castles	Castles	20. P×P	R×P
7. P–K 4	P–P	21. Kt–Kt 5	P–K R 3
8. Kt×P	Kt×Kt	22. Kt×P	B×P ch
9. B×Kt	Kt–B 3	23. K–R sq	B–Kt 6
10. B–Q 3	P–Q Kt 3	24. Kt–K 6 ch	P×Kt
11. R–K sq	B–Kt 2	25. B–B 4 ch	B–Q 4
12. P–Q B 3	Q R–B sq	26. B×B ch	R×B
13. Q–K 2	P–Q B 4	27. R–B 6 ch	K–Kt 2
14. B–K 3	Kt–Q 4	28. R–B 7 ch and wins.	

Literature

Published by The Times.

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NOTES OF THE DAY.

We publish with this number, for its interest both as a work of art and an historical memorial, an enlarged reproduction of one of the two medals just designed by Mr. Emil Fuchs in commemoration of the war in South Africa. Our next issue will contain a careful study of the significance of the new School of French poets, by Mr. W. Morton Fullerton.

* * * *

Literary fame did not come early to Charles Dudley Warner, who died the other day at his home in Hartford, Connecticut; but it is some thirty years ago since he made his reputation with "My Summer in a Garden." Once he was a lawyer in Chicago; subsequently a journalist and editor of a Hartford newspaper; but after his first success he wrote volume after volume of essays, novels, and sketches of travel and autobiography. He devoted two books to the "Life and Work of Washington Irving." He acted for some fourteen years as one of the editors of *Harper's Magazine*, and was, we believe, the only man who ever had the honour of collaborating with "Mark Twain," the result of their joint endeavours being a novel called "The Gilded Age." The "American Men of Letters" Series also owned him as editor, and he himself was worthy of no undistinguished place in that goodly company.

* * * *

Warner's connexion with *Harper's Magazine* was not only an editorial one. He succeeded Mr. W. D. Howells in the spring of 1892 as writer of the *causerie* in that magazine under the heading of "The Editor's Study." The succession was interesting as putting a period to Mr. Howells' monthly girdings at romance, and particularly at the taste for romance in this country, which he took for a symptom of our insular backwardness. Mr. Howells, in his valedictory *causerie*, expressed a fear that the true realistic faith would not be safe in the hands of his successor. He saw in imagination Mr. Warner making the round of the little side altars in the "Editor's Study" and marvelling at the graven images of canonized realists he would find there. He feared they would be cast out of window for a rabble of unnaturalized foreigners from France, Italy, Norway, and the furthermost parts of Spain; and, worst of all, that down might come "that great first of all realists, the supreme artist, the incomparable master of fiction, he with the look of the baffled peasant, the troubled deity, whose plain, sad face was perplexed with the vain endeavour to live some Christlike solution of the painful earth, the august and pathetic image of Tolstoy"—and in its place go up a bust of Thackeray or Scott. Mr. Warner, on taking his place, contented himself with remarking that he ventured to hope that the cause of honesty in literature belonged to no one sect, and he assured Mr. Howells he was not going to throw his deities out of window, even if there were some wooden idols among them.

* * * *

One of Charles Dudley Warner's claims to be remembered is his attempt to establish, in the United States, a body somewhat resembling our own Society of Authors, but of wider scope. His idea was that one and the same organization might protect literary property, raise the tone of literary men, and educate the public taste in literature. We commented on the enterprise at the time, finding it more interesting than practical, and we have not since heard that anything has come of it. Charles Dudley Warner, however, took a strong line on the subject of international copyright, and if the United States should ever adhere to the Berne Convention, he will be one of those to whom enriched authors will have reason to be grateful.

* * * *

A correspondent writes as to the late Mr. W. L. Thomas:—"As you say, the turning point in the fortunes of the *Graphic* came when the Franco-Prussian War broke out, and Mr. Sidney P. Hall, fresh from Oxford, where he had acquired fame by drawing caricatures for Mr. Shrimpton, went out as artist-correspondent. It was, I believe, a picture of the late Dr. Lightfoot of Exeter, as Jupiter kicking Vulcan out of Olympus—an allegorical presentation of the unsuccessful attempt of the Great Western Railway Company to establish 'works' at Oxford—which convinced Mr. Thomas of the young artist's ability. Since then the paper has prospered steadily; and many important novels have appeared serially in its pages—some of them, like 'Tess of the Durbervilles,' in a somewhat expurgated form. Mr. Thomas never edited either of his papers, though he occasionally contributed an article on some subject in which he was interested. When he did so, he used, with characteristic modesty, to request that it might be handed to some member of the staff to 'put right.' His great talent, however, was for management—a talent that was much in evidence in the early days of the *Daily Graphic*. At one of the birthday dinners of the *Daily Graphic*, an after-dinner speaker drew a picture of those days. It was a picture of a gloomy staff fearing imminent

failure, and Mr. W. L. Thomas sitting on a high stool, with his hat a little on the back of his head, the one man in the company who already saw his way through failure to success, who never lost his temper, and was always ready with suggestions. It was, no doubt, an exaggerated picture, but there was a great deal of truth in it. In many ways Mr. Thomas was a pioneer. He started the fashion of giving away with his paper Christmas pictures by the best artists of the day; and he was always one of the first to perceive the possibilities of the new mechanical processes of reproduction. In connexion with the *Daily Graphic* he deserves less credit for the idea, which was obvious enough, than for recognizing the psychological moment at which the idea could be turned to profitable account. He had many other spheres of usefulness, being a member of the Council of the Society of Arts and of the Royal Academy of Music, and the originator of the Press Band, which plays during the summer at mid-day in the Embankment-gardens."

* * * *

The Shakespearian performances given by Mr. Benson at the Lyceum last summer drew a happy mean between the spectacular display and the antiquarian experiments of the Elizabethan Stage Society. In more than one quarter the wish was expressed that a company acting up to Mr. Benson's ideals might become more or less permanent. We are glad to hear that he is, at all events, about to return to London in the winter, when he will take up his abode at the Comedy from December 19 to April 9. Only two of the plays in his prospectus are among those which were given in the summer—*Richard II.* and *Hamlet*—and the latter will not apparently be given in its entirety as before. The remaining plays promised are *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, *The Taming of the Shrew*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *Henry IV.*, Part II., *Coriolanus*, and *As You Like It*. There is no mention of any works by other dramatists than Shakespeare. Is it too much to hope that some day a company, such as Mr. Benson's, may impart more than an antiquarian interest to one or two plays of the other Elizabethans?

* * * *

The late Professor Shuttleworth, among his many activities, religious, philanthropic, and musical, did not forget literature. His premature death entails a serious loss to the Ladies Department of King's College, where he was Lecturer in English Literature. He was not only a man of high culture, but, if we may say so without disrespect either to him or his audience, he was just the man to lecture to ladies. He had an engaging manner which at once attracted them, and gave promise of finding interest and even entertainment in the gravest of literary subjects.

* * * *

As to the reprint of "The Last of the Mohicans," which we noticed recently, a correspondent expresses his regret that the true chronological order of the romances has been neglected in this edition, as it is in most others. It begins with "The Last of the Mohicans" and is to end with "The Pioneers," as though one were to sandwich "The Three Musketeers" between "Twenty Years After" and "The Vicomte de Bragelonne." It is true that Cooper did not write his Leatherstocking tales in their chronological order; "The Deerslayer" was produced fifteen years after its sequel. But the illusion should be preserved as far as possible, and a chronological edition must begin with "The Deerslayer," in which we are introduced to Natty Bumppo, and end with "The Prairie," in which he dies in a fashion that recalls the last moments of Colonel Newcome. The "Mohicans" should follow the "Deerslayer," to which it is a kind of sequel; and "The Pioneers," in which Natty and Chingachgook appear as old men, should immediately precede "The Prairie." "The Pathfinder," a detached study of Natty's manhood, falls naturally into the middle place.

* * * *

Cooper was the author chosen by Carlyle to illustrate his remark that the true principle of literary finance was to pay authors for the amount they did not write—a variation of the well-known doctrine that speech is silvern, silence golden, which he urged in so many volumes. Publishers have not yet seen their way to adopt that counsel of perfection. If the trades union of authors which Sir Walter Besant seems to desire is ever brought into being, it may be possible to introduce the principle which Carlyle desired. In China it is said that men pay their doctors by the year and deduct a fixed percentage for each day of sickness. So the author by profession might be paid an annual salary and have so much a line deducted for his publications, with the proviso that if he did not publish anything he would be expelled from the union. This is too Utopian a vision; but it is true that the judgment of posterity often achieves the reform that Carlyle wished authors to undertake by themselves. The man who produced a hundred volumes is often given a lower place than he who gave his life to polishing a single work. "One thinks," Carlyle wrote of Cooper in 1838, "had but the hogshead of thin wash, which sours in a week ready for the kennels, been distilled, been concentrated! Our dear Fenimore Cooper might in that way have given us one Natty Leatherstocking, one melodious synopsis of Man and Nature in the West (for it lay in him to do it), almost as a Saint-Pierre did for the islands of the East; and the hundred incoherences, cobbled together hastily by order of Colburn and Company had slumbered in chaos, as all incoherences ought, if possible, to do." The "hundred incoherences" have actually returned to chaos; who can now describe the rig of the Waterwitch or the garb of Hardheart and Tom Coffin? But Natty Bumppo has triumphantly survived; though we do not call him a "melodious synopsis," our opinion of his merits and of his chance of attaining immortality rises year by year. Thackeray, indeed, went so far as to say that he was better than any one in "Scott's lot." We should hesitate to agree with that verdict, but we have no hesitation in agreeing with Thackeray that "La Longue Carabine is one of the great prize-men of fiction. He ranks with your Uncle Toby, Sir Roger de Coverley, Falstaff—heroic figures all—American or British, and the artist has deserved well of his country who devised them."

* * * *

In Belgium, under the title "Ligue pour le Livre Belge," a society is being founded which, by means of subscriptions, will assure a regular reading public in their own country to Belgian authors. The idea was formulated by M. Jacques de Cressonières, a well-known barrister and professor at the Université Nouvelle, and M. Max Hallet, a prominent Socialist. They have secured the patronage and co-operation of M. Eugene Demolder, author of the "Reine d'Emeraude"; M. Ivan Gilkin, poet and critic; M. Ballat, M. George Eekhard, and nearly all the foremost men of literature and art. "Belgian authors," says M. George Eekhard, "are known only by name and reputation to their countrymen. They are accepted on faith owing to the notoriety or celebrity they have won beyond the Belgian frontier." The new league, which will supplement the lending library and enable the public to buy new works more frequently, numbers among its members names belonging to all parties and tendencies; these will serve as a guarantee of terms of selection, philosophic and aesthetic, without which the society would be a failure.

* * * *

In a recent article in *L'Art Moderne* M. Demolder proposes to inaugurate the new league with an exhibition of works of modern Belgian writers published within the last quarter of a century. The project has been most favourably received and enlarged upon by the Press. The foremost reviews and magazines are also to be exhibited, together with the original drawings and engravings forming their illustrations. Frontispieces and bindings, editions de luxe, portraits and even caricatures of authors, manuscripts of their works, photographs of their homes and houses are also to be included. Demolder suggests, in addition, a selection of paintings and musical scores originally inspired from the literary works. The newspapers swell the list with further suggestions. Concerts and lectures follow in due course. "The catalogue of the exhibition," justly remarked one journal, "would be a valuable document for the biographical and bibliographical notes and other information it would contain."

Literary Monuments in Churches.

"So long as Westminster Abbey," said the late Dean Stanley, "maintains its hold on the affections or respect of the English Church and nation, so long will it remain a standing proof that there is in the truest feeling of human nature, and in the highest aspirations of religion, something deeper and wider than the partial judgments of the day and the technical distinctions of sects." In Westminster Abbey stands the ancient monument of Chaucer, and hard by it are those other memorials of England's worthies in the contemplation of which Addison, as he has told us in a beautiful passage in the *Spectator*, passed many a solitary hour. They arouse to-day the same feelings of awe and aspiration, and exercise the same refining influence upon thousands of Englishmen and Americans as they did two hundred years ago upon the meditative essayist. It has been observed that visitors remain longest about the Poets' Corner. Their hearts are touched with a warmer sympathy as they gaze at the memorials, often plain and unadorned, of those among the "famous men" there commemorated who were "wise and eloquent in their instructions" and who "recited verses in writing." An objection has been raised, as we mention elsewhere, on ecclesiastical grounds to the inclusion of purely literary memorials in churches. It applies especially to the proposed systematic erection of memorial windows, such as that just unveiled to the memory of Chaucer in the Cathedral of St. Saviour's, Southwark. Yet, if what Dean Stanley said is true, nothing surely so strengthens the hold which Westminster Abbey retains upon the respect of the nation as its "Poets' Corner." This great and ancient church is the one building which above all others preserves and sanctifies the memory of English writers. It is a similar ideal which inspires the memorials in St. Saviour's, and it is one which can hardly be thought adverse to the interests of true religion. It is difficult to realize what would be lost, not only to the English Church, but to the higher life of the nation generally, if the practice of choosing religious houses as fit places for the commemoration of great men were to fall into desuetude. To those who have seen in the church the proper home for such memorials, whether it be to private persons—like Inigo Jones, whose monument to George Chapman still stands in St. Giles'-in-the-Fields—or to public bodies, we owe the vast collection of monuments which represent the highest and best national spirit. Above those "technical distinctions of sects," which Dean Stanley speaks of, is the reverence for those who, however indirectly, have raised the spiritual life of the nation, whether they be soldiers, statesmen, or writers. They deserve it as much as those who have directly furthered the cause of religion. Estimate the claim to commemoration in a cathedral on the highest possible ground, and Chaucer, it may be argued, has as good a right to it as Laud. If the subject of the Chaucer window be called in question, it may be urged that a portrait of Chaucer in stained glass is at least not more shocking to the religious sense than a statue of Sir Joshua Reynolds. Such a portrait, with a representation of the pilgrims, presents the most obvious method of commemorating the poet. And at any rate we need not forget that the goodly company of the tales were on a religious pilgrimage. The designer of the window has taken far the best and most instructive means of keeping alive the memory of Chaucer—of the first great Englishman who became, in the words of the Poet Laureate, an "uncontroversial evangelist of right feeling and right thinking." After all, the argument of Mr. Alfred Austin in favour of erecting literary memorials, carefully selected of course and properly conceived, in a sacred building is the right one, and it could not have been better stated than it was in the address which he delivered on Thursday. If the Church is not prepared to welcome as true confederates those who, though it be not in ecclesiastical phrase, "inculcate fidelity, hopefulness, charity, deference towards authority, manliness towards men, chivalry towards women, tenderness towards children, loftiness of thought, the lifting up of the heart, the purifying of the soul, reverence, piety, and patriotism," then it will undoubtedly direct its vast influence to weak and narrow uses.

BALLADE OF THE CANTERBURY ROAD.

Through woods in shimmering mist of green,
By streams where rushes rustling sway,
O'er swelling down and dale between
Through festival and holiday,
And all the mirth of wakening May,
With hedges wrapped in hawthorn snow,
Rings out the chime of chaunting gay;
Sweet pilgrims' songs of long ago.

Ah, joyous group! right little teen,
I warrant, had ye by the way;
Small cause for heart-ache, wrath, or spleen,
Mid ballad, round, and sweet virelai
That echoed through the lanes all day
And rang through sunset's fading glow,
Or woke the lark when dawn was grey;
Sweet pilgrims' songs of long ago.

And though long since ye all have been
Thrust in the loveless dust away,
Though earth five hundred springs hath seen
And all their pageanted array,
Since rhymed your merriment and play
To chiming bits of palfreys slow,
Your songs still hold grim Time at bay,
Sweet pilgrims' songs of long ago.

ENVOI.

Prince, and all ye who rhyme essay,
Fashions in verse must ebb and flow,
But these stand fast, nor dread decay,
Sweet pilgrims' songs of long ago.

ARTHUR F. BELL.

Personal Views.

THE GERMAN SCHOOLBOY.

The difference between the German schoolboy and the English is that the former goes to school to learn and the latter to play. The German father is careful concerning his son's physical welfare, arguing that a healthy body is necessary as the residence of a sound mind. The English father is anxious that his son should not be entirely uneducated, arguing that an active mind is necessary to the support of a sound body. Till six years of age the German lad is left entirely alone, so far as education is concerned. Until he enters school the probability is that he does not even know his letters.

In his extenuation, however, one must remember the German *buchstab* is not the sort of character to which one would willingly expose the innocence of childhood. It is a cunning, wicked hieroglyphic, its chief ambition to be mistaken for that which it is not. The German man's shrewdness in business, his invulnerability to the wiles of deceit and trickery, I attribute to his early training in the mazes of his own alphabet. The child that at a glance has learnt to tell a German A from a U, and a B from a V, whose eye has been trained to detect the twiddle by which you know that a capital E is in reality a G, who is not to be humbugged by an N pretending it is an R; who knows an "f" from a long "s"; who can pick his way among written "c"

and "u" and "m" and "n" and "i"—is not to be taken in, later in life, by the comparatively feeble efforts of the mere human swindler. Teach a boy the German alphabet, and you have fairly prepared him to hold his own through this world of shams and make-believes and affectations. Small wonder that the German parent shuns, so long as may be, introducing his babe to the amazing hypocrisies of the German A, B, C. With knowledge of the German alphabet must necessarily disappear all the simplicity and trustfulness of childhood. So through the happy days of infancy this sad thing is kept away from him. Till six, he exercises merely his limbs and his lungs. Then his evil hour arrives, and for eight years he works; and work in a German school does not leave much leisure for frivolity.

That he is not overworked is proved by the fact that he keeps his health, and that the race does not deteriorate in stature or in stamina. Indeed, German manhood would contrast with Anglo-Saxon rather to our own disadvantage. Little men-figures such as one can meet by the thousand in the streets of any large English town are rare in the Fatherland. Not to speak of the Austrians, who even so far back as the heyday of the Roman Empire were regarded as a giant race, the Prussians and Bavarians must be in height and breadth beyond the average standard of modern manhood—in breadth too often, one fears, sadly beyond. In Germany men of seven feet are as common now as they were when Friedrich the First of Prussia and his son, Friedrich Wilhelm, scoured the Empire for recruits to their famous Potsdam Guards. That so many of them appear men run to seed, if one, without offence, may apply so impolite a simile—flabby and pudgy, is the accidental result of the pernicious national habit of excessive beer-drinking. As young men they show no signs of having sacrificed physical to mental well-being.

But the exact amount of study that the human boy, or shall we say the German boy?—for the Jüngling, quiet, thoughtful, well-behaved, appears by contrast with the youth of other countries a production somewhat unearthly—can be made to accomplish without entailing this sacrifice must have been judged to a nicety. And the State sees to it that that amount and no less its sons shall accomplish. At fourteen or fifteen the German boy leaves the Gymnasium or the Oberrealschule better educated than many of our own young leave their University. He possesses a thorough mastery of his own language, including its complicated grammar—for grammar, in Germany, is not considered as with us an unnecessary acquirement, tending towards priggishness; a knowledge of history, not confined to that of his own country but embracing an acquaintanceship with *Weltgeschichte* from the Stone Age to the present Rule of Gold; a thorough grounding in mathematics; a grip of elementary science and *Naturbeschreibung*; an introduction to physic and chemistry; and a familiarity with Christianity, as taught in schools and churches. He knows something of music, and has an understanding of Art. He can play and he can sing. His learning of English and French has not been confined to the irregular verbs, a few rules of grammar, and a certain number of idioms to be repeated parrotwise; it is with him a practical possession. He can speak in those languages, and he can understand them when they are spoken to him. A German schoolboy, if you ask him the way in German, will probably reply to you in English. This is uncomplimentary to your accent, but about that he is indifferent; his desire is for his own advancement. A German schoolboy who picked me up one morning a few months ago on the sands of Blankenberghe was delighted on discovering me to be an Englishman, which happened promptly on my remarking that the new harbour works, considered æsthetically, were *hässlich*, the pronunciation of which word I never yet have mastered. He waived the question of the War in South Africa, and took me metaphorically to his arms, and for half an hour talked English to me. It was bad English; I think I could have understood his German as well. But that was not his concern. Here, in holiday time, far away from school, an opportunity had occurred to him to improve his English. It was a gift of Providence, and he seized it. Can any one imagine an Eton lad seizing on a similar opportunity to practise his French or German? The German boy is conscientious with a conscientiousness that is uncanny.

Latin is not the fetish in German education that it is with us. In English schools, as some of us know to our cost, two-thirds of a boy's time are practically wasted on a study that is no earthly use to him in after life, that affords him no pleasure, that at the best enables him to enjoy the doubtful privilege of posing occasionally as a superior person. Most of us, thank Heaven, soon get rid of this useless burden of dead knowledge, thereby making room for more living studies. I should like to know how many men of thirty retain any knowledge of Latin, with the exception perhaps of being able to decline "Musa," or conjugate the verb "Amo." In practical Germany, the classics, except through the medium of translation, are deemed useless, except to intending Professors, or to men of exceptional leisure; and the German schoolboy is not troubled with Greek at all, though a purely elementary knowledge of Latin is provided for him, upon which, if he desire, he can later found a further acquaintanceship. All that is aimed at is that he leave school prepared in every way for social and business life. If he belong to the well-to-do classes, he then enters a University, where he remains for four years. The German student is not an industrious young man. He probably feels, and with some justice, that, having been condemned during his boyhood to exceedingly hard labour, he is now entitled in his youth to play somewhat. So with rare exceptions he proceeds to "bummel" through life. Only the exceptionally studious or ambitious think of devoting more than four or five of their eight *Semesters* to work. Maybe he will travel—for the German University system allows, and indeed encourages, his doing so—perfecting himself in modern languages. Or maybe he has a yearning towards Culture or Science. But generally speaking he is practical in his educational ideals, only studying with energy such subjects as are necessary to his career. Socially, he feels he is already sufficiently equipped, and his real duties would appear to lie rather in the direction of the *Mensur* and the *Kneipe*.

But this is apart from my subject, which is that of the German schoolboy, and not of the German student. He is an industrious little chap, studying as he stands on the *stehplatz* of the electric tram that takes him to and fro to the mid-day meal; poring over his books even in the short quarter of an hour's interval. His heart is in his work. In Germany there is a deadly earnestness about this question of Education, and the German boy himself has caught the prevailing enthusiasm. Carlyle described school as a walled-in space in which you imprison boys and then throw books at them. The German school-man, to do him justice, has made endeavour to deserve this reproach no longer. Not merely that a man knows, but that he shall be able to impart—two very different things—is required of him. It is deemed essential that he shall be able to make study interesting. In Churches and in Picture Galleries one meets whole classes, headed by the master. The principles

of architecture are better taught by every boy putting on his hat and trotting round to the Cathedral, where, the actual thing in front of his eyes, it is explained to him. Picture Galleries are held to help not only Art but the acquirement of history. The German Schoolmaster would shock your confirmed artist by his appreciation of "subject." From his point of view a badly-painted "Entry of Charles V. into Ghent" is much to be preferred to the most perfectly-silhouetted ginger-beer bottle ever "projected" upon canvas. Not chiaroscuro, not solidity of shadow, not perfection of symbol is what the German Schoolmaster demands of art, but historically correct costume, and true representation of armoury and domestic utensil of the period. On misty days in autumn, to take an example, the schoolboy of the Black Forest is marched to the peak of some high hill. From there geography is taught him. It is pointed out to him that he stands upon an Island completely surrounded by the mist, which for the purposes of this comedy has had handed to it the part of water, which it plays with much success. The twin rivers of mist on either side of him, filling both valleys, are, for him, estuaries; the spur of mountain opposite is a peninsula. He descends, it is certain, with geographical ideas in his head that could never have been put there by mere maps hanging upon a wall.

The German boy is taught to regard Education not as a thing limited by hours, but as the business of his day—to dismiss play altogether from his mind. Neither boy nor man, it is maintained, can serve two masters. As bearing upon this part of the argument, I may mention that I have a little friend, a German, whose parents are enthusiastic admirers of all things English. A little while ago they removed him from the school in Germany, where he was promising to make himself ill by over application to study, and placed him in an English public school. He is still as enthusiastic, as eager as ever. But it is for play, not for work. His desire, as it was in Germany, is to be top of his division. But now it is to be top in cricket and in football, in racing and in rowing. This one case proves the German argument, if any argument were needed. Only the exceptional boy can possess the super-abundant vitality necessary for distinction in two paths leading to utterly opposite goals. Admirable Crichtons are not to be had for the asking. The Germans say, Work first, play afterwards; boyhood for study, youth for sport. The consequence is that the German schoolboy, by comparison, appears out of school hours dull and uninteresting. His small mind is troubled with the misbehaviour of the Huns, anxious concerning the problem of the Asses' Bridge. His play in holiday time, and holiday time only—for while school is sitting bed appeals more to his leisure than exercise, and small wonder—may seem to Anglo-Saxon eyes childish. He has learnt no sport, and has therefore little else beyond his own childish instinct for make-believe with which to amuse himself. So soon as this departs from him he becomes a miniature man, a quaint figure in the Café, his tiny face almost hidden behind his huge glass of beer. He is grave, courteous, and generally a little tired. His chief wish would appear to be to do those things that he ought to do, and to carefully shun those things that he ought not to do. He keeps to the path, reads and obeys religiously all police notices and warnings, avoids the seats in the park reserved for grown-up people, plays only with the sand provided by the Government for his amusement. Nowadays, it is true, he is beginning to indulge a little more in sport. In holiday time he may be seen conscientiously practising the "outside edge," riding his bicycle round flower-beds; for whatever his small hand finds to do it is desirous to do it thoroughly. On the whole he is a lovable little chap. One feels sorry for him that he has to work so hard. But he is quite willing. He has convinced himself that it is good for him, and that for him is all-sufficient.

JEROME K. JEROME.

CHAUCER AND ST. SAVIOUR'S, SOUTHWARK.

The Chaucer Celebrations.

London recognized Chaucer's claim, on the 500th anniversary of his death, to special remembrance in the City, "that is to mee so deare and sweete," and *The Chaucer* made an effort, against somewhat adverse circumstances, to do full honour to his memory.

Many have visited the British Museum to view the unrivalled Chaucer collection, arranged in the King's library some months before—though few people were aware of the fact until recently—but the bronze bust of the poet which the Corporation lately ordered for the Guildhall will probably not be ready until next year, and the Chaucer dinner of the Whitefriars' Club, which was to have taken place this week, has been postponed until next month. Mr. Clement Shorter is to take the chair, and Dr. Furnivall, who is to be the guest of the evening, will deal with the "Modern Spirit in the Canterbury Tales." The ceremonious commemoration of this week's anniversary, therefore, was confined to the opening of the Chaucer window in St. Saviour's Collegiate Church, Southwark, by the Poet Laureate. The window is a very handsome memorial, with a portrait of Chaucer in the upper part of the light, and below it a representation of the Canterbury Pilgrims starting on their famous journey from the Tabard Inn, in the Borough.

Mr. Alfred Austin, who unveiled the window, dwelt on Chaucer as "the first great personality in our history who stands before us as representing what is now felt by us all to be the English type of character and intellect"—English in his burly love of the fresh open air, and English in his jovial humour.

> Not hitherto indicated so far as I know, but I think equally true, is the practical temperament and capacity of the first great English poet! You know something about that here, for was not Chaucer Controller of the Customs in the port of London, as, moreover, he was the Parliamentary representative for Kent, Clerk of the King's Works at Windsor, the confidant of rulers, warriors, and statesmen, a soldier in France, a diplomatist in Italy? In my humble opinion no man can be, or ever became, a really great poet who could not have been a successful man of affairs, a methodical administrator, a sagacious statesman, aye a victorious general, or a circumspect and impressive Archbishop. Whether it is their limited possession of the practical temperament that has hindered the Celtic race, which has produced so many beautiful poets, from producing, to speak with accuracy, a really great poet, a poet of the first class, I will not presume to say. But I believe it is because of the fundamentally practical, weighty, massive element in the English character and intellect that England has given birth to the greatest poets, and the greatest number of them. Another reflection that has occurred to me is one of profound satisfaction that a poet like Chaucer—a poet not pre-eminently distinguished for dogmatic fervour, as was Milton for instance, or for all-pervading piety as, say, was Wordsworth, but a poet ostensibly and for the most part mundane, a man like the rest of us with the not unusual characteristics of a man, sometimes serious, sometimes playful, at times even jocose and perhaps almost profane, but, as I should be prepared to maintain, fundamentally religious in the true signification of the word, and deeply convinced and profoundly conscious of spiritual dignity and moral duty—should be accorded an unqualified welcome in this sacred edifice. That, if I may presume to say so, in such a place, and before such an audience, is as it should be. A now much loved and revered statesman of our time, whose confidence and friendship are abiding reminiscences for any who enjoyed them, was once assailed with no little ridicule because he declared that he was "on the side of the angels." I venture to affirm that all really great poets are on the side of the angels; for the distinguishing mark of the really great poets is wisdom,

and no one is wise who has not a deep-seated and loving belief in the efficacy and necessity of virtue. The merely lyrical note which every poet must possess, for without it he may be anything else you like, but he cannot be a poet, is, nevertheless, though an essential, withal a rudimentary element in his art. But, as the thoughtful old scholastics would have said, "rudiments" is the designation of the lowest class in the scale of education and accomplishment. To the highest but one they gave the name of poetry, to the highest of all the proud title of philosophy. The great poet, in his progressive advance in training and achievement, perforce becomes a philosopher or a lover of wisdom, in other words, one who sees and understands, and who weds the spell of the only universal knowledge of which man is capable to the insinuating magic of sonorous and mellifluous harmony. The Church would itself indeed lack wisdom if it failed to appreciate such confederates as these, and would gratuitously divest itself of much of its power did it hesitate to extend to them the sanction of its tenderness and its charity. For poets are the uncontroversial evangelists of right feeling and right thinking—a truth Plato must surely have had more or less conspicuously before him when he said that poetry should consist, for the most part, of hymns to the gods and praises of virtue. Equally with, and sometimes perhaps yet more persuasively than, avowed and formal moralists, great poets inculcate fidelity, hopefulness, charity, deference towards authority, manliness towards men, chivalry towards women, tenderness for children, loftiness of thought, the lifting up of the heart, the purifying of the soul, reverence, piety, and patriotism. Chaucer, intelligently read and sympathetically understood, even in his most humorous and seemingly worldly moments inculcates all of these, though he is rarely an express moralist, and never a dogmatist. He is too clear and penetrating in his vision, too lucid and definite in his expression, to dogmatize. To some that may sound like a paradox. But let them think of it frankly and fearlessly and it will cease to seem such. There is, there necessarily can be, nothing more indefinite than dogma, more especially concerning the greatest and most important of all subjects; for these can by no possibility and by no effort of mind or language be clearly and accurately defined. At best, they can be apprehended but as in a glass darkly. That is why the great poets, themselves so undogmatic, are the allies of, nay, are themselves, ministers of God. That is why the wise, indulgent, comprehensive, truly Catholic Anglican Church says to poets in turn, Come to me, who offer you an all-embracing welcome. Come to me as others come, when you desire to proclaim and ratify the central and enduring love of your life. When, finally, you put off this muddy vesture of decay, and say, as Chaucer said,

> Forth, pilgrim, forth; forth, beast, out of thy stall,
> Look up on high and thank the God of all!

Come and let what was mortal of you repose within my precincts, and your immortal past be commemorated on my walls, and shine, as Chaucer shines, in the dim religious light of the exquisite window it is my privilege to unveil to-day. Shall I be thought to be travelling beyond the duty you have imposed on me if I add that it behoves us all, more especially in these days, to help to silence every note of discord within a Church that can remain National only by maintaining its traditional charter of comprehensiveness, and by continuing to proclaim that its mission is not to exclude but to include, not to ban but to bless, and, among its other notes of catholicity, to associate with the piety of the Saints the wisdom of the Poets?

Literary Memories of St. Saviour's.

The Poet Laureate's eloquent appeal should be read in connexion with an objection which has been raised to the series of memorials to which the Chaucer window belongs, on the ground that literary subjects are out of place in ecclesiastical art. Without discussing the religious side of the question it seems inappropriate to bring such an argument forward in the case of St. Saviour's Church, whose history is full of literary associations and whose books abound in references to the poets and players who lived and died in the Liberty of the Clink, when Bankside, hard by, was the home of the Show Folk. To neglect the poets now would be a poor return for the generosity of Gower, who helped so materially towards the restoration of the Priory Church of St. Mary Overies, as it was then called, 500 years ago. The essentially Moral Gower, who deserves more, perhaps, than any other Southwark worthy the window which in due course is to be there placed to his memory, was laid to rest in the tomb which he had prepared for the purpose in St. Mary Overies, where, we are told, "he lieth right sumptuously buried, with a garland in his hand in token that he, in his life-daies, flourished freshly in literature and science." The prayers which he wrote for his soul can still be read on his monument:—

> En toy qui es Filz de Dieu le Père
> Sauvé soit qui gist sous cest pierre.

The tomb was afterwards removed to the south transept, but restored to its original position when the building was reconstructed by the late Sir Arthur Blomfield a few years ago, to be converted into the cathedral church of the Diocese of Southwark.

The Elizabethan Drama.

Shakespeare, Edmund Spenser, and Beaumont and Fletcher already have their memorial windows in the church; Goldsmith and Johnson, besides Gower and others, are to follow. In Shakespeare's time the connexion between St. Saviour's and the drama was of the closest kind. Edmund Shakespeare, the poet's youngest brother, a player, was buried here in 1607, in his twenty-eighth year, "with a forenoone knell of the great bell." Shakespeare himself—for the church was in close proximity to the Globe Theatre—lived for some years close by. Beaumont and Fletcher were his near neighbours, living a common life until they parted in 1613, Beaumont to get married—and to die but two or three years afterwards—Fletcher to enter into his literary partnership with Philip Massinger. When Fletcher died of the Plague of 1625, just nine years after the death of Beaumont, he was buried somewhere in St. Saviour's Church, or churchyard, to be followed in 1639, by the unfortunate Massinger, "a stranger"—meaning that he belonged to some other parish. Massinger was buried at the expense of the parish—in the same grave as Fletcher, according to Sir Aston Cokaine in his "Epitaph on Mr. John Fletcher and Mr. Philip Massinger."

Goldsmith and Johnson.

It was on Bankside, 100 years or so later, that Goldsmith made a shift to live by a "very little practice as a physician and a very little reputation as a poet." This was after his early wanderings on the Continent and his experience as assistant to a chemist on Fish-street-hill, and just before he became a schoolmaster at Peckham. Dr. Johnson's claim to a memorial window in Southwark is based, of course, on his connexion with Mr. and Mrs. Thrale, whose town house, when they owned the brewery which is now the property of Messrs. Barclay, Perkins, and Co., stood within a short distance of the site of the old Globe Theatre on Bankside. Here they entertained Dr. Johnson and their other friends, as well as at their country house at Streatham. Reference was made in last week's *Literature* to the help which Dr. Johnson gave to Mr. Thrale during his Parliamentary campaign in Southwark, and another good story of the Doctor's association with the brewery is worth repeating. Johnson, as one of the executors, was present at the sale of the brewery, which took place by auction upon the death of Mr. Thrale in 1781. The story as told by Lord Lucan, if not precisely exact (writes Boswell), is, at least, characteristic. While the sale was going on Johnson appeared bustling about with an ink-horn and a pen in his button-hole like an exciseman, and on being asked what he considered to be the value of the property to be disposed of answered, "Sir, we are not here to sell a parcel of boilers and vats, but the potentiality of growing rich beyond the dreams of avarice."

Cruden, Bunyan, and Sacheverell.

One of the windows still to come is in memory of Cruden, of the "Concordance," who was buried in the burial ground of a Dissenting congregation in Deadman's-place, now, like the site of the Globe Theatre and other glories of the past, swallowed up by the brewery. On November 1st will be the 130th anniversary of Cruden's death, and the suggestion has been made that the window might be very suitably dedicated on that date. We believe, however, that there is no likelihood of the window being ready

this year. If scholarship and genius should be accompanied by piety to entitle a man to a memorial window in St. Saviour's, then Cruden, at least, has earned his place. True, his eccentricities made it necessary occasionally to place him under restraint, but his religion was so real, and his motives, even as "Alexander the Corrector," so simple and sincere, that his memory, on that score alone, deserves to be treated with respect. John Bunyan has already been included in the series of memorials at St. Saviour's; the Bishop of Rochester dedicated a window to his memory only a week or so ago. At one time Bunyan preached at a chapel at Zoar-street, close by, and the cost of the window—£85—was subscribed by the children of the diocese. It may seem a trifle incongruous when the series is complete, to discover the Puritan tinker of Bedford in company with the arrogant Dr. Sacheverell, but it is not surprising to find that the close connexion which existed in the early part of last century between the High Church champion and St. Saviour's is to be commemorated by one of the four windows which remain to be completed. Sacheverell became chaplain of St. Saviour's in 1705, four years before he preached the violent Assize sermon at Derby and the St. Paul's sermon on "The Perils of False Brethren both in Church and State," which led to his impeachment before the House of Lords and to the overthrow of the Ministry which brought him to trial. It was in St. Saviour's, on Palm Sunday, 1713, after his term of imprisonment had expired, that Sacheverell delivered his sermon on "The Christian Triumph and the duty of praying for enemies."

Chaucer's Tabard.

The old Tabard Inn of Chaucer's time—to return to the quin-centenary celebrations—was in existence as late as the beginning of the 17th century, but nothing remained of the original building when the inn was demolished in 1871. Sir Walter Besant, in his book on "South London," from which, by permission of Messrs. Chatto and Windus, we take our illustration of the inn, shows what pilgrims and pilgrimages meant in the 14th century. "Part of the business of the Tabard, and of other inns of Southwark, was to organize and conduct such a party to Canterbury and back. As the ships licensed to carry pilgrims charged so much for the voyage there and back, including the visit to the shrine, so the Host of the Tabard charged so much for conducting and entertaining the party there and back again." The Tabard (Sir Walter subsequently explains) was named after the ornamented coat or jacket worn by Kings at coronations, and by heralds or even by ordinary persons.

THE TABARD INN, SOUTHWARK.
From Sir Walter Besant's "South London" (Chatto and Windus).

SUDERMANN'S NEW PLAY.

A spark of heathendom smoulders in us all. It comes down from the times of the old Teutons and has outlasted the centuries. Once in the year it bursts into flame, and then we call it "Johannisfeuer." One night in the year is free—yes, free. Then, with jeering laughter, the witches ride up to the Blocksberg on broomsticks, the same broomsticks with which their witchcraft is at other times thrashed out of them; then the wild hunt sweeps through the forest; then awaken in our hearts the wild wishes which life has not fulfilled and, be it clearly understood, dared not fulfil.

In these words from the toast which the hero of Herr Sudermann's new drama, *Johannisfeuer* (Schauspiel in vier Akten; Stuttgart, Cotta 1900, 2m.), proposes on Midsummer Night lie the significance and kernel of the work. The bonfires with which the old heathen festival is still commemorated in East Prussia throw their lurid glare across the piece. They are "the ghosts of our stifled wishes, the red plumage of the birds of paradise which we might perhaps have cherished all our lives long, but which have flown away from us."

The play opens on the eve of a wedding. George von Hartwig, a Königsberg builder, is about to marry his cousin, Trude Vogelreuter. He is a man of sturdy and independent character and, in spite of the fact that his father had ended as a bankrupt and a suicide, has worked his way up to a good position in life. He suffers, however, under the sense of obligation to his uncle, to whom he owes his bringing up and education. With all his kindness, Vogelreuter has not much consideration for his nephew's sensitiveness on this point, and on the eve of the wedding uncle and nephew almost come to an open quarrel on the question of Trude's dowry, which George is unwilling to accept. In the Vogelreuter household there is another person who stands in a similar position—Marikke. One winter night in 1867—a year still remembered in East Prussia for its severity—a Lithuanian beggar had thrown herself and her baby before Vogelreuter's sleigh; the child was adopted by the kind-hearted squire, while the mother, a thief and a drunkard, drags from prison to prison, a constant menace to the Vogelreuter family. Marikke meanwhile has become the good fairy, the "cricket" (*Heimchen*), of the household: with unwearied hands she controls and manages everything. She even takes upon herself to make journey after journey to Königsberg to prepare the new home for the young couple. In earlier days she and Hartwig had loved each other, but in a dumb, unconscious way; now, on Midsummer Night (*Johannisnacht*), this passion flames up like the bonfires on the hillsides; the heathendom in both their natures asserts itself. With that instinct for theft which has come to her from her mother Marikke steals the love that belongs to her foster-sister. But the "Johannisfeuer" burns only one night in the year; with daylight the intoxication disappears. The lovers recognize that life cannot be lived by the unholy glare of heathen fires. Marikke renounces the claims to Hartwig which the Midsummer Night had given her, and he marries his Trude.

Such is briefly the story of *Johannisfeuer*. That such a play should meet with unanimous favour in the theatre was hardly to be expected, and the reports of the first performances in Berlin, in Dresden, and Amsterdam show that Herr Sudermann has not this time won an unchallenged success. George von Hartwig, we feel, might have been made plausible in the more leisurely style of a novel, but he is too problematic to be a convincing stage hero; Marikke, too, a figure with some of the heathen grandeur of Regina in *Der Katzensteg*, is difficult to reconcile with the Christian self-effacement she shows in the last act. One expected to find heathendom and Christianity brought into a more serious conflict with each other;

one felt that the playing with "Midsummer Night Fire" ought to have had more tragic consequences than a little heartsore and passive resignation. It is almost as if Herr Sudermann had shrunk, as he has not shrunk since his first play, *Die Ehre*, from the ruthless consequences that follow—not perhaps always in life, but always in art—on the heels of a conflict with established law and order.

But although the compromising *dénouement* of *Johannisfeuer* jeopardized the theatrical success of the play, in details and workmanship it will hold its own with Sudermann's best work. *Johannisfeuer* is the most satisfying work Herr Sudermann has given us since *Das Glück im Winkel*. Partly in *Morituri*, wholly in *Johannes* and *Die drei Reiherfedern*, he was feeling his way to a higher, more spiritual and poetic kind of drama than that with which he won his great successes; but none of these poetic plays was altogether successful. Now he has returned to the ground where he is most at home, to the firm ground of the East Prussia of to-day, the scene of his novels; but he has not returned empty-handed from these excursions into the higher poetic drama. There is a finer spirituality, a more poetic symbolism in the ideas on which *Johannisfeuer* is built up than there is in any other of his plays of contemporary life. Certainly in none of them is the East Prussian flavour so fresh and convincing as here. With the exception of the hero and his bride, the characters have all more of the soil than we are accustomed to find in Herr Sudermann's dramatic work; his Hilfsprediger Haffke in particular is one of the very best figures he has ever created. One need only compare Haffke with the moralizing Heffterdingk in *Heimat* to see how Sudermann has advanced in these years. Only once in *Johannisfeuer*, as far as we remember, does Herr Sudermann fall back into the old theatrically-effective style that he learned ten years ago from Dumas *fils*, and that is, where he makes Haffke moralize to Marikke in the last act on "the melody that runs through all our lives."

If *Johannisfeuer*, compared with the cosmopolitan success of *Heimat* ("Magda"), must be regarded as a failure, it is at least an honourable failure; it is altogether a finer, more genuinely poetic piece of work. And it is in dramas of this type rather than in tragedies in verse like *The Three Heron Feathers* that Hermann Sudermann seems to us most likely to enrich the German stage with enduring works.

J. G. R.

THE DRAMA.

"THE NOBLE LORD."

Corsica has been recently described by Mr. Seton Merriman as the island in which "they do nothing restlessly." That description would fit Captain Marshall's Criterion farce, *The Noble Lord*. People flit on and off the stage, but nothing is done. That is to say, while the figures move the farce does not. A lady is wooed by three gentlemen at once and promises her hand to each in turn. She shilly-shallies for three acts while each of the gentlemen has his own way of hinting to his rivals that "two's company," &c. When the time comes for the audience to catch the last suburban trains the lady makes up her mind to marry the man whom she was bound to marry all along. Granted that farce, being the lowest, is the most lawless of all dramatic kinds; but there is one law which even farce must obey—the law of development, of progression by cumulative interest; and through its failure to observe this law Captain Marshall's farce is a little dull. Then, in compounding it, he has missed the right admixture of the real and the unreal. For his heroine's three suitors he chooses, if you please, the Prime Minister of England, the leader of the Opposition, and the leader of the Irish party. Now you cannot play with these titles as though they were counters. There are not half-a-dozen men who are possible Premiers or Opposition or Irish leaders, and they are all known. It follows that Captain Marshall's people, who would be proper game for the satirist, are not suited to the purposes of the farce-writer. For the farce-writer wants the generalized type, and here we cannot get that, for we cannot dismiss certain actual individuals from our minds. There is not room for the imagination to play in. We see Mr. Arthur Bourchier, for instance, labelled Prime Minister of England, but as he is not in the least like any one on the list which we know to exhaust the number of possible Prime Ministers, we do not get even the *minimum* of illusion which is requisite for farce. Captain Marshall has, I fancy, foreseen this difficulty, and endeavours to meet it by making his Premier remark to the leader of the Opposition that they are, of course, just ordinary men after all. But this won't do. If we were in presence of two statesmen of this rank and found (as possibly we should find) that they were just ordinary men after all, the discovery would be interesting. But it is not interesting to find an ordinary man, labelled Prime Minister, driven to account for his failure to justify the label by admitting that he is only an ordinary man. Or put it in dialogue.

> Mr. Bourchier.—Please imagine me to be the Prime Minister.
>
> Audience.—We cannot; you are obviously an ordinary man.
>
> Mr. B.—Well, a Prime Minister *is* an ordinary man.
>
> A.—Yes, but an ordinary man cannot persuade us, by the mere fact that he is ordinary, that he is Prime Minister.

There is, of course, the same difficulty in *The Price of Peace*, Mr. Raleigh's melodrama, at Drury Lane. In that play the Prime Minister of England is shown as a political assassin, and, as illusion is in the circumstances impossible, we are not thrilled. As illusion is impossible in Captain Marshall's farce we find it difficult to be amused.

The amusement of the farce must be sought elsewhere, in the fibs and jokes of the naughty little intriguer played by Miss Annie Hughes, and in the plain-spoken Marchioness, who is, I take it, nearly related to the Duchess in *Le Monde où l'on s'ennuie*. There is a scene wherein the Marchioness interrupts a meeting of New Women, which strongly recalls the second act of M. Pailleron's play wherein the Duchess interrupts a meeting of *précieuses*. In *The Noble Lord* all the political people rendezvous at a Scotch country house as they did in Mr. Pinero's *Cabinet Minister*, and there a Scotch marriage ceremony is performed as it is in Mr. Barrie's *Wedding Guest*. Obviously there has been no plagiarism, but the inevitable reminiscences of the audience are bound to impair its pleasure. Captain Marshall has done some really fresh and ingenious work in farce. *His Excellency* was a capital fantasy, and *A Royal Family* was nearly as good. If, then, we are disappointed with *The Noble Lord*, we may fall back on the reasonable expectation that the author will do better next time.

A. B. WALKLEY.

Reviews.

CROMWELL.

OLIVER CROMWELL. By the Right Hon. JOHN MORLEY, M.P., Hon. D.C.L. and LL.D. (Macmillan. 10s.)

All who read Mr. Morley's latest book will rejoice that he was not deterred from continuing it on learning that such "heroes of research" as Dr. Gardiner and Mr. Firth were first in the field. Such a career as Cromwell's is capable, as he says, "of endless presentment and interpretation." And there is, indeed, ample room for a work which combines a philosophic grasp of events with the graces of style for which its author has long been famous. It is more than a life of Cromwell; it is rather a monograph on the whole period of the Revolution, which will be read with pleasure and profit by men of all shades of opinion, whether or no they accept its conclusions. They will find in it a refreshing frankness and directness of view, a freedom from prepossession—one may almost say from prejudice—which has been conspicuously absent from some recent books on the subject. Mr. Morley brushes aside at starting as hardly

germane to his theme the lawyers' question "whether the real Conservative on the old lines of the Constitution was not King Charles himself." But he is fair-minded enough to add:—"Just as the historic school has come to an end that despatched Oliver Cromwell as a hypocrite, so we are escaping from the other school that dismissed Charles as a tyrant, Laud as a driveller and bigot, and Wentworth as an apostate." He gives us a striking and mainly just picture of the King's evil genius, the Queen. Yet his estimate of Charles will appear to many as unduly harsh. Who that has read of his efforts to save Strafford and his grief at signing his death-warrant could write, "In Charles himself, whether for foe or friend, an Eliot or a Strafford, pity was a grace unknown"?

Mr. Morley spends much rhetoric on the attempted arrest of the five members, which he calls "a daring outrage on law, faith, and honour," while he describes the King's attendants on that occasion as "ruffiers" and "baffled cut-throats." But he does not often let himself go in this fashion. Though in less vehement language (and with no opprobrious terms for the Roundhead musketeers), he condemns almost as severely the over-awing, the purging, and the forcible expulsion of the Long Parliament; and the same conscientious impartiality is displayed throughout the book. Part of his character of Laud deserves to be quoted; its truth will hardly be denied by the most fervent admirer of the pragmatical Archbishop:

> Churchmen in all ages are divided into those on the one hand who think most of institutions, and those on the other who think most of the truths on which the institutions rest and of the spirit that gives them life. Laud was markedly of the first of these two types, and even of that doctrinal zeal that passed for spiritual unction in those hot times he had little. . . . "He had few vulgar or private vices," says a contemporary, "and, in a word, was not so much to be called bad as unfit for the State of England." He was unfit for the State of England because, instead of meeting a deep spiritual movement with a missionary inspiration of his own, he sought no saintlier weapons than oppressive statutes and persecuting law Courts. . . . Persecution has often won in human history; often has a violent hand dashed out the lamp of truth. But the Puritan exodus to New England was a signal—and no statesman ought to have misread it—that new forces were arising, and would require far sharper persecution to crush them than the temper of the nation was likely to endure.

It is to Mr. Morley's honour that he strongly censures the execution of Laud; and in condemning the treatment of Naylor, the Quaker, under the Protectorate, he remarks how "little there was to choose between the spirit of Laud and the hard hearts of the people who cut off Laud's head."

Of the character and aims of Strafford Mr. Morley gives, in our opinion, a far juster estimate than has lately been in fashion. But it is amusing to find that, in his view, the Deputy's chief merit consisted in the way in which he made all parties feel the weight of his hand. After describing with relish a scene with the Irish clergy, which vividly recalls the hectoring of his Parliament by Henry VIII., Mr. Morley adds:—"This marks precisely the type of man required to deal with ecclesiastics and rapacious nobles alike. The English colonist and his ecclesiastical confederate and ally were the enemy, and nobody has ever seen this so effectually as Strafford saw it." Whether the Englishman in England should be treated on different principles from the Englishman in Ireland Mr. Morley does not explain; but in dealing with the hero of his sketch it is not the iron hand or the "mailed fist" which especially attracts him. He evidently distrusts "those impatient and importunate deifications of Force, Strength, Violence, Will, which only show how easily hero-worship may glide into effrontery." He deplores as "one of the harshest ironies of history" the fact that Cromwell's name has "become the favourite symbol of the shallow faith that force is the only remedy." Yet he unwillingly admits elsewhere that there is some foundation for this view. After praising Cromwell's high ideals, his pure ambition, his sense that government must depend upon moral as well as political forces, he adds:—"Yet it can hardly be accident that has turned him into one of the idols of the school who hold, shyly as yet in England but nakedly in Germany, that might is a token of right, and that the strength and power of the State is an end that tests and justifies the means."

We must find room for an extract from Mr. Morley's eloquent summary of the Protector's career:—

> He made what some of the best of his contemporaries thought dire mistakes; he forsook many principles in his choice of means, which he intended to preserve in working out the end; and many of his difficulties were of his own creation. Yet watchfulness, self-effacement, versatility, and resource for the time and on the surface repaired all, and as "constable of the parish" his persistency was unfaltering and unmatched.
>
> In the harder task of laying the foundations of a deeper order that might be expected to stand after his own imperious control should be withdrawn he was beaten. He hardly counted on more. . . He reared no dam nor bulwark strong enough to coerce either the floods of revolutionary faction or the reactionary tides that came after.

Mr. Morley gives us a very brief but most valuable sketch of the leading events of the war. But it is when he reaches the tortuous negotiations which followed it, the tragedy at Whitehall, the campaign in Ireland, and the various political shifts of the Protectorate that his narrative seems to thrill with a new, almost a personal, interest. It is a surprise to find him warmly praising Cromwell's attempt in 1647 to form an alliance between the King and the Army. No one has shown more clearly than himself that the real aims of the two were wide as the Poles apart. Instead of canting about the King's duplicity in treating with both parties, he says, with his usual fairness:—"Each side sought to use him, and from his own point of view he had a right to strike the best bargain he could with either."

Mr. Morley expressly acknowledges that the cause of the King's ruin lay as much in his position as in his character. In truth, that position was between the two mill-stones of the Army and the Parliament; and it was from the former, the upper mill-stone, that at last the ruin came. In discussing his trial and execution, Mr. Morley says nothing particularly new. He agrees that there was no answer to Charles' contention that "that was no Court and that he was there by no law"; why then should his insistence on this point be styled "unmeaning iteration"? Mr. Morley, seems, however, to adopt the defence that the proceeding was an act of war, and, as such, as defensible as the war itself. Yet it is scarcely an open question, we think, whether, if Lord Roberts had captured Krüger and shot him after three years of treating followed by a summary Court-martial, Mr. Morley would have accepted this defence. And he does not see that the suggestion that it was a case of "my head or thy head" places the leaders of the Army in a very unheroic light. It means that they committed a deed which set reconciliation and good government further off than ever merely in order to save their own necks. It means that they were really afraid of their own captive; and though the excuse may contain more truth than we know, it hardly deserves to be ranked as an apology.

Mr. Morley's judgment on the massacres in Ireland was not likely to be a lenient one. He speaks elsewhere of Cromwell's "freedom from revengeful temper"; but how he reconciles this description with the General's plea that he took "a righteous vengeance" for the outrages of 1641 we are at a loss to see. Mr. Morley shows that the garrisons at Drogheda and Wexford were partly English and Protestant; and he makes short work with the contention that the butchery prevented further effusion of blood. Few will dissent from the strictures with which he closes his review of Cromwell's Irish policy:—"A Puritan, armed with a musket and the Old Testament, attempting to reconstruct the foundations of a community mainly Catholic, was sure to end in clumsy failure, and to this clumsy failure no appreciation of Oliver's greatness should blind rational men."

Nor does Mr. Morley blind himself, as so many historians

have done, to the pure absolutism of the successive experiments in government under the Protectorate. The first, he says, "was a near approach to a Monarchical system very like that which Strafford would have set up for Charles, or which Bismarck two hundred years later set up for the King of Prussia"—the difference being that Cromwell tried to conceal from himself the military foundations of his power. If so, he failed altogether to conceal it from the nation; and Mr. Morley is right in thinking that this experience of the supremacy of an Army, even with a General of the best intentions for dictator, was burned into the memory of England for a century to come. The stock defence is that the Protector saved her from worse evils by bridging over a period of anarchy, and, though this is true, the subsequent unpopularity of Puritanism as a ruling idea is scarcely a sign of her gratitude.

One of the most interesting chapters of the book is that called "Puritanism and the Double Issue," in which, among other high topics, Mr. Morley examines the Calvinistic doctrine of fatalism. He is at no pains to conceal his want of sympathy with Puritanism as an active force in politics, though he respects its high ideals of conduct, and also that very unworldliness which gave to it its supreme strength. There is a touch of cynicism in some of his expressions which is not unlikely to give offence, as, for instance, where he speaks of the "lyric excitement" of Cromwell's accumulation of texts before the Little Parliament, or where he characterizes the phrase "according as Providence should direct us" as "the formula of mystic days for modern opportunism." In speaking of the crisis which preceded the expulsion of the Rump, he says, "When it was known that the Army was again waiting on God and confessing its sinfulness things were felt to look grave"; and in describing Cromwell's share in the work his comment is, "He waited for the in-dwelling voice, and more than once in the rough tempests of his life that daimonic voice was a blast of coarse and uncontrolled fury." From first to last Mr. Morley will not admit the least imputation upon his hero's sincerity; but, if we mistake not, he holds the view that Cromwell was often the victim of self-deception, even when he most firmly believed himself to be following Divine guidance.

The reader will find numerous happy instances in the book of Mr. Morley's turn for epigram. He tells us that Cromwell was never much of a democrat, but "the same may be said of many, if not most, of those whom democracy has used to do its business." He speaks of the concoction of a Second Chamber as "the pons asinorum of democracy"; and in alluding to the ejection of Puritan Ministers on August 24, 1662, he calls St. Bartholomew "the patron saint of Christian enormities." He compares the indignation meeting of the Army at Saffron Walden in 1647 to "the processings of a modern trades union in the reasonable stages of a strike." And, finally, the picture which is brought to his mind by Oliver at the head of his Council Board, plotting to seize the West Indies, is that of "so many hearty Corsairs, with pistols, cutlasses, and boarding-cups, revolving their plans in the cabin of the *Red Rover* or Paul Jones' *Ranger*." These lighter features of the book will assuredly add to its popularity, and we confidently predict for it an unqualified and richly-merited success.

DIANE DE POITIERS.

MADAME DAME DIANNE DE POYTIERS, DUCHESSE DE VALENTINOIS. A Monograph. By MARIE HAY. Illustrated. (J. and E. Bumpus.)

A more fascinating subject than that chosen by Miss Marie Hay could hardly be imagined. In binding, printing, and illustration the book is almost all that the most fastidious critic could demand. The reader really can be said to lack nothing except the matured judgment of character and the wealth of curious detail which he will expect and will not find in the book before us. The writer's style needs a little pruning here and there, but it is with more essential matters that we prefer to deal; for a lady who has the taste to discover, and the ingenuity to present, so much that is novel and interesting to the English public cannot be allowed to imagine that if she writes another "monograph" it will be accepted with the indulgence that this fine exterior will claim, in many cases, for "Dianne."

Her estimate of Diane's character is far from being in accordance with known facts. If we suggest that many little essential points have been omitted, it is only with the object of convincing Miss Hay that everything is worth saying (out of the little that remains) about a lady whose personal influence was hardly less powerful than her political and social power was far-reaching. Mademoiselle Diane de Poitiers, born of Saint Vallier, wedded to Louis de Brézé, the Grand Seneschal, created by Royal favour Duchess of Valentinois and Chatelaine of Chenonceaux, was a widow in 1531, sixteen years before the death of Francis the First. She ruled the Dauphin from her first appearance at the Court. From 1547 to 1559 she ruled the King. The key to her strange nature is that she was born upon the banks of Rhone, and married into the litigiously parsimonious atmosphere of Normandy. The title she derived from her husband, "La Senechale," clung to her all her life. Her origin was remembered only on such occasions as the discovery of Bourbon's conspiracy, when the evil fate that hung above both sides of her house decreed that her husband should reveal the treason of her father. "Madame," writes the wretched Saint Vallier to Diane, from the sunless depths of his prison beneath the walls of Loches, "je vous requiers ayez tant de pityé de vostre paouvre père que de le vouloir venir veoir." It was not for two years that he was able to secure his release, and then it was not by his daughter's help, but by an agreement between Bourbon and the King of Spain. A slight acquaintance with either Belleforest or Du Bellay would have saved our author from any necessity for defending Diana's virtue at a date when its loss would have hardly conferred upon her any direct or substantial benefit. Miss Hay says little enough about Chenonceaux, that lovely castle in Touraine with which the memories of Diana are more deeply associated than with any existing building; else she might have been faced with the extremely unpleasant and sordid details of the lawsuit by which Diana made good her title to that fair estate. This is no place to supply the omission by dilating on the unhappy fate of its previous owner. Neither Miss Hay nor any one else can make out a good case for Diana by emphasizing "her love of beauty and her true appreciation of genius." Such an attempt is almost as futile as the mistake, so often made by other writers who forget the value of original authorities, of exaggerating the artistic patronage of the King who left Leonardo da Vinci to die, neglected and alone, close to Amboise.

But before following Diane's fortunes further—the gift of Chenonceaux occurred even before her Royal lover had come into his kingdom—it may be well to consider those associations of tradition and blood of which Miss Marie Hay has only mentioned one, when she records that the grandmother of Diane's husband was a daughter of Agnes Sorel by Charles the Seventh. But this is not all. De Brézé's mother had been murdered for proved adultery. There was a similar connexion on the woman's side also; for Diane's father was descended from that daughter of Marguerite de Sassenaye and Louis XI. who had married Aymar de Poitiers. It is still more curious to observe that Diane also had in her veins, through the de la Tour connexion, some of the blood, not only of Mary Stuart, but—more remarkable still—of her lifelong rival, Catherine de Medici, whose mother, Madeleine de la Tour, was connected with the Poitiers family on the woman's side. Lastly, it is impossible to omit the reflection that the Valentinois title revived for Diane's benefit had been last held by Cæsar Borgia. But little did Diane care for such sinister associations. Valentinois is scarce twenty-five miles down the Rhone from St. Vallier, and its revenues had once before proved of considerable benefit to the family of Poitiers. That pale, untroubled face—untroubled because the heart's blood behind it had been frozen by the interminable law suits of the Norman Seneschal—with smoothly-waving bands of

coal-black hair above a brow of snowy white, was armed with keener weapons than any Court lady of the time possessed. By no other drugs save cold water and indifference she vanquished every beauty in her path. She came to Court with the reputation of an impregnable widow and with two girls to marry. She secured the highest prize in the market for herself. She allied her daughters with the powerful families of Lamarck and Guise. By the very repression of her passions, in every other case save where they brought her in a rich return, she kept firmer hold upon that stern and sensible *régime* which gave imperishable health and beauty to her person. But in one way she was unrestrained. A demon of avarice and intrigue insatiable possessed her. She took Chenonceaux, she took Anet, she took Chaumont, she took the Duchy of Valentinois, she laid hands on the very treasury of Henri II. and kept the key. The waves of envious scandal broke harmlessly upon the stony rock of her chilly and indifferent reserve. The plots of all her enemies foundered in the quicksands of her businesslike correspondence with every man and woman who held any power at all. Until Henri II. was dead the Court of France, and France itself, was dominated by the pale, cold moonlight of Diane de Poitiers. Miss Marie Hay does well to reproduce one of her letters, if only to show the indomitable handwriting of the woman. Another is before us as we write. As was probable, it is a receipt, and you can almost see the long, thin fingers that traced those firm strokes locking up the money in her safe a moment afterwards. Yet she knew when to spend and to spend freely, either from her own inexhaustible widow's cruse of health and common sense or from her hoarded gold. "Si vous saviez," writes Henry to her in a touching letter which is better worth reproducing than his stilted verses, "Si vous saviez le peu de passtams que j'ay, vous auriez pityé de moy." She knew it well. Never was a King so bored. Never did any favourite so well know how to hearten him for royalty. Miss Fleming was brought over with Mary Stuart to try and tempt the Monarch's wandering fancy. But there was a strain of Spanish melancholy in Henry very different to the volatile buffoonery of Francis. He stuck to the black and white of his Diana. Nicole de Versigny was then added to the famous "escadron volant" by which Catherine de Medici was wont to work her will upon the male intelligence. She was equally powerless. It was Diana who still sat by the King's side, after the edict of Ecouen, and watched the tortured Protestants hauled up and down above the flaming scaffold.

We may be asking too much, but in a monograph, if anywhere, we might have legitimately expected to find a personal detail so intimate as a warming-pan. Diana's is in existence still, in the collection of M. Nestor Roqueplan. But Miss Marie Hay has at least reproduced some excellent portraits. In this pretty volume we can see revealed all that magnificent health and strength, that hard resolve and energy of character, which appealed to the King as much as the firm line of Diana's features or the proud curve of her lip. But we can see, too, now that the glamour of her life is gone, the narrow forehead which marks decision of nature rather than loftiness of ideas, the calm, *tight* features which repressed all sensuality and tenderness and allowed nothing to be visible save inflexible will and that serenity—scarcely human, after all—which Jean Goujon expressed in the exquisite lines of his "Diane Chasseresse" at Anet. It is true that, as Miss Hay says, she inspired many masterpieces of her time; but they were frigid and artificial. One of the best of any that remain has scarcely been noticed in this monograph at all. On the great tomb of her husband, Louis de Brézé, the Grand Seneschal, there is a kneeling figure in widow's weeds, exhibiting for the benefit of every devout Norman the sorrows of Diane. She took care to confine them to that cold and costly magnificence of alabaster and black marble in the Chapelle de la Vierge of Rouen Cathedral. Elsewhere her influence chilled the impetuous spirit of the French Renaissance. It is more reflected in the squares and spaces of her Italian garden at Chenonceaux than in the wild flourishes of more natural beauty that lit up the towers and balconies under which she slept so soundly.

OTHER NEW BOOKS.

The Recreations of a Judge.

In his cultured and serious habit of mind Sir Edward Fry has to seek a parallel within the limits of his own profession something in common with the late Lord Selborne. A reader of his STUDIES BY THE WAY (Nisbet, 10s. 6d. n.) will find, we think, a style more direct and pointed than that of the somewhat ponderous and occasionally verbose Chancellor. But they both provide distinguished examples of a breadth of scholarship not too often displayed on the judicial Bench. Sir Edward has now retired from the Bench, but these nine papers are, as he tells us, the outcome of a habit continuously indulged in of committing something to paper upon subjects that interest him. They are varied in range. Two of them are legal—an extremely acute disquisition on the true theory of punishment which he thinks is not a utilitarian one, but is to be found in the "effort of man to find a more exact relation between sin and suffering than the world affords us," and a delightful paper on the history of the art of conveyancing. The former appeared in the *Nineteenth Century*, and is the only "study" apparently which does not now appear in print for the first time. "The Banquet of Dante," "Strabo in Egypt," "The Old Testament" (a paper read at a meeting of "the Christian Conference"), and "Sermons" have titles which show the variety of Sir Edward Fry's interests. Perhaps the most attractive and original of the studies is the picture of Hesiod—of his life and his surroundings—which we have in "An Old Greek Farmer." The two remaining papers consist of travel notes in Greece and Sicily. To a generation overwhelmed with unnecessary records of tours in every quarter of the globe these notes, in their mixture of learning and observation, afford a fine example in little of what a book of travel really worth publishing should be.

Mr. Chamberlain.

JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN THE MAN AND THE STATESMAN, by N. Murrell Marris (Hutchinson, 10s. n.), is a fairly interesting, though a rather bulky, compilation. It is not, and does not claim to be, critical, and it reminds one in a way of the biography of which Macaulay said that it seemed to be the result of a compact by which the family supplied information and the author supplied praise. We are far from denying, of course, that praise is due to Mr. Chamberlain, but his discriminate admirers will not care about seeing a man of such marked individuality "written up" as if he were the conventional industrious apprentice. After all, Mr. Chamberlain's failures are as interesting as his successes, and little is gained by slurring over his unconscious contributions to the gaiety of nations. The student who only knew the Colonial Secretary from this book would never recognise in him the statesman who is said to be the inventor of the "New Diplomacy," who has interested the world in the matter of publication of despatches, and who acquainted two hemispheres with his anxiety about the health of Mrs. Kruger. Yet these matters are not less important than the facts that Mr. Chamberlain learnt English History from "Little Arthur" instead of Mr. Markham, and earned the approval and patronage of artistic Gaul by packing his screws in blue paper. Nor do we find any mention of the letter written in such interesting French to M. Yves Guyot, though it would have been a valuable commentary on the fact that Mr. Chamberlain took a prize for French at University College School. Nevertheless the book will have its public. It boils down the newspapers fairly well, and contains several portraits of Mr. Chamberlain at various ages and in various attitudes.

Chaucer Portraits.

The publication in book form of Mr. M. H. Spielmann's exhaustive papers in the *Magazine of Art* on the different PORTRAITS OF CHAUCER adds another appropriate memorial to the poet whose quincentenary has just been celebrated. Mr. Spielmann deals carefully with no less than eleven portraits. Of these, the well-known illumination by Occleve, in the margin

of one of that writer's own poems, is the most valuable, as it is the only portrait which was undoubtedly taken by a man who had seen the poet. The next best evidence as to what Chaucer was like, or perhaps the best evidence of all, is in the prologue to Sir Thopas. But Mr. Spielmann, owing apparently to a misreading of the passage, expresses a doubt whether it really refers to Chaucer :—

> Is the description of the poet really a portrait of himself at all? And what reason is there to suppose that the master of the ceremonies has the author in view when he banters the rhymester?

But if we quote the whole of the passage of which Mr. Spielmann only quotes half, we think that there can be no doubt in any reader's mind that the poet's words refer to Chaucer:—

> Til that our hoste japen tho bigan,
> And than at erst he loked upon *me*,
> And seyde thus, "what man artow?" quod he;
> 'Thou lokest as thou woldest finde an hare,
> For ever upon the ground I see thee stare.
> Approche neer, and loke up merily.
> Now war yow, sirs, and lat this man have place,
> He in the waast is shape as wel as I,
> This were a popet in an arm t'embrace
> For any womman, smal and fair of face,
> He semeth elvish by his contenaunce,
> For unto no wight dooth he daliaunce.

A World "out of Joint."

COMMERCE AND CHRISTIANITY (Sonnenschein, 3s. 6d. n.) is another book from the pen of the author of "The Social Horizon," and one or two other suggestive books on social problems. It is a plea for the direct application of religious principles to commercial affairs. Not, however, on the lines more generally accepted by Churchmen, and by many who support for instance, the Christian Social Union. The author looks upon the commercial world as inexorably ruled by principles adverse to Christianity. He sees, as did the late Edward Bellamy, that the future lies in the hands of great monopolies. By the natural laws of commerce these will tend to dominate entirely the world of trade, and at the same time to be necessarily inconsistent with the common interest. Hence will eventually arise an imperative demand to bring them under public control. It is an interesting forecast for which it is not difficult to find some support in recent economic history. The writer is not concerned to meet the usual objections to a Collectivist policy—such as the discouragement of enterprise and the growth of bureaucracy—because he is endeavouring primarily to show not that such a policy ought to be adopted, but that it will be adopted; that in fact what he believes to be the only social system consistent with Christianity will establish itself as the natural result of economic laws. It is curious to note that those who try to apply religious principles to the present system of competitive trade are only delaying this result. The book is well written and evidently sincere; but the economist will feel that it leaves many difficulties untouched. The writer, for instance, does not seem to recognize any difference between the municipalization or nationalization of the postal system or of means of conveyance such as tramways and the same treatment of articles of commerce (such as bread), with their varying quotations dependent on the fluctuations of home and foreign trade. Nor does he notice that his forecast, even if it be well founded in the case of necessaries, such as the bread supply, would not work out on the same lines in other cases.

Mr. Havelock Ellis' criticism of our "so-called nineteenth century" is much less practical. The NINETEENTH CENTURY (Grant Richards, 3s. 6d.) is a dialogue "in Utopia" between a student who had made a special study of that particular century in the dim and remote past and a younger man who keeps the elderly student "on tap" by ingenuous questions such as "How could such a state of things endure for a single day?" His picture of the misery and barbarity of that unhappy age, when "nations were merely artificial units formed (by unscrupulous politicians) for the purpose of terrorizing one another" is a little too highly coloured, and (as will be seen from our quotation) uncritical, to be very convincing, but it will be read with amusement if not with interest. Here is a flattering picture of the Britishers of to-day :—

> A race of illmade but energetic barbarians, with big skeletons, projecting cheek bones, massive jaws; and to this framework the flesh laid on roughly as it were with a trowel, greedy carnivorous mouths, and long upper lips—lips sometimes thick, irregular, and sensual, sometimes drawn back as by a bit, a painful sense of tension, seeming to show that these men were conscious of a desire to restrain a wild beast within them.

Mr. Havelock Ellis ranges over almost every feature of social life, and finds it all out of joint. It is impossible for so able a thinker, however extravagant, not to be often stimulating. He exposes in an original way many ailments of modern life to which habit and familiarity has made us dull. One of the curious developments of the nineteenth century is, according to him, moral force—those "abnormal persons" with "a strain of sympathy unduly narrowed" who insisted on preaching to other people and telling them what they ought to do. To such a person "it seemed perfectly natural that whether they had his tastes, or whether they had not, they should act as if they had." Doubtless this preposterous habit will, in some future age, be recorded by the historian of this benighted century. And among the well-meaning but misguided persons who practised it, he will no doubt include the name of a distinguished writer, one Havelock Ellis.

T. E. Brown.

When a friend condoled with the late T. E. Brown on the absence of his name from a certain list of the minor poets of the day, he answered, with a smile, that perhaps his place was rather among the major poets. Such appears to be the serious conviction of his publishers, who have added his COLLECTED POEMS (Macmillan, 7s. 6d.) to the handy and well-printed series that already contains the works of Tennyson, Wordsworth, Shelley, Coleridge, Matthew Arnold, and Lowell. The present edition has been prepared on behalf of the author's three daughters by his old friends, Mr. H. F. Brown, Mr. H. G. Dakyns, and Mr. W. E. Henley. It contains all of Brown's verse that has hitherto been printed, along with some new pieces, including a hitherto unpublished prologue and envoy to his chief production, "Fo'c's'le Yarns," and some minor lyrics. It is perhaps too soon as yet to attempt to anticipate the verdict of posterity on Brown's hitherto little-known work. We may say with safety that he has done for the Isle of Man all and more than all that William Barnes did in the way of interpreting the Dorsetshire character. Beyond that he has contributed to our literature some remarkably successful tales in verse, of a kind that has scarcely been attempted since Crabbe. "Major" or not, he was a true poet, whose work deserved all the popularity that it is likely to achieve in this convenient form.

Mrs. Marshall.

Miss Beatrice Marshall's life of her mother EMMA MARSHALL (Seeley, 6s.) is a work of pious obligation carried out with skill and taste. There were circumstances in the career and character of the author of so many popular historical novels which justified a biography quite apart from her discovery of an interesting and successful vein of fiction. She was one of those writers who retrieved misfortune by untiring literary industry, a band containing names high on the roll of fame, as Miss Marshall reminds us in the following picture :—

> Often she worked late into the night. I see her now, with the lamp close to her manuscript, her small hand scurrying over sheet after sheet without a pause, the veins on her forehead starting from the fatigue she was too engrossed to notice. As I recall the picture, I think of the young man in Castle-street, Edinburgh, who watched a hand writing on the other side of the road, and marvelled at its untiring industry—a greater, but surely a not more pathetically indefatigable hand than my mother's.

Reproduction of the new Peace Medal designed by Mr. Emil Fuchs, commemorative of the war in South Africa, of which an account appeared in "The Times" of October 10. The medal has been accepted by Her Majesty.

She was also a woman of singularly beautiful character, who passed her life almost entirely amid the picturesque surroundings of old Cathedral cities—Wells, Exeter, and Gloucester. Her portraiture, as drawn by her daughter, is a very attractive one, and we can congratulate Miss Marshall on a book showing much literary capacity. There are many pleasant, if rather curiously effusive, letters from Longfellow.

Fishing.

Pike and Perch (Longmans, 5s.) is the latest addition to the Fur, Feather, and Fin Series, and the book hardly needs any other recommendation to the fisherman than the fact that it is mostly written by Mr. William Senior ("Red Spinner") and John Bickerdyke. Among coarse fish the pike is pre-eminent; he is the one savage of our English waters, and the only fish that can be taken without any sense of pity. As Mr. Senior shows, he is even (when small) not to be despised when captured on fine tackle. And nowadays the fisherman has discarded (under pressure) the cruel method of trolling. It is a question whether live-baiting should not follow this practice into ancient history. It seems not unlikely that it will soon be thought as unsportsmanlike to catch pike with anything else but artificial bait as it would be to use the worm for trout in a dry-fly river. And where pike are vermin, as in such rivers, they should be destroyed by netting. John Bickerdyke treats of the perch, and Mr. Shand of the cookery. It will interest many who have followed "Red Spinner" as disciples to learn that the frontispiece of this little book is really a very good portrait of their master in the art.

Literature owes much to the angler; to "The Amateur Angler" she is beholden for An Old Man's Holidays (Sampson Low, 2s. n.), a slender book of angling reminiscences in Hampshire, Cornwall, Wales, and other places, adorned by many touches of humour, quiet literary grace, and keen observation. These qualities do not come naturally to all fly-fishers, but the art tends to induce that sober outlook upon the world which is the keynote of much good writing. This little book is quite worthy of the author of "By Meadow and Stream," "Days in Clover," and several other volumes of agreeable reflections. It is a delightful compound of angling recollections and pleasant divagations into other themes.

Religious Controversy.

One advantage of a crisis, in the Church or elsewhere, is that it drives men to confess the secrets of their hearts. The excitement of the moment makes them throw aside conventions, and they appear to the world as they are, tolerant or bitter, thoughtful or arrogant, liberal or narrow. The Rev. N. Dimock, for instance, writes a frankly controversial book, Light from History on Christian Ritual (Murray, 2s.); he publishes it under the auspices of the National Protestant Church Union; but he allows no sentence to escape him that is unworthy of a religious man; he contents himself with the inherent strength of his argument and the facts (liberally supported by authorities) upon which it is based. As a result he has produced a book, small and unpretentious though it is, which could hardly be read by an opponent without forcing some admissions, and which will carry conviction to the unprejudiced reader that Mr. Dimock is right in his main contention—namely, that the over-elaboration of services is due to a decadence from the true Christian ideal of worship. We say "of services" advisedly, for Mr. Dimock is the first controversialist we have read who has had the good sense to point out that there has been a falling away from the purity and simplicity of worship in music as well as in ceremonial.

The Rev. the Hon. W. E. Bowen begins The Crisis in the English Church (Nisbet, 6s.) with twelve pages of impartial praise of the Oxford Movement, followed by a careful investigation, verified by quotations, of the excesses of doctrine and practice which were directly connected with that movement. This is ably done; but its interest seems to be a purely historical one. Mr. Bowen's object is to show the connexion of the excesses of sixty years ago with the excesses of to-day, and so to strengthen his cry of alarm. As a matter of fact, we are less near Rome to-day than we were then. In the next chapter he gives us the worst passages he can extract from twenty books of devotion, and accounts of various foolish and pernicious doings which have been observed in thirty-four churches. We do not know why he gives three long quotations from forms of self-examination on the Seventh Commandment. They are not edifying when used for his purpose; but if self-examination is to be practised at all, they seem to us just what is wanted. We very much doubt whether it is worth while to adopt this method of laboriously collecting the faults and follies, ignoring all that is good, in the books and services of the extremists, though it might be so if it could claim the virtue of originality. Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Bowen himself have already devoted themselves to the study of extreme books of devotion; Mr. Kensit's example led the *Record* to publish the accounts of ritualistic services which have provided Mr. Bowen with forty-eight pages of matter; his "Clergy Discipline Bill" is "framed in accordance with" Mr. Austin Taylor's League. His careful review of the Lambeth Hearings is scarcely necessary, for they have been already discussed from every point of view. Dr. Llewelyn Davies writes an able introduction to the volume. He admits in the first sentence that he has not read the book which he commends to the public. This is scarcely fair either to Mr. Bowen or his readers. He joins with Mr. Bowen in the appeal to "loyal Englishmen" to use against those with whom they disagree "the constitution sanctioned to us by centuries of Divine blessing." Would Mr. Bowen welcome the use of the constitution against the rectors and vicars who ignore the rubric which requires of them two services every day—a provision quite as important as any prohibition of ritual observance? The book is hardly one to which one would expect a Broad Churchman to give his *imprimatur*. Broad Churchmen would long ago have preceded the Ritualists into exile, to the immense loss of the English Church, had not the sense of fair-play among Englishmen prevented it.

Mr. Walsh, in his little work The Ritualists (Nisbet, 1s. 6d. n.), which is similar in tone to his former well-known books—unearthing many facts which it is well should be known and refusing to recognize any good thing in his opponents—makes a curious confession, viz., that the real object of his attack is the people of England—the voters who have put into office Prime Ministers, of both parties, who "have vied with each other in injuring the Protestant cause." Mr. Walsh might have specially charged patrons of livings with responsibility. Anyhow, we commend his admission to Mr. Bowen. If strong measures are to be taken at all, many hard-working laymen are likely to think that the Bishops could find plenty to do in dealing with inefficiency among the country clergy. We do not quite understand one criticism of Mr. Walsh—viz., that he "once saw behind a Ritualistic so-called 'altar' on an Easter Sunday morning, while the consecrated elements rested on it," this text of Scripture: "He is not here: He is risen." This is hardly "Romanizing" doctrine.

Mr. Howard Hensman's History of Rhodesia (Blackwood, 6s.) is what it claims to be. It contains a good map and a good index, together with appendices showing the output of gold, the class of labour most in demand, and the average rate of remuneration in the leading towns. There are the inevitable supplementary chapters on the war. We could have dispensed with the narrative of the siege of Kimberley, but the account of Colonel Plumer's operations fills a gap. Mr. Hensman does not write very well, but he covers the ground with care.

We can conscientiously praise the very agreeable and delightfully printed book on pastimes of all kinds by Mr. and Mrs. E. V. Lucas, which bears the engaging title What Shall We Do Now? (Grant Richards, 6s.). If we were inclined to criticize it we could hardly yield to the inclination; for the very original proposal is made to all young readers of the book that they should, on blank pages provided at the end, put down any suggestions which they have for its improvement. Two prizes are offered for the best of such suggestions, and the competition closes on March 31. To spoil the game by our own criticisms would be

churlish. We can only say that the authors reveal an extraordinarily wide experience in the art of amusing boys and girls and have produced a book of a very original type which ought to be in great demand during the Christmas holidays.

Elocution and Stage Training, by Maxwell Ryder (Burleigh, 5s. n.), is the best written and most sensible book we have seen for a long time on a subject that has often lent itself to mere book-making. The mechanical part of elocution is thoroughly dealt with, and there is a very interesting discussion of the question how far an actor should actually feel the emotions he expresses. We do not know where else to look for so careful an exposition of the art of "make up" as Mr. Ryder gives us. To the young and aspiring "mime" this book should be of great service.

The Book of Sundials (Bell, 31s. 6d.) in its enlarged form deserves the claim which its title makes to be the one standard authority in English on the subject. Mrs. Alfred Gatty began the study of dials in 1835. For nearly forty years she collected particulars about dials in England and abroad, and dial mottoes, "a compendium," as one of her correspondents described them, "of all the lazy, hazy, sunshiny thoughts of men past, present, and *in posse*." Her book appeared shortly before her death in 1872. It was re-edited in 1889 and 1890 by Mrs. Eden, Mrs. Gatty's daughter, and Miss Eleanor Lloyds, with considerable additions, and they have since continued their researches which have resulted in the present magnificent and exhaustive volume. Among other important new additions is a chapter on Portable Dials by the well-known collector Mr. Lewis Evans. The list of Sun Dial mottoes occupies 280 pages of the book, and with its notes and illustrations is a wonderful collection of poetic antiquarian lore.

Messrs. Blackwood send us a copy of the second impression of the fifth edition of Sir Edward Bruce Hamley's The Operations of War (21s.). The rapid sale of this important work is presumably due to the fact that it was recently prescribed as a text-book for certain military examinations—a fact which is also, of course, evidence of its merits. We imagine, however, that a new edition will be needed now to embody the Teaching of the Boer War and show how it modifies both tactics and strategy. It will hardly be written again, for instance, that "few precautions are necessary," when conducting a reconnaissance in the rear of a beaten enemy, for from the neglect of such precautions "regrettable incidents" have resulted.

"If stationary men (and women) would pay some attention to the districts in which they reside, and would publish their thoughts respecting the objects that surround them, from such materials might be drawn the most complete county histories." These words of Gilbert White are quoted by Mr. George Morley in Shakespeare's Greenwood (Nutt, 5s.), and are the justification for his book. It is a copious but confusing guide to Shakespeare's country and its manners. It deals naively and in detail with "mumming," "mothering," harvest-homes, "Thomasing," haunted houses, ghost stories, Gospel Oaks, the poet Shenstone, Dr. Samuel Parr, and George Eliot, in their relation to Warwickshire. But the volume is little more than raw material. A certain rusticity seems to have entered into the author's style, which is somewhat sprawling, and, though always enthusiastic, full of such things as "unslayable" and "manless landscape." Nevertheless, the first chapter, "The Language," which shows what Shakespeare's vocabulary owed to the speech of his native county (a subject treated in much detail by a writer in these columns some little time ago), makes the volume an interesting mass of "origins."

ART.

Dutch Painters of the Nineteenth Century. With Biographical Notices. Edited by Max Rooses; translated by F. Knowles. Vol. III. (Sampson Low. £2 2s.)

This handsome and richly illustrated volume is the third and concluding part of an important work on the Dutch painters of the nineteenth century, edited by the well-known curator of the Plantin Museum at Antwerp, and translated by Mr. F. Knowles. The biographical notices of the different masters are supplied by Dutch writers of repute, and, in one case, the well-known painter, Heer Ter Meulen, has himself contributed a chapter which consists less of autobiographical recollections than of his views and theories upon art. The whole work gives an excellent history of Dutch art in the present age, and the beauty of the photogravures and other reproductions deserves high praise. A careful study of these volumes will of itself enable the reader to form a very fair idea of this interesting school of modern art, which has been so cordially appreciated both in England and America. Exhibitions of Dutch pictures have been frequently held in London during the last fifteen years, and Dutch artists have found their most generous patrons in English and American connoisseurs.

True to the old traditions of their nation, modern Dutchmen are chiefly occupied with landscape and *genre*. They paint interiors and street scenes with great cleverness, and they delight in reproducing the wide horizons and broad plains, the hazy atmosphere, and sombre tints of their own country. But they have also a keen eye for fleeting effects of light and colour, and the lovely changes of sun and cloud, of wood and field, of sea and shore, charm these northern masters as they charmed the landscape painters of Barbizon before them. In them we see the true heirs of the French romanticists, of Millet and Corot, of Rousseau and Daubigny. As Mr. W. E. Henley said at the time of the Edinburgh Exhibition in 1886, "They have read their Constable in a French translation." And as one of their own countrymen has written:—"Their works are good and true, because the men who painted them devoted their lives to an endeavour to depict Nature as they saw her through their own eyes, not as some one before them had seen her, not after changing and reconstructing her to conform to specific academic rules, but fresh and ever variable, as they found her." The greatest masters of the school, the veteran painter Josef Israels, who has left his stamp on the national art of the age, the brothers Maris and Hendrik Mesdag, have been already fully dealt with in the preceding volume of Heer Rooses' work.

The most interesting figure in the present book is that of Anton Mauve, the painter whose comparatively early death twelve years ago was lamented as much in England as in his own country. The absence of Mauve's pictures has been much regretted by French and English visitors to the Paris Exhibition, where the rigid limitation of Dutch works of art to the last decade of the century has led to the exclusion of many of the finest paintings of the school, and has rendered the collection less representative than might have been the case. Anton Mauve's father was a Baptist minister of Haarlem, and during many years the young artist's career was hampered by poverty and ill-health; but it is pleasant to learn that his talents were first recognized in England, and that his best patrons were Englishmen, such as Mr. J. S. Forbes, Mr. Justice Day, and Mr. Alexander Young. When he was about thirty a fortunate chance took him to Oosterbeek—the Barbizon of Holland—where he met Bilders and William Maris and painted the flocks of sheep and haymakers of this pastoral village, and the gnarled oaks sacred to Wodan in the neighbouring forest at Wolfhezen. After his marriage he lived chiefly at the Hague, where he became intimate with Israels and other prominent artists, until, in 1886, he settled at Laren, a picturesque village near the Zuyder Zee, which had long been one of his favourite hunting grounds. There he found those heathery commons and copses of fir and birch, those orchards and cottage gardens, which he was never tired of painting. Peasant life, in all its varied forms, had an especial attraction for Mauve. His wood cutters and farm labourers, his white horses drawing the plough, his sheep penned in the fold, driven along the road to market, or feeding in the green meadows, his cows following each other to the farm at milking time, are familiar to those of us who find pleasure in his refined and sympathetic art. He loved the Dutch country lanes with their long lines of trees and heavily-laden carts, piled up with logs of wood, and took especial delight in drawing the delicate branches and silvery foliage of the birches under the soft pearly haze and grey skies of our northern climes. During the last years of his life he studied the works of Jean François Millet with increasing admiration, and under the influence of the "Grand Rustique" his works attained more of classical beauty and simplicity than at any former time. Like poor Millet, he had always suffered from terrible headaches and fits of depression, but at Laren he found the quiet home and

rustic surroundings which he needed, and was happy in the company of his wife and children and a few artist friends. His pictures were beginning to command high prices in London and Paris, and a prosperous and active career seemed before him, when he died very suddenly while on a visit to his brother at Arnhem in February, 1888, at the age of forty-nine.

Among the other painters whose works are illustrated in the present volume, the most worthy of notice are Adolphe Artz, who attained a deserved reputation in Paris, and represented his country at more than one International Exhibition, Ter Meulen, the distinguished sheep-painter, Hendrik Valkenburg, whose peasants rival those of Josef Israels' in vigour and reality, Philip Sadée, who paints the fisher-folk and sandy shores of Scheveningen, Jan Vrolijk, the Troyon, and Josseling de Jong, the Bastien-Lepage of the Dutch school. The portrait of Queen Emma of the Netherlands, by this last-named artist, which is here reproduced (p. 242) and the admirable picture of his own mother (p. 244) are worthy of the best traditions of Dutch painting, while his fine landscape (p. 249), with ploughman and horses resting at noontide, on the wide plain bounded by the distant sea, shows that this clever young master's efforts and aspirations are not limited to one branch of art.

Pietro Vannucci, called Perugino. By G. C. Williamson. (Great Masters in Painting and Sculpture.) (Bell. 5s. n.)

This little book gives a full account of the life and works of Pietro Perugino, the great Umbrian master, who set the seal of technical perfection on the devotional art of earlier ages. It is in such pictures as the triptych of the National Gallery and the Crucifixion of S. Maria Maddalena dei Pazzi in Florence, that the mystic sentiment which had from the first been the leading note of Umbrian painting, and the poetic feeling for landscape, which was the natural inheritance of the artists born in this lovely mountain region, find their highest development.

Fortunately for young Pietro Vannucci he was early brought under Florentine influences. After spending some time at Arezzo with Piero del Francheschi and Luca Signorelli, both of whom owed much of their training to Tuscan masters, he came to Florence when he was about twenty-five, and worked in Verrocchio's *bottega*, with Leonardo as his companion and friend. Ten years later, "il Perugino," as he now became generally known, was summoned to Rome with the best Florentine masters, and painted his noble fresco of Christ delivering the keys to St. Peter, in the Sistine Chapel. All the artist's finest works—the altarpiece of Villa Albani, the Deposition of the Pitti, the Ascension at Lyons, the Vision of St. Bernard at Munich, the Certosa triptych, the fresco of the Crucifixion, and the Vallombrosa Assumption—belong to the last decade of the sixteenth century. At that time Pietro stood high in popular favour, and was regarded not only in Perugia, but in Florence as one of the foremost masters of the day. When the Duke of Milan sent to Florence for a painter to execute an altarpiece for the Certosa, Perugino was recommended to him as "a rare and singular artist, whose faces have an air of the most angelic sweetness, and who is most excellent in wall painting." And Isabella d'Este, the celebrated Marchioness—not Duchess, as Dr. Williamson styles her—of Mantua, did not rest until she had obtained a picture from Perugino, to hang among the masterpieces of contemporary art which adorned her studio.

These heavenly visions of gentle Virgins and radiant Archangels, with dreamy faces and upturned eyes, set in wide and beautiful landscapes under clear sunset skies, naturally appealed with a peculiar force to the men and women of that troubled age, weary with perpetual wars and conflicts. Perhaps this may also explain Napoleon's passionate admiration for Perugino's works, and the repeated orders which his ministers received to collect this master's pictures in Perugia and the neighbourhood, and send them to Paris. Dr. Williamson gives a melancholy account of the ruthless way in which churches and convents were plundered by the conqueror's orders, and paintings that had been for centuries the glory of the city were carried off to France to be divided among provincial galleries. To-day the student of Perugino's art must travel to Lyons, Marseilles, Nancy, Rouen, Caen, Bordeaux, and Nantes to find the separate panels of the great altar-pieces which the Umbrian master painted for the churches of S. Pietro and S. Agostino of Perugia. And by a cruel fate, the Madonna, surrounded by the patron Saints of Perugia, that "Palladium of the city" which Perugino painted in his best days for the Priors' chapel in the municipal hall, was sent back to Italy, through the intervention of the English Government, but kept in the Vatican by Pope Pius VII., and never restored to its original home.

Dr. Williamson has carefully examined most of these works, and his critical remarks are chiefly based upon the studies of Morelli and Mr. Berenson. But while he follows the last-named critic in rejecting the famous Sposalizio at Caen, which Vasari and every subsequent writer for the next three hundred years declared to be Perugino's work, he is sceptical as to the authorship of the Apollo and Marsyas, generally known as the Morris-Moore Raphael, in the Salon Carré of the Louvre. This charming little picture, which still bears the name of the master of Urbino in the catalogues, but which appears to us to be executed in Perugino's most delicate and characteristic manner, is ascribed by the present writer to Pinturicchio, or some other Umbrian artist of the day. But although we confess that we are unable to agree with Dr. Williamson here, he is probably right in saying that Perugino painted mainly in tempera, and never adopted oils as his medium. Nothing is more difficult than to decide such questions in the case of these fifteenth-century artists, who used oil varnishes and glazes in their tempera paintings. Mr. Ruskin once admitted that he had discovered a picture which he had long admired as a masterpiece of oil painting to be in reality tempera, and a hot controversy has sprung up among art critics regarding the actual medium which Perugino employed. While Crowe and Cavalcaselle speak of his change from tempera to oils, and of the complete mastery over oil painting which he finally acquired, Mr. Herbert Horne tells us with equal assurance that "all Perugino's pictures were painted in tempera on a *gesso* background." But whatever his medium may have been, Perugino knew how to handle colour with admirable skill, and the brilliant lines and lovely effects which he produced in the works of his middle period remain unsurpassed by any of his contemporaries. In his latter years his types became formal and mannered, and his style underwent a visible deterioration. The constant repetition of subjects and the manufacture of religious pictures to order could not fail to produce a bad result, and when Michel Angelo unkindly pronounced Perugino's paintings to be antiquated, and called him *goffo nell' arte*, the charge was not altogether untrue. The words point to a change in the public taste, which Perugino might naturally resent, but which he was compelled to recognize. He saw his popularity wane before that of his own scholar Raphael, and the other great masters of the new age, and he wisely left Florence and returned to his old home. There he spent the last twenty years of his life, painting altarpieces in Perugia and the hill cities of Umbria; and in one instance at least, the fragment of a Deposition in a church in his native town of Città della Pieve, he attained to something of his old fervour and devotion. His last fresco, an Adoration of the Magi, on which he was engaged at Fontignano, is now in the National Gallery. Before it was finished he died of the plague, at the age of seventy-seven.

Mr. Walter Crane is not only a man of exceptional experience in the art of design, but a cultured and lucid writer. In the former he has well-known limitations, which some will recognize in his new book on Line and Form (Bell, 12s. n.); but it would be difficult to get a more masterly exposition of the practice of design on its formal, conventional, and technical side than he here gives us. He goes closely into detail on the subject of instruments and materials; but the value of his work is that he always writes on a plane far above that of the

technical handbook. He gives no cut and dried rules, and is always in touch with principles. A close observer of nature himself, he illustrates with endless resource the continual adaptation of nature in the best decorative art. His copious original illustrations provide "a liberal education in themselves" in the art of design. One chapter at the end is devoted to colour—a subject which might receive fuller treatment. It might well form a third volume in the series which he began with "The Bases of Design."

Mr. William Nicholson in his portfolio of sixteen pictures illustrating CHARACTERS OF ROMANCE (Heinemann, £2 2s. n.) has varied his method. Instead of the strenuous application of simple light and shade to the delineation of form, he now works with an abundance, sometimes a superfluity, of line. We have the same broad and powerful vision; some of the pictures, especially Munchausen, Don Quixote, and Mr. Vanslyperken, are masterly in their conception. But we have a sense of some waste of power in the new method; the abundance of devious and wayward lines are distracting and sometimes want meaning. The horses are extraordinarily strong in drawing, but not always accurately proportioned—a feature which, nevertheless, is of value in the "Gargantua," which breathes a fine spirit of Rabelaisian extravagance. The feeling expressed in the pose and free treatment of the subject in the "Miss Havisham" and the "Sophia Western" is full of dignity and beauty. "Tony Weller" we do not care for. It reminds us rather of the bullying coachman as described by Borrow than of the genial and simple parent of Sam Weller. In the backgrounds the artist has aimed at suggesting an appropriate atmosphere; they are sometimes a little bizarre and over emphasized.

After a somewhat extended vacation the Royal College of Art has reassembled. The vacation has been prolonged owing to the state of confusion into which the S. Kensington Museum has been thrown by the progress of building operations, and no relief can be expected for some time, inasmuch as fifteen months, at least, have been provided for in the contract for digging the foundations for the new buildings. These are well advanced and appear to have been well done. It seems to be the general opinion at S. Kensington that the Museum will not be itself again for some years to come—eight years is the most sanguine estimate.

Preparations for the exhibition of Black and White, which is to be held in the galleries of the Indian Section of the S. Kensington Museum next month, are well advanced. The range of work is comprehensive, and artists and publishers, both at home and abroad, are co-operating with the Museum authorities so cordially that the collection promises to be unusually attractive. It is a matter for some comment that the public generally appear to take very little interest in black and white work. Every publisher of importance has a more or less extensive collection of drawings in pen and ink and in wash which he would, in most instances, be only too glad to dispose of for a reasonable consideration. Buyers, however, are very few, for the public—having no intuitive taste for art—appears to be more willing to enroll itself amongst two or three hundred other subscribers for "a print," and thus to seek safety in numbers, than to exercise its own discretion and possess itself of original drawings which have no fellows. If original black and white work were more readily sought by the public than it is at present, the buyers would more often than not possess themselves of works of art, and the publishers be more able to obtain the best work of the best illustrators. The fact that drawings have been more or less faithfully reproduced can have no real effect upon the value of the originals. Were it otherwise the most popular and most copied original pictures in the great galleries of the world would be the least valuable.

Two exhibitions of sketches and studies have opened almost simultaneously. That of the London Sketch Club at the Modern Gallery appears to represent the ideas of the younger men, and, on the whole is an attractive little show. There is work by Montague Smyth, and Cecil Aldin, by Walter Churcher, Lee Hankey, Lance Thackeray, Tom Browne, and, of course, by the president, Geo. C. Haité, which is decidedly above the average. The collection is small, and for this, among other reasons, rises superior to the collection of studies and sketches of members which occupies the Galleries of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colour. Too many members of the R.I. appear to misunderstand the meaning of a sketch, and if work such as that shown by Lucien Davis, E. M. Wimperis, Thos. Pyne, and Edmund G. Warren can be classed as studies or sketches, we should like to see their finished work and compare it. What a sketch really should be is well shown by H. Swanwick, by the broad and sunny work of Arthur Harrington, by the admirably free contributions by David Green, the bold firm drawings by J. Finnemore, and the figure studies by Douglas Almond.

Mr. E. A. Abbey, R.A., is making progress with his fresco, "The Award of Sir Robert Billerdon (Lord Mayor, 1483) in the dispute as to the precedence of the Merchant Taylors' and Skinners' Companies," which, when completed, is to be added to the frescoes in the Royal Exchange. Mr. Frank Brangwyn's "Modern Commerce," Miss Henrietta Rae's "Sir Richard Whittington's Charities," and Mr. Ernest Norman's "King John Signing Magna Charta" are to be placed in the ambulatory of the Royal Exchange next month. None of these subjects appear to be either specially important or original.

Messrs. Graves are exhibiting the last of their topical war pictures. It is called "Just like Bobs" and has been painted to keep in remembrance—by means of reproductions at a popular price—an incident which caught on with the sentimental Tommy, and through him with the still more sentimental stop-at-home. "Bobs" is stopping to give his water-bottle to a wounded private—most of us know the story. It is a cutchpenny incident, and will doubtless "sell." Mr. Caton Woodville has painted the picture. In the absence of any artist who has risen sufficiently to the occasion to paint a fine picture directly associated with the war, Mr. Woodville's military experience and knowledge and his astounding—almost dangerous—facility have provided the public with a series of pictorial commentaries upon the war which are above the average of contemporary commissioned canvases. The war has, possibly, not been brought sufficiently home to the nation to have produced a Delacroix, a De Neuville, or a Detaille.

There is to be a special Arts and Crafts section in connexion with the Education Exhibition which is to be held at Liverpool from Oct. 31st to Nov. 9th next.

FICTION.

Prefaces.

"A preface," says Miss Coleridge in her recent collection of essays and sketches, "is not even a beginning proper, inasmuch as it does not bind a writer to go on. It is pure indulgence in the delight, without any of the responsibilities, of authorship." We doubt whether Miss Coleridge is right, and Mr. Morrison's prefatory letter to "My dear Wimbush" in the forefront of CUNNING MURRELL (Methuen, 6s.) is an interesting example of the nature of "artistic liabilities" incurred by the preface. It is the author's intention, while complimenting his friend, to point out to the dull-witted among his critics that, if they consider the occult doings of his principal character, Cunning Murrell, overdrawn, they are stupid fellows who do not recognize flesh and blood when they see it, for this very man was known, it seems, to both Mr. Wimbush and Mr. Morrison; the latter, indeed, has described him more directly from the life in the *Strand Magazine*. In a work of art the originals of the characters employed matter nothing to the reader. If the author is unable in the course of his story to make them appear real, he will not better matters by telling us that they once lived in Essex. If he cannot persuade us that we know this and that man, nothing that he can tell us about the knowledge of Mr. Wimbush and himself will help us. But, fortunately, "Cunning Murrell" is one of those engrossing books that require no prefatory assistance. This story of smuggling and witchcraft and of Essex life generally in the middle of the century is full of human interest. If Murrell belonged at first sight to the middle ages rather than to 1850, this merely helps the artistic "values" and throws such personages as the pathetic Dorrily Thorn, the generous and simple Steve Lingood, and Robosholery Dove into a more becoming position in the picture. Hadleigh and its neighbourhood had at the time of the story overlooked the passage of time and still held to the ideas of an earlier period. Thus Cunning Murrell could exercise those queer arts of his which awed the simple country folk. He himself believed in his occult powers—a vain artist and

a casuist withal, cunning enough to convince the gullible people of Leigh and Hadleigh. It is owing to this fact that he puts upon Dorrily Thorn's aunt, Mrs. Martin, the stigma of witchcraft. In discovering how this tragedy works out the reader will have perused a very successful and interesting example of the modern novel. Mr. Morrison's style is always admirable; his pictures of the country are, like his descriptions of persons and his narration of incidents, well considered, clear, and often beautiful. Here is such a passage at hazard:—"Presently, on the right, the hill fell away wholly, and left the road, descending still, to top its last ridge, throwing wide a great picture where Essex lay broad and fecund below, dotted with a score of hamlets, richly embushed with trees, motley with fields of many colours, and seamed with hedges." This book, a development of the manner of "To London Town," will certainly add to Mr. Morrison's reputation.

In his admirable book, THIRTEEN STORIES (Heinemann, 6s.), Mr. Cunninghame Graham takes the matter of the preface very seriously and gives us nearly five pages of it, in which he makes many questionable statements, such as, "Let there be no mistake: the writer and the reader are sworn foes." This is, no doubt, sometimes true, but we feel sure there will be no hostility between those who read, say, "Cruz Alta" in the present volume and Mr. Graham. He takes us to all countries and shows us life "in the phantasmagoria we call the world," from River Plate to the Carse o' Stirling. "Cruz Alta," the most important sketch in the book, is a wonderful account of a wild-cat expedition to bring horses from Uruguay to the Brazilian capital. It is filled with vivid adventures and wise deductions. The horse business is a failure, of course, and the more interesting on that account. As Mr. Cunninghame Graham says—

> . . . Those who fail after a glorious fashion, Raleigh, Cervantes, Chatterton, Camoens, Blake, Claverhouse, Lovelace, Alcibiades, Parnell, and the last unknown deck-hand who, diving overboard after a comrade, sinks without saving him: these interest us—at least they interest those who, cursed with imagination, are thereby doomed themselves to the same failure as their heroes were.

This quotation gives our author's form at a glance. Its faults are on the side of a crowding of ideas and vehemence of expression. With less insistence Mr. Graham's style would be a great enjoyment, for he has, apart from his vivid descriptive powers, a cynic touch which will please the literary student. "Rothenberger's Wedding" is an amusing satiric sketch, "La Clemenza de Tito" a well-observed study, but among the lesser stories of the thirteen we like best the account of how Amarabat, the runner, failed to take "The Gold Fish" from Rabat to the Sultan at Tafilet. This has the true fatalistic note of the East and is told with exquisite skill.

In Devonshire.

Mr. Eden Phillpotts' previous work has been of more than one kind, and always successful. But no one can doubt that he is more at home with Devonshire and Devonshire folk than anywhere else. "Children of the Mist" showed it clearly, and won for him from some admirers the name of "the second Blackmore." His SONS OF THE MORNING (Methuen, 6s.) is in the same style. It is a long, thoughtful, character-sketch of three or four men and one woman. All are striking figures, human and intelligible. Perhaps the most sympathetic is the ease-loving, volatile Christopher, who divides the heroine's love with the widely different Myles Stapledon. Few writers have dared to draw a good and wholesome-minded maiden who is yet capable of loving two men equally and at once. In this case the men are so contrasted in almost every particular that a woman whose character, as it were, embraced the qualities of both might well hesitate. It is a passionate appreciation rather than actual passion that inspires her. In marrying Myles she would have to turn from the gracefulness of life; in marrying her playmate Christo, from its earnestness. The reader must find out the upshot for himself. There is much besides the psychological problem to interest him. The background of torrent and Tor, of Devonshire scenes described with intense sympathy, and rustics full of humour, conscious and unconscious, all make the book one which must not be hurried through.

Tales of Pontiac.

Mr. Gilbert Parker's political ambitions do not seem likely to interfere with his skill as a story-teller, if we may judge from his last book, THE LANE THAT HAD NO TURNING (Heinemann, 6s.). The short story is very seldom wrought to perfection in England, but Mr. Parker establishes once more, as it seems to us, his claim to be one of the very few writers who make that particular literary form a thing of art. Even so, one charm of his tales is non-English—the picturesque atmosphere which (to quote from the author's dedicatory letter to Sir Wilfrid Laurier) envelopes that "proud province which a century and a half of English governance has not Anglicized." Mr. Parker gives us once more the old Quebec type with its moods so swiftly ranging from gaiety to pathos, its wit at once naive and acute, and its devoted, even fanatical, love of tradition—a type which perhaps appeals more than any other in the Empire to the English imagination. Another charm of these stories of "the people of Pontiac" is that they are "associated tales." The focus ranges over one neighbourhood, shifting here and there as it isolates now one now another picture in the life of the habitants; and the links which unite the stories add greatly to their interest. The longest story, which gives the title to the book, turns on the ever-recurring problem of racial antagonism; the others tell mostly of the private joys and sorrows of the people. They are full of poetry, pathos, and dramatic force, and show a peculiar power of realizing the limitations and possibilities of the short story.

From China.

We remember the name of Mr. Julian Croskey as that of the author of a magazine article complaining of the difficulty of making a living by literary work. He had, he wrote, abandoned the endeavour in despair and become a day labourer in a sawmill. The appearance of "THE S.G." (Lamley) shows that Mr. Croskey has been trying again, and we shall be very much surprised if he does not this time succeed. The novel is a story of Legation Street during the Boxer rebellion. That sort of thing is not, of course, the highest kind of art—is, in fact, journalism rather than literature. But as journalism it is admirable, and it rises to the level of literature in places. Its chief merit, however, is as a character study of Sir Robert Hart, to whom it is dedicated, and whom it introduces to us, under a thin disguise, as Mr. Pericord. Mr. Croskey was, we understand, at one time employed in the service over which Sir Robert Hart presides. At all events, he knows his China uncommonly well, and his presentation of the Inspector-General, of whose personality so little is known in England, is hardly, if at all, inferior to the presentation of Mr. Rhodes in "The Colossus." We wish the book the success which we can hardly believe] that it will fail to win.

"Frightfully thrilling."

The lady who writes as "G. Colmore" is to be congratulated on her latest novel THE MARBLE FACE (Smith, Elder, 6s.). Although "The Strange Story of Hester Wynne" was the first novel that made her widely popular we had noticed many fine qualities in her previous books, and are therefore by no means surprised to find that "The Marble Face" is a sustained work of much vividness and power. The story is made up of extracts from the diaries of Sir Darnley Cotterel and of Laura Lequesnay, and the first few chapters are overloaded with the secret misery of his life. The secret is so well kept that the reader may weary and believe that Sir Darnley is that uncomfortable fellow an *homme incompris*, but he will soon get into the swing of the story and understand its tragic issues. Darnley writes early in the book:—"It seems to me that if anybody were to touch these leaves, the mere feel of the paper would tell of the suffering of the writer, so imbued must they be with the spirit which produced them—the spirit of pain." Fortunately Laura comes as his saviour to lift from him the weight of a crime which has haunted him for years. The lady of the

Marble Face, the mother of Darnley, is admirably drawn; her actions, although fortunately unusual, are comprehensible and bring about a situation of high tragedy. "The Marble Face" is far above the average of novels. It is by no means a true work of art, but it raises hopes that "G. Colmore's" next book may approach nearly to that description.

"A Furnace of Earth."

The story of Miss Hallie Erminie Rives' book, A FURNACE OF EARTH (Grant Richards, 3s. 6d.), is told in the quotation of "The Revelation of St. Love the Divine":—

> Their first estate of joy they leave,
> So pure, impassioned, and elate,
> And learn from Piety to grieve
> Because their hearts are passionate.

Margaret and Daunt are those whose hearts are passionate, and this is what happens when they meet and he says, "I *love* you."

> Her eyes flowed into his. From a flushed blur under cloud-pale eyelids, they had turned to violet balls, shot through with a trembling light. The look she gave him melted over him in a rage of love. Desire bordered it, a smile dipped in it, promise made it golden, and he saw his own longing painted in it, as a pilgrim sees his reflection in a slumbering pool.

With such phrases as—"His sunburned face was pale, and his gray eyes were hazed with a daring softness" the tale of their loves is told. Yet despite the lack of reserve in Miss Rives' style there are flesh and blood in "A Furnace of Earth," and there are passages of beauty—rather flamboyant it is true—which compensate one for occasional lapses.

THE CONQUEST OF LONDON, by Dorothea Gerard (Methuen, 6s.), is not one of its author's best, but it is bright and fresh—the very book to give to a girl. It begins with four pretty girls dyeing their old frocks in default of new ones. A legacy arrives, and all is changed. The four provide themselves with a rabbit-like and meek chaperon, and troop up to London to take the town by assault *à la* Gunning. The results are the natural ones, with a little help from the friendly novelist, who cannot reconcile herself to leaving her pretty characters in disappointment and humiliation. Titled and talented suitors loom in the background before London has long been enriched by the presence of Philippa, Evelyn, Cissy, and Adela.

THE GRIP OF THE WOLF, by Morice Gerard (Horace Marshall, 3s. 6d.), is a stirring tale of blows and chivalry, with a proper love interest. The Countess Helen, who supplies the same, goes through perilous adventures ending in the stake. The torch is applied, the faggots smoke, when lo! Brunoborg to the rescue and Black Bertrand to discomfiture. Another novel by the same author, but published (at the same price) by Messrs. Ward, Lock, is called THE MAN OF THE MOMENT. It is not so good. The diplomatic intrigue is melodramatic, and the love intrigue conventional and, again, melodramatic. There is a lady's-maid who says "Ah, Mistress! I will be even with you yet! You do not know Marie, but you will." "So moves the wheel of life," remarks the author, with somewhat irrelevant philosophy.

THE DEVIL'S HALF ACRE (Unwin, 6s.), by "Alien," is an agreeable enough story on a grim subject. John Jermyn, of the Otago goldfields, has murdered a man and attempts to expiate his crime. Under the name of "The Prophet" he preaches to the wild inhabitants of the once famous Gabriell's Gully. Rose Jermyn is the gay note in his life, and her trials and love form the *motif* of the book. "Alien" is a rather laboured writer, but she has sincerity and occasional vivid flashes.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ALLEN LOUNE, MINISTER OF RELIGION (Unwin, 6s.) is the rather portentous title of a Scottish novel by Mr. Alexander MacDougall which may find pleased readers among students of Calvinism. This chronicle of the small loser of a man's soul, seen from the outside, is written with fluency and directness. The main character, although highly religious, is petty and ignorant to an unusual degree. But, although Allen writes of art and literature as a Philistine, on the subject of religious scruples he gives the impression of being an accomplished disputant. "Allen Lorne" is published as a novel, but it reads too much like the conscientiously written autobiography of a not very clearly seeing and quite uninteresting person.

LIBRARY NOTES.

The new borough councillors who are to be elected next Thursday will not fail in their duties for want of advice. They have already been reminded of their duty in many other particulars, and it may not be superfluous to remind them of the powers offered them under the Public Libraries Act. Great progress has been made of recent years in the inauguration of libraries in London, but there are still many districts without these aids to culture. In more than one instance the old vestries showed themselves continuously unwilling to adopt the powers. We hope that their successors, the councillors, will encourage the movement as heartily as a due consideration for the ratepayer's pocket will permit.

The late Sir Henry Acland was one of the oldest and most distinguished of librarians. The collection of scientific books in the University Museum had been under his careful charge since 1858. The Radcliffe Library is sometimes confused, by those unacquainted with Oxford, with the Radcliffe building, or "Camera," the beautiful circular reading-room of the Bodleian.

The "British Library Year-book" for 1900-1901, published by Messrs. Scott, Greenwood, and edited by Mr. Thomas Greenwood, contains an exhaustive account of the various British municipal libraries, with a number of tables as to hours of work, income, &c., besides several special articles. The first of the articles deals with the library rate, and advocates the removal of the present restrictions and the substitution of a permissive increase in accordance with local conditions. The question of "Children and Public Libraries" is treated by the librarian of Cardiff, where special attention is given to this branch of library work. The Libraries Acts are now in force in 400 towns and districts, as compared with 330 in 1897. In spite of this steady progress, there are still many boroughs well able to maintain a public library that are as yet without one.

The new museum given to West Ham by Mr. Passmore Edwards was opened by the Countess of Warwick on October 17. The Essex Field Club have placed a good collection of objects in the museum. On the same day was re-opened the West Ham Technical Institute and Central Library, which has been rebuilt after the fire of a year ago. Last week, also, saw the inauguration of two other East-end libraries. Both Bow and Limehouse have for some time endeavoured to find the necessary funds, and both in the end owe a good deal to the philanthropy of Mr. Passmore Edwards, who, on the 18th inst., laid the foundation-stones of the two buildings. Similar progress is reported from Hawick, where Mr. Carnegie has given £10,000 conditionally on the council providing a site for the new library.

In Denmark there are already several public libraries, and efforts are being made to obtain an extension of their work. Mr. A. S. Steenberg, of Horsens, has just published a little book on the history of the library movement, more especially in England and the United States. The author has visited many of the English libraries and gives much practical information upon cataloguing, card charging, and the various technical appliances which are found in our larger libraries. The Danish Government are taking the very practical step of having this book distributed free of charge to the people's libraries throughout Denmark.

Mr. Charles Welch, librarian of the Guildhall, is giving a course of University Extension Lectures on the History of London at the South-Western Polytechnic Institute on Friday evenings.

The October number of the American publication *Public Libraries* contains several useful descriptions of travelling libraries, and an article on "Technical Books in English Public Libraries," by Mr. Andrew Keogh, of Yale, formerly of the Newcastle-on-Tyne public library.

Correspondence.

THE CANTERBURY TALES.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Professor Skeat will pardon me, I am sure, if I venture to point out a slight mistake in his most valuable edition of Chaucer's works; and I must confess to a feeling of something like satisfaction at finding a small error in a great work where all, or nearly all, is so perfect.

In Vol. III., at page 376, where Dr. Skeat is considering the question of the length of time the Canterbury pilgrims took to tell their tales, and the number of days the tales took up, he says, "in group F. l. 73 the squire remarks that 'it is pryme,' it is 9 o'clock." This is not a slip of Professor Skeat's, for in another place, at page 378, in the same volume, again referring to the squire, he says "the narrator remarks that he will not delay the hearers 'for it is prime'—*i.e.*, 9 a.m."

Now I need hardly point out to the learned reader that "pryme" does not mean 9 o'clock, but 6 o'clock a.m. The word is taken from the name of the canonical office which was originally said at sunrise, and later on was fixed to be said at 6 o'clock in the morning. It was the first of the day offices, whence its name of prime. The hymn at the beginning of the office "Jam lucis orto sidere" would be out of place at a 9 o'clock office, when the good monks had been up and at work for three hours at least, and the sun, too, was risen well into the heavens.

This office was not originally what is known as a Basilican office, that is one that was said in the quire, but rather a private prayer used by the monks immediately they rose in the morning. "Ista prima ibi cantatur ubi dormiunt," says one of the oldest authorities on the subject, quoted by Dr. Batifol in his "Histoire du Bréviaire romain." But long before the fourteenth century it had become the first of the recognized canonical day hours said regularly in monastic churches and cathedrals, and the word "prime" had become synonymous with 6 o'clock a.m., the average time of sunrise throughout the year. At 9 o'clock—*i.e.*, the third hour after sunrise or prime, the office not of prime but of tierce was said, a word which like "prime" bears its own meaning—the office of the third hour.

It is curious, though, that Dr. Skeat thus starting from a wrong basis, and reasoning wrongly upon it, comes to a right conclusion as to the time meant by the expression "half way pryme." The expression does mean, as Dr. Skeat says, half-past 7. But if he was right in thinking prime meant 9 o'clock, "half way pryme," to bring it to half-past 7, would require "half way" to mean half way between prime and the canonical hour next before prime. It is scarcely necessary to say that this is not the meaning of "half way" in this connexion, or that it does mean half way between the hour named and the succeeding canonical hour, not the preceding. Thus "half way pryme" means half way between prime and tierce—*i.e.*, half way between 6 o'clock and 9 o'clock. So though "prime" does not mean 9, nor "half way pryme" half way between 9 and the preceding canonical hour, it does mean half-past 7.

While on this point I may be allowed to notice the unnecessary length of time—four days—supposed to be taken up by the telling of the Canterbury Tales, both by Dr. Furnivall, in his preface to the six-text edition of Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales," and by Dr. Skeat. The pilgrims were made to start on the 17th or 18th of April. The later I suggest as the day Chaucer intended. That is, in our present calendar, April 26th, when the sun rises at a quarter before 5 o'clock, and it would be daylight long before that. In line 822 of the prologue, speaking of the morning on which his pilgrims started on their journey from the Tabard, Chaucer says:—"Amorwe whan that day gan for to sprynge, Up roos oure hoost and was oure aller cok." That is, the pilgrims were aroused at daybreak. They naturally started at once, they would be well on their way, and the Knight's tale begun by 5 o'clock at the latest. Then came the Miller's tale, and then the Reeve, at line 3,906, says, "Lo Depford I and it is half way pryme"—*i.e.*, it is half-past 7. The Reeve then tells his story, not a very long one, and the Cook perhaps follows with another, or, as Dr. Skeat suggests, the Yeoman's tale is substituted for the Cook's. Then the host makes a speech to the company, in which he tells them it is "ten of the clokke," just about the time we should expect it to be. He tells them, too, "The fourthe party of this day is gon" (Line 17). What day? Obviously the first. No other day has been mentioned, nor could have been mentioned, because not nearly sufficient tales have yet been told to take up the whole of the first day.

The host then calls upon the Man of Lawe—"tel us a tale anon," having made some wise reflections on loss of time, and advising them to lose none. The "Man of Lawe" at once proceeds with his tale. In this plain and simple account of the progress of the tales so far on the first day we thus have the Knight's tale and the Miller's tale, taking up the time till 7 30, then the Reeve, and perhaps the Yeoman, go on till 10, and the Man of Lawe goes straight on from that time. Then come the tales of the Shipman, and the Prioress, and Chaucer's tale of Melibeus; these, with the Monk's tale and that of the Nun's Priest, if this is their right order, might well take up the rest of the first day. But modern editors make a break at the sudden end of the Cook's tale—why nobody knows—and begin a second day (or group B as they call it) and leave the pilgrims, much against the host's advice, without any tale for the rest of their first day. Thus they would cease to carry out their proposed way of employing their time from 10 o'clock in the morning till they arrive at the end of their first day's journey. Professor Skeat feels this difficulty, but does not get over it. He says, speaking of his supposed second day or group B, which he begins with the Man of Lawe, "something is wanted to bring the time up to 10 o'clock." A good deal is wanted according to his and other editor's division. Not only the first day from 10 in the morning till the evening is a blank, but the next day from daybreak, when they would start afresh, up to 10 a.m. is wanting. If we adopt the obvious course of tales which I venture to suggest, neither of these wants are felt.

It should be remembered, too, that when Chaucer began his work he intended each pilgrim to tell two tales on the way to Canterbury. Now there were, including the Canon's Yeoman, twenty-nine persons, so that the poet had, at any rate at the beginning of his work, to be economical of his space, and to get as much as possible, perhaps more than was possible, into the time he had at his disposal on the road between London and Canterbury, a distance which to pilgrims on horseback did not usually take more than three days. But some learned editor starts the theory that after the Cook's tale there must be an interval of twenty-four hours, and other editors follow him without giving any adequate reason for their adoption of the theory, and against the plain words of their author.

Yours faithfully,

CHARLES HAMILTON BROMBY.

THE VICTORIA COUNTY HISTORIES.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—In the exhaustive review of the Victoria County History of Hampshire in *Literature* of to-day, my name alone appears in connexion with the class *Insecta*.

I have nothing to complain of, but, in justice to my colleagues, I desire to say that I could not have undertaken the section of the work entrusted to me without the able co-operation of Miss Ethel Chawner, the Rev. Canon Fowler, Messrs. Frederick Adams, Malcolm Burr, Eustace Bankes, P. M. Bright, James Edwards, W. H. B. Fletcher, R. McLachlan, J. J. King, Kenneth Morton, Edward Saunders, J. J. Walker, and Captain Savile Reid. I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

HERBERT GOSS.

The Avenue, Surbiton-hill, Oct. 20, 1900.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—I read in your columns that the publishers of the new County History of England "are under a pledge to destroy all unsubscribed-for copies that may remain on hand." I hope it

is not too late to protest against this destruction, and to appeal from Constable—well, from Constable the tradesman to Constable the man of letters. Why not place such volumes in libraries not rich enough to buy them? Give them to London Board schools, prisons, workhouses, lunatic asylums, anything; but to *destroy* them! Sir, I cannot believe it. I have heard much against publishers from Sir Walter Besant and others. Doubtless they drive hard bargains; but to destroy good books deliberately! It would be unpardonable and a corner should be added to the "Inferno," in which such publishers should be forced to publish for ever, and distribute free of cost to all souls in that region, no books but choice literary works, for which they must pay a hundred per cent. royalty to the author for ever and ever. Yours faithfully,

Rugby, Oct. 21. W. H. D. ROUSE.

SWINBURNE.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—While I agree with almost every word of Mr. Hood's appreciation of Swinburne, I should like to answer Mr. P. A. Sillard, if possible, once and for all. He says that my reasons for calling Swinburne a great poet were inadequate, and he might well be right when those reasons had to be packed into the limited space of a letter; but, nevertheless, if you will allow me, I will give him—as I have already given—more reasons than he will know how to answer. First, however, I must absolutely and emphatically decline to discuss the question that Mr. Sillard brings forward so pertinaciously. It is really most embarrassing to read letters that discuss one's inferiority to Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Henley, Matthew Arnold, Swinburne, and Mr. P. A. Sillard; for it seems to me that, in the adoption of such a standard, Mr. P. A. Sillard somewhat overestimates my importance as well as his own.

He speaks, once more, of my lack of "restraint." I only know that the one mistake I certainly made in my first letter, for which I have been sorry ever since, was due to what Mr. P. A. Sillard calls "restraint," and what I call "childish humbug." I said that I admired some of Mr. Henley's verses, and it was a mean thing to say; for, in reality, I thought that, though they were not quite great poetry, they were some of the noblest poems ever written.

My reasons for calling Swinburne a great poet were these. In the first place I mentioned a few great authorities who thought, at least, that Swinburne wrote very excellent poetry. In the next place, I said that he had influenced English literature more than any other poet that ever lived. My reasons for that assertion were these. He began to write when England was under the domination of Tennyson. After twenty years there were some three hundred writers of verse. Every single one of these had forsaken Tennyson, and was under the direct influence of Swinburne. It would be useless to quote examples from writers like Mr. Lang, Mr. Dobson, Mr. Gosse, A. O'Shaughnessy, and others; but, even now, his influence is found in the remotest and most unexpected places. Mr. Watson, for instance, is a professed follower of Wordsworth. But hear him in unguarded moments:—

> The triumph of him that begot,
> And the travail of her that bore,
> Behold, they are evermore
> As warp and weft in our lot.

Then, Mr. Henley, who says that Swinburne is "damned to the infernal deeps," could not have written—

> By the dismal fords, the thankless hills, the desolate half-dead flats,
> He has shepherded them like silly sheep and cornered them like rats;

unless Mr. Kipling had written—

> Down in the dark, the utter dark, where the blind white sea-snakes are;

and unless Swinburne had previously written:—

> Sudden and steady the music as eight hoofs trample and thunder
> Rings in the ear of the low blind wind of the night as we pass.

The difference in the method of handling words will be obvious if these typical pieces of modern poetry are compared with a typical piece of Tennyson:—

> Robed in universal harvest up to either pole she smiles,
> Universal ocean softly washing all her warless isles.

The Swinburnian lines are clearer, keener, more closely knit, and in other hands than Swinburne's generally less mellifluous than the Tennysonian lines; and this is what I meant by saying that Swinburne keeps a tighter rein over his words than even Tennyson did. Mr. P. A. Sillard calls my statement a critical *bêtise*. He absolutely ignores the distinction I drew between the elaboration which is the natural and proper result of literary evolution and the lack of "restraint" or control of words. If Mr. P. A. Sillard thinks that the mere "trill" of a sentence can ever, by the biggest booby, be mistaken for expression, form of thought, style of intelligible speech, he will hardly find a more satisfying and silvery trill than

> Lillibullero-bullen-a-la.

But if that gives him no satisfaction, what is the cause of its failure? Well, inasmuch as Mr. Sillard hints at the unutterable *bêtise* that I ought not to discuss "pregnant thought and succinct expression" because, if you please, "they have never been the qualities for which Swinburne has so long and deservedly been admired," I will quote some words of John Addington Symonds, on F. W. H. Myers, which seem to answer the question. "Every word here tells not merely for the metrical effect, but because it has true meaning in it and the rhythm is vitalized with passion, with sympathy for moods assimilated, with grasp upon the actuality of the imagined situation. Mr. Myers has notable affinities with Mr. Swinburne." I may sum up that quotation in a single sentence. There are many people who can appreciate a negro melody, but are absolutely incapable of appreciating a symphony from Beethoven. Now, Mr. Sillard says that Swinburne's words, "who cannot hate can love not," are untrue. They are absolutely true and can be proved scientifically to be true. So long as foulness is in opposition to purity, sorrow to joy, and life to death; so long as the homogeneity of the corpse is lower than the heterogeneity of a great human nature, so long as a single heart revolts at a tale of cruelty or injustice, those words are absolutely true. Perhaps the words uttered by a certain personification of Love eighteen, nearly nineteen, hundred years ago, were also uttered by the personification of Hate. I refer to certain words about a "generation of vipers." And, in conclusion, I will challenge Mr. Sillard to produce any lines of equal length and number from any poet, ancient or modern, in English or French literature, that contain more pregnant thought, succinct expression, and striking illustration than these:—

> Who cannot hate can love not, if he grieve
> His tears are barren as the unfruitful rain
> That rears no harvest from the green sea's plain;
> And as thorns crackling this man's laugh is vain;
> Nor can belief touch, kindle, smite, reprieve,
> His heart who has not heart to disbelieve.

Yours faithfully,

ALFRED NOYES.

THE SIN-EATER IN SOUTH WALES.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—The Rev. T. Shankland's letter will not help Mr. Ernest Rhys much, I am afraid. Jones of Rhoslan has been already summoned into Court in this controversy. In October, 1895, I sent a letter to Professor Rhys, who sent it on to Mr. Hartland, who, in turn, wrote to me asking my permission to make use of the information contained in it. That letter quoted Jones of Rhoslan's account of the custom, and also an earlier description from the *British Magazine*, Vol. VII. (1835), professing to be taken from a MS. once in the possession of a Bishop of St. Asaph. There is no doubt that the Bishop alluded to was Fleetwood, who, in 1710 (in the words of Archdeacon Thomas—"History of St. Asaph," p. 132), "printed and sent round his charge to the clergy some time before his visitation. . . .

With the charge he also sent a request to the clergy that they would supply him at his visitation with a short account of their parish and church, its dedication, wakes, monuments, superstitions, usages, townships, tithes, and titheholders. . . . Many pages of the transcript of 'Llyfr Coch Asaph,' in the Episcopal Library, are in his handwriting."

All the later descriptions of the North-Walian funeral customs that I have seen—Pennant's "Journey to Snowdon" (1781), J. Evans' "Tour in North Wales" (1800), Bingley's (1800), Jones of Rhoslan's "Drych yr Amseroedd" (1820), "Cymru Fu" (1862)—are founded on the St. Asaph MS. account. The most interesting variation is that the original account says nothing about coffins, for the very good reason that coffins were not in common use in Wales in the early part of the eighteenth century; whereas the later copyists, ignorant or forgetful of that fact, all mention the coffin, which also duly appears in the coloured plate in the Rev. Peter Roberts' "Popular Cambrian Antiquities," and is reproduced (uncoloured) in Wirt Sikes' valuable "British Goblins." All these North-Walian customs may be easily traced back to the suppressed Roman Catholic rites of the sixteenth century by means of an account of the "State, Civil and Ecclesiastical, of the County of Lancaster, about the year 1580," printed by Earwaker, from a MS. in the Bodleian, in the Chetham Society's "Miscellanies," Vol. V. The expressions of "horror" and so forth, so liberally indulged in by Moggridge at Ludlow in 1852, when describing the alleged "sin-eating" custom at Llandebie, would be quite out of place in regard to the above.

Mr. Shankland does not seem to be quite "up to date" as to the present position of the controversy. Mr. Hartland's treatment of the quotation from Jones of Rhoslan gives the line of cleavage, so to speak, exactly. When I twitted him with omitting the last two sentences of Jones' account ("The whole family used to kneel on the graves on the Sunday after the funeral, each to say his Paternoster. And they would never mention any deceased member of the family or kin without saying most devoutly, 'Heaven be his portion!'"), Mr. Hartland replied that the omitted sentences had "nothing to do with the 'diodles,'" for they referred to a different place and a different day. Thus, he dogmatically assumed what he was required to prove, namely, that the funeral dole was a survival of an old "Celtic" tribal feast, the central feature of which was eating the corpse. I, on the other hand, maintained that the so-called funeral feast was nothing but the dilapidated remains of the old pre-Reformation "dirge," with its usual *sequelæ* of trental and anniversary. I hope that I may not be considered immodest if I avow my belief that I have proved my point. I have given a full, but of course not exhaustive, account of the whole controversy in the *Llan* (Church Press, Lampeter) during the past seven months, to which I would refer such of your readers as can read Welsh.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

J. P. OWEN.

72, Comeragh-road, W.

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

Bookselling in South Africa, after many months of stagnation, is beginning to show signs of revival. It is satisfactory that the sale of school books has remained unaffected throughout the war; in general literature the South African trade—which as a rule has to be taken seriously into account—has been virtually non-existent since the Boers crossed the border into British territory. One of the leading booksellers of Johannesburg, however, has just visited London for fresh supplies, and is now on his way back to start business again. It was interesting to learn from him that on returning to Johannesburg recently he found that his shops and their contents—books to the value of £5,000—remained exactly as he left them, while another bookselling house in the town had been looted by the Boers most shamefully. The same authority holds sanguine views concerning the prospects of the South African trade, but he believes it will be at least two years before any decided improvement sets in. Machinery and other things are more urgently needed for the moment, as well as a really peaceful settlement. Books will follow.

Sir Lewis Morris' new book of verse will appear early in November. Besides a number of shorter lyrics, several of which have appeared in *Literature*, the volume comprises two long unpublished poems, one in elegiac verse, "The March of Man"; the other, in blank verse, a Georgian romance, founded on a dramatic story of crime reported from the Russian tribunals of last spring, and reproduced accurately. The volume will also comprise the odes on the death of Mr. Gladstone and on the Diamond Jubilee, which appeared in a morning paper. It is to appear simultaneously here and in America, and will probably be the writer's last work.

Mr. Murray, in his compromise between cut and uncut edges, by which, though the pages are cut, the edges are left rough at the side and the bottom, would seem to have accidentally invented what has been invented before. Messrs. Methuen state that for nearly three years they have been using this method. After all, we are not so sure that this *via media* adopted by Mr. Murray and Messrs. Methuen will conciliate all tastes. As all men are born Platonists or Aristotelian, so are they born with an innate leaning to smooth or rough edges. It is a fundamental difference of taste. Those who only care about having their pages ready cut may be satisfied; and so may those who only care to have the edges rough. But how about those who actually prefer the smoothness of the machine-cut edge? Or how about the leisurely and respectable readers who love to handle the paper-knife?

Mr. Leonard Huxley's life of his father, Thomas Henry Huxley, which Messrs. Macmillan now publish, aims at putting the man before the reader rather than at discussing his scientific and philosophical achievements. That, of course, is the first duty of the biographer. The science and the philosophy is already before the world, and has already challenged the judgment of experts, whereas, to all but those who had the privilege of knowing him personally, the man has yet to be revealed. And it is a matter of acknowledged fact that Huxley gave to those who did not know him personally a misleading impression of his character by the militancy of his controversial methods. For, though "ever a fighter" (in Browning's phrase) in matters of thought and opinion he was, on the unanimous testimony of his friends, very lovable as a man. Mr. Wilfred Ward has put on record his own surprise and pleasure on first meeting Huxley to find, instead of the man of combative and even aggressive manner he had expected, a personality of singular charm; and the story has been told more than once of the disinclination of the older members of the Metaphysical Society to admit among them such a firebrand, and of his popularity after he had joined. Mr. Leonard Huxley's biography is not the only account of Huxley we are to have. Messrs. Putnams announce a book on "Thomas Henry Huxley," by Mr. P. Chalmers Mitchell, planned some years ago for this firm's series of "Leaders of Science." And we are to get a volume on Huxley by Mr. Edward Clodd, in Messrs. Blackwood's series of Modern English Writers.

Messrs. Gowans and Gray announce a new series devoted to standard authors, both English and foreign, to be called The Complete Library. The works of each writer are to be given unabridged, and their letters will also be included. All the different readings from authoritative editions will be given, and, where necessary, notes and glossaries. Each author is to have a separate editor. One volume will appear every month, and on December 1 the first of five monthly volumes, containing the works and letters of Keats, edited by Mr. H. Buxton Forman, will be published. Some fresh manuscripts of some of Keats' poems have come to light, and at least one previously unpublished letter will be added. The price of each volume in the series will be 1s. net.

Apropos of the reproduction of Mr. Fuch's medal which we publish this week we note that a copy of Carter's "Medals of the British Army, and How They were Won"—clearly a book for the present moment—is included in the last catalogue issued by Mr. Spencer of New Oxford-street. The author sets out the main features of the campaigns, or actions, for which the medals were given. He stops short, however, in the sixties, hence a large part of the subject has yet to be written. Medals are granted now with a frequency that to the lay mind is almost startling in comparison with the few that were issued in the earlier half of the century. Nearly twenty different medals have been issued during the past ten years, to say nothing of the numerous clasps which have been added to medals for exceptional engagements.

Under the heading "The Abuse of the Possessive" Mr. E. D. Little writes to us as to a reference he had made to the use of the genitive in a passage in the Revelations which, in his letter to us, he had quoted from memory:—

> The reference in my last letter to the authorized version of the Bible should run as follows:—
>
> A comparison of Rev. xviii.,12, and Rev. xxi.,19, affords a very curious illustration of the tendency. In the former we find "all manner vessels of ivory, and all manner vessels of most precious wood," and in the latter "all manner of precious stones."
>
> In the next sentence for "this chapter" read "these chapters," and for "names" read "nouns."

"The Bibliographical Society of Lancashire." This is the name of an association now in course of formation, whose President is Prof. W. A. Raleigh, and Hon. Sec. Mr. E. Gordon Duff, of the John Rylands Library, Manchester. The Committee numbers fourteen, among them Messrs. H. Guppy, R. A. S. Macfie, and D. Lloyd Roberts. It is proposed to limit the membership to 150 with an annual subscription of £1, an entrance fee of a similar sum to be charged after the election of the first hundred members. Working bibliographers will be specially welcomed, and there is every likelihood that the roll of the society will soon be filled. Interesting extra publications—publications, that is, other than the papers read at the meetings—will be issued from time to time.

With reference to the suggestion in our article on "The Subject Catalogue of the British Museum," "that a list of novels and plays would be found extremely useful," we understand that a complete list of printed plays has been made by Mr. Herbert Gatfield, of the British Museum, and stands in the Reading Room at the centre desk, where it is accessible to readers, and that it is ready for the press.

Messrs. Newnes have an original idea, a series now in preparation of handbooks called "Our Neighbours," edited by William Harbutt Dawson. They will not be statistical, political, or controversial, but will describe in a friendly spirit the intellectual and social life of the various peoples. The following will soon be ready: "French Life in Town and Country," by Miss Hannah Lynch; "German Life in Town and Country," by W. H. Dawson; "Russian Life in Town and Country," by Francis H. E. Palmer, sometime secretary to H.H. Prince Dronthop-Loubetsky; "Dutch Life in Town and Country," by a Resident at The Hague.

Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode write:—

> Last winter you kindly noticed our effort to provide entertaining and instructive lantern lectures for institutions and societies throughout the country. May we be allowed to point out that we have improved upon our idea of last year by obtaining the services of several popular writers to prepare lantern lectures, copies of which are sent (with slides) for a small fee to societies, institutions, schools, &c., who are unable to afford the expense of paying large sums to lecturers for their personal services. For the coming season we have arranged with Sir Herbert Maxwell, Bart., M.P., to write on "A Century of Empire"; the Earl of Rosslyn on "With Roberts to Pretoria"; Mr. Clement K. Shorter on "Illustrated Journalism—Yesterday and To-day"; and Mr. Arthur Cratchit on "An Evening with 'Punch.'"
>
> Particulars of the above scheme will be sent to any of your readers on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope.

Lord Frederic Hamilton is succeeded in the editorship of the *Pall Mall Magazine* by Mr. George R. Halkett, who has been art editor for the last three years.

In our list of Publishers' Announcements contained in our supplement of October 6th, we announced Vol. IV. instead of Vol. III. of the "Biographical History of Gonville and Caius College," edited by Dr. Venn and published by the Cambridge University Press.

The *Magazine of Art* has acquired the right to publish a long series of pictures in the Wallace Collection. These will begin in the November part.

Mr. Macqueen has in preparation a book on The Transvaal Secret Service by "One Who Was In It," which gives some curious facts about Transvaal officials.

Mr. John Long has an illustrated volume entitled "Australia at the Front," which gives a colonial view of the war by Mr. Frank Wilkinson, the special correspondent of the *Sydney Daily Telegraph*, who accompanied the troops from Australia through the campaign.

Messrs. Nisbet and Co. announce "The Church Directory and Almanack," for December, a new publication with new features, and costing not more than 2s. net. Mr. Walter Walsh's "History of the Romeward Movement in the Church of England, 1833-1864," will be published by Messrs. Nisbet next week. They also announce a memoir and appreciation of the late Lieutenant Tait, by Mr. J. L. Low, who was one of that officer's most intimate friends, and a well-known amateur golf player.

Gabriele D'Annunzio, whose reputation outside of Italy is growing, is reported to have finished a new play on the often dramatized theme of *Francesca da Rimini*. It will be produced simultaneously in Italian and German. D'Annunzio's *Il Fuoco* and *Sogno d'un mattino di primavera* have just appeared in German translation and are apparently finding a large sale.

Mr. Croal Thomson, the editor of the *Art Journal*, contributes an article, with twenty illustrations, to Part VII. of "the Paris Exhibition" (Special Series of the *Art Journal*), dealing with the collection of works by Old Masters of the English School to be seen in the British Pavilion in the Rue des Nations.

Readers interested in exotic literatures are not likely to have forgotten the very interesting book on Yiddish literature produced last year by Mr. Leo Wiener of Harvard, and his account of the gift of the living Yiddish poet, Morris Rosenfeld. An edition of Mr. Rosenfeld's poems is now announced by Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons with the title "Songs from the Ghetto," accompanied by a prose translation and glossary. An introduction has been written by Mr. Wiener. Dante and Chaucer had a simple task compared with that of the poet who is to make of Yiddish a classical tongue.

Messrs. Macmillan are publishing "A Life of Francis Parkman," by Mr. C. H. Farnham. The historian of Canada was, it seems, a cripple hampered further by other physical defects. He depended on crutches for walking, and on the eyes of others for the study of the manuscript authorities for his histories. His biographer, weighing his achievements against his disabilities, calls him one of the heroic figures in the history of letters. The biography comes as a fitting complement of the fine library edition of Parkman's historical works recently issued by the same firm.

The list of volumes in the "Sermon Seed" Series, or "Homiletics for Every One," also announced by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, may be useful:—Vol. I. Sketches of Sermons of the late Bishop Phillips Brooks; Vol. II. A Collection of Illustrations from the same; Vol. III. An Analysis of the Seven Volumes of Sermons of Pastor Bersier, of the French Protestant Pulpit; Vol. IV. Sketches of 150 Sermons on texts from the Psalms by English, American, and other Preachers—Ward Beecher, Liddon, Farrar, Maclaren, &c.; Vol. V. Sketches of 150 Sermons on texts from Isaiah—from similar sources.

Monsieur Félix Alcan's announcements for the autumn contain a new volume in the "Histoire de la Troisième République," by M. Zevort, entirely devoted to the administration of President Carnot; a volume on Prussia, by Professor Waddington of Lyons, in the series of "Instructions to the French Ambassadors from 1648 to 1789," an invaluable collection published under the auspices of the French Foreign Office; and Prof. Guerand's "La Main d'Œuvre Ouvrière dans l'Ancienne Grèce." From Professor Luchaire we are to have a collection of essays entitled "Mélanges d'Histoires du Moyen-Age." Among M. Alcan's philosophical works are "Le Problème de la Vie," by M. Bourdeau, and Paulhan's "Psychologie de l'Invention." The leading French idealist, Professor Renouvier, is to bring out a long-awaited book on "Les Dilemmes de la Métaphysique Pure," and a volume by

M. de Roberty on "La Constitution de l'Ethique." M. Alcan has also the good fortune to have got hold of the little book in which M. Couturat is to bring out some unpublished fragments of Leibnitz on logic.

Books to look out for at once.

BIOGRAPHY AND AUTOBIOGRAPHY—

"Napoleon: the Last Phase." By Lord Rosebery. Humphreys. 7s. 6d.
[A Study of Napoleon during his Life at St. Helena.]

"The Life of Professor Calderwood, LL.D., F.R.S.E." By his Son and the Rev. David Woodside. Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d.
[With Chapter on his Philosophical Works by Professor Seth Pringle-Pattison.

"F. G. Tait: A Memoir and Appreciation." By J. L. Low. Nisbet. 6s.

"Lieutenant-Colonel John Houghton, Commandant of the 36th Sikhs: a Hero of Tirah." By Major A. C. Yate. Murray.

"The Countess Cosel." By Joseph J. Kraszewski. Trans. from the Polish by S. C. de Soissons. Downey.
[A picture of the Court of Augustus the Strong of Saxony. With Portraits].

"Francis Hutcheson: his Life, Teaching, and Position in the History of Philosophy." By Wm. Robert Scott. Camb. Univ. Press. 8s.

"Seventy Years at Westminster." By the late Sir John Mowbray, Bart. Blackwood.
[Sir John died before he had concluded his reminiscences. They are now supplemented from his papers, by his daughter.]

"The Story of My Life" (1870-1900). By A. J. C. Hare. Allen. £1 11s. 6d.
[These three concluding volumes are a sequel to those issued in 1896.]

ART AND ARCHÆOLOGY—

"Anthony van Dyck: A Historical Study of His Life and Works." By Lionel Cust, F.S.A. Bell and Sons. £5 5s. net.
[Many plates and other reproductions.]

"Della Robbia." By Marchesa Burlamacchi. Bell and Sons. 5s. net.
[Bell's Handbooks of the great masters in painting and sculpture.]

"The Painters of Florence from the 13th to the 16th Centuries." By Julia Cartwright (Mrs. Ady). Murray. 6s. net.
[Handbook for travellers and art students. Illust.]

"Cameos." By Cyril Davenport. Seeley. 7s. net.

"Pompei: The City, its Life and Art." By Pierre Gusman. Trans. by Florence Simmonds and M. Jourdain. Heinemann. 30s. net.

THEOLOGY—

"Clue: A Guide through Greek to Hebrew Scripture." By Edwin A. Abbot. A. and C. Black.
[To show that parts of the Synoptic Gospels are based upon a common Hebrew document.]

"The Teaching of the New Testament." By the Rev. K. Lake, M.A. Rivington. 1s.
[Oxford Church Text Books.]

"The Doctrines of Grace." By the Rev. John Watson, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.

"The History of the Romeward Movement in the Church of England, 1833-1864." By Walter Walsh. Nisbet and Co. 10s. 6d. net.

"Prayer and Temptation." Addresses by the Rev. H. W. Gresswell, M.A. Longmans.

"Select Narratives of Holy Women, as written above the Old Syriac Gospels by John of Beth-Mari Kaddish." 21s. net. "Select Narratives of Holy Women." Translated into English from the Sinai Palimpsest by Agnes S. Lewis. 7s. 6d. net. Camb. Univ. Press.
[Studia Sinaitica, Nos. 9 and 10.]

SOUTH AFRICA—

"Boer Politics: an answer to some Pro-Boer Statements based on Facts and Documents." By Yves Guyot. Murray. 2s.
[Mainly an answer to the charges of Dr. Kuyper.]

HISTORY AND TRAVEL—

"A History of British India." Vol. II. By the late Sir Wm. Wilson Hunter. Longmans.
[To the Union of the Old and New Companies under Lord Godolphin's Award.]

"Khurasan and Sistan." By Lieut.-Col. C. E. Yate. Blackwood.
[With Map, Illustrations, and Portrait.]

"A Little Tour in France." By Henry James. Heinemann. 10s. net.
[Wanderings in Touraine. Illust. by J. Pennell.]

"Life and Sport on the Pacific Slope." By Horace A. Vachell. Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.

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"Lectures on the Lunar Theory." By J. C. Adams. Ed. by R. A. Sampson. Camb. Univ. Press. 5s.

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"Exercises on the French Irregular Verbs." By Maurice Gutsbard. Longmans.

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"A New Primer of Astronomy." By Sir Robert Ball. Camb. Univ. Press.
[First volume of "Cambridge Science Primers."]

"Sallust, Catiline." Ed. by W. C. Summers. (Pitt Press Series.) Camb. Univ. Press. 2s.

BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG—

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"Tales Told in the Zoo." By F. Carruthers Gould and P. H. Carruthers Gould. Unwin. 6s.
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"Trinity Bells: A Tale of Old New York." By Amelia E. Barr. Unwin. 6s.

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"The Love Poems of Browning" ("The Lover's Library"). Lane. 1s. 6d. n.

"Commentary on the Romans." By Professor J. Agar Beet. Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d.
[Ninth edition, entirely re-written.]

"Charles Dickens as I Knew Him." By the late George Dolby. Unwin.
[George Dolby, who had the management of Dickens' Reading Tours, died recently in Fulham Workhouse.]

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"Irish Fairy Tales." Edited by W. B. Yeats. Unwin. 1s.
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"Dead Man's Rock" and "Splendid Spur." By A. T. Quiller-Couch. Cassell. 3s. 6d. each.
[Cheap illustrated editions.]

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LITERARY.

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WHITE.

White mates in two moves.

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PROBLEM No. 80, by A. Troitzky. White (6 pieces)—K at K 2; R at Q B 5; Kt at K R 4; pawns at K R 2, Q Kt 2, Q R 3. Black (6 pieces)—K at Q 5; Q at K B sq; pawns at K B 2, K 4, Q 2, Q Kt 3. White to play and win.

SOLUTIONS.—Problem 64, Laws (2), Kt – Kt 5; 65, Fridlizius (3), Q – R 8 (sacrifices of Queen, &c., follow); 66 (*Manchester Weekly Times* tourney), Q – Q R 8; 67, Teed (2), Q – R 7; 68, Gold (2), with Q at K Kt sq, key Q – R 7. Correct solutions as follows:—W. R. M., G. J. M., and E. K. L., Nos. 64 and 66; R. E., 67; A. C. Waters, 64 to 69; J. D. Tucker (Ilkley), 62 to 69; H. P. L., 68 and 69; Otto Würzburg (Grand Rapids), 59 to 62 ("No. 52 very difficult").

CHESS LIBRARIES.—A few enthusiasts have made it one of their chief aims to gather together everything in the shape of chess literature that could be obtained in a lifetime. The literature of chess it far more extensive than most people pretty well acquainted with other branches of literature would imagine, and very curious are some of the old books and MSS. Mr. J. D. Séguin (*Times Democrat,* New Orleans) writes as follows apropos of the collection of Mr. Chas. A. Gilberg, of Brooklyn;—"It was nearly forty years ago, almost in the beginning of his chess career, and with a casual purchase of Agnel's 'Chess for Winter Evenings,' that Mr. Gilberg began the accumulation of his present great chess library and collection of chess pictures and curios, which, as he informed us not very long since, had reached far over 2,000 volumes, and thus ranked as the third, if not, indeed, now the second, of the world. The wonderful collection of Mr. John G. White, of Cleveland, O., which must now approximate 4,000 volumes, stands, of course, unapproached, and that of Baron von Heydebrand, of Wiesbaden, Germany, perhaps exceeds Mr. Gilberg's slightly in numbers, but almost assuredly by no great margin, if at all. It is questionable, indeed, if any chess collection surpassed his in the rarity and uniqueness of its contents. Running from a Cessoli's of 1480, a Ruy Lopez of the incomparably rare first edition of 1561, a group of forty editions of Vida, beginning with that of 1527, down to the latest work of the present day, the chess bibliophile found himself almost bewildered by the array of chess bibliographic treasures spread before him in the library of the deceased chess amateur." Since this was written Baron von Heydebrand und der Lasa has likewise departed, and we have no idea what will become of these chess treasures. It is only a couple of years since we received some pleasant communications from der Lasa, with a copy of his catalogue, to which we may be able to refer more fully at some future time. Mr. Séguin has a large modern collection, but a fire in New Orleans destroyed many choice works some years ago.

GAME No. XL.—Played in Sweden:—

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2. Kt – K B 3	Kt – Q B 3	18. K – R 3	R – K 3
3. P – Q 4	P × P	19. K R – K sq	R – K Kt sq
4. Kt × P	Kt – B 3	20. P – K B 3	Q R – Q sq
5. Kt × Kt	Kt P × Kt	21. P – R 3	R – Q 2
6. B – Q 3	P – Q 4	22. Q – K 2	R – K 2
7. P – K 5	Kt – Kt 5	23. Q – B 2	B × P ch
8. Castles	Q – R 5	24. K × B	Q × P ch
9. R – K B 4	B – B 4	25. K – R 2	Q – Kt 6 ch
10. B – Kt 3	Q – K 2	26. K – R sq	P – R 6
11. Kt – Q B 3	P – K R 4	27. R – B sq	P – R 5
12. Kt – R 4	B – Kt 3	28. R – K 2	P × R
13. Kt × B	B P × Kt	29. Q × P	R × K P
14. P – K R 3	P – R 5	30. Q – B 3	P × P ch
15. B – K B 4	P – K Kt 4	31. B × P	R – R 4 ch
16. P × Kt	P × B	White resigns.	

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Published by The Times.

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NOTES OF THE DAY.

A real honour has been conferred, albeit indirectly, upon sound scholarship by the promotion of Mr. George Laurence Gomme to be clerk of the London County Council. He is a devoted public servant, a distinguished statistician, and an authority on Local Government (on which he has written excellent books). By way of recreation he founded the "Folklore Society," became its vice-president, and has produced some valuable antiquarian literature, particularly "The Village Community." In still lighter moments he devised "The Kings," "The Queens," and "The Princes Story Books." We heartily congratulate him on another event of interest to be recorded in a new edition of his "History of London in the Victorian Era."

* * * *

The connexion between diplomacy and letters is not now so strong in this country as in the palmy days of Addison and Mat Prior, when an embassy to Paris or The Hague was considered well within the reach of a tolerable poet. Literature probably did not do much to secure their positions in the service to the late Owen Meredith, or to Sir Rennell Rodd. But America has carried on the tradition with such names as Motley and Lowell, to say nothing of lesser lights. In Italy the pursuit of letters, even of fiction, is often associated with public life. The late Italian Ambassador Baron de Renzis, besides being a soldier, a politician, and a diplomatist, was a novelist, a dramatist, and a poet.

* * * *

For students of literature the most interesting item in the November *Monthly Review* is Mr. Hall Griffin's translation of an Italian MS., discovered last January, which narrates the events on which Browning founded "The Ring and the Book." The actual source of the poem was "the square old yellow book" in which Browning found the evidence adduced in the trial of Guido Franceschini in 1698. This is now at Balliol College, Oxford, and a translation of it is in progress.

* * * *

Mr. George Smith, of Smith, Elder, and Co., contributes to the *Cornhill* an all too brief instalment of reminiscences under the title of "In the Early Forties." What a happy time the reviewer would have if our voluminous autobiographers would confine themselves to such gems of reminiscence as the following about Leigh Hunt!:—

> I had to pay him a sum of money, £100 or £200, and I wrote him a cheque for the amount. "Well," he said, "what am I to do with this little bit of paper?" I told him that if he presented it at the bank they would pay him cash for it, but, I added, "I will save you that trouble." I sent to the bank and cashed the cheque for him. He took the notes away carefully enclosed in an envelope. Two days afterwards Leigh Hunt came in a state of great agitation to tell me that his wife had burned them. He had thrown the envelope with the bank notes inside carelessly down and his wife had flung it into the fire. Leigh Hunt's agitation while on his way to bring this news had not prevented him from purchasing on the road a little statuette of Psyche which he carried, without any paper round it, in his hand. I told him I thought something might be done in the matter: I sent to the bankers and got the numbers of the notes, and then in company with Leigh Hunt went off to the Bank of England. I explained our business and we were shown into a room where three old gentlemen were sitting at tables. They kept us waiting some time, and Leigh Hunt, who had meantime been staring all round the room, at last got up, walked up to one of the staid officials, and addressing him said in wondering tones, "And this is the Bank of England! And do you sit here all day, and never see the green woods and the trees and flowers and the charming country?" Then in tones of remonstrance he demanded, "Are you contented with such a life?" All this time he was holding the little naked Psyche in one hand, and with his long hair and flashing eyes made a surprising figure. I fancy I can still see the astonished faces of the three officials; they would have made a most delightful picture. I said, "Come away, Mr. Hunt, these gentlemen are very busy." I succeeded in carrying Leigh Hunt off, and after entering into certain formalities we were told that the value of the notes would be paid in twelve months. I gave Leigh Hunt the money at once, and he went away rejoicing.

* * * *

Five hundred years ago a licence was granted by Bishop Braybrooke to remove the old church at Tyburn and to build a new one of stones or flint dedicated to St. Mary, near the brook or bourne. Thereafter the Parish of Tyburn became known as St. Mary-le-Bourne, the Marylebone, or Marybone of our own time. The quincentenary of the dedication has this week been celebrated in the old Parish Church of Marylebone, in High Street, now a chapel-of-ease to the large edifice in the main road, wherein Robert Browning was married to Elizabeth Barrett. The original mother church was taken down in 1741, and the present building—the smallest church in London, it is said—built in its stead. On May 10, 1606, "Sir Francis Bacon

was married—to his young wench in Maribone Chapel. He was clad from top to toe in purple, and hath made himself and his wife such store of fine raiment of cloth of silver and gold that it draws deep into her portion." So said Sir Dudley Carleton. Hogarth depicts the interior of the old church in "The Marriage," No. 5 of the "Rake's Progress" Series, and James Figg, the prize-fighter, whose portrait is given in the second plate, was buried here in 1734. To the existing little church Lord Byron was brought from Holles Street to be baptised on March 1, 1788, and fifteen years later Horatio Nelson Thompson, daughter of Nelson and Lady Hamilton, was christened. For long Dickens lived and worked at No. 1, Devonshire-terrace, close by, where his favourite raven died in 1841. The baptism in "Dombey and Son" took place in the church; moreover the clerk whom Dickens is said to have had in mind when writing it died only a brief time ago.

* * * *

In another column we publish an article by Mr. W. M. Fullerton on the "Young French Poets," and the strong lyrical bias of recent French verse in defiance of the old conventions. Mr. Fullerton mentions Albert Samain, a poet of delicate and sensitive genius, whose recent death called forth a fitting tribute from Monsieur Louis Denise in the *Mercure de France*. The number also included some sonnets by Albert Samain himself. These alone afford good evidence of the sympathy with the humbler details of life which among other things marks the modern French school.

L'horloger, pâle et fin, travaille avec douceur.
Vagues, le seuil béant, somnolent les boutiques,
Et d'un trottoir à l'autre ainsi qu'aux temps antiques
Les saluts du matin échangent leur candeur.

Panonceaux du notaire et plaque du docteur. . .
A la fontaine un gars fait boire ses bourriques ;
Et vers le catéchisme en files symétriques
Des petits enfants vont, conduits par une sœur.

* * * *

The current number of the *Edinburgh Review* deals with Byron, and the writer, in a review of Mr. Murray's latest edition of that poet's works, points out that the majority of the present world knows more of Byron's private history than of his poems. It is not surprising that this should be the case, for the story of his life makes more attractive reading than most romances; but it looks as though, even now, we were far from attacking the great problem of his place as a poet in an unbiassed spirit. As long ago as 1830 Macaulay wrote that the time would come when his "rank and private history will not be regarded in estimating his poetry." It may come yet, but the industry of editors is doing what it can to delay the consummation.

* * * *

Byron is perhaps the most remarkable instance of the passion for personalia. His private life exercised the greatest influence on his reputation as a poet. Those who objected to his treatment of his wife found it difficult to praise his verses, while those who were attracted by his reckless disregard of convention and cynical contempt of the world found an added pleasure in his poetry. Few reputations have see-sawed more violently—have been more lavishly praised and more fiercely attacked. Had his poetry alone been in question, the verdict would have been settled long ago. But an alien element was introduced, and has confused the issue for the best part of a century. It was Charles Lamb who wrote to the editor of the *Reflector* a lengthy and cogent epistle "On the Danger of Confounding Moral with Personal Deformity"; but the peril of confounding moral with artistic deformity is at times equally worthy of notice. It is at least pleasanter (to put it only upon that ground) to form our conception of a favourite author from the internal evidence afforded by his works than from scraps of dubious gossip about his domestic affairs. Milton, in private life, may have been a dull or ill-conditioned pedant; we are content to know that he showed us a better self in his printed books. But it is unfortunately almost out of the question at present to reconstruct for ourselves the real Lord Byron from his poetry alone.

* * * *

The art of index-compilation is one of more utility than ornament, and those who practise it do not commonly get much reward for their labours, which is perhaps the reason why so few indexes combine accuracy with good arrangement. But the General Index for the Parliamentary Debates (Session 1900), issued by the indefatigable Miss Bailey, whose Annual Index to *The Times* we recently noticed, compels admiration. This portly volume of more than seven hundred pages claims to be the largest Session Index yet produced; and it has been brought out in perhaps the shortest time on record. It needs only a glance at such headings as India, China, the Army, or the South African War to show the amount of thought and labour involved in a compilation of this size and completeness.

* * * *

The use of historical novels in teaching a boy history is very thoroughly investigated by Mr. C. S. Fearenside in the *School World*. His plan is that the master should have at hand a list of novels bearing upon the period which he is teaching, and with its help advise his boys what to read out of school hours. This little plot for disturbing the peace of a boy's playtime is neatly laid. But we doubt its efficacy except so far as the precocious youth is concerned, and it is the average youth with whom masters have to deal. To him the etiquette which exists between masters and boys is more engrossing even than Scott's novels; and in his opinion the interference of a master out of school should not extend further than a little tactful guidance from behind a cricket net. He will find some means of evading any novels which are provided for his improvement; or should he read them their connexion with his history lesson will probably hinder his pleasure in them. Was not Byron led to depreciate Horace in this way? We are quite at one with Mr. Fearenside as to the educational value of historical novels, especially if teachers are themselves well up in them. But we are afraid the system he proposes must be attended with drawbacks.

* * * *

In reference to the statement we made the other day that Zachary Macaulay, like his son, was buried in Westminster Abbey, it has been pointed out to us that, though a monument was erected to Zachary in the Abbey, his body actually rests in Mecklenburg Square.

* * * *

It is interesting to compare Alphonse Daudet's posthumous confession "Premier Voyage—Premier Mensonge" with Mr. Barrie's "Sentimental Tommy." The capacity of the young Daudet for playing a part was not inferior to that of Mr. Barrie's unsatisfactory hero. This fatal gift of imaginative make-believe was recently put forward in a story of Mr. Neil Munro's as specially a Celtic characteristic. Yet Tommy was a lowlander and Alphonse Daudet a "méridional." We probably owe this posthumous book of Daudet to a suggestion of Edmond de Goncourt. Daudet one day expressed his regret that he had written "Le Petit Chose" before he had learnt "to see"; and M. de Goncourt advised him to write the story of his childhood afresh, just as if he had not already made a novel of it; the comparison between old and new, he thought, would be highly interesting. Daudet, it is said, acting on this hint told some of the stories of his childhood to Mr. Sherard for the latter to make into a book. As is only too customary in French books, no editorial light is vouchsafed us to the manner of the composition of this posthumous volume; but certainly "Premier Voyage—Premier Mensonge" was the title that gossip then assigned to

the forthcoming product of this novel method of collaboration between Daudet and Mr. Sherard.

The Murders of Delicia.

A popular writer of fiction has familiarized us with a character, introduced under different names into many different novels—the woman of literary genius whose epoch-making works, admired by Royalty, leave her husband cold; who pines beneath the blighting indifference or jealousy of this critic on the hearth, and who makes him a criminal by dying before her time. In the *Medical Press* a daring attempt is made to put the boot upon the other leg, and to prove by cold-blooded, actuarial calculations that the genitive in the phrase "the murder of Delicia" should be read not as an objective but as a subjective genitive—that, in short, if there is any murder in the case at all Delicia is not the murdered but the murderess. Such, at least, is our interpretation of the grave statement that "it is found that, not alone in the number of survivors, but also in the length of survivorship, the husbands of literary women compare unfavourably with their fellows in ordinary wedlock." This pointed use of the word "ordinary"—as though marrying a woman of letters were something abnormal and unnatural, like marrying a nun or a cannibal princess—is probably the result of loose writing rather than of malice afore-thought. We may let it pass, therefore, and, assuming for the sake of argument that our contemporary's facts are right, cast about us for an explanation of the phenomenon. It would, of course, be easier to find the explanation if we knew of what complaints the husbands usually died. The *Medical Press* omits to tell us—an omission which almost moves us to accuse its editor of toying with a solemn subject in a very unscientific spirit. If, on the other hand, we seek our information from the works of the novelists themselves, we find discrepancies in the evidence. In a novel which we lately read a literary lady gave her husband boiled duck for dinner. If it could be shown that that were the general practice of literary ladies, there would be no need of any further witness. But it was in a man's novel that this boiled duck figured. In many women's novels we find a very different picture to contrast with it: the picture of the wife who, devoid of ambition and ignorant of her own abilities, discovers that she has literary genius at the opportune moment when her husband is dying of consumption, writes novels to pay for the cod liver oil, and finds herself growing famous while his life is flickering out. These stories would suggest that an invalid husband stimulates a woman's talents much as poverty is supposed to stimulate a man's, and, if we knew that they were true, they too, like the other story which we quoted, would explain the facts by which the editor of the *Medical Press* is puzzled. But the two explanations are mutually destructive. In the former case, that of the boiled duck, the "literariness" of the wife causes the husband's suffering; in the latter the situation is exactly reversed. It may well be that neither explanation is the true one. Our contemporary suggests that "it is not improbable that the average of men marrying literary women do so at an advanced period of life"; but this is hardly in accordance with the known facts of literary history. Middle-aged literary women have been on the contrary rather famous for their success in fascinating the affections of very young men. They like, as George Sand did, to feel simultaneously the emotions of the mistress and the mother—there are many parallel instances in England as well as France. Our contemporary's riddle, therefore, still remains without an answer; but we are offered a sop of consolation in the statement that "where both members of the couple are literary" the husband's expectations of life are higher—that as dog does not eat dog, so Delicia does not murder her husbands when she and they sit at the opposite ends of the table writing novels. It follows that, in the interests of the higher morality, all our unmarried men of letters should lose no time in proposing matrimony to our unmarried women of letters in order to save others from a fate against which they alone are relatively immune. The prospect is one which we contemplate with sympathetic interest.

Personal Views.

THE HISTORIAN.

History is essentially the telling of a true Story. That Story must have some major interest and should properly boast a certain grandeur; it must be concerned with the political relations of men, or, if it be but an episode, it must attach to a personality or a place worthy of mention if it is to deserve the great title of History. But while it is true that the matter demands proportion and degree, yet the governing condition which marks out History from every other department of letters is that in writing History you are telling a great Story, and that the Story is true.

If a man should go about saying that it is a science, a work whose interest lies in the mere getting at a fact or the barren formulation of a law, he would be very wrong. For in the first place no human relation was yet discovered, not even that established in criminal trials, where Fact was more than an imperfect foundation whereon human emotions, memories, and moral analogies could build up their unsubstantial reality; and in the second place no accumulation of Fact whatsoever will give to the accidents of living the rigidity of a scientific law. It may be that determinism is a false scent; it may be that the synthesis is too complex for the mind to deal with; whatever it is, not even our moderns can force History into the mould of physics. For there runs all through it the picture of Ourselves, men loving, astonished, blundering, finding their best in vague visions and their worst in fantastic terrors. In a word the spirit of comedy dominates this kind of literature above all others, and so true is this that if I had preferred epigram to exactitude I might have called history an admirable great comedy that happened to be true.

Now in the attempt to tell this true story, or, if you will, to present this comedy, there are three things a man has to do. He has to entertain his reader—that is his first function; it is quite impossible for a thing to remain in the mind that has not struck roots and grown there, therefore the mind must be stirred. Secondly he must take care to chronicle, that is he must be thinking all the while not only of his audience but of the jealous dead, and he must be passionately concerned that the deeds of great men shall not perish; nor can I imagine a better motive for beginning a History than the desire to do justice to unknown valour. Finally he must have continually present in his mind a corrective sense of detail and an industrious readiness to bolt out the truth, even in little things, for without this it is certain that the divine poetry that is in all of us will run away with him and that he will tell a fine story, but one in which, alas! a plot will soon introduce itself, till that which was meant for History ends as solid fiction should, in a just balance of reward and punishment.

I have put these three things in a certain order, and called one of them "the first" because it seemed prior to the others in point of time; I mean, a man must first desire to tell his story and catch his audience before he can consider those other qualities. Yet no one of the three is strictly chief, but all are equally indispensable to the whole. Each also may, according to the spirit of the time or the private bent of the writer, be especially insisted upon; and it is from such special insistence where all should be evenly adjusted that the major faults of Historians proceed. For at one time the picturesque, at another the exact, is in fashion and men are afraid of whatever criti-

cism happens for the moment to be violent; but of all the errors which the Historian can commit, that of which we have all been lately guilty, and from which we are but just escaping, is surely the worst; I mean the accumulation of precise details, the passion for minute research, and the consequent neglect of unity and method.

If you contrast the kind of faults that have been committed from the exaggeration of the other elements in past Historical work with the result of this last kind of disproportion, it will be evident at once how much more regrettable is micrography than any other species of writing. For consider the Chroniclers. It was their business—or they thought it so—to note down merely what they thought to be of major importance among the things they saw or heard of. Yet, though they did this only, and neglected to weave the whole into a fabric, and even slipped into a hundred involuntary errors of statement, making half their story fabulous, yet what you get is a tale of a kind, and it is often startling in its physical poignancy—a kind of resurrection.

I noticed that even after dark one heard the whistling of the arrows.

I took the King's dress in my hand and compared it with the stuff of which his was made, and said, "See, you are a proud villain, you dress far above your station and wear the same cloth as the King himself."

A man on a tower built out to sea saw a ship, and said, "That is King Richard's ship for it is crimson all over and has crimson sails."

If a man writes these things he is welcome to tell me tales of salamanders and green afrits till the end of his book. I am none the less certain that I have a History of a kind before me. Simplicity and Humility have made him credulous, but they have also given him a powerful hold upon my heart and he brings up the dead men to life, men like him and me, by saying so many things as one would naturally say them, and noticing at once what all the world naturally notices.

Then again a more modern man, conscious of his pen and of the vast audience to which he can appeal, will sacrifice too much to the telling of a brilliant story. This our Romantics have certainly done. Michelet, for example, who, determined to launch an epic, brings in too many deified principles, establishes a Republican Olympus, and here and there keeps this man off the stage or thrusts that one on it for the sake of his climax. But such error and exaggeration remain pardonable. You can take a chapter of Michelet, cut out fifty abstract propositions, and correct with a pencil half-a-dozen inaccuracies (if as many) and still discover the Historian. He has certainly told you a fine great Story, and in the main a true one.

But that third modern error, micrography, is unpardonable, for it kills the very essence of History, cutting its root. In getting at the exact facts in a hundred details you are not telling a story at all, and, so far from telling the truth, you are quite certainly saying something false, and you are creating innumerable opportunities for telling some favourite lie. For, when I come to think of it, if I desired to create a thoroughly false impression, I should conceive no better way of doing it than by accumulating a number of absolutely certain facts (especially if they were rare) and arranging them in my own order; as, for instance, to say of Julius Cæsar, "This epileptic was of aristocratic birth and the principal matter of his works is to describe his own actions in the third person." Or, again, "The reign of George III. in Corsica was remarkable from the fact that it saw less murders, brigandage, and rebellions than that of any other Monarch the island had obeyed." The facts implied or stated in either of those sentences are absolutely true, the impression created is wholly false, and the larger the number of facts the more irrefragable would appear the vicious conclusion attached to them. Such "scavenging" of history has also this evil attached to it, that in no conceivable way can the accumulation of facts, even if they are well selected, present an historical truth. The actions of men, their interplay, and their relative values, have evidently something in them of the organic and no amount of mechanical industry will get life into dead materials. Leave out the breath of a time, its standards and ideals, its humour; or, again, leave out of account the common truths about men—that they are confused bunglers rather than plotters, that they act otherwise in crowds or in panic than they do singly and at ease; neglect to impress such verities upon your reader side by side with your relation of facts, and the total result, however true its component details may be, is false, and the next good poem or fairy tale you may come across is far more nearly related to the spirit of History than the rubbish heap you have accumulated with so much labour.

I know that in conclusion this will be asked;—How can the great mass of modern research be used, then, and by what right will you produce a book on this or that if you neglect it; and if you do not neglect it, how can you fail to be swamped if you try to write as the storytellers wrote fifty years ago? Well, the answer to such a question would be in itself a book, and a mere statement of it would exceed the conclusion of this article. But I should begin to answer that question by another. How do we understand and present true impressions of our everyday life? We see a million things, we do not do more than half note them, we do not remember them separately at all, and yet we get a truth out of the whole. I know what Piccadilly is and I know a Sussex landscape when I see it. How? The mind has done something with these innumerable details, for which the mathematicians furnish us a metaphor when they talk of integration. It is in a similar way that I would have a man receive the accumulation of detail which a strange swarm of servants has quarried for him. It need not absorb so much of his time as he fears—why, all the known *facts* on Waterloo would fit into a copy of *The Times*!—what he needs time for is the thinking out of the unity, the getting at the picture. And, when he has that, then let him present it as artists do, passed through the process of his mind and impressed with the harmony that the soul gives to everything it creates or transforms. And let him not begin to write until he finds that moment of vision of which the great French Historian speaks when he tells at the outset of his book, *J'ai vu La France*.

HILAIRE BELLOC.

THE YOUNG FRENCH POETS.

[By W. MORTON FULLERTON.]

There has just died, lost to his mother-province of Bresse—the Bresse of that Église de Brou which Matthew Arnold celebrated in some of his most Wordsworthian lines—a delightful poet long forgotten by Parisians. There was a moment, however, when he was the talk of the town. It was the moment when Anatole France was firing his most winged arrows at the fantastic little company of young poets then chirping in unwonted accents on the slopes of the hills of Sainte Geneviève and Montmartre. A countryman from the rich plain of the Bresse, M. Gabriel Vicaire—*finaud* (which is the French word for "canny") and ironically malicious—suddenly brought out one of the most amusing literary skits which has ever enlivened the literature of parody. In his "Deliquescences d'Adoré Floupette" he turned the attention of the boulevards to these chattering

songsters of the new "Symbolist" School. He imitated their strange, fresh voices with all the mastery of the legendary mocking-bird. The extraordinary Inversions and circumlocutions of Moréas, the mysterious, opaque, and purple shadows of Mallarmé, the most unintelligent affectations of Count Robert de Montesquieu, all the strange and at times insolent exoticism of these youths piping in revolt against the restrictions of the *Alexandrin* and wooing the muse, to the scandal of academic France, into fresh Bohemian pastures new—everything, in fact, which constituted for French ears, accustomed to the verse of the classical drama, an impudent innovation, was reflected in this little book so deliciously as almost to deceive the initiated. The parodist himself passed for a time as a mystifier of the new school. The joke, however, was soon enough discovered, and Vicaire, hunted indignantly from the young literary circles, retired to the country, where he began to interpret, as he says in one of his verses :—

. . . L'esprit des aïeux et les mœurs d'antrefois.

The "spirit of the ancestors and the manners of yore" represented an ideal of contemplation very different from that which had inspired these strange youths and opened their eyes to the insufficiency of French poetic expression. The years have gone by—not many of them, but at least a decade—and Anatole France no longer jeers. The raillery of the journalists has ceased. The Academy honours some of the most characteristic of the innovators ; one of the most distinguished of them, who has married a daughter of the author of "Les Trophées," is invited by a great University to deliver a series of lectures on "The Poets of To-day and the Poetry of To-morrow." Verlaine himself is invited to Oxford, and the "young reviews," the *Mercure de France* and the *Revue Blanche*, which first sheltered these singers, have become recognized organs of independent French thought, which have driven the *Revue des Deux Mondes* into the background, where it remains the home of lost causes and of impossible loyalties.* The "Decadents" have triumphed. The best in them is acknowledged to have shown an admirable poetic energy and a real literary vitality. Just as the Manets and the Monets, the Sisleys and the Cazans, and the Berthe-Morissots now hang on the walls of the Luxembourg, so on the shelves of those who care for delicate and sincere literary utterance, such poets as Paul Verlaine, Henri de Régnier, Tristan Corbière, Albert Samain, Georges Rodenbach, Émile Verhaeren, Viélé-Griffin, Stuart Merrill, Rimbaud, and a score of others, stand shoulder to shoulder with the Parnassians, with the Sully-Prudhommes and the Leconte de Lisles, an object of interest and often of affection for those who love the poets.

It is a remarkable fact of literary history, this vitality of poetry in France. But at no period in the past has there been anything like this revolution in poetic expression. The new French school, which it is now time to cease to call new, has marked as great a change from the schools that immediately preceded it as the Lake poets in England marked at the beginning of the century. The *Edinburgh* displayed as determined a bias in presence of "The Lakers" as the organ of the French Jeffrey naively revealed before the verses of Verlaine. And the comparison might be developed instructively. The new school of French poets has certainly not as yet produced anything so great as a Keats or a Shelley ; but in the originality and rarity of the fresh note which its serene efforts have introduced into French literature, it is difficult to exaggerate its utility. MM. Van Bever and Paul Léautaud have recently published an anthology of the work of the French poets during the last twenty years.* The little book is of a touching completeness in the information which it offers to a legitimate curiosity. The choice of the poems, moreover, in spite of the inexplicable omission of some important names, is as largely tolerant as even the most fanatic of the new school could desire. In this volume, to be sure, there is no "Adonais" nor any "Ode on a Grecian Urn." Taken in bulk, however, if so coarse a phrase may be used of a product so quintessential as poetic expression, the note, the general atmosphere of these pages is so remarkable and new, relatively to the past of French versifying, that it justifies triumphantly the faith of these admirable youths. They have opened the windows of the temple of French poetry, and let in the sunlight whence it had been excluded ever since Ronsard. "Born late and without beliefs," as one of them writes, they yet have always had a faith in the capacity of French words and idioms to express the subtler sensations and emotions of the human soul. Here was a whole world which, for the most part, French poetry had refused to invade. And this brings us to the sense of what "symbolism" has really done for French poetry.

The "Symbolists" and the "Decadents" have too long been victims of a name. As M. Rémy de Gourmont says in his *Livre des Masques*, "the word 'symbolism,' if taken in the narrow and etymological sense of the word, means almost nothing. If you go somewhat farther the word may mean individualism in literature, artistic freedom, abandonment of the old formulas." And he goes on to explain how it happened that symbolism, taken in this sense, was a novelty. He says :—"We had had of late years a very serious attempt at a literature based on a scorn of all ideas and a disdain of the symbol. Idealism was a reaction against this pretension, and thus it came about that people fancied they were affirming fresh and even surprising truths in professing their intention of re-installing the idea in literature."

M. Rémy de Gourmont is one of the most daring and instructive critics of our time, but his explanation of the word "symbolism" as applied to the product of all these young poets is not altogether luminous. It would be impossible, in fact, to find a happier occasion for the use of that newly revived—for it was the method of Madame de Staël and even of Lamartine—instrument of literary criticism which M. Joseph Texte, as the readers of *Literature* know, extolled as the most certain method of getting at the real significance of a literary epoch—viz., the comparative method—the comparison of a national literature with other literatures throughout the world. "Symbolism," it should be instantly admitted, represented to the modern Frenchman an attitude as new and untraditional as at the end of the eighteenth century Richardson or Butler represented to the French Anglomaniacs who had just discovered England. If the Huguenots or a Saint Evremond or a Voltaire had not been exiled, how long would Frenchmen have had to wait to discover that there were qualities counterbalancing the faults in the literature of the North? The old spontaneity, the artistic freedom of the French literature of the Renascence had been thrown, as it were, into a strait-jacket by the very same forces which created the firm, centralized authority of the age of Louis XIV. Instead of Montaigne and Brantome and Rabelais we had Boileau and Corneille, Racine and Bossuet. The old spontaneous play of the Gallic temper, the freedom of the unacademic provincial utterance, was suddenly dammed as by an artificial dyke of

* The legitimacy of the application of this phrase of Matthew Arnold to M. Brunetière's review will be recognized by all who have watched its evolution during the last three or four years. From a liberal organ it has become, in philosophy, a medium of reactionary thought. In literary criticism, however, M. Brunetière, who is enamoured of the historical method, is more liberal and, I am tempted to say, more canny. MM. Reyssié and Joseph Texte, and his own study of Rousseau and Lamartine, showed him that he must throw anchors to windward if he did not wish to lie stranded on the borders of the vast current of French literature. Careful readers of his Sorbonne lectures on the "Evolution of Lyric Poetry in France in the XIXth Century" could have foretold his eventual recognition of "symbolism" and the young poets. And indeed in the second July number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* we beheld his mouthpiece, M. René Doumic, offering them at last the freedom of the city and the fraternal accolade as fellow-citizens of the same republic of letters. In this article, which may really be held to be a literary event, the "symbolists" were covered with flowers. They were linked on to the Lamartinian tradition. The process seems to me just and happy. But the interesting thing is that the young poets have at last forced the *donjons* of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.

* "Poètes d'Aujourd'hui, 1800-1900. Morceaux Choisis, Accompagnés de Notices Biographiques et d'un Essai de Bibliographie." By Ad. Van Bever and Paul Léautaud. Paris, 1900. Société du Mercure de France. Fr.3.50.

Latin and Italian classicism. It was not until Rousseau and Chateaubriand opened the floodgates of the long pent-up French soul that French prose became once more free.

The resurrection of French poetry was a phenomenon almost identical. Until within the last twenty years, in spite of the first volume of the "Meditations," owing to the predominance of classicism, only the great, simple, general ideas were thought fitting for translation in verse. French poetry was expected to be as reasonable as Pope or Addison. On the stage the audacious genius of the Romanticists, Victor Hugo at their head, insisted on a freedom which, after all, was not to the taste of the majority. But, for poetry as a whole, the same ideal was proclaimed as for French prose—namely, the expression in the most intelligible language of the most general ideas. French prose and poetry were to give voice to universal, not to individual (or lyric) human nature. When, therefore, a Paul Verlaine and an Arthur Rimbaud, when the Belgians and the Americans naturalised as Frenchmen, when the provincials, who had developed far from the centre of classical French utterance, haunted, as they all were, by memories of rhythms in other tongues, or the tinkling of the bells of Ys, found stirring within them the impulse to express themselves, to reflect their own individual view of the world, to chronicle freshly and naturally their own special experience of the tears or the joys of things, their product was bound to displease. It seemed for the moment un-French because new, unworthy because not clear, according to the canons of French taste. The simple fact that at last the Muse had enticed them into by-paths where hitherto for long years she had never been followed by Frenchmen, but whither Englishmen had accompanied her ever since Shakespeare, was enough to discredit her French followers as outsiders, as decadent Bohemians wanting in respect for the language as symbolists, in a word, experimenting with affectation. The havoc they played with the *Alexandrin* was a crime, or at any rate a fault, like unto the heedless glee of a naughty child. Yet if, at this moment, Englishmen had taken the trouble to examine the efforts of these innovators to shake off the conventions of French poetic expression, they would have been astonished at the discovery that after all, symbolism was only an effort of emancipation. It expressed the desire to give French poetry the same liberties as English poetry had always had, to bring the Muse back to nature, to sweep into the ken of the poet the whole world of phenomena and sensation, to allow him the privilege of the vagueness that suggests, to enlarge the scope of poetry from the mere plastic description of surfaces, from a narrow subordination to Reason, until it included the whole range of human feelings and reactions. To have achieved this victory, whatever may have been the boisterous absurdity and infelicitous achievements of some of the experimenters, is to have endowed French poetry with a new power. And this it is which symbolism has done for French literature.

After three centuries it has become possible for Frenchmen to pen lines such as those of our English poets :—

> Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
> For old, unhappy, far-off things,
> And battles long ago :

or "Perhaps, the very wind is like a bell," or even "fleet the times carelessly as they did in the golden world." This very considerable achievement could not have occurred save at a democratic moment such as the present. I have already indicated how this gratuitous company of singers has been recruited from men who had undergone the influence of foreign literatures or grown up amid the sights and sounds of unsophisticated provinces. And at a democratic moment, with the loss of respect for all many traditions and conventions, these writers have found a constantly growing audience to appreciate their efforts without waiting for the permission of a recognized authority. With the shattering of the central power and its Court standards of taste, with the rise of a new generation, which has for the first time learnt to look at things as they are and to use its own judgment, the audience of the last twenty years is freer in France than ever before from the prejudice of the old canons. These Symbolists, who are, after all, only genuine poets, as Englishmen use the word, have given a voice to the democratic diversity of feeling and observation.

Nothing would be simpler, nothing more agreeable than to follow page by page through the anthology of M. Van Bever and M. Paul Léautaud, quoting passages illustrative of this thesis. Stanzas like those of Mallarmé evoked by the vision of his daughter fanning—

> O rêveuse, pour que je plonge
> Au pur délice sans chemin,
> Sache, par un subtil mensonge,
> Garder mon aile dans ta main.
>
> Une fraîcheur de crépuscule
> Te vient à chaque battement
> Dont le coup prisonnier recule
> L'horizon délicatement—
> . . . . .

are sweet and rare, and until recently extraordinarily unusual in French verse. But they are not subtler, not more haunting than a hundred lines in Bliss Carman, our Canadian Keats, notably in his "Low Tide on Grand Pré." Yet how inevitable and simple it all is ! Mallarmé and his fellows are not always simple. This book, even, contains many things which are as the thorns in the garden of the anthology. But Verlaine, for instance, is incomparably simple, natural, and warm. At his best he is the French Wordsworth. And two young men, like those who begin this book, Henri Barbusse and Henry Battaille, neither of them more than twenty-eight, with the sweetest confidence, unawed by the formality and frigidity of the French tradition, do not hesitate to give their own form to their own individual feelings. There is in this, perhaps, a slightly morbid tendency, but there is, at all events, a singular sharpening of the senses to feel and to note such shadings as the old French poetry had neglected. Yet I repeat, they are maintaining the tradition ; for Parnassianism, the Greek and Roman ideal of plasticity, is not necessarily France. French expression was developing for centuries before the royalty of the Ile de France, aided by the servility of the provinces, stereotyped artistic taste.

A Breton, Tristan Corbière, in his "Pardon de Sainte-Anne," like the Dutch Verhaeren, is as powerful an artist as the greatest of the etchers. And here there is nothing of the hollow tintinnabulation of a Poe, but an astonishing, essential melodiousness which is the natural voice of the quaint and moving religious festivals of Brittany. Such verses as these respond in the deepest sense to Matthew Arnold's definition of poetry as being a criticism of life. Not all of these young men dive so deep into things. André Fontainas, to whom Frenchmen owe a translation of "Samson Agonistes" and of "Comus," is as ingenious and full of conceits as Voiture, but one feels that this facility and ingenuity are those of an accomplished artisan who has learned to love poetry in books. Paul Fort is a most cultivated poet, rich in human emotions, a more civilized Whitman. M. Fernand Gregh, the son of the music publisher, has been "crowned" more than once by the Academy, perhaps as being both the least distinguished of the school and the most obvious and facile. As Corbière said of himself, unjustly, M. Gregh has abundantly *de l'idée et pas une idée*. M. René-Ghil is the inventor of the once famous phrase, "verbal instrumentation," which well describes his work, for it is nothing else. But these last mentioned are among the experimenters whose work has not been in vain any more than are the sweetly-melancholy lines in the little volume "De l'Aube au Soir," by M. Georges Benoist, just published by the classical house of the poets, Alphonse Lemerre. And when one wanders listlessly through the pages of this anthology, one liberates at almost every turn of the path an exquisite line or a gentle thought winging its way shyly out of this garden of the poets. It is an immense satisfaction in these *parterres* to come upon not a single psittacist ; the birds are all of a feather ; there are no canaries nor mocking-birds among them. This is due to the fact that

each man reports his individual vision. Their vision, moreover, is Janus-faced; they hesitate no more to look within their own souls—and at this moment comes to me the memory of an incomparable little volume by Henri Ghéon, "La Solitude de l'Été," where he speaks of the country villages in summer as intimately as Demeter herself might have crooned her memories to her child Persephone than to reflect humbly the aspect of the world without. M. Henri de Régnier, speaking of himself and his fellows, expresses delicately this double gaze:—

C'est donc vers la Vie qu'ils ramèneront la Muse, non plus pour qu'elle la rêve, mais pour qu'elle la vive. Au lieu de présenter à ses oreilles les conques sonores où l'on entend le murmure d'une mer idéale, ils l'associeront au bord des flots mêmes pour qu'elle en écoute la rumeur et qu'elle y mêle sa voix.

Elle les suivra demain comme elle est venue hier s'abriter au palais de songes que d'autres lui avaient construit. La Poésie d'ailleurs n'a ni hier, ni demain, ni aujourd'hui. Elle est partout la même. Ce qu'elle veut c'est se voir belle, et peu lui importe, pourvu qu'elle y mire sa beauté, la source naturelle des bois ou le miroir par lequel un artifice subtil lui montre son visage divin dans la limpidité cristalline d'une eau fictive et imaginaire.

The *Edinburgh Review* for November, 1822, contained a remarkable article on "French Poetry," based on Lamartine's "Meditations," the "Trois Messeniennes" of Casimir Delavigne, and Beranger's "Chansons." In this essay, where Lamartine is welcomed as "the best of living French poets," but congratulated unjustly for his "ample borrowings from English writers," in an essay, moreover, bound up with a review of Wordsworth's "Tour," which begins, "The Lake School of Poetry, we think, is now pretty nearly extinct," I find these general criticisms of French and English verse: —

What is most poetical in our poetry has no counterpart in theirs—nor have we anything at all akin to what they chiefly boast of and value in their favourites. If we were called upon to state, in a few words, the grand distinction of the two schools, we should probably say that our poetry derives its materials chiefly from nature, and theirs from art, that our images are borrowed for the most part from the country, and theirs from the town—that we deal fearlessly with the primitive and universal passions of our mind, and they almost exclusively with the pretensions and prejudices of persons of rank and condition—that their great dread is to be ignoble, and ours to be insipid—their triumph to surmount difficulties, and ours to give emotion.

It was singularly unhappy to make such observations as these in the same breath with an eulogy of Lamartine, which failed to note the real nature of the transformation in French poetic expression heralded by the author of "Le Lac"; but it seems to me really felicitous, in connexion with my estimate of the value of the efforts of the "symbolist" school, to be able to cite from the *Edinburgh* an appreciation, on the whole so exact, of the reasons for the secular misunderstanding between two great nations on so serious a matter as that of art and poetic utterance. There is now, however, no longer any reason for such misunderstanding. The critic of the *Edinburgh*, if he could be confronted to-day with MM. Van Bever's and Léautaud's anthology, would certainly be the first to note that the times have changed. Englishmen who do not read French may partially confirm, if they like, what I have been saying, by procuring a little sheaf of translations from a dozen poets of contemporary France by Alice Sargant: —Lyric Pastorals by French Poets of To-Day (London: Truslove, Hanson, and Comba). Read therein the translation of Rimbaud's sonnet "Le Dormeur du Val,"

A sleepy hollow where the river sings,

or Louis Marsolleau's "Ophelia," and while noting with admiration the fine feeling and taste of the translator, and her conscientious respect for her models, reflect on the general atmosphere of these lines in connexion with the above passage from the *Edinburgh*.

W. M. F.

THE DRAMA.

"MR. AND MRS. DAVENTRY."

Admirers of Mme. Chasmont will remember her in one of the most popular little plays of her repertory, *Madame Attend Monsieur*. Madame is waiting (with the intention of "going") for Monsieur in the apartment destined for his *tête-à-tête* with his mistress. She finds the smoking-jacket and the dressing-gown of the guilty pair and flings them on a couch. Their juxtaposition suggests a picture to her mind's eye which prompts her to blush and to cover her face with her hand. This incident might be taken to pre-figure symbolically the critical scene in Mr. Frank Harris' new play at the Royalty Theatre, *Mr. and Mrs. Daventry*. There is the same couch, with the important difference that the garments thrown upon it are not discarded but on the backs of their owners. The door is locked. The man remarks to his mistress that they are safe from interruption. Then ensues a conversation to which only the naive audacity of a Boccaccio could do justice—it is, in fact, precisely one of those stories which he told with such gusto and invariably rounded off with the cheerful ejaculation, "Così piaccia a Dio, che a tutti gli altri possa intervenire!" Fortunately, the couple of sinners are not so free from interruption as they had supposed. A peremptory knock is heard at the door; it is the lady's husband, a husband mad with jealousy and rage, who threatens to break the door down if he is not admitted. And now comes the *coup de théâtre*. The man's wife, who has been listening to the guilty conversation behind a screen, comes forward, turns up the lights, and unlocks the door. Astonishment and apologies of the jealous husband, who, instead of the expected *flagrant délit* (here is a case, if ever there was one, in which the obscurity of a foreign language needs no excuse), finds an ordinary party of three. There can be no doubt about the theatrical ingenuity of this situation, which, by the way, persistent rumours attribute, rightly or wrongly, to "the touch of a vanished hand." There can also be no doubt about the offensiveness of such a situation, presented before a miscellaneous crowd of both sexes, young and old, in a public playhouse. Shameless scenes of this sort were plentiful enough a few years ago at M. Antoine's Théâtre Libre, during the vogue, now happily exhausted, of what was called *la comédie rosse*; but English audiences have hitherto been spared their exhibition. As the play has passed the censorship, we must assume, I suppose, that the presentation of this scene is not contrary to good morals; but it will, nevertheless, strike some of us as a rather large assumption; and, in any case, it is just as well to warn playgoers who intend to visit the Royalty of what is in store for them there.

After the incident of the couch Mrs. Daventry leaves her husband, who is represented as a coarse brute in every way, and seeks refuge in the arms of a lover, a namby-pamby youth of unexceptionable manners and (mark the implied extenuation) "enormously rich." The scene in which this new pairing-off takes place is, artistically considered, the best in the play, quiet and terse, with skilful suggestion of the ground-swell of emotion beneath the surface of colourless, almost conventional, conversation. One feels throughout that such things happen just in that way, and it is a rare occurrence for dramatists to produce that impression so forcibly and yet simply as Mr. Harris produces it here. In the last act the pair are at Monte Carlo, whither they are tracked by the husband, bent on revenge, and it is impossible not to be reminded of the penultimate act of *Froufrou*. There is in both plays the same situation of a woman waiting in agony for the issue of a duel between lover and injured husband. But the termination belongs not so much to the play of Meilhac and Halévy as to the "shooting-gallery" of Dumas fils. The husband, finding that the death of his rival would also mean the death of the woman as well as that of her unborn child, has the grace to blow out his (lamentably inferior) brains, and the lady, now secure again in her lover's arms, says, as the curtain descends, that "she will be sorry all her life." Possibly this remark was

thrown in at the last moment to convince the censor that the play is a moral spectacle. Mr. Harris knows his business—and, apparently, his censor.

As the misunderstood wife, described as an "idealist"—an idealist, it must be, with a marked turn for practice—Mrs. Patrick Campbell is in her element. Her passionate frenzy when she blurts out to her husband the secret of the "young life" which must prevent him from slaughtering his rival is the very thing; and one felt that the mild young man with whom she has cast her lot (admirably played by Mr. Gerald du Maurier) will have his hands full. And one can have nothing but praise for Mr. Frederick Kerr's unfailing tact and self-repression in what, without these qualities, would be the outrageous part of the husband. Mr. Kerr is by temperament and habit a representative of the decent, frank, agreeable English gentleman. It must be terribly hard for him to play a downright blackguard—every speech and action of the person represented being calculated to make an actor of this stamp writhe with disgust. Yet the miracle happens; the actor fits himself perfectly, and loyally, to his part. One cannot help being sorry for the bevy of subordinate ladies who have to handy about witticisms which would be considered bad form in the smoking-room. And now I suppose we must resign ourselves, with what philosophy we can command, to a prodigious "success of scandal" for *Mr. and Mrs. Daventry*.

It will do no great harm, I daresay, to mundane persons of a certain age (for "a man," as Johnson said to Mrs. Piozzi, "commonly grows wickeder as he grows older"), and if Colonel Newcome is foolish enough to take young Clive to the Royalty, he will deserve the reproof he received at the Cave of Harmony —"Why do you bring young boys here, old boy?"

A. B. WALKLEY.

Reviews.

MR. TRAILL'S LAST BOOK.

England, Egypt, and the Sudan. By H. D. Traill, D.C.L. (Constable. 12s.)

There are three preeminently good books on the renascence of modern Egypt. The first is Sir Alfred Milner's "England in Egypt," of course, one of the most lucid and statesmanlike records of administrative reforms ever written. Another is Mr. Silva White's "Expansion of Egypt," which, whilst riding the Mahan doctrine to a sweat, is nevertheless a very able and thorough survey of the industrial and commercial conditions and results. A third, slighter but not to be despised, is Mr. Cameron's "Egypt in the Nineteenth Century," an historical retrospect, chiefly of the earlier half of the century, strongly marked by the author's vigorous personal opinions, which have the advantage of being founded on intimate knowledge. There are many other books, more or less authoritative, on the subject, but these stand far in front. It may be asked whether there was any need of yet another addition to what is becoming a special library, but those who read the late Dr. Traill's posthumous publication will not be in doubt as to the answer. His work differs from all the three to which we have referred. It supersedes none of them, but it adds to all. Without pretending to the completeness of detail exhibited in Milner's or White's volumes, it gives the main results; and whilst touching but slightly on the events of Mohammed 'Ali's career, to which Mr. Cameron devoted the greater part of his book, it picks out the salient and governing facts, and carries the history on to the latest phase—the death of the Khalifa and the reorganization of the Sudan. But the essential quality that distinguishes it from these predecessors is its political character. The history of the Egyptian renascence is here treated largely in relation to European politics, and not merely as a question of internal reform or provincial expansion. Readers of *Literature* knew the late editor chiefly in his capacity of a singularly acute and accomplished literary critic; but they do not need to be told that he was something more. Few writers were more versatile, and Mr. Traill's brilliant political articles exerted wide influence in the Conservative Press. Among the subjects which peculiarly attracted him, the Egyptian question was perhaps foremost. His biography of Lord Cromer—though without the charm of his purely literary essays—evinced a thorough knowledge of the work of the English administration in Egypt, and a profound admiration for its governing hand. The present volume is conceived in a similar spirit. We need not perhaps apologize for a somewhat lengthy extract to illustrate the temper and style of the book.

> Of all the great reforms which were to convert Egypt from a land of official malfeasance, of fiscal oppression, and of judicial corruption, into a country which, as regards Government taxation and administration, will bear comparison with British India, Sir Evelyn Baring was the life and soul. The band of able officials who served under him were informed by his experience and drew inspiration from his example. In every department of the public service which they purified and vitalized, his influence was felt; his advice was always accessible; his support in their encounters with native opposition was never wanting; and there is not one of them from the highest to the lowest who, whatever they may have been able to achieve by their personal exertions, would not unreservedly admit that the British Consul-General has from the first been the leading spirit in the work. . . . Never, perhaps, has it fallen to the lot of any nation to rescue a whole people so speedily from the depths of oppression and misgovernment in which for long ages they had been plunged, or to set their feet so firmly and to lead their steps so far on the path of civilization. When we entered the country it presented many of the worst features of an Oriental despotism, aggravated rather than mitigated by those borrowings from Western methods of Government and administration which had been engrafted on its system in the interest of anybody rather than the natives of the soil. These unfortunates, the heirs to centuries of extortion and persecution, were suffering under that reduplication of those evils which result in most Eastern countries from the financial embarrassments of Monarchs. Their taxes were wrung from them at the arbitrary will of the collector, at irregular intervals, with illegal frequency, and often by the use of torture. That primary condition of success in the fellah's industry—his share of the Nile water—was in continual jeopardy from the defects of the irrigation system and the diversion of the supply by his richer and more powerful neighbours. The guardianship of his life and property was in the hands of an inadequate and ill-disciplined police; the maintenance of his legal rights was at the mercy of corrupt and incompetent tribunals; and the protection of his country against attacks from its savage neighbours of the desert was committed to a spiritless and ill-trained army, into whose ranks he was liable himself to be driven as an unwilling recruit under the lash of the conscription. Within two years after the commencement of the British occupation a beginning had been made in the correction of these grievous abuses; before five years had passed, the worst of them were in process of removal; long before the end of the decade the last of them had been swept away. The finances of the country had been reduced to permanent order; the sources of its industrial wealth had been invigorated by the happily bold expenditure of the irrigation million, and its resulting benefits were being distributed with all the stern rigidity of British justice among large and small cultivators alike. The cruel extortions of the tax-collector had been suppressed, and the whole fiscal system of Egypt had been regularized and simplified, made humane and equitable; her police had been reorganized and rediciplined; her army had been pushed far forward on the road of improvement and was steadily developing into a trustworthy instrument of national defence. Last, and perhaps greatest feat of all, the fount and stream of justice had for the Egyptian peasant been purified of its pollutions, and the British Consul-General and his able coadjutors were justified in claiming some share for themselves of the noble praise

awarded to that great legal reformer in our own country, of whom it was said that he had "found law dear, and left it cheap; found it the privilege of the rich, left it the patrimony of the poor; found it the two-edged sword of fraud and oppression, left it the staff of honesty and the shield of innocence."

The irony of fate was never more cruelly exhibited than in making Mr. Gladstone the author and beginner of the intervention which has proved so beneficial to Egypt. As Mr. Traill says in epigrammatic antithesis,

> Alike by victory and defeat, Mr. Gladstone was fated to enlarge the borders of that Imperial power for which he was always anxious to apologize, and to increase the burden of those Imperial responsibilities which he always contemplated with dismay. His term of office was scarce two years old when the British flag had been carried to the capital of Egypt; it had still some months to run when he involved our name in a disgrace and our arms in a disaster which were ultimately to be effaced by planting that flag on the citadel of Khartum. His resolution to advance and his determination to retreat were equally fruitful in results which he cordially detested, and contributed equally to a policy which he had spent his life in denouncing.

Mr. Traill has small mercy for Liberal statesmanship, and he has not a few shrewd hits at "the Radicals of that day, who to a man were much too innocent to have ever heard before of gambling on the Stock Exchange"; but we must add that he is fair to the Gladstone Cabinet in regard to the Gordon Mission, in so far, at least, that he admits that they could not have conceived that Gordon would hold to his pact after events had proved its hopelessness. The very admission, however, may imply a sarcasm, and mean that the Cabinet could not comprehend the honour which stands by its pledges even in despair. In one of the fine rhetorical passages, which he knew so well how to use, he doubts whether, if one could undo the past, one would willingly destroy the chapter, at once so glorious and so shameful, of the immortal sacrifice at Khartum:—"One would not willingly part with the inspiring story of Gordon's high-souled heroism, even to efface the record of that official cowardice, apathy, and irresolution to which he owed his fate. And we should hold the faster by the nobler memory, because Time, which only adds to its sanctity and splendour, has done something to mitigate the pain with which its baser side is recalled. The halo of Gordon's martyrdom grows more luminous with the years; while, although we do not and cannot forgive the default of those who allowed the sacrifice to be consummated, we understand it better, and are thus nearer to that full comprehension which, in the profound French saying, is but another word for pardon."

There is not much of pardon, nevertheless, in the relentless record of Ministerial hesitancy set down with rigorous exactness in these pages. The examination of the Wilson episode is a good example of Mr. Traill's clear judgment. After going carefully over the evidence, he concludes that every unprejudiced student of these events must agree with Sir Charles Wilson's chief defender in treating with contempt the fiction that Gordon could have been relieved, at the last moment, by fifty men of the advance guard of an expedition which started two months too late. Lord Wolseley receives full justice in this latest narrative of his Egyptian campaigns. The seizure of the Suez Canal and the brilliant night attack on Tell-el-Kebir are placed in their true light, and the lateness of the Nile expedition is not ascribed to its general, though we do not think that Mr. Traill has made it clear why the Suakin-Berber route was still rejected. But perhaps the most able part of a remarkably judicious volume is the refutation of French attacks on English honesty. These attacks are mainly due to ignorance of our political peculiarities. As Mr. Traill observes, when we are charged with a "policy of grab," "we have only to say this, that the one great Egyptian crisis which brought English soldiers and civil officials to Cairo, and has kept them there ever since, occurred during a Gladstonian Administration. To that answer to the charge of greedily or even willingly fishing in troubled waters, not a single Englishman feels any necessity of adding a single word." French politicians cannot be expected to grasp the meaning of this. They are, however, less honest in totally ignoring what Mr. Traill calls the "diplomatic episode" of 1887, when England, under Lord Salisbury, actually signed a Convention with Turkey agreeing to evacuate Egypt in 1890, and was only frustrated in this virtuous resolve by the furious and successful efforts of France herself, by whom the Sultan was induced to cancel the agreement. This point is never sufficiently remembered when the question of unfulfilled promises of evacuation is discussed. The promises were in a fair way to be fulfilled, when the chief complainant stepped in and blocked the road. The other argument, of the "estoppel" of France by the precedent of Tunis, is good enough—and the broken pledge about Algiers might have been added—but it is slightly academic. France's wrong does not make England's right, and the Convention of 1887 is the true rebutter for Continental charges of breach of faith.

All this is, perhaps, somewhat over-political for these columns; but the party debate may be regarded as closed. As Mr. Traill says, whatever efforts may be made to dislodge her, England "will never suffer herself to be driven from this post of duty by anything short of the overthrow of her naval supremacy and the collapse of her Empire." The English protectorate—or whatever it should be called—in Egypt has become accomplished history rather than present politics, and the judicious and lucid record of that history, in brief but well-proportioned outline, by a publicist and critic of Mr. Traill's ability well deserves to be carefully perused by all students of events in the latter half of the nineteenth century. Had he survived to revise his book, many little misprints and oversights would doubtless have been corrected; but, as it stands, his "England, Egypt, and the Sudan" is worthy of his reputation and will be read with interest, not only for his sake, but for its clear and balanced narrative of an eventful chapter of history in which all Englishmen must take pride.

DR. CONAN DOYLE ON THE WAR.

The quality which one misses in Dr. Conan Doyle's novels is subtlety. One does not miss it in THE GREAT BOER WAR (Smith, Elder, 7s. 6d.), because subtlety is hardly wanted in military history. Instead, one looks for vigour and lucidity; and Dr. Doyle is both lucid and vigorous. He is even a stylist—it is a style in which infinitives are apt to fall apart with distressing frequency, and which talks of "both" infantry, cavalry, and gunners, but which, as the song says, "gets there all the same" by means not too easy to analyse. It is Homeric, though not perhaps the more artistic on that account. Cronje is spoken of as "dark" as regularly as Odysseus is referred to as "wily" and the sea as "polupholoisboisterous," and the hypercritical may weary of the constant allusion to De Wet as "the gentleman with the tinted glasses." These little tricks are—well, they are what distinguish Dr. Doyle's style from Napier's. On the other hand, Dr. Doyle keeps the various threads of a complicated narrative well in hand, and he has the art, so conspicuous in Froude and Macaulay and J. R. Green, of luring the reader on, even when he is weary, from one paragraph to the next. It is a good deal to be able to say in favour of a book which, having been hurriedly put together before the truth was known, can hardly be of permanent importance, and is no doubt mainly intended to be a book for the moment.

The note of the book is the author's jubilant, not to say truculent, confidence in the future of the British Empire. He catalogues our fighting men: "Cowboys from the vast plains of the North-West, gentlemen who ride hard with the Quorn or the Belvoir, gillies from the Sutherland deer forests, bushmen from the back blocks of Australia, exquisites of the Raleigh Club,' &c., over and over again, even to the point of tickling one's sense of humour and reminding one of Mr. Imre Kiralfy announcing a great show; and he keeps on patting our gallant opponents on the back until we cannot help recalling the

speeches that are heard at the dinner-table after the Oxford and Cambridge boat race. But, of course, it is the right line to take, even if it be a little overdone. As regards military criticism, we note with satisfaction that Dr. Doyle does not lightly repeat irresponsible camp gossip or attempt to judge generals on evidence that must necessarily have been inadequate. His "military lessons of the war" have little to do with the incompetence, real or alleged, of individuals. His main ideas are that "it is better and cheaper for the country to have fewer soldiers which shall be very highly trained than many of a mixed quantity," even if we have to pay them like police constables in order to get them; that the cavalry should be turned into mounted infantry; and that officers ought to be clever as well as brave, and diligent as well as clever.

> During five months' intercourse with officers [says Dr. Doyle] I have only seen one of them reading a professional book. Young lawyers and young doctors cannot take their profession in this dilettante spirit. As a point of honour it is surely indefensible to accept certain duties and to be paid for them without carrying them out with all the industry and energy that is possible.

Wise words, to be recommended to the attention of those whom they concern, though it is singular that Dr. Doyle should have gone so far afield as the law and medicine for his analogy, when the state of things in the sister service of the Navy would have furnished a more effective parallel, as well as one more calculated to appeal to soldiers.

OTHER NEW BOOKS.

A Vindication of Protector Somerset.

Mr. A. F. Pollard, the author of ENGLAND UNDER PROTECTOR SOMERSET: AN ESSAY (Kegan Paul, 6s. n.), who has so long assisted in the excellent work of the "Dictionary of National Biography," has learnt in that somewhat severe school its characteristic merits and defects. In the first place, to speak of the defects—defects in the case of an original history, not in that of a dictionary pledged to conciseness—he is severely chronological and statistical, without an attempt at grace of style or vivid presentment of facts, and with hardly an intimation of insight into the depths of personality. He has in so remarkable a way enlightened our ignorance as to the work of Somerset that it is the more disappointing that he so signally fails to analyse his character. His book, therefore, must remain rather a mine of materials, an exhaustive collection of references, than a classic biography or illuminating historical study.

On the other hand, the book has most conspicuous merits. It is thoroughly original, and, within its self-assigned limits, exhaustive. It may in strict truth be said to shed a flood of light upon a period which has been much misunderstood. Briefly, the result of the book is to show one of the most interesting characters in our history in quite a new aspect. It has passed into the common historical stock that Jane Seymour's brother, the Protector during the first years of the reign of Edward VI., was an unprincipled, self-seeking politician, who embroiled England with Scotland and France and who did his utmost to make the religious differences of Englishmen incurable. On almost every point Mr. A. F. Pollard goes very near to a complete vindication. Of personal avarice and greed, indeed, he cannot clear his hero, but he makes a very strong case for the mildness of his rule, for his personal devotion to the best interests of England, and for the moderation of his ecclesiastical policy. Special attention may be directed to an interesting chapter on "The Protector and the Social Discontent," which contains the best short sketch of the agrarian history of the time with which we are acquainted. The book will be welcomed, and it must certainly be studied, as an important historical rectification. To the minuteness of the work we can only allude. It is worthy of the best traditions of the Oxford school of historians. Having at every step found errors among the most distinguished of his predecessors, Mr. Pollard does not lack courage to note them; and we find him commenting without bitterness upon mistakes in Hallam, Froude, Canon Dixon, Mr. C. Oman, Mr. A. L. Smith, Mr. C. R. Beazley, Dr. Gasquet, Mr. Bishop, and other writers less well known. We cannot but regret that Mr. Pollard did not tell his story a little more at length. We hope he may at least continue it to the death of Edward VI.

Military Essays.

Mr. Spenser Wilkinson undoubtedly has a great knowledge of military literature and of as much of the art of war as can be learnt from books. He can always tell you what the soldier said, whether the soldier be Napoleon, or Scharnhorst, or Kraft, or Moltke, and show in what way any given military event illuminates his sayings. In WAR AND POLICY (Constable, 15s.), however, this great erudition seems to be frittered away. The book is a collection of newspaper and magazine articles, and though the attempt is made in the preface to show that they are organically inter-related, the impression left on our mind was one of incoherence and unprofitable repetitions. The author's favourite points as to the conditions which determine whether any given war will be a war to the death or a duel till honour is satisfied, and as to the most effective constitution of the head-quarter staff, crop up again and again in all kinds of connexions. The parallel between the war in South Africa and the American Civil War is drawn in the last essay, but most of the *data* on which the comparison rests are contained in the first. This condition of things was hardly to be avoided, however, in a book of the sort. Technical authors who contribute largely to the reviews have no chance but to repeat themselves, since each essay is addressed, presumably, to a different group of readers; but the effect is rather tiresome when you get all the essays together in a volume.

Dickens.

Mr. Frederic G. Kitton has added to his other works upon his favourite author THE MINOR WRITINGS OF CHARLES DICKENS (Elliot Stock, 4s. 6d.), which is a complete bibliography of those writings not included amongst "The Novels of Charles Dickens," published in 1897. The Christmas stories are naturally the most important of these, and Mr. Kitton devotes some space to Dickens' letters to John Forster on these and kindred subjects. Finding a suitable title was always a matter of some difficulty with the novelist, and he generally submitted a score or so of possible names for his friend's decision. Mr. Kitton has also spent much time and trouble in determining Dickens' own contributions to "Household Words" and other papers. In the case of "All the Year Round" he was fortunate enough to discover an "office" set in which the name of every author was written against his work, and he also succeeded in identifying many articles in Forster's "Examiner" owing to the existence of the original MSS. in the Forster collection at South Kensington. Mr. Kitton has compiled a useful and interesting volume for the "Book Lover's Library."

Theology.

Dr. Hastings has lost no time in completing the third volume of his DICTIONARY OF THE BIBLE (T. and T. Clark, 28s.), and it shows no falling off in quality. It is satisfactory to note that the writers are for the most part British, but they show a thoroughness and accuracy worthy of the best German scholars. Professor Margoliouth contributes an exhaustive account of the "Language of the Old Testament," while the Rev. F. H. Woods deals adequately with the subject of the "Old Testament Canon." Professor Bennett's article on Moses deserves special mention, and is typical of the spirit in which Old Testament subjects are dealt with throughout the Dictionary, viz., that of a free, but sober and judicious, acceptance of modern criticism. Dr. Driver contributes a characteristic discussion of "Law in the Old Testament." Among New Testament articles, in point of completeness the article of Professor Findlay on "Paul the Apostle" and those of Dr. Chase on "Simon Peter" suggest some comparison with the great treatise of Dr. Sanday on "Jesus

Christ," which was so notable a feature of Volume II. Dr. J. H. Bernard's article on "Miracle" is of uncommon interest; the Principal of Lampeter, Mr. J. Vernon Bartlett, and Professor Salmon deal with the gospels of St. Luke, St. Matthew, and St. Mark respectively; while Dr. Plummer writes at length on "The Lord's Prayer" and "The Lord's Supper."

There are many interesting articles on archæological and geographical points. Colonel Conder's account of "Palestine" is remarkably complete; Professor Ramsay's account of "Phrygia" will be eagerly turned to by students of Pauline geography and early Christian history; Mr. Thatcher deals with the history, language, and antiquities of Phœnicia; and there is a valuable article by Professor A. R. S. Kennedy on "Money." Professor Macalister writes with the authority of an expert on such points as "Medicine" and "Leprosy." Dr. Hastings himself discusses words and expressions occurring in the Authorised Version. We remarked on the disproportionate space assigned to these articles in the first and second volumes; but they certainly contain much curious information, and no doubt add an element of completeness to a strictly biblical dictionary which would otherwise be lacking.

This work has already abundantly established its claim to be a first-rate book of reference, and we must express our gratitude to the editor for the unsparing pains he has devoted to it, and congratulate all students of scientific theology on having within their reach the results of the best scholarship of the day.

A melancholy interest attaches to the little book, THE REFORMATION IN GREAT BRITAIN (Rivingtons, 1s.), which Mr. H. O. Wakeman left unfinished. How much of it, as it now appears, was completed before the death of the author we are not told, but we can hardly be wrong in attributing the first three chapters to his hand. They are marked by the clearness of thought and vigour of expression which were the characteristics of Mr. Wakeman's work; and they contain a most interesting, lucid, and accurate account of the religious changes in England up to the death of Henry VIII. The reigns of Edward VI. and Mary are similarly treated, probably also by Mr. Wakeman, and it is not improbable that he at least began the account of Elizabeth. We are extremely glad that it has been decided to publish what he wrote, incomplete though it is. The book has been finished according to the original scheme, by the Rev. Leighton Pullan, who is already well known for theological work both learned and attractive. We recognize his hand in the account of the Reformation in Scotland, with its quaint illustrative extracts and its pictorial epithets. We notice, too, that Mr. Pullan deals, as usual, far more in direct attack than was Mr. Wakeman's custom. The contrast indeed is noteworthy. Mr. Wakeman states the Anglican position against Rome with a simple security born of historical study. Mr. Pullan deals with Presbyterian attacks after the manner of an assailant. He scornfully rejects the claim of modern Scottish professors for a "continuity," and not content with stating historical facts, he

> Proves his doctrine orthodox
> By apostolic blows and knocks,

His style, too, is much less restrained than Mr. Wakeman's. We can hardly be wrong in thinking that it is he who speaks of Erasmus as "not particularly partial to priests," or calls George Herbert a "typical English poet, priest, and gentleman"—a phrase by the way which it is difficult, so far as the poetry is concerned, to defend. While we can heartily praise the book as a whole, we cannot but think that in this work, which was not written by the two authors conjointly, and in which it is impossible to say how much of the new matter the original author might have approved of, an unfortunate precedent is set by not distinctly stating the parts which were the composition of the eminent writer whom we have lost. The public as well as Mr. Wakeman's friends will, we think, regret the course that has been adopted: while it adds a new terror to authorship to think that unfinished compositions may be completed without the writer's sanction and with no indication of the exact parts of the work which is from a different hand.

Canon MacColl's book, REFORMATION AND ITS REQUIREMENT, in its eighth edition (Longmans, 3s. 6d. n.), needs no second recommendation from us. We have only to note that in the present edition it includes a new preface, with more fragments of the author's autobiography, that a new chapter is added dealing with the Lambeth "opinions" on Reservation and Incense, and that Dr. MacColl stands up boldly and not ineffectively against the attacks of Professor Maitland.

The second volume of the EXPOSITOR'S GREEK TESTAMENT (Hodder and Stoughton, 28s.) contains a very careful and elaborate commentary on the Acts by Professor Knowling, on Romans by Dr. Denney, and on the First Epistle to the Corinthians by Professor Findlay. In the introduction to the Acts we have a masterly summary of the results of recent criticism, admirably fair and judicial in tone. Professor Knowling draws attention to the significant fact that Continental critics, in spite of their complicated and mutually destructive theories as to the Acts, have as a rule not been "able to separate themselves entirely from the traditional view that Luke, the companion of Paul, was more or less concerned in the composition of the book." Dr. Knowling himself holds that the work is justly ascribed to its traditional author. For the present, at any rate, this commentary on the Acts holds the field; and, in fulness, accuracy, and scholarship, it is worthy of a writer already so distinguished as Professor Knowling.

It is, perhaps, unfortunate that Dr. Denney's "Romans" should appear within a comparatively short time after the well-known commentary of Sanday and Headlam. Dr. Denney lives chiefly at expounding the argument; and his notes contain but little illustrative matter; but the commentary as a whole is a good model of sober exegesis. Professor Findlay's commentary on "1. Corinthians" is also good. The third chapter of the introduction (on "the teaching of the Epistle") is singularly fresh and vigorous, and the notes are uniformly clear and terse. A word of praise is due to the publishers for the attention they have paid to the *format* of this book. It has nearly 1,000 pages, but is lighter in weight than many books half its size. It has broad margins; and its type is beautifully clear. We hope the further volumes of the Expositor's Greek Testament will display the same high level of scholarship and literary skill which has been reached in its first two instalments.

Sport.

Mr. F. C. Selous' latest book SPORT AND TRAVEL EAST AND WEST (Longmans, 12s. 6d. n.) is a straightforward unembellished and detailed narrative of the chase of big game in Asia Minor—where the dignity and courtesy of the Turkish peasant forms a pleasant experience—and on the Rockies. The latter part of the book is mainly a careful diary of the days spent after wapiti. We are a little disappointed with the illustrations, mostly photographic. They are not very well reproduced, and Mr. Selous is not quite such an adept at selecting a shot with the camera as he is with the rifle.

There is more of the naturalist—and perhaps of the dreamer—about Mr. Fred Whishaw than is to be found in most sportsmen. Not infrequently he stays to moralize before he shoots; occasionally he never shoots at all. In consequence A HUNTER'S LOG IN RUSSIA (Dent, 3s. 6d. n.) contains more than a mere catalogue of "good days." Mr. Whishaw, it is plain to see, loves the forest and moor, and has a kindly feeling for all their inhabitants, from the regal elk and the capercailzie down to the tree-partridge or the snipe. Many of his stories show considerable humour: some are slightly marred by a tendency towards fine writing; but there is interesting matter in all of them. Several of the sketches, we fancy, have done duty before in the magazines, but they were worth republishing. "Notes from an Ambush" and "A Weird Night in Mid-Forest" are perhaps the best of the collection; the latter contains an excellent account of the favourite Russian practice of stalking the cock capercailzie in spring-time, when for a few weeks he tries, very ineffectually, to cultivate the small gift of song with which Nature has provided him.

Association Football (Skeffington, 1s. n.), by the "international," Mr. Ernest Needham, is excellent so long as the author is content to confine himself to hints on the way to play, but Mr. Needham is rather carried away by his enthusiasm in reviewing the history "past and present" of the game. "With the rise of leagues" (he says) ". . . the game acquired a stability unknown formerly. It was then, *as now with cricket*" (the italics are ours), "a common occurrence for teams to ignore their responsibilities to others, and still more frequently the individual player did not turn out when called on." The *esprit de corps* on the cricket field is surely every bit as strong as it is in the football field.

Messrs. F. E. Robinson and Co. have made a specialty of publishing books connected with University life, and The Book of Blues (3s. 6d. n.), edited by Ogier Rysden, is their latest contribution to the rapidly growing *corpus* of literature on this subject. Earlier in the year Mr. Wadham Peacock brought out a little book dealing with the boat race, giving the names of the crews and a short account of each contest. Mr. Rysden confines himself almost entirely to a list of names most carefully compiled, but he includes among his "blues" the champions at chess, golf, lawn tennis, swimming, and even such innovations as bandy and ice-hockey. The last two, we think, might well have been omitted, and we have our doubts about skating, which cannot be strictly regarded as a periodical competition. But it is as well to be thorough.

A Cyclist's Note Book, by A. W. Rumney (W. and A. K. Johnston) contains a variety of notes, more or less connected with cycling tours. The author finds something interesting to say on many topics and on many places—Lakeland and South Coast in particular—and of touring and new inventions and the possibilities of the future and reminiscences of the past. The book is scrappy but not uninteresting; it contains some useful information and hints to cyclists, and is written by a man who has read a certain amount of good literature (which he is something too fond of quoting). The illustrations, from snapshot and other photographs, are numerous and good.

Mr. F. de Lisle Solbé, who has been a member of the English International team since 1897, has brought out a little red-covered book on the principles of Hockey (Blackwood, 1s.), containing some sixty notes, detached and numbered, and a chapter or two of further hints. His "Hints for Critical Moments" will be useful, not only to beginners, but to experienced players.

China.

Careful readers of the late Mr. James Payn's works will remember an entertaining story of his in which a lady who had just travelled in the East proved such a bore to her friends that they schemed her discomfiture. A very well-informed doctor was called in whose knowledge of the places she had visited proved so much superior to her own that she was routed from the field. When congratulated on his achievement, the doctor made the startling confession that he had never been out of England, and had got it all up out of Murray. Mr. Robertson Scott, the author of The People of China (Methuen, 3s. 6d.), reminds us of the doctor. He has never been to China, but he has produced a very well-arranged and workmanlike book designed to answer all the questions people will now be asking themselves about the Chinaman. It is clearly and sensibly written, with copious references to, and a catalogue of, the best authorities, a map, a glossary, and an appendix on the men of the time in China. We can certainly recommend it to those who search for information agreeably put together.

One does not, as a rule, go to missionaries for playful humour, but one gets plenty of really good stories really well told in Mr. Thomas B. Selby's account of his labours in the Chinese vineyard, entitled Chinamen at Home (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.). The best story is perhaps that of the Chinaman who told the missionary that he was sorry he could not become a Christian because he was by profession a manufacturer of base coins, but added that if the preacher of the Word ever wanted any counterfeit dollars he would be glad to sell him a few thousand at any time. The difficulty of spreading the light in the Middle Kingdom is fully realized by Mr. Selby. He points out that the Chinese versions of the Scriptures are such that the educated Chinaman feels towards them as a Don towards a passman's Latin prose, and that "the devotional language of the prayers to which he may sometimes listen is like the language with which polite Chinamen flatter each other and conveys no sense of the sublimity of God." Also the manners of female missionaries strike the Chinaman as the manners of abandoned creatures, because "any degree of friendliness between the sexes is looked upon as convicting proof of universal lasciviousness"; and the habit into which missionaries have fallen in their ignorance of patronising disreputable Chinamen who, "with no desire to change their hereditary religion, try to escape native law by putting themselves under foreign protection," does not increase their popularity with the Chinamen who live honestly and cleanly. At the same time Mr. Selby believes that if the missionaries persevere their tenets will in the end prevail. At any rate he has written one of the most entertaining books about China that we have lately seen.

The capital notes about members in the *Pall Mall Gazette* to which we referred the other day are, we notice, now incorporated in The New House of Commons, 1900, just issued from the office of that paper. This popular guide to the House—the fifth published from the same office—goes back further than the recent elections—to those of 1886, 1892, and 1895. It is a good example of the history which can be compiled from the daily effusions of smart journalism.

The birthday book is the lineal descendant of those gorgeous gift-books—keepsakes and books of beauty—that flourished in the Early Victorian days. It represents the sublimation of easy book-making. The compiler has only to take the latest popular novelist, dip here and there into his or her works, and mark passages with a lead pencil. Goldsmith, when rallied by his friends on the sum the booksellers gave him for his anthology of English poetry, is reported to have said with great gravity:—"These selections show taste; and a man may be twenty years cultivating that taste." But the happy compiler of a birthday book need not spend thankless years in cultivating that elusive quality. Any fragment torn from the context is good enough to put down opposite a date, and the chances are that some one at any rate will read an apt meaning into it. There is no doubt a certain honour in being selected as the fountain of these witty or philosophical aphorisms, and the Isabel Carnaby Birthday Book (Hodder and Stoughton, 3s. 6d.), which contains also some valuable gems from "A Double Thread" and "The Farringdons," pays this graceful compliment to Miss Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler. It must be confessed that some of Miss Fowler's brisk attempts at smartness have rather a melancholy air thus divorced from their surroundings, but as a birthday book this prettily bound little volume will serve as well as another.

We are afraid that Dr. Walter Kidd's Design in Nature's Story (Nisbet, 3s. 6d. n.) will not prove very convincing. The author thinks that organisms are produced into environments specially adapted for them. He forgets that only those organisms live which suit their environment. In four out of the six chapters he seems to lose hold of this thesis, and gives instances, interesting enough, to show how organisms are adapted to their environments. Here the opponent of design (in the old-fashioned sense) would be at one with him. Darwin challenged his opponents to produce a single structure or instinct which was of exclusive use to any other plant or animal than the one presenting it. Dr. Kidd does not help his cause by asking "What possible claim Darwin has to 'lay down impossible terms,' and then blandly proclaim that the battle goes by default?"

The Filipino Martyrs, by Richard Brinsley Sheridan (Lane, 6s.), is a statement of the case for Aguinaldo against the Government of the United States. It is a vigorous indictment, and sheds a lurid light upon the state of discipline in the volunteer battalions of the American army. The explanation given to the author by an American colonel is not less interesting:—

> It is because in many cases the heads of industrial and other firms who have volunteered have gone as ordinary soldiers, whilst in some cases clerks in their employ at home have been given commissions as officers, and they, therefore, have to be careful in their conduct, well knowing that their future depends upon their being so.

ART.

Sandro Botticelli. By Count Plunkett. (G. Bell and Sons. £2 2s.)

The works of Botticelli and his school have never been so well and fully illustrated as in this sumptuous volume. Not only are the masterpieces of this great Quattro-cento master, the Birth of Venus, the Primavera, the Calumny, the Magnificat, and his other most famous Madonnas, all magnificently reproduced, but a number of paintings which are plainly the work of scholars and assistants are included among the forty-eight photogravures and half-tone plates which adorn the book. The beauty of these illustrations deserve the highest praise, and Messrs. Bell and Sons are to be congratulated on a work which, in this respect, is worthy to rank with the costly *editions de luxe* published in Paris by the Maison Plon, or the firms of Lemercier and Goupil. Unfortunately the letter-press which accompanies these plates is distinctly inferior in quality. Count Plunkett writes with enthusiasm and evident love of his subject, but he apparently lacks both the knowledge and critical insight necessary for a work of this description, and we can only regret that so great an opportunity has been thrown away.

Sandro Botticelli, as our readers are aware, is one of the most attractive personalities as well as one of the finest artists of the Medicean age. He appeals in an especial manner to our own generation, and the materials for his life are of deep and absorbing interest. But the present writer has neglected to make use of many facts concerning the Piagnone master and his friend which have recently been brought to light by Italian scholars. He does not appear to have read the latest volumes of Professor Villari and Signor Casanova, or the Giornate of Lorenzo Violi, and makes no allusion to the curious contemporary chronicle written by Botticelli's brother, Simone Filipepi, and lately discovered in the Vatican. Even more deplorable is the want of accuracy which he betrays throughout his work. On the very first page we are told that Botticelli's master, Fra Filippo Lippi, was born in 1412, and that in the year 1438 he was only 26 years of age. Now Signor Milanesi long ago discovered documents which prove that Fra Lippi's birth took place several years earlier, probably in 1406, and that the boy was placed, at the age of eight, in the convent of Carmelite friars attached to the church of the Carmine in Florence. Again, at page 22, we are informed that "before coming under the distinct influence of Savonarola, Botticelli painted at the end of the nineties the Annunciation in the Uffizi." Since Savonarola died at the stake in 1498 (not, by the way, in 1478, as stated at page 25), we utterly fail to understand the meaning of the passage. In describing Botticelli's portraits Count Plunkett wonders at the remarkable difference between Lorenzo the Magnificent, as represented by the painter in his Adoration of the Magi, in the Uffizi, and in the Morelli portrait at Bergamo, where Lorenzo appears as a "worn, dissipated man," and consoles himself by turning to the Berlin portrait which, in his eyes, represents a far nobler character. But, as a fact, both the Berlin and Bergamo portraits, whether or no they are Botticelli's works, do not represent Lorenzo at all, but his brother, Giuliano de' Medici, as every other writer on the subject has said, and as we find correctly stated in the catalogue of the master's works in the appendix of the present book.

The same confusion attends Count Plunkett's attempts to give the correct chronology of Botticelli's pictures. He accepts Vasari's statement that, after leaving Rome in 1481, Sandro neglected painting, and devoted himself almost wholly to engraving and the illustration of Dante. This, our author tells us, accounts for the fact that the paintings of this time are evidently school works. But in the next sentence he goes on to describe what he calls the mythologo-allegorical works of the "nineties," and under this head he includes the Birth of Venus in the Uffizi, the Mars and Venus of the National Gallery, and the "Pallas and Centaur." Now these paintings are recognized by all the best critics to belong to the early period before Botticelli's visit to Rome. This theory is supported by the evident connexion between the Venus panels and the famous Tournament held by Giuliano de' Medici in 1475, while the newly-discovered painting of Pallas and the Centaur is justly considered to represent the victory of Lorenzo de Medici over his foes and his triumphant return from Naples in 1480. But in any case these mythological works were certainly not painted, as Count Plunkett states, "in the nineties," when Botticelli no doubt fell under Savonarola's influence, and devoted himself chiefly to religious subjects. Once more we must point out that the Dante drawings, of which Count Plunkett gives a short and meagre account, were not as he states (p. 82) executed for Piero de' Medici, but for Lorenzo the Magnificent's cousin, Lorenzo di Pier Francesco de' Medici, one of the few members of the family who were allowed to remain in Florence after the expulsion of Piero and his associates in November, 1494. Count Plunkett, we notice, takes Ulmann as his principal guide and follows him in assuming that Botticelli worked in the shop of Andrea Verrocchio, and supposes him to have been intimately associated with the great sculptor who was Leonardo da Vinci's master. Following Sandro to Germany the biographer, in this also, accepts a large number of Madonnas, which are rejected by Morelli and most other critics. But he has, it appears, opinions of his own on the subject, and opinions, it must be owned, which are shared by no other critic. On the one hand, he accepts as genuine not only the Madonna and St. John of the Louvre, the Annunciation of the Uffizi, the Allegory of Abundance at Chantilly, and the Seasons in Lord Rosebery's collection, but a whole group of female portraits, which he describes as "fine examples of the artist's treatment of ideal types" (p. 10). On the other hand, he dismisses the lovely group in the Ambrosiana, at Milan, which Morelli justly styles a work of rare beauty and value, as a mere "bottega" picture altogether unworthy of the master, and in the same breath condemns the charming Madonna of the Poldi Pezzoli Museum as a school work, which may have been produced in Sandro's atelier, but "does not show the master's hand." A great deal of attention has of late years been devoted to the different scholars and imitators, who, working in Botticelli's atelier, and often under his eye, produced many of the works in which we recognize the original design of the master without a trace of his execution. Thus, Mr. Berenson and Mr. Logan have made it possible for us to distinguish several of the Madonnas, mythological subjects, and portraits that were formerly ascribed to Botticelli, as the work of Jacopo del Sellajo, or of the artist known as Amico di Sandro, while the famous Assumption from the Hamilton collection is now generally recognized to have been painted for Matteo Palmieri by a far inferior master, Francesco Botticini.

In conclusion, we should recommend Count Plunkett not only to revise his own text carefully, but to see that it agrees with the catalogue of the painter's works placed at the end of the volume, a list which differs on so many points from the statements made in the earlier pages of the book that we are forced to conclude it to be the work of another hand. That lovely work of Botticelli's early days, formerly in the Chigi Palace in Rome, should not be included under the head of pictures in French collections, since it is at Boston, in the United States; while the Madonna and Child, mentioned as being in the Musée of Chantilly, is a copy of the same well-known picture, and the angel is not presenting a basket of flowers but a bunch of grapes and ears of wheat to the child. Sandro Botticelli, we feel, still awaits his true biographer, and we shall look with renewed eagerness for the long-expected life of this master, which has been promised us from the pen of Mr. Herbert Horne, who is known to have devoted many years to the study of the great Florentine painter.

The desire to build has taken possession of the Royal School of Art Needlework, and the new structure at the corner of Imperial Institute Road should be worthy of its site. Although hardly reconcilable with the avowed intentions of the Royal School of Art Needlework it is understood that the department recently formed for the sale of old furniture has been a success. It will be made even more a feature of the institution when possession is taken of the new house.

With reference to the "Protest," editorially made by the *Magazine of Art* for this month, against the selection of artists for the Grand Prix by the authorities of the Paris Exhibition, it is a matter on which it would be well to await developments. Mr. Whistler, to take one case, exhibited a picture painted before the last decade, which is contrary to the regulations of the Exhibition. But he also exhibited pictures painted since 1889, and one of these won him the Grand Prix.

The Scottish National Gallery has for some time past been very much in need of a proper catalogue, and the one now published will be welcomed by visitors to the building at the foot of The Mound in Edinburgh. "The National Gallery of Scotland Illustrated Catalogue," by Robert Gibb, R.S.A., can hardly be termed, as it is, the 30th edition, as it is really a new work. The descriptions of the pictures, the notices of the artists, and the forty illustrations are very fine.

Artists who complain of the indignity of including soldiers returned from the war in the Lord Mayor's Show do not seem to take the proper ground. Rather should they protest that the war is so much with us, waking and sleeping, that the city pageant might be allowed to drag its slow length along guiltless of khaki. Four and twenty soldiers baked in South Africa are as part of a pageant but a poor substitute for a triumphal car, and, instead of protesting against the indignity of including returned warriors, artists should see to it that the only annual pageant we indulge in should be better done. Surely there is a latter day Hans Mackart who could be trusted to do something that would not put us to artistic shame.

EDUCATIONAL.

Oxford Texts.

Two more volumes of the excellent "Bibliotheca Classica Oxoniensis," have been published, VERGILI OPERA, edited by F. A. Hirtzel (cloth 3s. 6d., paper 3s.), and CAESARIS OPERA I., by R. du Pontet (cloth 2s. 6d., paper 2s.). To the usual brief account of the MSS., Mr. Hirtzel adds an interesting collection of would-be corrections of Virgil, subscript in the manuscripts. As no MS. contains Virgil entire, it would have been useful to learn exactly what each MS. used for this text does contain, as in Postgate's "Corpus"; but particulars are not given under the list of "Sigla." The foot notes, however, give the authority for each passage. The readings are, we think, sometimes chosen with less judgment than Nettleship's in the new "Corpus" (see *e.g.*, Ecl. iii., 110, where this edition reads *haud—haud*, vi. 33 *exordia* as one word); on the other hand, Hirtzel seems to have the advantage—*e.g.*, in Æn. i., 636, *dii* (*i.e.*, *dici*), though perhaps *die* might be better still. The criticism of Virgil turns on such minute questions that it is impossible to deal with it fully here. Enough that the lover of Virgil will not be disappointed in this new edition. Mr. du Pontet is conservative in his text of the "Gallic War," though, following Nipperdey, he gives rather more weight to the second-rate MSS. in cases of difficulty than the fashion is. Fewer various readings are noted than in the other texts of this series; and very few conjectures admitted.

Illustrated Classics.

It is really delightful to see and to handle school books so nice as Messrs. Blackie's "Latin Series," edited by Professor Tyrrell, two more of which are now issued: VIRGIL'S GEORGICS, Book I., by S. E. Winbolt (2s. 6d.), and LIVY, Book VI., by C. Laming (1s. 6d.). These are issued, we are glad to see, without vocabulary; when a pupil can tackle Virgil or Livy undiluted, it is high time to teach him how to find his way in a dictionary. Mr. Winbolt's introduction is capital, save for a trifle too much of allusiveness here and there, which may be obscure for those who do not know what he wishes to teach. Mr. Winbolt has clearly studied Virgil's metre and rhythms with great care, and much of what he says on this topic is new. The notes hit a happy mean between bareness and diffuseness. Altogether this is an excellent school book. In his "Livy," Mr. Laming discusses the credibility of early Roman history. Like most of his predecessors, he refuses to accept tradition as the sole evidence of facts; but it is not sufficiently recognized that tradition is good evidence for national feeling about facts. The notes are good; but "res" in i., § 5 needs explaining. There are some useful remarks at the end on translating, and some English exercises for retranslation. Both these books are illustrated with a number of pictures, some in colours, those in the Virgil volume fully explained. Print and general appearance are excellent. In these important respects Blackie's series holds the first place among school books.

The cover of these books, pretty and tasteful as it is, must yield to Messrs. Bell's ANTIGONE OF SOPHOCLES (3s. 6d.), adorned with a graceful design of twining lotus. We fear that the editor, Mr. G. H. Wells, has not been sufficiently thorough in writing his notes. That on αὐτοστονοῦντε (56) seems to show a confusion of thought; the difficult line 263 is not properly explained at all; and the antistrophic system of the Greek chorus ought surely to be explained. The literary criticism is poor. Mr. Wells, like most people, mistranslates Aristotle's famous definition of tragedy; which is not to purge the mind of pity and terror, but to purge those passions by homœopathy. He is right, however, in his discussion of the Unities, where many go wrong. The interpretation of μέγεθος, too, seems strained; the context in Aristotle shows that it is rather contrasted with things "microscopic" than with "small." And could the theatre of Dionysus ever contain 25,000 people?

In print and get-up "Bell's Illustrated Classics" (1s. 6d. each) can hardly compare with Blackie's or Blackwood's, and we think their small *format* and scanty margins unsuitable for school books. Otherwise there is much to praise in the half-dozen new additions which lie before us. Mr. Conway's STORIES OF GREAT MEN, taken from Livy and others, will certainly be useful for beginners in Latin, who find Nepos rather hard. The idea is a good one; and a similar book, by Lhomond, has gone through many editions in Germany. Mr. Conway's versions in the notes are rather clumsy at times, but they are sufficient. A SELECTION FROM PHAEDRUS, by Rev. R. H. Chambers, will be equally welcome to those who teach the early stages of Latin. It was a happy thought to dispense with the summaries now so common in school books, and to prefix instead pictures of the scenes described in the fables. The notes are quite rightly very elementary. Mr. J. F. Charles edits an easy book of SELECTIONS FROM CICERO; they are interesting and show much variety of choice. The notes are satisfactory, and the book will be useful for a stage just above the last two. One step further and we reach Mr. H. Latter's HORACE, ODES III., and Mr. J. T. Phillipson's VIRGIL, ÆNEID VI. Mr. Latter is studiously brief in his notes, as he should be; he is sometimes, however, too brief; as in the note on v. 42, where *capitis* ought to be explained as due to the analogy of locatives like *animi*, with a glance at Greek idiom, or to the familiar genitive with verbs of accusing. A few passages from English poets are quoted in illustration, but there should be more; and we should have been glad to see some specimens of verse translations. Mr. Phillipson offers some good remarks on the difficulties of translating Virgil. Great pains have been taken in the notes to make Latin constructions clear to the pupil, and French is used sometimes with good effect to illustrate. The scansion of *videō* (779) might have been more fully explained; and we fear the note on 126 will convince the average boy that "Averno" is ablative of the agent. Mr. E. C. Marchant's name is warrant that his edition of Xenophon's ANABASIS I. will be excellent; and so it is. There is a freshness about it which is too rare in school books; and the perplexed urchins who use it may really believe at the end that it is a "delightful book of travel and adventure written by a soldier and a sportsman." All these books have vocabularies; but why in the name of worry and puzzledom are the proper names sometimes given in a separate list? The grammatical indices are uneven; the Cicero presents us with a huge mass of quotations which can be of little use. The choice of pictures is judicious, and the pictures really illustrate and explain the text.

Messrs. Blackwood send us another of their "Classical Texts," SELECTIONS FROM OVID'S METAMORPHOSES, by J. H. Vince (1s. 6d.). The book will be an agreeable change from the inevitable Ovid for small boys, who will learn a modicum of mythology from it. The introduction and notes are good, and Mr. Vince writes English with taste. He makes a specialty of folk-lore in this volume. The plan of the series includes a very full grammatical analysis, which we think a mistake; boys should do this for themselves. The marginal summary in the text is unpleasant to the eye, and we hope it will be done away with. There are several good process blocks of mythological figures, vase paintings in colours, and other useful illustrations, all carefully explained.

Other Commentaries.

In the company of these new and gaily bedight books our old friend the "Pitt Press Series" looks unattractive. Yet it would be so easy to have a larger margin, and that alone is a great help to the reader. Otherwise Mr. Peskett's Book III. of CAESAR'S CIVIL WAR (2s. 6d.) is a useful little edition. There is an unpretending historical introduction, which includes a good paragraph on the state of feeling at Rome as shown in Cicero's Letters. The notes deal very carefully with questions of history

and antiquities; it is a pity Mr. Peckett was not able to use Mr. T. R. Holmes' work on Cæsar, which is now indispensable to the student. There are three capital maps.

The Proem to the Ideal Commonwealth of Plato: With Introduction and Notes by T. G. Tucker, Litt.D. (Bell), is a thorough and scholarly edition of that immortal piece of literature. The steps of the argument are traced, and criticized with minute care and with less verbiage than in Bosanquet's "Companion." The notes give everything that is wanted—with a trifle over perhaps; only we should like to have seen a description, or a sketch, of the votive tablet to Bendis in the British Museum (327 A.); γάρ, by the way is not "for" in phrases like καὶ γάρ, ἀλλὰ γάρ. On the whole, a most useful book, and full of interest.

In the "University Tutorial Series" Lucian's Timon and Charon have been edited by Mr. T. R. Mills (Clive, 3s. 6d.). We have to thank the London Matriculation of June, 1901, for suggesting these dialogues, and we must not forget to put this down on the credit side when we cast up the score against examinations. As usual in this series, the editor keeps strictly to business. The introduction tells all the facts, and the notes explain grammatical points which are likely to occur to the Matriculation examiner. We have several times expressed our regret that the series makes so little appeal to a higher taste and intelligence.

We should have thought Sallust surely too hard for an elementary classic, but Messrs. Macmillan do not agree, and here is Sallust's Catiline (1s. 6d.), edited by Mr. G. H. Nall, in their little blue series. The notes seem to us very good indeed, but not for quite elementary students.

Virgil, Æneid, Book III., edited by Philip Sandford (Blackie, 1s. 6d.), contains an elaborate introduction full of the sort of thing that is useful for "general" papers in scholarship examinations. Another interesting feature is the inclusion in an appendix of some examples of verse translation by William Morris, John Conington, Canon Thornhill, and Sir Charles Bowen, who seems to us to have been the most successful of the four translators in catching the spirit of the original.

Translations.

Messrs. Plaistowe and Hayes accompany their edition of Horace's Satires with a translation (Clive, 1s. 6d.). In accuracy there is little fault to find, although the emphasis is too often false or blurred; for instance, *perrideas*, i. 3, 25, is hardly so strong as to justify "Your thorough insight into your feelings is gained with eyes bleared." There is also a little obscurity sometimes due to faulty order; and the right tone is not always preserved. *Eke* and such archaisms are out of place except in mock-heroics. The translators are better in the latter parts, where they have warmed to their work, and often quite happy. Mr. E. C. Marchant continues his Thucydides with Book VII. (Bell, 1s.). We have already noticed the sixth book of this version, which strives to be "literal as well as idiomatic," and on the whole succeeds. Preface and Introduction are repeated from the previous volume. Since Mr. Marchant thus renews his attack on Hobbes' translation, we would again offer our tribute to the dignity of its style, which Mr. Marchant never approaches. We do not propose to discuss matters of interpretation, where there is often a lawful difference of opinion, but if the renderings are such as can fairly be defended, that is enough. Mr. Marchant's version is scholarly and pleasant to read, although he too much affects the short sentence, which, when used habitually, is fatal to a dignified rhythm. Three books of Livy (XXI.-XXIII.), translated by J. B. Baker, M.A., are issued by Messrs. Bell in the same series (paper covers, 1s. each). Each has an introduction by J. H. Freese, M.A., on the life of Livy, his work, his authorities, and his manner of using them. A few notes are also prefixed; the place-names in alphabetical order, the army, and other archæological matters. These are surely out of place in a translation. Mr. Freese has, we think, scored a success in his version. The narrative is not without dignity, and there is force and vigour in it. There is room, however, for some improvement in details. Thus in xxi. 4, *pauci ac ferme optimus quisque* is not idiomatically rendered by "few, including nearly all the chief nobles"; there is an incongruity in the first two words. In the same chapter, *indole virtutum ac vitiorum* is translated as though these were descriptive genitives, which Latin usage forbids; *indole* must be taken in its literal sense of "ingrowth" or "endowment" of vice and virtue. Some of the renderings are happy, as "half-caste Gauls" for *Semigalli*, "with cold steel" for the frequent *ferro*, "the glamour of the Roman name" for *fulgor nominis Romani*. Notes are given on disputed readings, and Mr. Freese is usually judicious; but we question *tum itaque* in xxii. 24, 8, and his reading in xxi. 33, 4 we do not understand. There are several incorrect references in these notes, and in the last quoted "rendering" seems to be a mistake for "reading." "An Eton Master" offers us Fifty Epigrams from the First Book of Martial (Rivingtons, 2s. 6d.), which are not remarkable for rhythmical grace and are stuffed with outlandish slang. Martial's neatness and point have disappeared in the English, we regret to say; but they may appeal to a schoolboy's sense of humour, and at least they are an attempt in the right direction. This is not bad of Chef Taratalla:

> If 'tis funny to call your cook Monsieur Cooper
> It is less so to call mine Lorette Dudiner?

We are glad to recommend Mr. Huntingford's verse translation of the Frogs of Aristophanes (Methuen, 2s. 6d.). He is not so happy in his allusions as Frere, nor quite so easy in his versification as Rogers; but he has shirked no difficulty, and some parts of the book are very good. A fault to be found is, however, his condescension to slang like "O lor," and "biz." We have noted a split infinitive; and "hanged'll" is hardly a neat rime for "candle." Some of the lyrics are dainty; and his skill in weaving rimes may be seen from the following extract:—

> Ho! clear the way for us we pray, and speak with breath abated,
> Each one whose mind is unrefined and uninitiated,
> Who has not glanced at, much less danced at, true artistic revelries,
> And draws the line at old Cratinus' bully Bacchic devilries.

His parodies of Euripides are very funny, and he is clearly as happy as he can be all through.

Composition and Grammar.

A Latin Composition, by A. H. Allcroft and J. H. Haydon (Clive: University Tutorial Series, 2s. 6d.), appears in the fifth edition; and we are told that the type has been reset throughout and the matter revised, but the paragraph numbers have not been interfered with. The book seems to us remarkably good. It is clear and concise, and does not attempt too much; without doubt it has been tested by practical use, and on every page shows the fruits of experience. A good point is that all doubtful quantities are marked. The rules for Latin conditional sentences are based on time, not on reality or unreality; useful cautions not always found in books, but very much needed, are given in § 141, note 3, and § 211. We make a few suggestions for the sixth edition, which is sure to be wanted. It is not unnecessary to say clearly that the verb *to be* cannot govern an accusative case (§ 7, 13). The ablative is not an object, as stated in § 50, but an instrumental; and the ablative with *opus* should be explained to the beginner in the same way (§ 55). The literal translation of, *e.g.*, *morierdum est mihi*, "dying is for me," would explain the apparent dative of the agent (§ 111). It is dangerous to render *audientes* "hearing"; it should be "while hearing" (§ 81). In § 113 the construction of *domum* with *suam* should be given. The authors profess to keep English grammar in mind, but we have not observed much of it in their book; a good chance was missed in § 130, where the original case of *the* in *the more the merrier* might have been stated. The only serious fault we can find with this book is that Appendix II. on abstract expressions is hopelessly inadequate. Latin uses abstract nouns freely in speaking of qualities as such; and many mistakes are made from not knowing this. The appendix ought to be omitted, or written again, and the subject properly dealt with. There are thirty-four pages of exercises, useful sentences no doubt, but no hint is given as to the principles of arrangement. Perhaps they are meant to be miscellaneous. The same authors publish the fourth edition of their Latin Grammar (Clive, 3s. 6d.). It is sound and good, though not so original as the composition. We commend the following points: the use of varieties of type to distinguish important nouns or verbs; and an alphabetical list of the verbs which are usually classified according to stem. Teachers will at once recognize the great convenience of this, and will also be grateful to have the chief verbs printed in thick type. The stem-lists are given as well. We fear § 494 will prove misleading, and boys who use this grammar will be apt to take *quod est* for the form of *est* in reported speech.

Most public schoolmasters have learnt to their cost that boys are taught nothing of English grammar in their young days; and the few pages of explanation and exercise prefixed to Mr. K. P. Wilson's First Latin Sentences and Prose (Blackwood, 2s. 6d.) will undoubtedly be useful. The Latin sentences are very plain and easy, and the special point of the book is that it introduces the compound sentence early, and tries to lead up naturally to continuous prose. How far he has succeeded can only be judged by careful experiment; but the idea is a good one.

FICTION.

Eleanor.

ELEANOR (Smith, Elder, 6s.), the new novel by Mrs. Humphry Ward, seems to us her most masterly and most mature production. It emphasizes once more the peculiarity, as compared with other novelists, of her outlook on life. In one sense that outlook is a narrow one. It is closed towards an immense extent of country in the "Map of Life." Novelists give us social types in profusion; they distil the humours and the pathos of sport, of fashion, of commerce, of the rustic and the cockney; their love stories are complicated only by the intricacies of pure emotion. For Mrs. Humphry Ward this is not enough. She leaves aside that large class of mankind who have no intellectual or spiritual interests. People who are more engrossed in the condition of their bank books, their families, and their digestions than in politics or theology—and these form the "cast" of most novels—do not attract her. She does not care laboriously to depict their manners and their talk. Yet human nature, no doubt, is the same both in the cultured and the uncultured, and "Eleanor," more than any other of her novels, shows that Mrs. Ward is aware of it. But even here she is selective, for she prefers, if we may borrow the language of science, to isolate those "phenomena" of love in which emotion moves side by side with thought.

In the case of other writers this propensity would be likely to deaden the vitality of the story. It is Mrs. Ward's achievement to have shown that a general atmosphere of intellectuality may give scope for the highest qualities of the novelist. The plot in "Eleanor" is one of the most simple and familiar—that of a woman crushed by finding that she cannot win the man she loves, effacing herself, and assisting his marriage with her rival. But it is wrought out with extraordinary power. The man, Manisty, though considering his social position his good manners are a little too much to seek, is a fine and consistent study of an egoist; but, as we should expect from Mrs. Ward, his egoism is an intellectual not, like Sir Willoughby Patterne's, a personal one. "It would almost seem as though nature for her secret reasons had thrown a special charm round the egoist of all types, for the loving and true." Lucy Foster, the rival of Eleanor, is a Puritan from New England—not the too familiar American girl of fiction with her millions and her breezy good nature. The pathos of Eleanor's life, a life which had seemed to begin anew with Manisty's affection after the tragedy by which she had lost both husband and child; the change wrought in her rebellious heart by her love for Lucy, and, by the influence of Father Benecke; the tender links of sympathy which unite her with Brooklyn, the young diplomat, and with the Contessa Guerrini, who had lost her only son in the Abyssinian war; the passion and the self-control of her relations with Manisty; her touching friendship with her rival; the profound and beautiful character of Lucy Foster; the unerring and poignant effect of every incident through which the story develops—it is these things that give so intense an interest to the book. And over all is the light and colour of Italy, the spell of the land where every foot of ground recalls countless historic memories.

> So old it was!—and yet so fresh with spring! In the mornings, at least, the spring was uppermost. It silenced the plaint of outraged beauty which the place seemed to be always making under a flutter of growth and song. Water and flowers and nightingales, the shadow, the sunlight, and the heat were all alike strong and living—Italy untamed. It was only in the evenings that Lucy shunned the path. For then, from the soil below and the wall above, there crept out the old imprisoned forces of sadness, or of poison, and her heart flagged or her spirits sank as she sat or walked there. Marinata has no malaria; but on old soils, and as night approaches, there is always something in the shade of Italy that fights with human life. The poor ghosts rise from the earth—jealous of those that are still walking the warm ways of the world.

It was during Eleanor's constant companionship with Manisty as his secretary and adviser in a book defending Roman Catholicism that thoughts of a new life had dawned upon her. How strange she thought that they should be engaged on such a work together!

> He—one of the most thorough sceptics of his day, as she had good reason to know—she a woman who had at one time ceased to believe because of an intolerable anguish, and was now only creeping slowly back to faith, to hope, because—because—
>
> Ah! with a little shiver, she recalled her thought, as a falconer might his bird, before it struck.

Slowly came the change in their relations, and Eleanor's gradual perception of the truth.

> "No, no! False! She does'nt—does'nt love him!" her heart cried, throwing all its fiercest life into the cry. She sat up in bed trembling and haggard. Then she stole into the next room. Lucy lay deeply, peacefully asleep. Eleanor sank down beside her, hungrily watching her. "How could she sleep like that—if—if she cared?" asked her wild thoughts, and she comforted herself smiling at her own remorse. Once she touched the girl's hand with her lips, feeling towards her a rush of tenderness that came like dew on the heat of the soul. Then she crept back to bed and cried, and cried—through the golden mounting of the dawn.

Yet at the end—"Eleanor through all anguish had remained mistress of herself, and she had her reward. No irreparable word had passed between them. In silence the old life ceased to be, and a new bond arose." The artist's frontispiece of Eleanor is excellent. In his illustrations he wisely chooses portraits rather than incidents; but he fails in one landscape background.

Religion, whether as a matter of the heart or of the head, is not here the pivot of events. It is no "conviction of sin" or submission to the Church that softens Eleanor. Roman Catholicism permeates, but does not influence, the story; and is represented by Manisty, an agnostic in love with her "system," and Father Benecke, a priest excommunicated for heresy. Rome is painted from the outside—her beauty and her ugliness alike—in the true historic spirit. There is a magnificent picture of a Papal ceremony at St. Peter's, one among many fine descriptive passages, of which, perhaps, the finest is the story of the "Rex nemorosus," by the lake of Nemi, culled from the book on which Manisty is at work. The novel, as a whole, is sombre; but the characters—Manisty, Eleanor, and Lucy—strongly and clearly conceived from the very first, are so continuously sympathetic, their surroundings appeal so strongly to the imagination, the conversations are so necessary, so natural, and so interesting, that the book in its leisurely unexciting progress is as engrossing as one of pure sensation. There is one sensational incident, that of Manisty's mad sister—a powerful study in insanity. No tragedy, no sentimental deathbed mars the dénouement. The story moves throughout in a high range of emotion, never out of touch with ideas, never commonplace. Sorrowful, though it be, it is not depressing or pessimistic, and in the dignified pathos of its end the highly wrought sympathies of the reader sink naturally to repose.

Tommy's Sequel.

It was a remark of Mr. Frederic Harrison's, we believe, that the reason of the decay of modern fiction lay in the growing lack of self-confidence in our authors. In the spacious days of Scott, Dickens, or Thackeray our novelists were afraid of no man; they wrote what they wished in defiance of critics, public, or literary agent. Now the rising novelist feels that he has to be careful, and too often he fears to "let himself go." He may get hold of a good idea, but his courage fails him; he has one eye on the reviewer, the other on the booksellers, and illogicality triumphs. What might have been a work of genius is marred by over-caution. It is very certain that Mr. Barrie, at all events, will not come to grief for any reason of this kind. In TOMMY AND GRIZEL (Cassell, 6s.) he has carried a masterly analysis of the artistic temperament to a pitch of pitilessness unknown since the days of "The Egoist." Indeed, there is at first sight a singular resemblance between Meredith's book and Mr. Barrie's. The ironic method is strong in both; both probe

the souls of their creatures remorselessly; both are inclined to err from excess of subtlety. Of the two characters, Sir Willoughby Patterne and Tommy Sandys, it is enough to say that the latter is every whit as real a creation as his predecessor. He should be real, for Mr. Barrie, himself a sentimentalist, has set himself here the task of drawing a prince of sentimentalists. He hampers himself little with plot or minor characters; it is clear that his chief object was to limn the sentimentalist and the two women, respectively his sister and his wife, with whom he is chiefly concerned. Tommy, Grizel, Elspeth—upon these three rest the fortunes of his book. Tommy by himself would suffice to make any novel something more than remarkable. The book is very well written, in the vein of quiet, ironical humour that Mr. Barrie has made his own. His sentences rarely close without an illuminating touch—rarely, too, without a dexterous stab. The man grows before us with each successive stroke. There are one or two pieces in the book of exquisite prose. Read the love-scene on page 159 and the following pages, and you shall find the true successor to the man who wrote that song of love in "Richard Feverel"—or, say, the man who might have written a pendant to that exquisite chapter, could he have withheld himself from the delights of over-refinement. Mr. Barrie must always sound an original note. His courage is remarkable. Is there living another writer who could pen the delightful rhapsody on pp. 112, 113, and then add, as Mr. Barrie adds—how with filmy eyes the sentimentalist searched himself for the "little pocket-book in which he took notes of such sad thoughts as these"? It is done of set purpose, and it fixes the character of the man in our minds more than any other artifice could do. It is not the commonplace trick of obtaining a humorous effect by a sudden change of key. It is done in the interest of truth. Nevertheless, the sequel to "Sentimental Tommy" falls short of being a great book. It opens admirably; it continues admirably until somewhere about the love-scene which we have mentioned; and then the author's grasp seems to weaken; there is a vague sense of dissatisfaction. But Mr. Barrie has added to the slender gallery of real characters two that the world will not easily forget. Grizel is one of the most "womanly" women in fiction. Tommy is the prince and paragon of his kind. And even at the end we are convinced that his merciless painter comes near shedding a tear over his untimely fate.

Mr. Robert Hichens.

Mr. Robert Hichens writes fluently and well—rather well and very fluently, having a decided turn for saying the same thing over and over again in different words. He has also a weird and fantastic imagination, and a great delight in toying with the supernatural. If we had to criticize his TONGUES OF CONSCIENCE (Methuen, 6s.) in Aristotelian terms, we should say that we were sensible of the pity and the fear, but missed the cathartic effect. Our own attitude towards the supernatural in fiction is not particularly sympathetic, but we are bound to admit that Mr. Hichens excels in it. His "How Love came to Professor Guildea" is convincingly uncanny on a first reading, though a second reading discovers flaws in the machinery. The idea—that of a supernatural visitor that is not seen, but only felt—is not quite new. It occurred, if we recollect rightly, in a story by Mr. Marion Crawford called "The Upper Berth"; and we fancy Grant Allen also availed himself of it. Mr. Hichens works the idea with sufficient creepiness, and also with sufficient novelty of detail to justify his appropriation of it. The story of the young wife who murdered her husband to prevent him from writing advanced novels of the sort that do harm to the silly and susceptible is also original and gruesome. We should think it might itself do harm by encouraging women who suffer from suppressed religious or moral mania to set themselves up as critics of things they do not understand—a disturbing practice already too much indulged in by them. We sincerely trust, however, that Mr. Hichens will not suffer at their hands. He is clever, and he is not always morbid. Some day, perhaps, he will cease altogether to be morbid.

Miss Arabella Kenealy.

A character in Mrs. Atherton's latest novel is responsible for the dictum "Problems exist principally in works of fiction and in the minds of unoccupied women." Now we feel pretty certain that Dr. Arabella Kenealy is not to be classed among the unoccupied women. Yet her work of fiction, CHARMING RENÉE (Hutchinson, 6s.), does not state any question for our solution. It simply tells the early struggles and development of a beautiful girl into a beautiful woman amidst a collection of ill-bred suburban people. Later Renée becomes Lady Stratheldon under rather remarkable circumstances, but the interest of the story by no means wanes after this event. The characters are cleverly drawn, and the development of the plot well worked out. Miss Kenealy has one affectation which gets on our nerves. Her characters do not "say" things, they "submit" them; thus Renée's mother, Mrs. Quentin, of two bulldogs in Lord Stratheldon's room: "Now, are they perfectly safe? she submitted, with a flutter." This is done on almost every page. If, however, the reader can surmount a trifle of this sort he will find "Charming Renée" a very pleasant and interesting novel.

In Russia.

Those of us who do not know St. Petersburg look towards that city as the centre of vivid romance, superhuman sacrifice, supersubtle wickedness, and "Red Lamp" like stories of bravery and crime. Miss Olive Garnett, who does know it, takes the same point of view in PETERSBURG TALES (Heinemann, 6s.) In "The Case of Vetrova" she gives us as painful and powerful a narrative of an attempt on the part of a girl of the people to make herself heard in the interests of the suffering as could well be imagined. In "Roukoff" the almost tragic story of an impostor, is cleverly told. "The Secret of the Universe," though not especially a Petersburg story, is of vital interest, and that is reason enough for including it. There is also little connexion with Petersburg in "Out of It," a suggested story which to our simple minds would be more admirable were it less unintelligible. The lady who tells the story says:—"The enclosed sheets will explain. I wrote them for myself. I have the habit of writing. But they won't be too vague for you, with your habit of reading between lines." Perhaps we have not the habit; at any rate we should advise Miss Olive Garnett not to permit the heroines of her stories to adopt the dot and dash system if they have the habit of writing. "Petersburg Tales" is a book worth reading, but it could easily be made more so. No doubt Miss Garnett has never read a word of Mr. Henry James. That is always so when a reviewer dares to hint a resemblance between an established and a rising writer. But if the author of "Petersburg Tales" does not know the work of the writer of "The Soft Side" let her study his manner and learn how to be suggestive without being intangible.

Whatever Mr. Frederic Carrel's previous books may be from a literary point of view, they are at least not tedious. His REALIZATION OF JUSTUS MONAN (John Long, 6s.), though it has reached a second edition, has probably done so through the success of its predecessors. It is not only profoundly disagreeable, but excessively tedious. An intrigue between uncle and niece is offensive to English minds, even when it takes place on foreign soil and there is no blood relationship. But when it is spun out through pages of importunities on the woman's side, met with interminable harangues on the man's, what is there to be said? It is true that in the multitude of words there is occasional wit or wisdom. But of humour there is not a trace. The lingering cremation of Justus did not horrify us as it might have done, for we felt that he could at least talk no more after it. We do not grudge the book a certain dreary originality: but it should not be read during influenza.

RUE WITH A DIFFERENCE, by Rosa Nouchette Carey (Macmillan, 6s.), is better and stronger than a good deal of its very popular author's work, but characteristic in its pleasant simplicity. The almost infantile *ingénue* is missing from the cast of characters, which is made up of wholesome women and girls and

rather more unreal men—mostly lovers. The wearer of the rue (with a difference) is a charming young woman who pursues happiness through two married lives. We are left with a cheerful impression that a third experiment will not be necessary.

In A Suburban Vendetta (C. Arthur Pearson, 6s.) Mr. John K. Leys handles a familiar theme—the spoliation of a Brahmin temple by a party of English officers and the vengeance of its implacable guardians. Depiction of character is ruthlessly sacrificed to evolution of plot. But the incidents are neither probable nor convincing, and one or two scenes otherwise effective enough are marred by unnecessary minuteness of detail. We may be wrong, but there are indications that the author's study of the Rajah of Nagore and his knowledge of Indian life and manners are derived from occasional glimpses of a famous Sussex amateur in the cricket-field. At the same time Mr. Leys writes clear and vigorous English, and the development of his story is not without merit.

The Cross Triumphant, by Florence M. Kingsley (Ward, Lock, 6s.), takes us back to the days of Vespasian. The sketch of the state of Jerusalem under the early Roman Emperors, and of its final reduction by Titus, is full of vigour, and we follow with interest the mental struggles of a young Jew in his transition from the strictest traditions of Judaism to Christianity. If there is in the local colouring an occasional whiff of the midnight oil, that only shows that Miss Kingsley has read up the authorities with care. The book is not a great historical novel, but it will appeal successfully to readers who prefer to have their history judiciously blended with a love story.

Helmet and Spear (Seeley, 5s.) is another of those volumes of ancient stories picturesquely retold for which the Rev. A. J. Church has established a reputation. Battles after battles, from Marathon, Thermopylae, and Salamis down through the long list of the Punic wars to the invasions of Alaric and Attila, are dealt with and described in turn by the author who delighted our boyhood with "Stories from Homer" and "Stories from Virgil." Even the warlike spirit of the present age should find satisfaction, if not satiety, in this thick volume of solid and varied fighting. The illustrations are numerous and spirited.

In D'Arcusé: A Reminiscence (Burleigh, 1s. 6d.) Mr. J. C. Shannon tells a short story in a soothingly garrulous manner reminiscent of a gently-flowing brook. There was no sort of need to make a volume of it—even an eighteenpenny volume—but probably the author wished to see his name upon the title-page, and the whim is sufficiently harmless. Shorn of some of its verbiage, for the characters address each other in studied cadences with all the circumlocution at their command, the story might have figured in a magazine without attracting much praise or blame. In its present state it strikes us as slight, verbose, and unnecessary.

Vivian of Virginia, by Hulbert Fuller (Jarrold, 6s.), goes over well-trodden ground. Virginia, especially old Virginia of the Rebellion, is a wonderfully picturesque scene for a romance. Its only danger is that it may be over-exploited. In the present book the hero is the usual gigantic young man of chivalrous heart, the heroine also of the accepted type—merry and arch, and (finally) loving. Berkeley and his brutalities figure effectively in the tales. Nathaniel Bacon figures in it. In fact, the whole thing is precisely what the title gives you a right to expect, no more, but certainly no less. There are clever illustrations by Mr. Frank Merrill.

The Living Remnant, by "K. K. K." (Headley Brothers, 3s. 6d.), is a collection of quiet Quaker studies, full of tenderness and sincerity, and giving a good idea of "the Friends" and their kindly, peaceful lives. The state of things it describes is chiefly an affair of the past, for the book opens "half a century ago, when Quaker bonnets and shawls, collarless coats and broad-brims, were not yet a thing of the past. Sweet girlish faces still looked out from behind their silken fences, and boyish ones supported the old-fashioned stock or choker." "K. K. K." is a faithful and sympathetic chronicler, probably feminine.

D'Annunzio's "Il Fuoco" we reviewed at some length on the 19th of last May. It now appears in an English translation—the work of Kassandra Vivaria—under the title of the Flame of Love (Heinemann, 6s.). Apart from the controversy which has raged round the personality of the heroine and D'Annunzio's treatment of her, apart from his intimate self-revelations, the book possesses a power which cannot but appeal to English readers—particularly in its marvellously coloured pictures of Venice. If we may quote what we said on a former occasion, "It is painful yet fascinating in its colossal egoism; and yet art shines through the book like a jewel in the forehead of a toad." Of the translation we need only say that it reads like an original, a virtue not too common in translations.

OBITUARY.

PROFESSOR MAX MÜLLER.

In Friedrich Max Müller Orientalists have lost their *doyen* and Oxford her most illustrious professor. Whatever may be thought of his teaching on certain disputed points and theories, there is no question that he has stood for many years at the head of the Orientalists of England, and that no man has done more, or half so much, to promote and encourage the studies to which he devoted a long and honoured life. Few people realize what an indomitable worker he was, or reckon the years and decades of tedious collation and revision and correcting of proofs that were needed to bring out the hundred volumes which he wrote or edited. To the last his energy was unabated. It seems only the other day that we noticed the second part of his reminiscences of "Auld Lang Syne," in which he told us how he "fell in love with India" so long ago as 1833; and his elaborate work on the "Six Systems of Indian Philosophy" appeared but last year, when their author was approaching his seventy-seventh year.

To many he was probably known chiefly as the delightful host, full of kindly humour and graceful courtesy, the well-bred man of the world, who knew everybody worth knowing, the eloquent persuasive lecturer, who could make the driest discussion of philology as fascinating as a romance. They did not look back to the hard ascetic apprenticeship, the long years of single-minded application, the silent hours in the study, where "the Professor" must not be disturbed, which preceded and made possible this finished ease of exposition, this air of urbane leisure. Max Müller was one of the hardest workers of his time, and he had the gift of making others work with him. He got his industry and perseverance from his German blood, and his poet father in those early days at the little town of Dessau gave him his romantic German sentiment, his poetic outlook upon life, his warmth of sympathy. Those who have not read "Deutsche Liebe" do not know the real man, though indeed the same gifts of sympathy and idealism shine out even in such a work as the "Indian Philosophy." It was perhaps this sympathetic insight and poetic imagination, more than any literary and philological training (thorough as that was), that made him such a master of exposition. His English prose is "the envy of Englishmen," clear as a bell, yet warm, sometimes impassioned. But this clearness of thought and expression is no German inheritance. It was not the house at Dessau nor the teaching of Brockhaus and Bopp at Leipzig and Berlin that gave him his surpassing lucidity. He may have caught it at Paris, when studying under Burnouf in the "forties"; sons of Oxford may perhaps claim that that University had her share in developing and refining his powers. The result was undeniable; Max Müller was an exceptionally lucid and fascinating teacher, whether by mouth or pen. He had the rare gift of being popular without ever descending from the cathedra of a scholar. Even his most popular works are the writings of a learned man who prizes learning above everything. He did not bring learning down to the level of the multitude, but he gave the multitude eyes and ears to take in what he had to teach.

Max Müller was, of course, first and last a Sanskrit student, though his labours upon Sanskrit texts are necessarily the least known. The great edition of the "Rig-Veda" with Sâyana's commentary, in six volumes, occupied more than twenty years of hard drudgery and small earnings to which he looked back with pride: "I was as happy as a king all the time." The work was reissued, after detailed revision, under the patronage of the late Maharajah of Vizianagram a few years ago. The hymns of the "Rig-Veda" were the professor's favourite study, and several volumes of text or translation were published. A "History of Sanskrit Literature" went to a second edition in 1860. The "Veda" led him to comparative philology and mythology, for which the lectures of Bopp had already prepared him. His contributions to the "Science of Mythology," and still more his famous lectures at the Royal Institution on the "Science of Language" (1861, 1864) took England by storm. They were even the talk of the town. The lectures on the "Science of Language" were, it is true, original rather in form than in ideas; they familiarized English people for the first time with the method of Comparative Philology as elaborated by Max Müller's old master Bopp, and their merit lay in the brilliantly lucid exposition which, in spite of the obsolete character of some of the details, makes them still fascinating to read. The theory of Comparative Mythology, commonly epitomized as the "Solar Myth," was strictly connected with the method of comparative philology. To quote the words of its most distinguished British adversary, Mr. Andrew Lang, "this system rests on comparison between the Sanskrit names in the Rig-Veda and the mythic names in Greek, German, Slavonic, and other Aryan legends. The attempt is made to prove that, in the common speech of the undivided Aryan race, many words for splendid or glowing natural phenomena existed, and that natural processes were described in a figurative style. As the various Aryan families separated, the sense of the old words and names became dim, the *nomina* developed into *numina*, the names into gods, the descriptions of elemental processes into myths." Comparative mythology, in fact, on this philological method, explained myths as "a disease of language." The value of the method in relation to the *genealogy* of myths is generally admitted, while its efficiency in explaining their *origin* has been more and more warmly disputed. But the attacks of the "anthropologists" did not dislodge the author from his position, which he reasserted without essential modification, not only in the famous "Chips from a German Workshop" (1868-75) and "Selected Essays" (1881), but even so lately as last year in "Auld Lang Syne." His "Introduction to the Science of Religion" was delivered at the Royal Institution in 1870; and later, as Gifford lecturer at Glasgow, he expounded his views in a series of lectures on the origin and growth of religion, Indian, natural, physical, anthropological, and psychological, in 1887-1892. There is naturally much that is open to criticism and controversy in the views he set forth in repeated and varied forms, but at least they are the views of an acute student of early Indian religious literature and of a thinker versed in philosophy and not afraid to think things out. They represent, or rather they lead, a school of interpretation, which has many supporters as well as many opponents; but the opposition is rather against the wide application of the philological method than against its value in certain aspects. That the controversy aroused by his brilliant writings is eminently stimulating his anthropological adversaries should be the first to allow.

It is not, however, by his own works alone that Max Müller has earned the gratitude of all students of Eastern literatures. His chair at Oxford has been the focus of a wide circle of scholarly zeal inspired by his energy. No one but he could have carried through the gigantic scheme of a complete translation of the "Sacred Books of the East," now on the verge of the fiftieth volume, and secured the indispensable support, not only in a material sense of the Government and the Oxford Press, but of many of the leading Orientalists of Europe. Most of the volumes were the work of other scholars, but each was arranged for by him, and every page passed through his careful hands before it was committed to "final press." Not content with this library of translations, he turned again to urging the publication of texts. In conjunction with Mr. Bunyio Nanjio he contributed three volumes of "Buddhist Texts from Japan" to the Aryan Series of the "Anecdota Oxoniensia," and joined Kenju Kasawara in an edition of the "Dharma-Sangraha"; whilst still more recently, under the auspices of the King of Siam, he began a series of translations of the "Sacred Books of the Buddhists," of which the second volume, by Mr. Rhys Davids, was published last December. The very fact that the King of Siam and the Maharajah of Vizianagram were prepared to support a work, however costly, which bore his imprimatur shows the influence of Max Müller's writings in the East, where many of them have found their way into the vernaculars. It was his dearest wish to draw India and England closer together, to help each to understand the other. The wish is touchingly expressed again and again in his latest book, the second volume of "Auld Lang Syne," where his understanding sympathy with Indian thought, and with the efforts of Indian reformers from within, is conspicuous. Undoubtedly his works have contributed greatly towards the result he desired, and thanks to him above others there is now a far more intelligent appreciation of the Hindu people than existed before he began to write. Indeed his influence has been powerful in many directions and always for the furtherance of learning. He had his detractors, but a scholar who was Foreign Member of the French Institute, a Knight of the Prussian Ordre pour le Mérite, an honorary member of almost every learned society, and an honorary doctor of several Universities could probably afford to neglect them. The most signal honour he received was the admission to the Privy Council. No commoner, absolutely unconnected with politics, has ever been thus honoured by the Queen, save Huxley and Max Müller. It was the crown of a lifetime of high and noble work.

Correspondence.

THE GERMAN SCHOOLBOY.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—I note with interest that Mr. Jerome in your columns revives the hoary old fallacy that what is "no earthly use in after life" is of no use in education. The same argument would damn gymnastic exercises. We claim for Latin a good deal more than the value of a mental gymnastic, but there is no doubt it is that; and if it is no more, it can be defended.

I do not wish to enter into controversy as to the rest of the paper, but my observation does not agree with Mr. Jerome's on the size of the average German. He has failed to observe, moreover, that the average public schoolboy is a big creature; and this class it is alone which is fed on Latin. "Little men-figures" in the large towns have been to elementary schools, or technical schools, or no schools; and they are no worshippers of the Latin "fetish."

Yours faithfully,

Rugby, Oct. 27. W. H. D. ROUSE.

BATHOS IN CHAUCER.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—In justice to Chaucer, will you allow me to make a criticism on a paragraph in the interesting article you published in your number of October 20th, on Chaucer as "a poet of transition."

The writer there refers, as proof of bathos or rapid change from the sublime to the ridiculous in Chaucer, to the line in the Knight's Tale—

The sough freten the child right in the cradel.

He says, "we have not a moment to shudder over such dramatic pictures as that of 'the smyler with the knyf under the cloke,' 'the colde deeth, with mouth gaping upright,' or 'the hunte strangled with the wilde beeres,' before we are confronted with

the vision of a sow poking his nose into a child's cradle," &c.

It is only fair to Chaucer to point out that this charge against his poetry arises from a misunderstanding of the word "freten." In Chaucer's time "freten" did not mean teasing, or fretting, in the modern sense of the word, as your contributor evidently imagines. It meant something far from ridiculous, something intensely, horribly tragic. It meant eating, devouring, the poor child in its cradle, as swine have been known to do.

If we look but a very little further on in this same tale, at ll. 2,065 to 2,068, we find another example of this use of the word, the only meaning in Chaucer's time.

> Ther saugh I Attheon an hert y-maked,
> For vengeaunce that he saugh Diane al naked:
> I saugh how that his houndes have hym caught,
> And freten hym for that they knewe hym naught,

that is, the hounds devoured Acteon when he was being turned into a deer. Or again, in the Legend of Good Women, l. 1,951; Theseus was cast into prison—"Tyl thilke tyme he sholde y-freten be." That is till he should be devoured by the Minotaur. These two examples, among many others, both before and after Chaucer's time, are sufficient to show the then meaning of the word.

It is hard upon our great poet to charge him with bathos because we do not happen quite to understand some of the words he used.

Yours very faithfully,

The Temple. CHARLES HAMILTON BROMBY.

*** Our issue with Mr. Bromby is on a matter of opinion, not of fact. We were well aware of the meaning of the word "freten," and we are ready to admit that to be eaten by a sow is truly a tragic fate. But what is tragic in life is not necessarily so in literature. The treatment of the sow in tragedy is hazardous, and the passage from Chaucer, occurring where it does, is certainly, we think, grotesque.—Ed.

OIL AND TEMPERA.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—The question of the medium in which the pictures of Perugino, or any of his contemporaries, were painted is not a difficult one for a painter of considerable technical experience. It is clear, moreover, that as early as Pietro della Francesca (born 1398) oil colours were used to strengthen and enrich the tempera foundation of the work. An interesting example of this manner is seen in the Baptism of Christ by Verrocchio, in which the second painting in oil was left incomplete and the portions in which the oil was used can easily be distinguished from the tempera foundation. We may suppose that this Baptism was painted *about* 1470, as Da Vinci was then Verrocchio's pupil, being 18 years of age. Perugino, being born in 1446, was probably taught the method, as he worked with Pietro della Francesca. Oil painting, from the laying in, probably came in with Giorgione and was possibly the manner which Titian is said to have adopted from his fellow pupil. During the entire period of Perugino's working the mixed tempera and oil must have been in use. Yours truly,

W. J. STILLMAN.

Deepdene, Frimley-green, Surrey, Oct. 27, 1900.

SWINBURNE.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Entangled in the mass of verbiage which Mr. Noyes displays a regrettable propensity to pile up when he takes in his hand "that terrible modern weapon, the pen," seems to be the thesis that a poet's greatness is measured by the number of his imitators. Swinburne, he says, "began to write when England was under the domination of Tennyson. After twenty years there were some three hundred writers of verse. Every single one of these had forsaken Tennyson, and was under the direct influence of Swinburne."

The defection from Tennyson to Swinburne would argue facility, not a quality usually associated with great poetry; and the fact that three hundred versifiers are flung at our heads would rather seem to corroborate this view. Cannot Mr. Noyes enjoy poetry, great and excellent alike, without swashing at those who do not subscribe to every tenet which he urges with so much vehemence?

He asks for a passage equal to one he quotes. I will give him four, taken offhand from Shakespeare, Dante, Rostand, and Sheridan's distinguished granddaughter, the Hon. Mrs. Norton.

> In many's looks the false heart's history
> Is writ in moods, and frowns and wrinkles strange,
> But heaven in thy creation did decree
> That in thy face sweet love should ever dwell;
> Whate'er thy thoughts or thy heart's workings be,
> Thy looks should nothing thence but sweetness tell.

> Era già l'ora che volge il disio
> Ai naviganti, e intenerisce il core
> Lo di ch'han detto ai dolci amici addio;
> E che lo novo peregrin d'amore
> Punge, se ode squilla di lontano,
> Che paia il giorno pianger che si more.

> Un baiser, mais à tout prendre, qu'est-ce?
> Un serment fait d'un peu plus près, une promesse
> Plus précise, un aveu qui veut se confirmer,
> Un point rose qu'on met sur l'i du verbe aimer:
> C'est un secret qui prend la bouche pour oreille,
> Un instant d'infini qui fait un bruit d'abeille,
> Une communion ayant un gout de fleur,
> Une façon d'un peu se respirer le cœur,
> Et d'un peu se goûter, au bord des lèvres, l'âme!

> They who credit crime are they who feel
> Their own heart's weak to unresisted sin;
> Memory, not judgment, prompts the thoughts which steal
> O'er minds like these, an easy faith to win;
> And tales of broken truth are still believed
> Most readily by those who have themselves deceived.

I have no desire to interfere with his idolatry, but when he shouts in the market-place that there is no god but his, he should not be surprised if he fails to evoke a chorus of assent.

In taking leave of the subject I would commend to his reflection this sage advice: "To try and approach truth on one side after another, not to strive or cry, nor to persist in pressing forward, on any one side, with violence and self-will."

Believe me to be, Sir, very truly yours,

October 29. P. A. SILLARD.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Is Swinburne a poet, and, if so, how much a poet? To answer this question conclusively we should first be agreed as to what a poet is; but that is a question rather difficult of answer under any circumstances, and one that cannot satisfactorily be dealt with in the space that you could afford to a mere letter.

Swinburne has, undoubtedly, a remarkable temperamental gift of versification, and, at command, a singular wealth of words; but he is perplexed and lost when it comes to a question of expressing meaning. Now it may be a mere convention that a poet should aim at expressing a meaning; but, if a convention, it is one to which all great poets have subordinated themselves. Our last great poet, Tennyson, is weak in that he tries to express the highest and deepest thought in the noblest and most fitting words; but Swinburne is generally bothered and annoyed when it becomes a question of giving meaning to words. Might he not—he has the ability to do it—become the founder

of a quite new school of poetry, which should care only for sonorous and melodious words while wholly disregarding any meaning to be attached to them? He might, for instance, write, beautifully, lovely words in Greek, English, Italian, and never be hampered by thinking of meaning. This school of poetry, apart from its striking novelty, would soon have many imitators, and might attract a very large number of poetical readers.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

HOLOFERNES.

DR. A. W. WARD AND MARY FITTON.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—A friend of mine has directed my attention to the following statements in the new edition of Dr. A. W. Ward's "History of English Dramatic Literature":—

> Dr. G. Brandes' endeavours in this direction (in his biography of Shakspere, German translation, pp. 389 *seqq.*) are the most recent, and not the least courageous. I can, however, assure him that the figure of Mary Fitton in Gawsworth Church, Cheshire, is not worth drawing into the argument, more especially as this figure and that of Mary's sister Anne are virtually duplicates (vol. ii., p. 32 note.)

This paragraph contains statements so inconsistent with the facts that I am tempted to think that Dr. Ward must have written it without a personal inspection of the monument, relying on hearsay rumour, or the assertions of some prejudiced person. The coloured statue of Mary Fitton in Gawsworth Church, instead of being unworthy of consideration with regard to the question whether she was or was not the dark lady of the "Sonnets," is of the highest importance, this being the only portrait of the lady attested by evidence in the slightest degree credible. And most certainly it gives the black hair and expression of countenance entirely suitable to the identification. With regard to Dr. Brandes, I may say that he accepted completely, so far as I know, what I had said concerning Mary Fitton in the Introduction to my "Commentary on the Sonnets."

The assertion that the figures of Mary and her sister Anne "are virtually duplicates" surprises me. The difference between the two faces, showing a marked diversity of character, is striking even to an unpractised eye. Mr. Nutt, the publisher of my small pamphlet, "The Herbert-Fitton Theory of Shakespeare's Sonnets: A Reply," was so good as to commission Messrs. Bullock, of Macclesfield, to photograph Lady Fitton and her two daughters from the monument, and he prefixed a reproduction from the photograph to my pamphlet just mentioned. It is easy, therefore, for any one to satisfy himself as to whether the figures of Mary and her sister are "virtually duplicates," without a journey into Cheshire. The desire that the figures should give veritable portraits would seem to have been so strong that the face of Lady Fitton appears pretty clearly to have been modelled from a death-mask.

As questions with respect to the "Sonnets" are very much under discussion, I may add the following sentences from Dr. Ward's work:—

> For myself, I cannot but think that a satisfactory case has been made out on behalf of the conclusion that the earlier series of the "Sonnets" is addressed to a young man, and the latter to a lady; but that the two are organically connected by the circumstance that the lady was loved by both the poet's friend and the poet himself. I further consider that the youth to whom the earlier "Sonnets" were directly addressed, and who in the dedication of the entire published collection accordingly figured as its "only begetter," has with a probability approaching very near to certainty been shown to be William Herbert, second (? third) Earl of Pembroke, who about this time was in the very heyday of his youth—"the very picture and *vera effigies* of nobility" (vol. ii., p. 31 *seq.*).

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

THOMAS TYLER.

7, Thornhill-crescent, N.

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

Mr. Stephen Phillips' new tragedy *Herod*, produced last Wednesday at Her Majesty's, will be published by Mr. Lane towards the end of November.

Although "the Sacred Books of the East" were classed among the "unremunerative works" of the Oxford University Press, they have met with extremely satisfactory sales. Professor Max Müller's personal contributions have been especially successful, both Part I. of the Upanishads (published as the first volume of the series) and Part II. of the same work (the fifteenth volume) having been reprinted. His translation of the Dhammapada, and three or four of the earlier volumes by other Oriental scholars, have also attained the dignity of a second edition. Max Müller's remaining contributions were translations of the first part of the Vedic Hymns and some Buddhist Mahâyâna texts. His original scheme was to limit the series to twenty-four volumes, the publication to extend over eight years—"and I am afraid at my time of life," he wrote in his preface to the Upanishads in 1879, "even this may seem too sanguine." But the twenty-four books led to a second series of twenty-five volumes, and this has still to be completed by Dr. Thibaut's translation of Râmânuga's Sribhâshya, which will be ready shortly. Two volumes of general index are also in preparation.

Having completed his arrangements for both series of the Sacred Books of the East, Max Müller embarked on his shorter series of Sacred Books of the Buddhists, for he continued to receive offers of MSS. of important texts which he felt reluctant to leave unpublished. The King of Siam promised support, and three volumes of the new series were decided upon, with Mr. Frowde as publisher, and it was to depend upon the interest which the public might take in the work whether it was continued or not. The first volume, "The Jâtakamâla, or Garland of Birth Stories," translated from the Sanskrit by J. S. Speyer, appeared in 1895; "The Dialogues of the Buddha," translated from the Pali by Mr. Rhys Davids, appeared last year; and here, probably, the series will end, although both books went fairly well.

Max Müller, in his preface, dealt with the assertion that he had received an excessive honorarium as editor of the Sacred Books of the East. "The fact is," he writes, "that during all the years which I devoted to the superintending of the publication of the fifty volumes of the Sacred Books of the East I have not had the slightest addition to my income. . . . I have never claimed any gratitude for the sacrifices which I have made both in time and money for objects which were near and dear to my heart. It has been, as I said, a labour of love, and I shall always feel most grateful to the University of Oxford, and to my fellow translators, for having enabled me to realize this long-cherished plan of making the world better acquainted with the Sacred Books of the principal religions of mankind."

Mr. Frowde is also the publisher of the "Rig-Veda," a second edition of which, in four volumes, appeared in 1890. Messrs. Longmans publish most of Max Müller's other works, including his "Chips from a German Workshop"—which has gone into several editions—"Auld Lang Syne"—also reprinted—"The Six Systems of Indian Philosophy," "Contributions to the Science of Mythology," "The Origin and Growth of Religion" (Hibbert Lectures, 1878), "The Science of Thought," "The Science of Language," "India: What can it Teach Us?" and "Ramakrishna: His Life and Sayings." A new issue of "Ramakrishna" is being added to their collected edition of Max Müller's works. Messrs. Longmans also publish the English translation of his delightful story "Deutsche Liebe," and no doubt in due course they will issue the autobiography upon which he was engaged until a week or so before his death.

An "Oriental Text and Translation Society" has been started with the object of publishing Oriental texts in the British Museum, bearing on "Biblical, ecclesiastical, liturgical, homiletical, and polemical subjects." It is well known that there are several valuable manuscripts at the British Museum which have not yet seen the light, whilst others, though edited and translated into Continental languages, still await an English version. The idea of the promoters is to publish the text (although not necessarily in every case), with a translation and introduction. One volume, or more, will be issued during the year. Among the works contemplated in the immediate future are "An edition of ancient Armenian liturgical texts"; "Editions of the Bible Commentary of Gregory, Bar Hebraeus, and other Syriac writers"; "An English translation of the Homilies of Aphraates"; also of the "Romance of the Emperor Julian," &c. The President of the Committee is Prof. R. K. Douglas, Head of the Oriental Department in the British Museum, and the secretary, Rev. G. Margoliouth, of the same department. Among the subscribers are Dr. C. D. Ginsburg, Prof. Driver, Dr. Aldis Wright (member of the Committee), the Bishop of Salisbury, the Bishop of Worcester, Prof. D. S. Margoliouth, Prof. James Robertson, and others. The subscription is fixed at one guinea.

Half-a-dozen gentlemen who have proved their enlightened interest in Welsh literature and their capacity to deal with it in a scholarly way have formed themselves into a small society for the printing of hitherto unprinted Welsh manuscripts of genuine literary value. The first number, to be published immediately, by this new Welsh literary society (Gymdeithas Llen Cymru) will be a volume of carols by a Welsh poet of the time of Elizabeth named Richard Hughes, edited by Mr. J. H. Davies, of Cwrt Mawr, who edits the series. The second number will be a collection of original Welsh ballads connected with the Defeat of the Armada, the Parliamentary war, and the Jacobite rebellion. The business arrangements in connexion with these publications are in the hands of Mr. John Ballinger, Librarian of the Cardiff Free Library, and the other members of the society, besides Mr. Davies and Mr. Ballinger, already named, are Professor Anwyl, Mr. Gwynogfryn Evans, Mr. T. J. Evans, editor of the *Celt Llyndam*, and Sir John Williams.

Mr. W. P. Courtney has been for many years collecting materials for an index to British bibliography, and since the completion of the "Dictionary of National Biography" on which he was engaged from the start to the finish, has been revising and supplementing his notes. The task presents much difficulty, chiefly due to the absence from the shelves of the British Museum of many volumes printed in England and America which contain bibliographies, but he hopes to be able to bring the matter into shape for the press in a few months.

Those who looked for Sir Walter Armstrong's monograph on Turner before Christmas will be disappointed to learn that publication has been postponed till the spring. The author, who is director of the National Gallery of Ireland, thinks that this is the most important work he is likely to write, and, as he has found the problems connected with Turner and his art more difficult to discuss than he anticipated, subscribers will doubtless be recompensed for the delay by a well-considered text. Sir Walter Armstrong's "Gainsborough and his Place in English Art" causes us to look forward without misgivings. This "Turner" will introduce Messrs. Thomas Agnew and Sons, the picture dealers, as publishers. The eighty pages, mostly in photogravure, include reproductions of famous Turners in the National Gallery like "The Fighting Temeraire," and "Crossing the Brook," several of the Brantwood water-colours recently on view in Bond-street, and Lord Strathcona's "Mercury and Argus," now in the drawing-room of the British Royal Pavilion in Paris.

Mr. Murray's new list begins with the Ameer of Afghanistan's autobiography, to occupy two volumes, edited by Mir Munshi Sultan Mohammad Khan, Secretary of State of Afghanistan, who was a student of Christ's College, Cambridge, and recently published a little book with Mr. Murray on "The Constitution and Laws of Afghanistan." Another item in the list is a book on "The Greek and Persian War," by Mr. G. Brendon Grundy, who has examined the scene of the events, and made surveys of Thermopylæ and Platæa for his volume. There will be maps, photographs, and sketches of places of interest. "China and her Commerce from the Earliest Times to the Present Day," by Mr. E. H. Parker (Consul-General in Korea, 1886-7; Consul-General in Kiung-chau, 1891, &c.) is also announced by Mr. Murray. A somewhat novel school reader on "The Growth of Greater Britain" has been compiled and edited by Elizabeth Lee, the plan adopted being to give the story of the different colonies as told by the men who were instrumental in their development, from Sir Walter Raleigh to Lord Beaconsfield, with biographical and historical notes. Other announcements in Mr. Murray's list, not already dealt with in *Literature*, include "Small Boat Sailing," by Mr. E. F. Knight, "The Reformation: A Religious and Historical Sketch," by the Rev. J. A. Babington, M.A., "The Life of Paris," by Richard Whiteing, "The Evolution of the English Bible," by Henry W. Hoare, a new edition—in great part rewritten—of Mr. A. Hamilton Thompson's "Student's Manual of English Literature," and a new edition of Dr. George Newman's "Bacteria," in the Progressive Science Series, with an added chapter on tropical diseases, an account of malarial infection by mosquitoes, and other subjects.

Messrs. Downey and Co. are issuing "The Bankside Shakespeare"—an American edition which possesses new features. It contains the text of the earliest version of each play side by side with the First Folio text of 1623 showing at a glance the alteration which took place during their early stage life. The texts are unexpurgated and unedited—"freed from gossip, hearsay, and the guesswork of commentators." Even the antique and pedantic ornaments of the originals are reproduced; every line, whether speech, stage direction, exit or entrance, is numbered, and every typographical slip copied. The work has been carried out by the New York Shakespeare Society—with photography's faithful aid—and is completed in twenty volumes.

Mr. Morley pays a generous tribute to Dr. Gairdner and Mr. Firth as "heroes of research" in his life of Oliver Cromwell, a tribute which has already had an appreciable effect upon the sale of Mr. Firth's new study of the Protector in the "Heroes of the Nations" Series, which we notice elsewhere, just as Lord Rosebery laid the foundation of the success of Mr. FitzPatrick's "The Transvaal from Within" a year ago. Mr. Firth's book is in great demand. Dr. Perkins' life of Richelieu, which followed Mr. Firth's book in the "Heroes of the Nations" Series, has also found an excellent sale on this side of the Atlantic—rather a rare thing to record of a book by an American historian other than Captain Mahan.

The next volume in the "Heroes of the Nations" Series will be Mr. Robert Dunlop's "Daniel O'Connell and the Revival of National Life in Ireland," and the next, probably, "William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, or the Growth and Division of the British Empire," by Mr. Walford Green, M.P.

The Clarendon Press is about to publish a photographic facsimile edition of all the known fragments of the Hebrew text of Ecclesiasticus found within the last few years at Cairo. The original leaves are pretty widely scattered, some being at Oxford, some at Cambridge, some at the British Museum, and others at Paris and in the hands of private persons in London. A volume combining accurate reproductions of all the fragments will, therefore, be most useful.

The report which has been a year in preparation of the work being done in the technical and commercial schools in East Prussia, Poland, Galicia, Silesia, Bohemia, and Saxony, by Mr. James Baker, F.R.G.S., will be issued immediately by the Board of Education. The work, which is a volume of 130 pages, will be prefaced by an introductory letter by Mr. M. E. Sadler. It deals most fully with the elaborate and efficient system of education in these countries and goes far to show the reason of the success of our foreign competitors.

New Zealand, the land of economic experiments, appears to be flourishing under the compulsory arbitration system which came into force a few years ago. According to Mr. William Pember Reeves, the author of the new Act, who has written an introduction to a volume entitled "A Land Without Strikes" which Messrs. Putnam are publishing, the New Zealand workshops have not been closed through labour troubles for a single day since the arbitration law came into active use. The book

itself is written by Mr. Henry Demarest Lloyd, who visited New Zealand from America to study the new system.

Mr. Murray will shortly publish a military retrospect of the South African campaign until the relief of Ladysmith, by Major S. L. Norris, R.E. An account of the organization and fighting record of the C.I.V. is being published by Messrs. George Newnes. It has an historical introduction, dealing with the trained bands of Old London and other Volunteers of bygone times who have been connected with the "City," and drawings by well-known artists.

Under the title of a Winter Pilgrimage, Mr. Rider Haggard has written an account of his travels last winter in Cyprus and Palestine. That portion of the work which deals with the Holy Land will appear serially in the *Queen* beginning in January next.

Judge O'Connor Morris is writing a work on "Present Irish Questions," to be published by Mr. Grant Richards.

There is to be issued in America by Mr. R. H. Russell a sumptuous edition of "Robinson Crusoe," illustrated by the brothers Rhead, who have made a special journey to the island of Tobago for the purpose.

Mr. Frowde is preparing a new and cheaper edition of "The Treasury of American Sacred Song," edited by the Rev. W. Garrett Horder, and published in 1895; also a new edition of Miss Annie Matheson's "Selected Poems Old and New," containing a prefatory note by Professor Herford.

"Free to Serve," the tale of Colonial New York, by Miss E. Rayner, which Messrs. Putnam are publishing on this side of the Atlantic, was one of the spring successes in America. Miss Rayner who lives in the United States, was born in England and educated at Newnham College, obtaining honours in mathematics in 1888. "Free to Serve" is her first book.

Towards the end of November the second and revised edition of Dr. Stout's now well-known "Manual of Psychology" will be issued at the University Tutorial Press.

Mr. W. D. Howells has been appointed literary adviser to Messrs. Harper and Brothers. The firm has also revived the old "Easy Chair" of *Harper's Magazine*, which was associated for many years with the name of Mr. G. W. Curtis. Mr. Howells, the literary adviser of the firm, will now occupy it.

The course of lectures on Tennyson's "Idylls of the King," which the Rev. A. B. Boyd-Carpenter, Rector of Bloomsbury, began last Wednesday with the "Coming of Arthur," will include the following subjects during the next few weeks:—"Gareth and Lynette," "Enid and Geraint," "Balin and Balan," "Merlin and Vivien," and "Lancelot and Elaine." Tickets can be obtained from Mr. E. Wild, 1, Garden-court, Temple, E.C. The proceeds will be devoted to the Church charities.

Books to look out for at once.

South Africa—

"The Tale of a Field Hospital." By F. Treves, F.R.C.S. Cassell. 6s.

"'The Graphic' History of the War." "The Graphic" office and Simpkin, Marshall. 5s.
[Written by Mr. Wentworth Hayshe, with chapters by Sir W MacCormac, Sir Howard Vincent, Major F. D. Baillie, and others. 100 Illus.]

"'The Illustrated London News' History of the War." By Mr. Spenser Wilkinson. With 100 illustrations. Illustrated London News. 2s. 6d.

Biography—

"Daniel O'Connell and the Revival of National Life in Ireland." By Robert Dunlop. Putnam.
[New volume, "Heroes of the Nations" Series.]

Art—

"The Later Work of Aubrey Beardsley." John Lane. 42s. net.
[With upwards of 171 designs. Uniform with "The Early Work of Aubrey Beardsley." Also a limited Japanese vellum edition. Price 84s. net.]

Poetry—

"A Treasury of English Poetry." Edited by A. T. Quiller-Couch. Clarendon Press. 7s. 6d. and 10s. 6d.
[Nearly 1,000 pages, on Oxford India paper. Pays particular attention to the minor poetry of this century.]

"Songs and Lyrics." By Charles Whitworth Wynne, Author of "Ad Astra." Grant Richards. 3s. 6d. net.

"Poems." By Sir Lewis Morris. Kegan Paul.
[A new volume, comprising a number of lyrics, two long unpublished poems, and several odes.]

"Odes." By Lawrence Binyon. Unicorn Press.

Æschylus: The Oresteian Trilogy. By Prof. Warr. Allen. 7s. 6d. n.
[First volume of "The Athenian Drama," verse translations of the Greek Dramatic Poets, with notes, and illus. from Ancient Sculptures and painting. Vol. I. contains an introduction on "The Rise of Greek Tragedy."]

Oriental—

"Stories of the High Priests of Memphis: The Sethon of Herodotus and the Demotic Tales of Khamuas." By F. Ll. Griffith, M.A. Clarendon Press. 47s. 6d. net.
[With atlas containing facsimiles.]

Fiction—

"Of Royal Blood." By Wm. Le Queux. Hutchinson. 6s.

"The Yellow Man." By Carlton Dawe. Hutchinson. 6s.

"A Year of Life." By W. S. Lilly. John Lane. 6s.

"The Hosts of the Lord." By Mrs. Steel. Heinemann. 6s.

"The Small Part Lady," &c. By G. R. Sims. Chatto and Windus. 3s. 6d.

"War and Arcadia." By Bertram Mitford. F. V. White. 6s.

"Shadows from the Thames." By E. Noble. Pearson. 6s.

"Free to Serve: A Tale of Colonial New York." By Miss E. Rayner. Putnam. 6s.

"The Duke." By J. Storer Clouston. Arnold. 6s.

"Friendship and Folly." By Maria Louise Pool. John Long. 6s.

"John Keir of Craigneil." By Sarah Tytler. John Long. 6s.

Books for the Young—

"Britons and Boers." By Herbert Ives. John Lane. 1s. 6d.
[Patriotic verse for children. Pictures by Scotson Clark.]

"Beauty and the Beast's Picture Book." By Walter Crane. Lane. 4s. 6d.
[Containing "The Beauty and the Beast," "The Frog Prince," and "The Head in the Wood."]

"Proverbs Improved." In twenty-four coloured pictures, by Grace H. May, with rhymes by Frederic Chapman. John Lane. 2s. 6d.

"Two Boys in War Time." By John Finnemore. Pearson. 3s.
[A story of the war in South Africa. Illustrated.]

"A Child of the Sun." By C. E. Banks. Pearson. 6s.
[A story of a young American Indian, with coloured illustrations.]

Economics—

"A Country Without Strikes." By Henry Demarest Lloyd. Putman. 5s.
[An account of the compulsory arbitration system in force in New Zealand. See note under "Authors and Publishers."]

Reprints—

"The Bankside Shakespeare." Twenty volumes. Downey. £10 10s. net.
[See note under "Authors and Publishers."]

"Old Mortality" (Scott Readers). Edited by Arthur T. Flux, Principal of Belvedere Pupil Teachers' Centre. A. and C. Black. 1s. 6d.

"Meditations of Marcus Aurelius." Translated by Casaubon. Edited by W. H. D. Rouse. (With six photogravures.) And "Bacon's Essays." Ed. by Walter Worrall. (With six photogravures.) Dent. 2s. 6d. n. each.
[First volumes of "Wisdom Book" Series.]

"Uncle Tom's Cabin." ("Scarlet Library"). Pearson. 2s.

Miscellaneous—

"The Apartments of the House: their Arrangement, Furnishing, and Decoration." Illus. By J. Crouch and Edmund Butler. Unicorn Press. 7s. 6d. net.

"Decisive Battles Since Waterloo." By Col. T. W. Knox. Putnam.
[From the Battle of Ayacucho, 1824, to the Fall of Khartum, 1885.]

New Editions—

Thackeray's "Pendennis." ("The Little Library.") Methuen. 1s. 6d. net and 2s. 6d. net.

"Curios: Some Strange Adventures of Two Bachelors." By Richard Marsh. John Long. 6d.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

ART.

French Architects and Sculptors of the Nineteenth Century. By *Lady Dilke*. 11½×7½in., 217 pp. Bell. 28s. n.

A Guide to the Study of Book-Plates. By *Lord De Tabley*. 9½×5½in., 223 pp. Manchester. Sherratt & Hughes. 10s. 6d. n.

The Magazine of Art. Vol. for 1900. 12×9in., 576 pp. Cassell. 21s.

BIOGRAPHY.

Life and Letters of Thomas Henry Huxley. By *C. Huxley*. 2 vols. 9×5½in., 503+501 pp. Macmillan. 30s. n.

Adam Duncan. By *H. W. Wilson*. (Westminster Biographies.) 6×4in., 156 pp. Kegan Paul. 2s. n.

John Wesley. By *F. Banfield*. (Westminster Biographies.) 6×4in., 128 pp. Kegan Paul. 2s. n.

General Sir Arthur T. Cotton, R.E., &c. By His Daughter *Lady Hope*. 9×6in., 320 pp. Hodder & Stoughton. 12s. n.

BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

Don Quixote of the Mancha. Retold by *Judge Parry*. Illustrated by Walter Crane. 9½×6½in., 215 pp. Manchester. Sherratt & Hughes. 6s.

Eros and Psyche. A Fairy Tale of Ancient Greece. By *P. Carus*. 8×5½in., 99 pp. Kegan Paul. 6s. n.

Snowflakes and Snowdrops. By *Annie Matheson*. Illus. by F. C. Gould and W. Hartley. 9½×7½in., 83 pp. Brimley Johnson. 4s. 6d. n.

Fairy Tales by Hans Christian Anderson. Translated by *H. L. Brækstad*. 2 vols. 12½×9in., 236+200 pp. Heinemann. 21s. n.

Cassell's Saturday Journal. Vol. for 1900. 12½×9½in., 1,000 pp. Cassell. 8s.

Goops and How to Be Them. By *G. Burgess*. 8½×6½in. Methuen. 6s.

CLASSICAL.

The Odyssey. Rendered into English Prose by *S. Butler*. 9½×5½in., 326 pp. Longmans. 7s. 6d.

DRAMA.

The Coming of Peace. By *Gerhart Hauptmann*. Translated by Janet Achurch and C. E. Wheeler. 8×5½in., 119 pp. Duckworth. 3s. 6d. n.

EDUCATIONAL.

Foundations of French for Preparatory Schools. By *F. D. Aldrich*. 7½×5in., 177 pp. Boston: Ginn. London: Arnold.

Woodstock. (Black's Continuous Readers.) Ed. by *H. Corstorphine*. 7×4½in., 222 pp. Black. 1s. n.

FICTION.

Eleanor. By *Mrs. Humphry Ward*. 7½×5½in., 504 pp. Smith, Elder. 6s.

Vanity. The Confessions of a Court Modiste. By "*Rita*." 7½×5½in., 308 pp. Unwin. 6s.

The Luck of Private Foster. By *A. St. John Adcock*. 7½×5½in., 310 pp. Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.

The Journal of a Jealous Woman. By *Percy White*. 7½×5in., 340 pp. Nisbet. 6s.

The Spell of the Snow. By *C. G. Milford*. 8×5in., 309 pp. Pearson. 6s.

Love in a Mist. By *Olive Birrell*. 7½×5½in., 327 pp. Smith, Elder. 6s.

Arrowsmith's Annual—The Wrongdoer. By *Allen Upward*. 6½×4in., 136 pp. Arrowsmith. 1s.

Hate, the Destroyer. By *R. N. Silver*. 7½×5½in., 320 pp. Ward, Lock. 3s. 6d.

A Hero of Romance. By *R. Marsh*. 7½×5½in., 312 pp. Ward, Lock. 6s.

The Dawn of Day. Vol. for 1900. 9½×7½in., 286 pp. S.P.C.K. 1s.

Let There Be Light. By *D. Lubin*. 7½×5½in., 326 pp. Putnam. 6s.

Morrieon's Machine. By *J. S. Fletcher.* 7½×5¼in., 348 pp. Hutchinson. 6s.

Elmslie's Drag Net. By *E. H. Strain.* 7½×5¼in., 288 pp. Methuen. 6s.

A Forest Officer. By *Mrs. F. Penny.* 7½×5¼in., 289 pp. Methuen. 6s.

In the Palace of the King. By *F. Marion Crawford.* 7½×5¼in., 363 pp. Macmillan. 6s.

The Luck of a Lowland Laddie By *May Crommelin.* 7½×5¼in., 320 pp. J. Long. 6s.

The Napoleon of the Press. By *Marie C. Leighton.* 8×5¼in., 312 pp. Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.

The Things That Count. By *Elizabeth K. Tompkins.* 7×5in., 383 pp. Putnam. 6s.

The Soul of the Countess. By *Jessie L. Weston.* 7½×5¼in., 197pp. Nutt. 3s. 6d. n.

The Monk Wins. By *E. H. Cooper.* 7½×5¼in., 351 pp. Duckworth. 6s.

La Ténébreuse. (Les Batailles de la Vie.) By *M. Georges Ohnet.* 7½×4¾in., 438 pp. Paris. Ollendorff. Fr.3.50.

La Valse. Les Départs. By *Henri Lavedan.* 7½×4¾in., 316 pp. Paris. Calmann Lévy. Fr.3.50.

HISTORY.

The Fight with France for North America. By *A. G. Bradley.* 9×5¾in., 400 pp. Constable. 15s.

Scottish History from Contemporary Writers. (Mary, Queen of Scots, 1542-1587.) Ed. by *R. S. Rait.* 6½×4in., 327 pp. Nutt. 3s.

The Middle Ages Revisited. By *A. Dix Mar.* 9×6in., 371 pp. Quaritch.

LITERARY.

Milton. By *Walter Raleigh.* 7½×5¼in., 270 pp. Arnold. 6s.

Studies and Appreciations. By *Lewis E. Gates.* 7½×4¾in., 254 pp. Macmillan. 6s.

A New Study of the Sonnets of Shakespeare. By *P. Godwin.* 7½×5¼in., 306 pp. Putnam. 6s. n.

Le Livre des Mille Nuits et Une Nuit. Traduction Littérale et Complète du Texte Arabe. By *Dr. J. C. Mardrus.* Tome VI. 9×5¾in., 305 pp. Paris. Editions de la Revue Blanche. Fr.7.50.

MILITARY.

The Filipino Martyrs. A Story of the Crime of Feb. 4, 1899. By *R. B. Sheridan.* 7½×5¼in., 212 pp. Lane. 5s.

Operations of General Gurko's Advance Guard in 1877. By *Col. Epanchin.* Translated by H. Havelock. (The Wolseley Series.) 9×5¼in., 310 pp. Kegan Paul. 10s. 6d.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Chronicle of a Cornish Garden. By *H. Roberts.* 7½×5¼in., 189 pp. Lane. 5s. n.

In the Days of My Youth. Thirty-four Autobiographies of Well-Known Men and Women of To-day. Ed. by *T. P. O'Connor.* 8½×5¼in., 318 pp. Pearson. 7s. 6d.

The North American Indians of To-day. By *G. B. Grinnell.* 12½×8¾in., 185 pp. Pearson. 21s.

Woolngs and Weddings in Many Climes. By *Louise J. Mdn.* 9×6in., 368 pp. Pearson. 16s.

Thompson's Gardener's Assistant. Vol. II. New Ed. Ed. by *W. Watson.* 10½×7¼in., 416 pp. Gresham Pub. Co. 8s.

The Story of the Birds. By *C. Dixon.* 7½×5in., 304 pp. Allen. 5s.

Roses of Paestum. By *E. McCurdy.* 7×4¼in., 119 pp. Allen. 3s. 6d. n.

A Book for All Readers. By *A. R. Spofford.* 8×5¾in., 509 pp. Putnam. 7s. 6d. n.

The Anglo-Saxon Review. Sept., 1900. Lane. 21s. n.

PHILOSOPHY.

An Essay on Personality as a Philosophical Principle. By the *Rev. W. Richmond.* 9×5¼in., 219 pp. Arnold. 10s. 6d.

POETRY.

The Mystery of Godliness. By *F. B. Money-Coutts.* 6½×5in., 122 pp. Lane. 3s. 6d. n.

POLITICAL.

War and Policy. By *Spencer Wilkinson.* 9×5¾in., 147 pp. Constable. 15s.

India and Imperial Federation. 7½×5¼in., 68 pp. Sampson Low. 1s.

Our House of Commons. By *A. Kinnear.* 7½×5in., 303 pp. Blackwood. 3s. 6d. n.

Le Drame Chinois. (Juillet-Août, 1900.) By *Marcel Monnier.* 7½×4¾in., 175 pp. Paris. Alcan. Fr.2.50.

REPRINTS.

Guingamor — Launfal — Tyolet — The Were-Wolf. (Arthurian Romances, Vol. III.) Rendered into English Prose by *Jessie L. Weston.* 5½×4¼in., 191 pp. Nutt. 2s. n.

Digby Grand. By *G. Whyte Melville.* 8×5¼in., 312 pp. Ward, Lock. 3s. 6d.

The Works of Shakespeare. Romeo and Juliet. Ed. by *E. Dowden.* 9×6in., 199 pp. Methuen. 3s. 6d.

Poems by Dante Gabriel Rossetti. (Siddal Ed.) 6×4¼in., 135 pp. Ellis & Elvey. 2s. 6d. n.

Fights for the Flag. By *Rev. W. H. Fitchett.* 8½×5¾in., 150 pp. Newnes. 6d.

Eothen. By *A. W. Kinglake.* (The Little Library.) 6×4in., 312 pp. Methuen. 1s. 6d. n.

The Life and Work of Edward White Benson, D.D. By *J. A. Carr,* LL.D. Cheap Ed. 7½×5in., 273 pp. Stock.

The Lady's Walk. By *Mrs. Oliphant.* (The Novelist, No. XVI.) 9×6in., 108 pp. Methuen. 6d.

Love Poems of Shelley. (The Lover's Library.) 5¼×3in., 108 pp. Lane. 1s. 6d. n.

The Romany Rye. By *George Borrow.* 6×4in., 406 pp. Lane. 1s. 6d. n.

The Church of the Fathers. By *Cardinal Newman.* 7½×5in., 315 pp. Lane. 3s. 6d. n.

Of the Imitation of Christ. By *Thomas a Kempis.* 5½×3¾in., 310 pp. Frowde. 2s.

The Christian Year. By *John Keble.* 5½×3¾in., 288 pp. Frowde. 2s.

Miscellanies. By *Edward Fitz-Gerald.* (Golden Treasury Series.) 6½×4¼in., 207 pp. Macmillan. 2s. 6d. n.

Vasari's Lives of the Painters (Temple Classics, Vols. I. & II.) Translated by *A. B. Hinds.* 6×4in., 298+310 pp. Dent. 1s. 6d. n. each vol.

Cranford. (Temple Classics.) By *Mrs. Gaskell.* 6×4in., 289 pp. Dent. 1s. 6d. n.

Tennyson's Early Poems. (The Oxford Miniature Edition.) 4½×2¾in., 500 pp. Frowde. 3s. 6d.

The Poems of Edgar Allan Poe. (Endymion Series.) Ed. by *H. N. Williams.* 8½×5¼in., 225 pp. Bell. 6s.

SCIENCE.

Problems of Evolution. By *F. W. Headley.* 8½×5¾in., 373 pp. Duckworth. 8s. n.

Lectures on Theoretical and Physical Chemistry. Part III. By *Dr. J. H. van't Hoff.* Translated by Dr. R. A. Lehfeldt. 9×5¾in., 143 pp. Arnold. 7s. 6d. n.

THEOLOGY.

A Guide to Eternity. (Library of Devotion.) By *Cardinal Bona.* 6×4in., 171 pp. Methuen. 2s.

The First Epistle of St. Peter. (Greek Text.) Ed. by the *Rev. J. H. H. Masterman.* 7½×5in., 129 pp. Macmillan. 3s. 6d. n.

Meditations of the Heart. By *Annie J. Lord.* 6×4¼in., 163 pp. Putnam. 5s.

The Apostles' Creed. By *A. Hopkins.* 7½×5¼in., 207 pp. Putnam. 5s.

The Influence of Catholicism on the Sciences and on the Arts. By the *Rev. Don Andres de Salas y Gilavert,* D.D. Translated by M. Monteiro. 7½×5in., 100 pp. Sands. 6s.

TOPOGRAPHY.

St. Kilda. By *N. Heathcote.* 9×6in., 229 pp. Longmans. 10s. 6d. n.

TRAVEL.

From the Cape to Cairo. By *E. S. Grogan* and *A. H. Sharp.* Illustrated. 9½×7in., 377 pp. Hurst & Blackett. 21s. n.

Among the Berbers of Algeria By *A. Wilkin.* 9×6in., 263 pp. Unwin. 16s.

Lepcha Land. By *Florence Donaldson.* 9×5¾in., 213 pp. Sampson Low. 15s. 6d. n.

CHESS.

Address "Chess": LITERATURE, Printing House Square, London.

PROBLEM No. LXXXI.
By A. ARNELL, Gothenburg.
BLACK.

WHITE.
White mates in two moves.

PROBLEM No. LXXXII.
By A. ARNELL, Gothenburg.
BLACK.

WHITE.
White mates in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 83, by A. Troitzky, St. Petersburg. White (6 pieces)—K at K R 2; Q at Q Kt 7; Kt at Q B 7; pawns at Q 6, Q B 2, Q R 6. Black (10 pieces)—K at K R 2; B at K Kt sq; Kt at K 6; pawns at K R 5, K Kt 3, K 4, K 7, Q 2, Q B 6, Q R 2. White to play and draw.

PROBLEM No. 84 (Lasker?). White (3 pieces)—K at Q B 8; R at K B 7; pawn at Q B 7. Black (3 pieces)—K at Q R 3; R at Q B 7; pawn at K B 7. White to play and win.

PROBLEM No. 85 (Author?). White (4 pieces)—K at K 6; Q at K Kt 6; B at K B 7; pawn at K B 5. Black (6 pieces)—K at K R sq; R at K B sq; B at K Kt 4; pawns at K R 3, K B 3, Q B 7. White to play and win.

We withhold solutions at present by request. We believe all the problems are correct and sound. Mr. Arnell's are the most difficult, probably, and we give a couple more of his compositions. The Scandinavian composers are generally excellent.

An ending played recently at Augsburg:
BLACK. PILLSBURY.

WHITE. LASKER.
White to play (move 16).

Continued:—1. B×Kt, B–R 5; 2. B× P, B–Q; 3. B–K 8 ch, R×B; 4. P×R, Q–K sq; 5. P×B, B–Kt P; 6. K R–K sq, B× Kt 7. R–Q 7. Q–Kt 3; 8. P–Kt 3. R–K sq; 9. R–K 5. B–P; 10. R×P, Q–P; 11. K–Kt 2. P–K R 3; 12. R–Kt P, R–Q B sq; 13. B–Q 4, Q–Kt 7, &c., wins.

The following ending occurred in the meeting of the Dutch Chess Association:—
BLACK. R. J. LOMAN.

WHITE. B. VAN RHIJN.
White to play

Continued:—1. P–B 5. B×P; 2. Kt–B 4. R×P. 3. Kt×Q. R–R; 4. Q–B 3. R×R ch; 5. Q–R. B×B, and must win the queen and the game.

GAME No. XLI.—Played in Russia by correspondence:—

WHITE. M. Subkowski.	BLACK. M. Makarewitsch.	WHITE. M. Subkowski.	BLACK. M. Makarewitsch.
1. P–K 4	P–K 4	17. B×Kt	Q×Kt
2. P–K B 4	P–P	18. Q–R 5 ch	K–Q 2
3. Kt–K B 3	P–K Kt 4	19. R–Q sq	B–Q 5 ch
4. B–Q B 4	P–Kt 5	20. K–R sq	Q–K 6
5. B×P ch	K–R	21. P–Q B 3	K–B 3
6. Kt–K 5 ch	K–K sq	22. P×B	B–K 3
7. Q–P	K Kt–B 3	23. K R–K sq	Q–B 7
8. Q–B P	B–Q 3	24. Q×K P	B×B
9. Castles	R–K B sq	25. P–Q 5 ch	K–Kt 3
10. P–Q 4	Kt–Q B 3	26. P×B	P–Q R 3
11. Q–R 6	Kt–Kt	27. R–Kt sq ch	K–B 2
12. P–Kt	B–P	28. Q×P	R–Q Kt sq
13. B–Kt 5	P–Q 3	29. P–K 7	R–K Kt 3
14. Q Kt–Q 2	B–P	30. Q×R ch	K–Q
15. Q R–K sq	B–B 6	31. P–K 8–Q ch and wins	
16. P–K 5	P–P		

GAME No. XLII.—Played in Bohemia:—
PETROFF DEFENCE.

WHITE. B. Prikryl.	BLACK. A. Beck.	WHITE. B. Prikryl.	BLACK. A. Beck.
1. P–K 4	P–K 4	9. R–K sq	B–K 3
2. Kt–K B 3	Kt–K B 3	10. B–Kt	P–B
3. P–Q 4	Kt×K P	11. Kt×K B P	K–Kt
4. B–Q 3	P–Q 4	12. Q–R 5 ch	K–B sq
5. Kt–K P	Kt–K B 3	13. B–B	B–K 2
6. Castles	B–Q 3	14. Q R–K sq	Q–B 2
7. Kt–Q B 3	P–Q B 3	15. Q–R 6 ch	K–K sq
8. B–K Kt 5	Q–Kt 3	16. Q–Kt 7 and wins	

Literature

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NOTES OF THE DAY.

We publish this week a supplement containing illustrated notices of some of the earlier Christmas books, and also a further classified list of publishers' autumn announcements supplementary to that published on October 6.

* * * *

We have not so far alluded to the proposal to erect a monument by Mr. J. H. Foley to Lady Martin (Helen Faucit) in the sacrarium of the chancel of Stratford Parish Church, because, from the rather personal and acrimonious controversy about Sir Theodore Martin's offer of the monument, it was not very easy to form a judgment. Mr. Sidney Lee's moderate and weighty letter in *The Times* of last Saturday, showing serious objections to the proposal, put the matter on a different footing. Sir Theodore Martin, influenced apparently by it, though he does not allude to it, writing to *The Times* on Monday, withdraws his offer. It was a generous offer, but he has, we think, acted rightly in bowing to what Mr. Lee calls "the legitimate sentiment which seeks to secure for Shakespeare's monument that predominant place in the chancel which is due of right to his pre-eminent fame, and which has never before suffered challenge."

* * * *

While in England we have the literary drama on the stage of Mr. Tree's Theatre, they have been trying in Wallack's Theatre, New York, an even more daring experiment—in a performance of Browning's "In a Balcony." In the chaste language of the reporter of the New York *World*, the performance, "as an exposition of poetry vivified by characterization, and emphasized by the additional appeal to the sense of sight, was an exquisite bit of idealism in extraordinary contrast to the prevailing tone of the theatre." In addition to Browning's poem, the company acted "The Land of Heart's Desire," by W. B. Yeats—a choice upon which we congratulate them, and the audience.

* * * *

The appearance of the September volume of the *Anglo-Saxon Review* (John Lane, 21s. net.), clothed in a fairly successful reproduction of a fine example of a "Le Gascon" binding, affords an opportunity to Mr. Cyril Davenport to surmise, with much apparent reason, the personality of the famous seventeenth century binder. Put baldly, the case is that Florimond Badier in his signed bindings used the identical stamps employed by the earlier and finer binder, whose work is known as that of "Le Gascon"; that Badier was Jean Gillesle's son-in-law, and that Gillede is a Gascon name. Mr. Herbert Horne and M. Ernest Thoinan have already hinted at this, and until further evidence it is reasonable to identify "Le Gascon" with Gillede.

* * * *

Dr. Garnett, in a closely reasoned paper on "Shelley's View of Art," tells us that those views are in no respect authoritative, and that the poet would be consulted, not as an oracle, but as a mirror. Inasmuch as Shelley expressed his views upon Greek art when almost all that was known of it was really Græco-Roman, and when, as Dr. Garnett himself points out, "the tourist visited Italy under an obligation to adore Guido and venerate Guercino"—the one painter with a "few pale rays of fading sanctity," the other reflecting "Catholicism galvanized by terror into reactionary movement"—it is hard to attach much importance to the *dicta* of such a guide. Lovers of Shelley, however, will thank Dr. Garnett for drawing attention to this aspect of the poet's mind. Mr. Francis Watt endeavours also to do justice to the memory of Sir George Mackenzie of Rosehaugh—"the bluidy advocate"—but the task of rehabilitation is almost beyond his powers. "They were good haters—those old Scots," and was not Davie Deans made to say that the Bluidy Mackenzie would "be ken'd by that name sae long as there's a Scot's tongue to speak the word"? Of very different sort from these contributions to a most interesting volume is Mr. A. Bernard Miall's translation of "Sister Beatrice: A Miracle Play in Three Acts," by Maurice Maeterlinck, written in unrhymed lines of twelve syllables. The translation has been moderately done.

You, Sister Beatrice, were she in charge,

is neither sufficiently clear nor wholly grammatical; and in the line—

In silence strewn before a Queen's feet,

with its almost jocular lilt, the translator is not certain of his metre. The rest of the contributions, including Sir Wemyss Reid's recollections of "London—after forty years," a "Study in Despair," by Hugh Clifford, some rather obvious remarks "Concerning some portraits of Emma, Lady Hamilton,"

by Lord Ronald Gower, and a mild dose of fiction by W. Earl Hodgson make up a volume which is rarely distinguished in an age which is in some danger of being demoralized by ill-considered editing and cheap production.

* * * *

The good old days of the war correspondent are past and done with complains Mr. Prevost Battersby in the *National Review*. Between the Press censor and the field wire he can find no scope for the desperate rides and the feats of endurance that made famous the names of men like the late Mr. Archibald Forbes. It seems that the time has come, with the changes in modern conditions of warfare, for some radical alteration in the correspondent's position. Mr. Battersby has several suggestions to make. He thinks too many correspondents are allowed at the front, and the censor is hampered by having to deal with a motley and often undisciplined crowd, professing to represent every known and unknown print at home and abroad. But his chief point is a proposal for the complete severance of the correspondent from the telegraph wire. His messages are almost bound to be merely repetitions of official news, and the necessity of despatching the daily wire ties him to the spot and often compels him to miss the most interesting events. Instead of the field wire being clogged by, say, thirty different accounts of a fight—each restricted to a length of forty or fifty words—the writer suggests the appointment of one officially-recognized telegraphic correspondent, who should be able to give the public at home one full and complete account of the day's proceedings. The rest would confine their energies to the writing of letters. This would certainly save expense to the newspapers.

* * * *

A volume of utmost interest to students of early printing and book decoration has just been issued to members of the Bibliographical Society. It relates to the famous fifteenth century French publisher and printer, Antoine Verard, and the author is Mr. John Macfarlane of the British Museum. As with its six predecessors in this series, it is admirably printed on good paper, and the wide margins give a restful, non-commercial look to the page. The introduction is devoted to points of particular interest, such as the scant biographical details discoverable, the sites of Verard's establishments, the sumptuous vellum copies produced by him for noble and royal patrons, including Henry VII. of England, his illustrations and the sources whence they came, the initial letters that decorate many of his title pages, his not always very honest trade practices, the famous Books of Hours for which he was responsible, and like matters. Then come lists of books, dated and undated, and bearing various addresses, which are known with certainty to be his, and others of doubtful authenticity. In each of the 286 entries the collation, description, details of illustrations, and of type are given, and the libraries wherein copies are to be found indicated. The British Museum possesses a fine assemblage of Verard books, not comparable, however, with that in the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris. Besides the frontispiece, 17 plates, reproduced from some of Verard's most famous books, are given, in addition to seven from as many of his Horæ, and a number of his boldly decorative L's, his various types, and his three devices. The volume, with its careful and scholarly text, is, indeed, a possession.

* * * *

"Twas ever thus: trees, flowers, gazelles, and monthly magazines are subject to the same law of change. We had learnt to know and love our *Pall Mall Magazine*. But the new editor, Mr. G. R. Halkett, has announced "urbi et orbi" that he has "a mission to preach the gospel of Art, and more particularly of black and white art"; and "the middle-aged respectable monthly will cease to jog along in its well-beaten tracks, and a 'full-blooded,' 'new century,' up-to-date magazine will take its place." Well, well! we only hope that Mr. Halkett will show as much good taste and merit as much success as did his predecessor.

Mrs. Norton, whose life furnished the ground work of Mr. Meredith's "Diana of the Crossways," and whom Lockhart described as "the Byron of our poetesses," is the subject of an article by Mr. John Fyfe in *Temple Bar*. He quotes a delightful description of Samuel Rogers which she supplied to Hayward for an article in the *Edinburgh Review*:—

> His God was Harmony, and over his life Harmony presided, sitting on a luke-warm cloud. He was *not* the "poet, sage, and philosopher" people expect to find he was, but a man in whom the tastes (rare fact!) predominated over the passions; who defrayed the expenses of his tastes as other men make outlay for the gratification of their passions. . . He did nothing rash. I am sure Rogers as a baby never fell down *unless he was pushed*, but walked from chair to chair of the drawing-room furniture steadily and quietly till he reached the place where the sunbeam fell on the carpet. He must always have preferred a lullaby to the merriest game of romps; and if he could have spoken, would have begged his long-clothes might be made of fine *Mull* muslin instead of cambric or jacquenet, the first fabric being of incomparable softness, and the two latter capable of that which he loathed, *Starch*. . . .

* * * *

Old lace pattern books invariably provoke a spirited competition in the auction room. A fine selection of these books occurs in Mr. Quaritch's recent catalogue, which includes a number of scarce Venetian works on "Ponti Tagliati" and "Ponti in aere," dating from early in the sixteenth century. But the rarest of all is a copy of Adrian Poyntz's "New and Singular Patternes and Workes of Linnen," published in 1591. Books of English designs of contemporary date are very few. Little encouragement was given to the production of native work. The spirited example of Colbert, who founded the great schools at Alençon and other French centres, was practically lost on England, and there are few examples among the earliest English designs for lace which can hold their own with their Continental rivals. Meanwhile, there will be found in "Lace-Making in the Midlands" (Methuen, 2s. 6d.), by C. C. Channer and M. E. Roberts, which is a practical, well-written little book sketching the history, the decadence (for which the Education Act is partly responsible), and the revival, due to the energy and liberality of ladies in the Midlands, of the art of lace-making. It should be read by all who are interested in or willing to do something to encourage a beautiful industry which may be a real factor in the prosperity of the agricultural poor. There are many photographic illustrations of lace-work.

* * * *

The Imperial tocsin is beginning to sound in the world of magazines. For the world in general we now have the *Imperial and Colonial Magazine*, edited by "Colt" and E. F. Benson; for boys we have Messrs. Melrose's *Boys of the Empire*. The former, in its first number, ranges afar over the Empire and has a distinguished list of contributors, besides being most attractively printed and got up. The latter is a wholesome and attractive publication, and inaugurates under high patronage a "Boys' Empire League."

* * * *

We are reminded by Miss M. E. Coleridge in the *Northern Counties Magazine* that the late Canon Dixon—"The Last Hermit of Warkworth"—was in Mr. Swinburne's opinion the right man to have succeeded Tennyson as laureate. This was perhaps going rather far. He was no mean poet, but his public was necessarily a small one. He fell under the influence of Pre-Raphaelitism, and while his work was of the same *genre* as Rossetti's he had not the same gift of vision or the power of varying a rather obscure and mystical style as Rossetti varies it in "Jenny" with passages more human. Later he threw off the influence of a school. "The Pre-Raphaelite attitude of seeing everything as a Flemish painter saw it" was abandoned. "The trees are no longer painted trees in a painted forest; they grow."

The Reading of the Working Classes.

"Much has been said about the reading of the "working classes" by those who do not belong to them, and whose surroundings, training, and mental habits are quite different from theirs. We are told that they read nothing but worthless fiction; that they are too much educated, and that Hooliganism is a result of it. What have these classes themselves to say on the matter? In another column a representative of the Cardiff miners has his say on the subject. He is clearly a man who has spent more time on his education than most of his brethren, and he writes from a town which has some special advantages. As to the amount of culture to be found in the busy Welsh centre, we do not say, as the American young lady said of Chicago, that "there are just tons of it" in Cardiff; but it has one of the best public libraries in the kingdom, and it is favourably situated in other ways, as Mr. Phillips shows, for spreading culture among the masses. He deals chiefly with the love for fiction; and no one can deny that there is sound good sense in a good deal that he says. But let us take the other point first. Is education overdone, and does it create the Hooligan? Here Mr. Phillips' testimony as to the raising of literary taste among the masses is less applicable. He is not writing about an immense centre of population like London, where overcrowded thousands have never seen and will never see anything but dull streets and sordid life. More apt to the issue is a letter from the President of the Metropolitan Board Teachers' Association, which was published a few days ago in the *Daily News* in answer to a statement made by a member of the London School Board that Hooliganism is bred in the evening schools of the Board. Mr. Litt asserts that it arises not from education but from the want of it—in short, from truancy. "There are 700,000 children of school age in the London School Board area. Of these 100,000 are always absent." From this 100,000, helped by parental neglect, emerges the Hooligan. Most, however, even of the truants, learn to read, and that, so far from being an evil, is the one hope for them. If reading urges them to crime, it is also the most powerful lever for their reclamation—they are able, at any rate, to scan the police reports, though this might be a more improving pastime if the punishments which are recorded in those reports were more drastic. The outcry against education which was heard in the seventies is dying, but it is dying hard. The key of knowledge is still but grudgingly offered to those who really need it. No serious person can believe—though the protest would seem to be needed—that education, whose one function, as every age and country has believed, is to civilize, to soften the manners, and to "let the ape and tiger die," really leads to crimes of violence. But there are two sorts of education. The main object of secondary education—of the public schools—is to educate character. The main object of primary schools is to impart knowledge and let character go. There undoubtedly lies one solution of the Hooligan problem. Those who assert that education is useless if it only creates a debauched literary taste can make a more plausible case. But there is much exaggeration both in their facts and their arguments. One critic sees in the fact that the porters at railway stations collect all the newspapers, all "the ephemeral rubbish which has been idly scanned and thrown away," a direct and melancholy result of mechanics' institutes. We need not enter now on the large question of the influence of inferior journalism; but in the matter of "good" and "bad" literature we cannot forget that these are relative terms. What is bad in the view of the cultured gentleman may be good for the uncultured working man. The former may question some of Mr. Phillips' literary judgments; but our contributor is right in saying that "the reading of fiction," even poor fiction, if it is wholesome, "is simply a symptom of an interest in things that are brighter and more alluring than that every-day dull greyness which surrounds the life of so many people." It only wants to be guided aright—here the managers of public libraries have a great responsibility—and, at any rate, the first step will have been taken towards that appreciation of great thoughts and beautiful pictures in which lies the sovereign remedy for savagery and crime.

A REMINISCENCE.—FROM THE LINKS.

Ere generous summer tossed about
Flush gratitude, or gave in lieu
Of winter rains their more than due,
I went to hear the thrushes shout
And love-lorn linnets take their cue.

The random gorses one by one
Gilded their spikes with orange tip,
And bough now red with haw and hip
Were coyly holding to the sun
The offer of a virgin lip.

The pine trees stood like masts and flung
Their sails about to taste the breeze,
And sailor tomtits by the knees
On rigging-rope and yard-arm swung
In fashion fearless as you please.

A shrew mouse pattered from the wood,
Two nimble squirrels gambolled lithe,
The fresh buds felt the swelling pith,
The young life knew the rising blood
And zest of life that comes therewith.

Now, ruddy flames have touched the leaf;
The ash is blackened by the frost;
The life beneath the trees is lost;
The seed is carried home in sheaf;
The birds are still who carolled most.

Yet never dies the spring; to-day
I catch the pink upon the larch—
The promise of the rainbow arch—
For memory makes November May,
And Hope is busy with buds of March.

W. BEACH THOMAS.

Personal Views.

THE READING OF THE WORKING CLASSES.

Of late years many silly things have been said and written about the mass of toilers. One of such groundless opinions has obtained so wide a vogue lately, that I—the son of a working coalminer—feel compelled to take up my pen to defend them from this aspersion. Would-be judges say that the education provided for the working classes has not fulfilled its intention—that the working class readers do not make proper use of the facilities placed at their disposal—that instead of seeking fit and proper sustenance for their mental activities they are content to wallow in a sea of fiction.

Now, first of all, I would ask, what is the education placed at the disposal of the average English boy or girl? That of British, National, Sectarian, or Board Elementary Schools, of course, and for the greater part these are the creation of the last fifty years, there being thousands of men and women now living, of fifty years of age and upwards, who have never had the privilege of schooling of any kind. Yet the toilers form the preponderating section of the nation, and at this moment probably fifteen-sixteenths of the younger section can read with a fair amount of intelligence. Now it is the working class readers who have brought such enormous circulations to the daily and weekly newspapers, the cheaper magazines, novels, &c.; and it is

they and their children who form the largest clientèle of the Free and Town circulating libraries. The reason of this is that working class boys and girls are taken from school too early, boys at thirteen or fourteen years of age, girls a year or so younger. To the one there comes the toil of apprenticeship, or ordinary wage-earning, with its demands upon faculties of brain-work and handicraft hitherto unexercised, to the other a wearying, monotonous attention to nursing younger brothers and sisters, or other household duties. To the majority of these children the ability to read with intelligence is about the only substantial factor of value that they retain after two or three years' absence from school, other subjects, not being of immediate or practical use, having been laid upon a mental shelf and forgotten.

As it never entered the ordinary schoolmaster's mind to give the children some flesh wherewith to clothe the bare bones of elementary education—as it would have been work, unremunerated by grant, to give the pupils, whose schooling years were limited, some guiding ideas as to what was best and most instructive in English reading—and more, as the bulk of schools authorities, Board, British, Sectarian, or National, have no soul higher than £ s. d., the schools and scholars were, and still are in many places, systematically starved, and kept unprovided with those appliances and books that might have kindled the scholars' interest and shown them stage by stage the motive and aims of their education.

But why say might? My own schoolboy experience in a British school speaks volumes as to the advantages of an intelligent schoolmaster's advice when distributing books from a good school library that included volumes of fiction. At the school I attended a fine selection of books was provided by that far-seeing, wise educationist, the late Lord Aberdare (the Church Sunday School was equally well equipped), and I am proud to own that I reckon these two libraries as having exercised a very great and salutary influence upon my later life. But the average boy and girl leave school with just the ability to read the evening paper, some periodical of *Tit-Bits* type, or interesting story; and story-reading not demanding any serious strain upon the mental faculties, and providing a stimulative salt in items of adventure or love-making, is naturally taken to on the line of least resistance.

Then in view of their squalid daily environment the revelations of a different world as depicted by the novelist, the fair scenes of mountain, valley, and river, uncontaminated by the ugly factories and workshops of industrial progress, the vivid descriptions of works of art and beauty, the account of rich dresses and splendid mansions, the clash of swords and noise of battle, or the armoured panoply of chivalric times, have an amount of attraction that cannot be very well understood by those whose lives have been cast in more favourable circumstances. I cannot see or feel that this is in any way to be deplored. Before you can raise the class level of intelligence you must first show the individual members something better, and the way to attain thereto, so that they may make their endeavour accordingly. If reading is to be cultivated at all it must be from the point of interest, and I maintain that the novelist, and he alone up to the present, has had any portion in providing the material wherewith to establish the love of reading in the masses on a firm and fruitful basis. From story reading, readers will gradually advance to works of literature other than fiction: essays and poetry will attract attention in growing ratio, and the love of good work will gradually and surely be raised. Then working class novel readers, pure and simple, fall into different ranks of mental grasp and foresight, and I am of firm opinion that the general standard is on the upward grade. There is not the same demand for the works of Emma Jane Worboise and Mrs. Henry Wood that I remember some few years back; and if all the working class has not progressed sufficiently to admire the literary skill and workmanship displayed in the "Newcomes," or in "Vanity Fair," or are not appreciative enough of the brilliance of epigrammatic force of "Evan Harrington," or "Diana of the Crossways"—they share this lack with many of the better educated—still, if they can, as they do, take up and read with interest and revel in the character drawing of Gil de Berault in "A Gentleman of France"—of Doltaire in "The Seats of the Mighty"—Napoleon in "Uncle Bernac"—Alan Breck in "Kidnapped"—or John Silver in "Treasure Island"—to mention a few among many—have they lost much? I trow not.

Or, again, if they prefer the series of biographies such as "From Log Cabin to White House," or the lives of "Wellington," "Nelson," "Buonaparte," and other great soldiers and sailors, are they to be blamed for disliking Boswell's prolixity and idolatrous adoration, or for seeing no joy in Hallam Tennyson's filial sacrifices on the altar of biography? Verily, no. It is entirely a matter of taste and grade of education, and though I may not see eye to eye with them in these particular cases, I can sympathize with their limitations and understand the trend and bias of their faculties. In a measure, also, I can see what improved standards the coming years will bring in their train, the novelist helping the working man to higher ideals of life, and by reflex action compelling a higher standard still, in a stage to stage progression—so, slowly but surely, evolving the toiling masses into appreciators of that culture and literary workmanship which is the pride and glory of the world of English Letters. It may be said that my view is limited and too optimistic. Time alone can tell. In the main my contention is correct. The reading of fiction is not a disease as estimated in the mass, but is simply a symptom of an interest in things that are brighter and more alluring than that everyday dull greyness which surrounds the lives of so many people in this land of ours. I know several youthful handicraftsmen and clerks in my circle of acquaintance the contents of whose bookshelves would do no discredit to University students.

As a closing word, I may mention that the School Board managers of this town have recognized their responsibility in providing a line of guidance for the children attending the town schools, and have furnished each school with a library of well selected books—including fiction—graded according to age and sex; and these libraries will be maintained efficiently, and their stocks increased, through the means of a yearly grant of money in the School Board Expenditure Precept. This is in addition to the provision of a very large number of books of all descriptions for boys and girls at the Central and Branch Free Libraries. Happy, happy children! What would many thousands of present-day parents have given if these facilities could have been supplied to them? I feel a compensating consolation in the thought and belief that these young people will prove worthy of their privileges, and that the years are drawing closer when the reproach of "reading fiction solely" will have passed away, and when working class ranks shall produce more than one flower to bloom in the garden of English Literature.

Cardiff. TOM CLIFFE PHILLIPS.

LAW BOOKS AND LITERATURE.

We noted lately the little book just published by his Honour Judge Willis, containing the first edition of "The Seasons," with a preface on the bibliography of Thomson. Judge Willis has the distinction of being one of the very few lawyers who, when at the Bar, was in the habit of occasionally illustrating his argument by a quotation from his favourite poets, Milton for choice. He is also, we are afraid it must be confessed, one of the few notable exceptions which go to prove that lawyers—practising lawyers that is—are not literary. We suppose that is the reason of the almost universal abandonment in law books of any kind of style, except statute-book style, and the entire failure to combine accuracy of statement with—we will not say elegance, but ordinary lucidity, of diction.

In his delightful work, "The Book Hunter," the late John Hill Burton points out that many of the "terrible folios" of the old scholastic divines, the civilians, and the canonists, with their "majestic stream of central print overflowing into rivulets of marginal notes sedgy with citations," were merely solemn shams, since they were mostly nothing but laborious compilations. He goes on to assert that only in the legal literature of England is this method of bookmaking still practised. According to him, the conventional receipt for constructing a law book is this:—Set down all that Coke, two centuries and a half ago, said on the particular subject in hand, and all that Blackstone said about it a century ago, with passages in due subordination from inferior authors; to these add the rubrics of some later cases, add a title-page and a more or less accurate index and—behold, a new "authority" is ready for the use of the practitioner. Since Burton's time, however, a second method has found a good deal of favour. A statute, or group of statutes, on some special subject is selected; a few notes are appended, with title-page and index as before, and again we have an "authority" for the lawyer's book-shelf. Some of the works compiled on these simple lines are undoubtedly useful, but they are certainly *biblia a-biblia*; they are as far removed as they can well be from literature. Perhaps this is partly attributable to the fact that their existence is ephemeral, and their authors therefore consider it a useless expenditure of time and labour to make them readable. Partly it is due to the negative characteristic of lawyers which we have already mentioned.

The average barrister in practice, if he possesses any literary taste, dissimulates it and lets it wither for lack of nourishment. Seldom is his address in Court characterized by any literary grace; rarely, indeed, is his speech brightened even by some illustration drawn from the masters of English literature. Sixty or more years ago we know that even in the murky regions of the Bankruptcy Court Basil Montagu would now and then "enliven the discussion of a point of law by citing some weighty aphorism, or brilliant illustration, from the *De Augmentis* or the *Novum Organum*"—a description which, it is amusing to recall, was only Macaulay's full-dress account of an incident which he relates in a letter to his sister written from Basinghall-street:—"Basil Montagu is haranguing about Lord Verulam and the way of inoculating one's mind with truth; and all this *à propos* of a lying bankrupt's balance-sheet"! Now, alas! there are few at the Bar who quote either Milton or Bacon, or, indeed, anything but dreary statutes and musty cases. But the great mass of law books are not only dull, they are absolutely repellent. This may account for the fact that so few lawyers evince an enthusiasm for their science equal to that exhibited by Baron Parke, who is reported to have taken "a beautiful demurrer" to the bedside of a sick friend to comfort him in his illness, or by the old conveyancer who admitted that it would be somewhat irksome to pore continually over abstracts of title were it not that now and then he met with "a brilliant deed" which rewarded him for all his labours. But there are exceptions to most rules, and a few modern law books can be read not only with profit but with real pleasure. Mr. Birrell's short sketch of "The Duties and Liabilities of Trustees," and his more recent volume on "The Law of Copyright," are almost as fascinating as "Obiter Dicta." Or take Sir Frederick Pollock's important works on "Torts" or "Contracts," or Mr. Edward Manson's delightful little book on "Dog Law"—a work which probably has the unique distinction of being the only English law book provided with a pictorial frontispiece, a reproduction of Landseer's "Laying down the Law"—or some of the articles in the recently-issued "Encyclopædia of English Law," and they will dissipate the notion that legal text-books must necessarily be mere dull compilations.

Occasionally, too, an unattractive work may be enlivened by some interesting literary reference which falls upon the stream of dreary narrative like a glint of summer sunshine. To find Sam Weller's evidence in "Bardell v. Pickwick" set out in Pitt-Taylor on "Evidence" as an apposite illustration of the working of one of our evidential rules is delightful. In reported decisions we sometimes light upon equally pleasant surprises. In one of Lord Campbell's Reports (Vol. 3, p. 539) we have a passage from Boswell relating to Jack Ellis, the last of the profession of money scriveners, set out in a note; in a Scotch report for 1829 (7 "Shaw and Dunlop," pp. 159, 160) almost a page is devoted to an extract from "The Antiquary"; in Vol. 33 of the "*Law Journal* Reports" (Q.B.), page 149 is plentifully dotted with poetical quotations to illustrate the use of the word "team"; in a recent case (14 *The Times* L.R., 532) the Lord Chancellor breaks the continuity of a prose narrative by quoting from Shakespeare, and from Carey's play "Chrononhotonthologos," the well known lines:—

> Go call a coach, and let a coach be called,
> And let the man who calleth it be the caller,
> And in his calling let him nothing call
> But coach! coach! coach! O for a coach ye gods;

while more recently still in a suit before Mr. Justice Kekewich as to the validity of an old custom (L.R. [1898] 2 Ch., 120) we find allusions to the classic pages of "Tristram Shandy," and in another, before the Court of Appeal (15 *The Times* L.R., 231) the Lord Chief Justice takes "judicial notice" of the fat boy in "Pickwick." Sometimes a mere name in a report will awaken pleasant fancies, remote enough from "the dusty purlieus of the law." Looking through Volume 4 of Bingham's Reports (Common Pleas) for the year 1828 the reader, familiar with his Dickens, when he chances at page 218 upon the case of "Brooke v. Pickwick" gets a pleasant shock, for the defendant there was none other than the famous coach proprietor whose name was appropriated for the work we know and love so well. Like his fictitious namesake, this Mr. Pickwick was unfortunate in his defence. Mr. Justice Gaselee was concerned in both cases, although in "Bardell v. Pickwick" he appears as Mr. Justice Stareleigh. The real Mr. Pickwick, however, was not sued by any Mrs. Bardell for damages in respect of wounded affections, but by a prosaic traveller for the loss of his trunk.

These may be small matters, but to find the prevailing dulness of law publications enlivened in any way, and to discover that not all lawyers and writers on legal subjects have vowed exclusive devotion to the shrine of the "Annual Practice" and kindred works, are, in the circumstances, matters for congratulation.

THE FRESCOES AT THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.

If we have no Pantheon such as that in Paris, and no Puvis de Chavannes to relate in picture the story of the City's patron saint, we have a Royal Exchange the walls of whose interior have for long lacked decoration. Some years ago, however, the late Lord Leighton inaugurated a scheme for filling the twenty-four panels of the ambulatory wall with frescoes depicting noteworthy incidents in the history of the City. Partly because our artists have had little practice in covering considerable spaces with such decorations, the frescoes, judged from the

artistic standpoint, are not a signal success. Nevertheless they are of interest. The intention is to fill the twenty-four panels with subjects in chronological order. A list of themes provisionally approved has been drawn up, and from these artists who receive a commission are allowed to select. Immediately to the left of the main or western entrance the series begins with a picture painted and presented by Lord Leighton. It takes us back to the traditional times when Phœnicians traded with early Britons on the Cornish coast, and it suggests that commerce is the foundation of London's greatness. In No. 3, from the hand of Mr. Seymour Lucas, we see William the Conqueror granting the first Charter to the City of London, King and Queen seated on a dais with men-at-arms and serving-women behind, the City ecclesiastic and other dignitaries standing beneath a great pillar in the right foreground. As we look at Mr. Goetze's presentment of the crown being offered to Richard of Gloucester at Baynard's Castle in 1483, No. 16 of the series, we apprehend whence his inspiration was drawn; from that vivid word-picture in the third act of Shakespeare's *Richard III.*, where the wily Gloucester is described as standing "'tween two clergymen,"

> Two props of virtue for a Christian prince,
> To stay him from the fall of vanity;
> And, see, a book of prayer in his hand;
> True ornaments to know a holy man.

Gloucester, the devotional book still in his hand, has come down the steps, and the Mayor, on bended knee, is offering him "the sceptred office of your ancestors." In No. 18 has been placed Mr. Ernest Crofts' "Queen Elizabeth Visiting the First Royal Exchange, Jan. 23, 1571." The original building was founded by Sir Thomas Gresham, and the Queen, represented here on a white palfrey, came, as recorded by Stowe, from Somerset House in the Strand, entered the City by Temple Bar, passed through Fleet-street, Cheap, and so by the north side of the Bourse to Bishopsgate-street, where she dined in the house of Sir Thomas. Returning through Cornhill, she "entered the Burse on the south side; and after she had viewed every part thereof above the ground, especially the Pawn [the corridor above the cloister of the interior, and divided into stalls, was known as the Pawn], which was richly furnished with all sorts of the finest wares in the City, she caused the same Burse, by herald and trumpet, to be proclaimed 'The Royal Exchange.'" In the next panel, on the west side of the southern entrance, Mr. Solomon J. Solomon shows Charles I., accompanied by his retinue, in front of the Guildhall in 1642, on that memorable occasion when, foiled in the Commons, he demanded the arrest of Pym, Hampden, Holles, Hazelrigg, and Strode. This was the last visit of Charles to the City. Mr. Stanhope Forbes, in panel No. 20, treats an incident on Thames-side during the Great Fire of London. It approximates in picture to the scene thus described by Pepys under date September 2, 1666; moreover, Mr. Forbes had the passage in mind, we understand, while he worked. "Poor Michell's house, as far as the Old Swan, already burned that way, and the fire running further, that, in a very little time, it got as far as Steele-yard, while I was there. Everybody endeavouring to remove their goods, and flinging into the river, or bringing them into lighters that lay off; poor people staying in their houses as long as till the very fire touched them, and then running into boats, or clambering from one pair of stairs by the waterside, to another. And, among other things, the poor pigeons, I perceive, were loth to leave their houses, but hovered about the windows and balconies, till they burned their wings, and fell down." The penultimate panel, No. 23, contains Mr. R. W. Macbeth's fresco of the Queen opening the present or third Royal Exchange—Gresham's building was destroyed by the Great Fire, and the second, known as Jarman's Exchange, by a fire in 1838—in 1844.

This week Sir Alfred Newton unveiled two new frescoes, the gift of two wealthy South Africans, Mr. John Paddon and his son-in-law, Mr. Abe Bailey. In panel No. 6 is Mr. Ernest Normand's "King John Granting Magna Charta." The King, seated beneath a canopy in front of the royal tent, is supported by Peter of Winchester, the Earls of Salisbury and of Pembroke, with emblazoned pennons indicating the presence of the Earls of Warren and of Arundel. To the left are the barons: Sir William de Montecute, leaning on his sword, powerful, determined, Robert de Roos, Robert Fitzwalter, and Archbishop Stephen Langton, said to have been one of the first subscribing witnesses of the Charter. On the original list the subject is given as "John Signing Magna Charta," but Mr. Normand shows instead a press, drawn from a thirteenth century example in the Chapter House of Canterbury, with which the Charter is about to be sealed. The subject of the second new fresco had, too, to be changed, in order to maintain the historical accuracy of the series. The picturesque tradition that Sir Richard Whittington asked Henry V. to sup with him, and afterwards, on a fire of precious woods mixed with cinnamon and other spices, burned bonds for £60,000 signed by the King, is not in conformity with fact. Mrs. Normand had to fall back on a less grandiose subject. This four-times Lord Mayor of London is known to have been generous, and it is well within the bounds of possibility to suppose that, with snow on the ground, he stood, as Mrs. Normand shows him, superintending the giving of bread to poor folk of the City. From his house hangs an iron escutcheon and, above, the representation of a Kat, or merchant-boat, the origin of the Whittington legend. In each case the border of oak leaves is adhered to, the inappropriate wreath, which depends from the top in the earlier frescoes, has been abandoned by Mr. and Mrs. Normand, as well as by Messrs. Seymour Lucas, Ernest Crofts, and Stanhope Forbes. Frescoes on the following themes will in all probability be added: "Alfred the Great Repairing the Walls of London"; "William II. Building the Tower"; "Henry II., Founder of the Hospital of St. Thomas"; "A Folkmote in St. Paul's Churchyard"; "The Entertainment of the Five Kings by the Vintners' Company"; "The Insurrection of Wat Tyler"; "The Trained Bands Marching to Barnet, temp Henry VI."; "The Charter of Charles the Bold to the Merchant Adventurers"; "The Foundation of St. Paul's School by Dean Colet"; "The Opening of the Second Royal Exchange"; "William III. and Mary Founding the Bank of England"; "The Opening of London Bridge by William IV."; "Modern Commerce"; "The Quarrel between the Skinners' and Merchant Taylors' Companies"; and possibly some incident connected with the City Imperial Volunteers.

THE DRAMA.

"HEROD."

Reviewing *Mrs. Dane's Defence* the other day, I remarked that, though dramatists did not often let us into the secrets of their literary method, it was permissible to guess that some of them began their plays at the end and worked backwards. Oddly enough, this random conjecture has promptly been verified in the case of *Herod*. A friend of Mr. Stephen Phillips has let the cat out of the bag. "The last act was written first, and was submitted to Mr. Tree, who thereupon accepted the work. The other two acts (which were originally to have been three) were composed by the poet more or less in consultation with the actor." Whatever inference be drawn, it is an undeniable fact that the last act is the best of the three. It shows Herod inconsolable and distraught after the death of Mariamne. In his delirium he imagines that she is "not dead but sleepeth." Seated on his throne, gaunt, dishevelled, and ragged, amid the crowd of frightened courtiers who have been bidden by the physician to humour his madness, he tries to wait patiently until she wakes. Meanwhile the courtiers seek to divert his thoughts by the aid of singing boys and dancing girls, and by showing him models of the Temple he is building. (And admirably, let me say parenthetically, does the Chief Artificer, Mr. H. W. Varna, declaim his lines.) The King oscillates, in the jargon of the faculty, between melancholia and megalomania. At one moment

he is plunged in a stupor of grief; at another he recites his inordinate visions:—

I dreamed last night of a dome of beaten gold,
To be a counter glory to the Sun.
There shall the eagle blindly dash himself,
There the first beam shall strike, and there the moon
Shall aim all night her argent archery;
And it shall be the tryst of sundered stars,
The haunt of dead and dreaming Solomon;
Shall send a light upon the lost in Hell,
And flushings upon faces without hope.
And I will think in gold and dream in silver,
Imagine in marble and in bronze conceive,
Till it shall dazzle pilgrim nations,
And stammering tribes from undiscovered lands,
Allure the living God out of the bliss,
And all the streaming seraphim from Heaven!

And then with lack-lustre eye he subsides into dotage, and toys like a child with heaps of pearls and rubies. But Mariamne comes not, and he is driven to frenzy with impatience. With the vague perception of her death at the back of his brain, he declares he will "recreate her out of endless yearning."

Do I not know her every vein? Can I
Not imitate in furious ecstasy
What God hath coldly made? I'll recreate
My love, with bone for bone, and vein for vein.
The eyes, the eyes again—the hands, the hair,
And that which I have made—O that shall love me.

Finally, since he will not be pacified without sight of her, they bring in her embalmed body on a bier. With a wild cry he staggers from his throne and fastens upon her lips, whose chill at last brings the truth home to him. He stands transfixed, "a frozen man." Envoys arrive from Cæsar, but he heeds them not. The stricken King cannot hear the words of the physician:—

Behold this Herod motionless and mute;
To me it seems that they who grasp the world,
The kingdom and the power and the glory,
Must pay with deepest misery of spirit,
Atoning unto God for a brief brightness;
And ever ransom, like this rigid King,
The outward victory with inward loss.

Then the crowd silently steals out and the lights grow dim in the vast desert of the hall—as at the close of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. But the figure of the King, turned to stone like another Oriental monarch in the Arabian Nights, does not budge, and the curtain slowly hides it from sight.

Some people, I see, have made haste to assert that *Herod* is not a great play. Great is a relative term, and may mean what you please. I mean it in the highest sense when I describe the last act as great. Of the verse the reader can judge for himself from the extracts I have given. To my sense, it is true and thrilling poetry, a gallery of gorgeous pictures, a rich banquet for the ear. But most of us knew already that Mr. Phillips was a poet. What we were waiting to discover was not his poetic but his dramatic faculty. And who can gainsay the force of this last act as sheer drama? Note the varied series of *tirades* uttered by the King, and punctuated by the faltering comments of the crowd; it is like some great *concerto*, with the King as melodist and the crowd as orchestra. Note the dramatic catastrophe of the kiss; the prolonged wailings and ravings, the agony of doubt, followed by the sudden silence of petrifaction, as though upon sight of Medusa's head. Note, too, the contrast of the King's impenetrable gloom and the noisy, feverish gaiety of the dancers and musicians who throng round him. All this is intensely dramatic, an embodiment of the poet's meaning in picturesquely symbolic action and arrangement of the scene. Impressive as the "book" is, it could not of itself strike the mind with a tithe of the force obtained by its representation with the solidity, the movement, the flesh-and-blood of the stage. In other words, this is drama, and (I do not wish to appear defiant, but I must repeat the word) great drama.

If the first two acts are but on this high level, they are nevertheless abounding with vigour, dramatic vigour, and beauty, poetic beauty. For a taste of the beauty here are two lyric passages:—

And he shall still that old sob of the sea,
And heal the unhappy fancies of the wind,
And turn the moon from all that hopeless quest.
Trees without care shall blossom, and all the fields
Shall without labour unto harvest come.

And:—

One could not get by heart that sweetness, not
From rose-foam of the Mediterranean,
Nor solitary Lebanonian sigh,
To lone Abarah under Syrian stars.

For the vigour there is the scene wherein Mariamne fascinates Soheimus, the assassin of her brother, and wrests his secret from him; there is the scene wherein Herod quells the mutinous crowd; above all, there is the scene wherein the King stalks proudly to Mariamne's door to share with her the new honours just conferred on him by Cæsar, ignorant that on the other side of the door the woman he idolizes lies dead. Her death, by the way, has taken place "off"; so has that of her brother Aristobulus in the first act; and many people have pointed out how Mr. Phillips here reverts to the "classical" traditions. He does; but yet *Herod* and frigid classicism are poles apart. Compare it with some classic Orientalism, I will not say of Voltaire (for Voltairean tragedies are the stock examples of how not to do it), but of Racine—with *Bajazet*, for instance. Racine faintly scents his Versailles corridors with attar of roses, his is the "Turquerie" of a fancy ball; Mr. Phillips "holds the gorgeous East in fee," and fills his whole stage with its hot blood and passion-laden air. If anything, Mr. Phillips has been too anxiously Oriental. To show the viperine intensity of Eastern jealousy he drags in those superfluous intriguers Cypros and Salome. Their poisoned cup is too familiar a stage "property." At one time the action of the play is suspended in order that females may fan themselves and languish in the stifling heat. This seems an unnecessary dotting of the i's. And the frivolous may be tempted to compare Cæsar's envoys, who are perpetually arriving a day after the fair, with Offenbach's gendarmes, who were always so careful to march on after the brigands had cleared out. But this, let me hasten to confess, is only a perverse afterthought of mine. No such incongruous idea occurred to my mind as I watched Mr. Phillips' play, which dominates the spectator too completely to permit his fancy to play truant.

We all owe so much to Mr. Tree for his courage and skill in the production of this play that it would be ungrateful to pick small holes in his acting. He is one of the players who are never to be fairly judged by first-night experience; but even on the first night his Herod only fell short by a certain impression of strain from being a masterly performance. Miss Maud Jeffries makes a beautiful Mariamne, a little indistinct at times, perhaps a little lacking in fire. Miss Calhoun, Mr. Fulton, and Mr. Somerset are the next best in a numerous cast. And everything that can be done in the way of "decoration" has been splendidly done.

A. B. WALKLEY.

Reviews.

"GENERAL BONAPARTE."

NAPOLEON: THE LAST PHASE. By LORD ROSEBERY. (Humphreys. 7s. 6d.)

Lord Rosebery's brilliant study of Napoleon's uncomfortable and ignoble end in a little house on an island infested by rats has the double interest due to a fascinating subject and to an author whose distinction as a man of letters is only overshadowed by his distinction as a man of affairs. He has certainly enriched the literature of Napoleon, voluminous as that literature is—

partly by giving us a masterly character-study of the Emperor at a moment when his character was tested by the "chilling frost" of failure, and partly by devoting close attention to a period which specially required impartial and candid investigation. Gourgaud's private journal Lord Rosebery takes as "the one capital and supreme record of life at St. Helena," and he gives a delightful character-sketch of the writer. For the most part the literature of the subject consists of small talk—sometimes the small talk of adulation and sometimes the small talk of depreciation—contributed by diarists who remind one of the "lesser men" creeping in and out between the legs of the Colossus that bestrode the world. Lord Rosebery, at any rate, has the air of approaching the theme in that temper of freemasonry which naturally links distinguished personages, assists them to take broad views of each other's shortcomings, and draws them to the conviction—intuitive rather than reasoned—that, whatever crimes they may have committed, and however many homes they may have made desolate, it is still the business of less distinguished personages to treat them with consideration and respect. They are above laws in general, and above the *lex talionis* in particular. When once their power for evil has been checked they must receive, not contempt, but consideration from their victims.

Such is the spirit in which Lord Rosebery approaches the controversy which once raged round the name of Sir Hudson Lowe. Not for him is the obvious view that Napoleon, having achieved, *quocunque modo*, and enjoyed, the consummation of his ambition during his marvellous career, had no ground to complain of any inconveniences that he encountered at the end of it. On the contrary, he relates, not without some acrimony, the long list of the illustrious prisoner's grievances, which the "man in the street" might regard as a well-merited retribution recoiling upon the head of the man from whom, as a statesman who is the subject of Lord Rosebery's admiration remarked, England had had to save herself by her exertions and Europe by her example. The first grievance is that the gaoler was not a gentleman. But was the prisoner a judge? The man who wrote letters to his divorced wife begging her to take lessons in domestic economy from the wife who had supplanted her had surely no right to be exceptionally sensitive about minor breaches of good manners. Then there is the question of the title. Napoleon was forbidden the style of Emperor—to which he clung as an American to the style of judge or colonel—and denominated General Bonaparte. Lord Rosebery well points out that "Napoleon was emphatically, as Napoleon III. said of himself, a parvenu Emperor. To Charles V., the heir of half the world, the descendant of a hundred Kings, it could matter little what he was called after his abdication, for nothing could divest him of his blood or his birth." But "to Napoleon the title of Emperor represented the crown and summit of his dazzling career, and he declined to drop it at the bidding of a foreign enemy." Here, again, it is but human to recur to the law of retribution. Napoleon was only being treated, in this regard, as he himself had treated other people. Is it not on record that he sent a brutal message to a King whom he had deposed to the effect that that Monarch must not address him as "Dear cousin," but as "Sire"? To go a little further back, was he not a member of the party which spoke of the King and Queen of France as Louis and the Widow Capet respectively? Thirdly, we have the grievance of the inadequate allowance. It was, at all events, a better allowance than Napoleon made to the hundreds of unoffending English tourists whom he caused to be arrested and detained as prisoners of war when hostilities were resumed after the Peace of Amiens. Moreover, money was scarce just then; and who, but Napoleon, with his English blockade, was to blame for that? As the poet put it, "Who made the Luddites and the bread to rise?" Why, indeed, seeing that, as Lord Rosebery admits, Napoleon "had ample funds in Paris and ample funds even at St. Helena," should he have been given any allowance at all? Would it have been so very unreasonable to require him to live on the income of his own economies, invested and administered for him by trustees? Finally, there was the grievance of the restrictions, amounting, in Lord Rosebery's view, to persecution, imposed upon his liberty, and of the discomfort of the accommodation provided for him. It is, of course, permissible to see in this the petty tyranny of a Jack-in-office; but it is also permissible to see in it the inflexibly just operation of the *lex talionis* already referred to. In what conditions had Napoleon imprisoned the Pope at Savona? Lord Rosebery himself answers the question, though apparently without perceiving how his answer bears upon his case. The Pope was put into captivity "almost as malefactors are imprisoned."

These facts do not prove, of course, that Sir Hudson Lowe was an agreeable man. At the most they only prove that there was no conclusive reason why an agreeable man should be chosen to fill the onerous office of custodian to the fallen Emperor. But they are worth remembering because they were facts of which Sir Hudson Lowe was cognisant, and because they may partially account for his attitude towards his prisoner—as well as for the instructions as to what that treatment was to be, sent to him by the Cabinet at home. Perhaps, too, we may find a further explanation by admitting the hypothesis that Lowe was, in a fashion, afraid of Napoleon, who had a way of making people afraid of him, even when he was no longer in a position to order them to be court-martialled and shot. He was a little man, told off to look after a great man, who laid himself out to make things uncomfortable for the great man and to put him in the wrong. It was an exceptional situation, for which Lord Rosebery is perhaps justly severe on the Ministers responsible for the selection of a gaoler, but it was one to which history affords many a parallel, and the temptations of which commonplace humanity could not resist. At the same time we cannot pretend to be sorry that Lord Rosebery is more in sympathy with Napoleon than with Sir Hudson Lowe, even though we firmly believe that Sir Hudson Lowe was the better man of the two. If he had been capable of doing justice to Napoleon in the sense in which justice is understood in the police-courts, he would almost certainly have done him less than justice in the literary and artistic sense. Measuring him as a criminal, he would have failed to give us the measure of the man, and it is as an attempt to solve the Napoleonic riddle rather than as a careful collation of biographical documents that Lord Rosebery's book is interesting and valuable. He chose the St. Helena episode, he tells us, because he thought that "in this final phase we have some chance of seeing something of the man." Lord Rosebery's insight into character is equalled by the picturesqueness and literary skill of his description of the surroundings of the Emperor at St. Helena, and of the prisoner reading the Bible, and speculating on what might have been.

Then follows a masterly summing up, so closely written that any attempt to summarize it must do it grave injustice. One can only quote. Of the effect of the "last phase" on Napoleon's reputation, Lord Rosebery says admirably:—

> No one remembered, or at any rate cared to recall, that he had knowingly ceded his throne and yielded himself a prisoner rather than place himself at the head of a popular insurrection.
>
> But had it been remembered, it would have been held to be expiated by the martyrdom of St. Helena. Napoleon was quite aware of the advantage that his memory and cause would derive from his imprisonment. His death in lonely captivity cancelled all his errors and all his shortcomings. His memory, purged of all recollection of his iron rule, of his insatiable demands on the blood and resources of France, of the two invasions of her territory which he had brought about, became a tradition and a miracle.

The two questions to which Lord Rosebery mainly addresses himself are:—Was Napoleon a good man? Was he a great man? The answer to the first question is that allowances must be made, as the circumstances were exceptional.

> His lot was not cast in a monastery or in a pulpit. He came from Corsica, a little Pagan, viewing the world as his oyster. He was reared in the life of camps and the terror of revolution. He was raised to rule a nation which, in the

horrors of a great convulsion, had formally renounced and practically abjured Christianity. He had to fight for his own hand against the whole world. It was breathless work which gave little time for reflection.

It is an eloquent plea; but one cannot help remembering that Napoleon had much time for reflection in his island prison, and that reflection did not lead him to regret anything except failure, not even that crime of crimes, the murder of the Duc d'Enghien. The case is different with the discussion of his greatness:—

> Under the fiercest glare of scrutiny he enlarged indefinitely the limits of human conception and human possibility. Till he had lived no one could realize that there could be such a stupendous combination of military and civil genius, such comprehension of view united to such grasp of detail, such prodigious vitality of body and mind. . . . No name represents so completely and conspicuously dominion, splendour, and catastrophe. He raised himself by the use, and ruined himself by the abuse, of superhuman faculties. He was wrecked by the extravagance of his own genius. No less powers than those which had effected his rise could have achieved his fall.

That, at any rate, is true, and is perhaps the final word upon the subject as well as the closing passage of the best—if not in all particulars the most convincing—character-study of Napoleon that has yet been written in the English language.

COVENTRY PATMORE.

Memoirs and Correspondence of Coventry Patmore. By Basil Champneys. Two Volumes. With Illustrations. (Bell, 32s. n.)

Mr. Basil Champneys tells us that Coventry Patmore invited him, in 1891, "to take charge of his papers and act as his literary executor after his death." By his will the author of "The Angel in the House" devolved this charge on his third wife, the present Mrs. Coventry Patmore, at whose request Mr. Champneys has undertaken the task of the biographer. He has, we think, performed a thorny and difficult duty with discretion, and he has produced a well-written and amiable book which both those who knew and those who did not know the remarkable man with whom it deals will read with great interest. Such as only know Coventry Patmore from his published work will be grateful for the way in which these handsome volumes enable them to form a mental picture of the man as distinguished from the poet. The numerous portraits which are admirably reproduced add special charm. But those who knew the poet personally will feel that Mr. Champneys has not always made the most of his opportunity. He scarcely does justice to the second Mrs. Patmore. One of the few failures in taste of the work is in the reference to her as "old maidish." She introduced to the Patmore family wealth, domestic ease and contact with refined society—the aristocracy of intellect is not quite the same thing. Too little recognition is given to her fulfilment of the difficult role of stepmother. Patmore's children took to her from the first. The chapter dealing with her does not show that the writer has taken all possible means of getting at the facts. He should have indicated Mrs. Patmore's unselfishness, her sensitiveness for people's feelings—wherein it must be said she was a striking contrast to her husband—her delightful hospitality, and the many other qualities that made her as distinguished a woman in her way as was "The Angel in the House" herself, of whom a charming account is given.

Mr. Champneys omits another point of much interest. Coventry Patmore is remembered by all who knew him well for the extraordinary brilliance and variety of his talk. We miss any adequate indication of this fact. Notably, Mr. Champneys should have told his readers that Patmore was, unlike so many great talkers, always careful to put forth his best powers of conversation in the lesson of his daily. Indeed, he showed to greater advantage in the most intimate circles, partly on account of the curious lack of *bonhomie*, the tendency to opposition, and the rapid mental reflex which made him rather a difficult personality in a larger circle. There was no getting him to smile at a poor jest uttered with the best intentions—a failing which one of his friends pronounced to be the reason why this man, who was a poet for poets and not for politicians, never obtained the Laureateship, which we believe to have been—in spite of what Mr. Champneys tells us—a real, if secret, ambition. "Ill singing 'tis, when there is none to hear," he said in the sixties; and, possibly, it was the lack of public recognition which helped to dry up his poetic vein in his last twenty years. Mr. Champneys is out-spoken enough—there can hardly, indeed, be any limitation to a biographer who is capable of printing so very intimate a letter as that on page 133 of the second volume—and he would have given a better picture of Patmore's character if he had dwelt a little more freely on his habitual conversation and social manner. This was, to say the least of it, subject to moods. Patmore was capable of equally sudden fits of amiability and of other things. If he received a letter from an unknown young versifier that struck him as being conceived in a spirit of sincere admiration, he was capable of writing him a long and charming reply, and asking him to drop in for a pipe any afternoon. But he was equally capable of "jumping down the throat" of his oldest friend, and his hospitality was normally characterized by a spirit of "Take what I want you to have," which was exhibited even in so minute a detail as the choice of drinks! His emotional generosity to injured strangers was a characteristically poetic trait; if he saw a child run over, he would have caught the offending driver, paid for his prosecution, and probably given the injured infant an annuity, though he might be in much need of a new coat himself. This well-known turn of his mind, rather than his religion, prevented him from being put on the Commission of the Peace; his justice would certainly have had a bizarre quality. He was capable of giving three months for some offences that are normally punished with three days' imprisonment, and, on the other hand, might have thought it right, in certain circumstances, to acquit a girl who had killed her illegitimate child, to get up a subscription for her on the Bench, and, finally, to order one of his workmen to "make an honest woman" of her. He once said that in his youthful days, when he found himself totally ignorant of a subject, he was accustomed to write to one of the leading magazines and offer an article on it, in order to learn something about it; if the offer was accepted, the article—as we know from other sources—turned out to be a very sound and well-informed one. A curious and vital element of his nature, again, was surely involved in his combination of marked reticence, reserve, and even hauteur, with a rollicking readiness for fun and frolic in conversation. He never said a foolish thing, but he was willing to say the most absurd things with deliberation. His thoughts and actions, one was convinced, were as carefully pruned and as highly finished as his poetry. In conversation he was accused of needing an audience rather than an opposite. Mr. Champneys tells us that he often refused to talk freely to more than one at a time; another explanation of his tendency to monologue was that he was wont to dictate dogmas with such argumentative force and wealth of illustration that most of his friends preferred to listen rather than to risk disturbing the flow of language by any interruption beyond the merest form of assent. His persistent worship of truth was consistent with the wildest exaggeration, but never with conscious fiction; his exaggeration was that of the microscope, though the lenses were not absolutely achromatic. All his geese were swans, and the poetic temperament threw a strange sheen of glory on much that seemed quite ordinary to plain mortals.

We must not be supposed to mean that these details are more characteristic than many that Mr. Champneys has included, but we think that they indicate features that he has omitted from his somewhat insufficiently coloured picture of Coventry

Patmore. It is very difficult for one of a man's friends, however intimate, to grasp the whole of his personality, especially when it is so elusive and has so many facets as that of a poet usually has. No doubt other friends will in due time contribute their views on the subject by way of supplement. We must highly recommend Mr. Champneys' work, with these limitations, and praise his fluent and agreeable style. He has confined his biography within the first volume, and the second is occupied with much supplementary material, including a spiritual autobiography, and many letters written to and by Patmore—among the correspondents being Carlyle, whose letters are characteristic and delightful, Tennyson, Ruskin, who indulges in a fascinating picture of a certain critic of his friend's poetry as "a little devil jumping on a bed of lilies," and others of scarcely less interest. A special charm is given to the volumes by the inclusion of much of Patmore's own characteristic prose, taken from his intimate letters or from his notes for unfinished work. We have only space left to quote one or two of the best of these, among which we may note a fine saying on hope and ambition :—

> What I am doing now is merely groping about to find if there lies any unsuspected pass between or over the seemingly insuperable heights. Such hidden ways often lurk in mountain lands. You seem to be travelling all day towards a dead upright cliff, and when you come to the foot of it you find a flowery pathway winding through the heart of it.

One is reminded of Johnson's *dictum* that none but a blockhead ever wrote except for money by the following statement, rare on the lips of a poet, but remarkably true :—

> A man who thinks he has got anything to say should always write for money. There is always some air of priggishness in one who "gives his advice gratis." Modesty is preserved by the money-motive. Besides, the subtlest truths are like the remoter stars ; you cannot see them unless you look a little on one side of them. You are likely to say your say the better for having your direct gaze fixed upon the five, ten, or twenty pound note which your prophecy is to bring you.

FLORENCE.

The Story of Florence. By Edmund G. Gardner. Illustrated by Nellie Erichsen. (Mediæval Towns.) (Dent, 4s. 6d. n.)

It can have been no easy matter to compress the history of the City of Florence and all there is to tell of the countless treasures of art stored up in her churches and palaces within the limits of one small volume. Yet Mr. Edmund Gardner, it is fair to say, has accomplished this difficult and, at first sight, almost impossible task, with a considerable measure of success. His story of Florence, which is the latest addition to Mr. J. M. Dent's excellent series of mediæval towns, supplies a fuller and more accurate introduction to the study of Florentine history and art than either of the similar works by Mr. Hare and Mr. Grant Allen. It gives a popular and spirited account of the rise of the Republic in the twelfth century, and of the successive political revolutions that marked the course of the next 500 years. The long struggle between Guelfs and Ghibellines, the times of Dante and Boccaccio, the brilliant days of the Medici, and the great Quattrocento scholars and artists who adorned Lorenzo the Magnificent's Court, are all clearly brought before us in turn. The striking and picturesque figure of Savonarola stands out conspicuously in Mr. Gardner's narrative, and the chapters describing the religious revival which the Dominican Friar effected, and the sad story of his downfall and death, are of especial interest. Full accounts of the chief buildings and works of art in Florence, of the Duomo, and the bridges, of the churches and the picture galleries, of the Gates of Paradise, and the bas-reliefs of the Campanile, of the frescoes of San Marco, and the Tombs of the Medici are given for the benefit of the traveller, while most of the artistic information contained in the volume is derived from the works of Morelli, of Mr. Berenson and of M. Marcel Reymond, whose admirable history of Tuscan sculpture has already proved so valuable to students of the Renaissance.

Nor have the precious memories of modern times been forgotten in this brief summary of Florentine story. The gardens where Shelley wrote his "Ode to the West Wind," the *palazzo* where Elizabeth Barrett Browning lived when she wrote "Casa Guidi Windows," the Piazza where Robert Browning found the square old yellow book with the "crumpled vellum covers," which inspired his noblest poem, are all carefully indicated, and on the hill of San Miniato we are reminded of Burne-Jones' "unforgettable picture of the Merciful Knight," S. Giovanni Gualberto. A few of Ruskin's finest passages on the Shepherd's Tower, and the paintings of Botticelli, of Fra Angelico and Perugino, are introduced, as well as lines from Browning's "Fra Lippo Lippi" and the "Ring and the Book," and Pater's eloquent description of the Birth of Venus is given at length, but as a rule quotations are sparingly used and selected with judgment and discretion. A genealogical table of the house of Medici and a chronological index of Florentine architects, sculptors, and painters, have been added at the end of the volume and will greatly increase the usefulness of the book, which also contains a good map of the town and a plan of Florence in the days of Lorenzo the Magnificent, taken from an old engraving of 1490, which is preserved in the Berlin Museum. The last chapter is devoted to the environs of the City of Flowers. The churches and convents of Fiesole, of Prato, and Pistoja, and the villas of Careggi and Poggio a Caiano are all described. But it is a pity that in speaking of the mediæval sanctuaries in the Casentino, Mr. Gardner did not mention the beautiful terra-cotta bas-reliefs by Andrea della Robbia and his school which adorn the church and chapels of La Verna, the famous shrine of St. Francis on the fir-clad heights of the Apennines—Dante's "erudo sasso, intra Tevere ed Arno." Miss Erichsen's drawings of the old bridges and towers on the banks of Arno, and of the few quaint nooks and corners which have escaped the ruthless hand of the modern builder, are a great addition to Mr. Gardner's little book, and a fine photogravure of Botticelli's "Pallas Taming a Centaur" forms an appropriate frontispiece to this tale of the past glories of Florence.

THE SALISBURY MANUSCRIPTS.

Calendar of the Manuscripts of the Most Hon. the Marquis of Salisbury, K.G. Part VIII. (Eyre and Spottiswoode, 2s. 8d.)

Another volume has appeared of those manuscripts which were placed at the disposal of Mr. Froude, when he was at work on his History, and which he exhausted in a single day. The year 1598, which has furnished all the material for the eighth volume, was not prolific of stirring events. Sir Robert Cecil's embassy to Paris, the death of the first Lord Burghley, Southampton's disgrace and Elizabeth's anger with Essex, Tyrone's temporarily successful rebellion—these are the most striking features. But it is not here that the chief attraction of the volume lies. The art of history was revolutionized contemporaneously with the triumph of landscape painting. The ancient idea of history, surviving far into modern times in writers like Hume and Robertson and Roscoe, was to embody the tendencies and movements of an age in a generalized representation, avoiding or despising detail, as the Greeks embodied their apprehension of complex nature in a single generalization, whether in legend or marble. The modern spirit adores detail, and for this nothing can be better than such a collection of miscellaneous records.

Men who are utterly unknown to history, who have figured in no biographical dictionary, and have escaped even the omniscience of the genealogist, live here in unmistakable sincerity. Such a man is James Reade, steward to the Earl of Essex, of whom a Welsh lady, named Susan Morgan, makes

bitter complaint. This James Reade would go into people's houses, and take their pots and pans. If they objected he would beat them until the blood followed, and if they attempted a rescue, they would be indicted and fined, till the poor souls said they would rather die than be made his bondslaves. He terrified every one by saying that he was his lordship's steward and musterman. He was wont "to take bribes of aldesmen, to bring people to consume themselves." This bribery and extortion was "to maintain his lewd life." He had seven hundred marks in marriage with Mistress Morgan's sister, and married, in her lifetime, an old dame of three-score years. When indicted before the Bishop, he refused to appear, alleging in excuse that he was in Essex's service.

Equally vivid is the self-drawn picture of the outlawed Scottish Presbyterian divine, Camden's "impious, ungrateful Scot." He sold himself to Essex as a foreign "espion," but apologized for keeping up a correspondence with the King of Scots, a little, as he puts it, to receive out of his hand sums of money that were due, but especially from pure desire to do a notable service to her Majesty. He was apparently a tender husband and father. He stipulated, in case he should perish, for some "gracious consideration" to his wife and children. At one time he believed that he was deep in the secrets of the exiled Earl of Bothwell—grandfather of Serjeant Francis Bothwell, of "Old Mortality" renown—"being moved thereunto by his terrible oaths and protestations," but was forced to alter his opinion, "finding him light as a feather and more fraudfull nor a fox." Bothwell and the Bishop of Glasgow all but succeeded in having him seized by the authorities of Cambrai that he might receive the reward which he so richly deserved.

Some long-winded and circumstantial versions of a quarrel between Sir Melgar Levens and Sir Charles Blunt, each giving the lie direct, with graceful insinuations of cowardly behaviour, to the statements of his opponent, might have furnished an episode for Dumas. The delightfully romantic insecurity of life in the "spacious days" is illustrated by the fortunes of two English knights, who were exiled in Paris for a short period before obtaining pardon, for the murder of a country neighbour, ancestor of the President of the Board of Agriculture, after which act they had been first harboured, then safely smuggled away, by Harry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton. Southampton intended to have taken the younger brother, Sir Henry Davers, with him into Italy, a country of which he knew nothing by experience, and to which his friends refer in terms of fascinated horror: but a sudden pardon arriving for the homicides, Southampton consoled himself for their loss by reflections of friendly sympathy, though he admitted that Davers' absence would be an "exceeding maim" to him. Lingering still in Paris in hopes that his friend might return, Southampton became the laughing-stock of the French Court. He gamed heavily, though he had gone abroad to escape from pecuniary embarrassments by plain living. He lost, in a very short time, 3,000 crowns to the Duc de Biron at *paulone*. Yet his recall to England came rather in the guise of a calamity than a salvation. He had made a secret marriage with Mistress Elizabeth Vernon, one of the Queen's maids of honour, to whom the young earl's ardent love-making had left no choice but between marriage and disgrace. Elizabeth has been described as one of the greatest Platonists among the Renaissance women. But she expected to be the sole inspiration of her Court; she expected her love to be sufficient at once to kindle and to soothe the virile, passionate warriors who surrounded her. The result was often disastrous, as in this present case, and as in the case of Leicester, Hatton, and Raleigh.

This year finds Essex also in disgrace with his Royal mistress. Elizabeth had "chased" him from her, and her "indignation did take hold of all things that might feed it." Yet when the "unhappy news came from yonder cursed country of Ireland," and he apprehended how much Elizabeth "would be grieved to have her armies beaten and her kingdom like to be conquered by the son of a smith," he roused himself from the "deadest melancholy" to offer his attendance and, afterwards, his "poor advice in writing." At first Elizabeth repulsed his advances, but before the year closed he had succeeded in obtaining for himself the chief command against Tyrone—a success which was absolutely ruinous for himself. It was apparently at the instigation of Francis Bacon—his evil genius throughout—that he pressed for the appointment. Of Bacon there are only a few letters, and those insignificant, the most notable being a complaint to Sir Robert Cecil, his cousin, and to the Lord Keeper, of "one Symson, a goldsmith," who had been so insolent as to serve an execution on him, in respect to a loan of £300, as he returned from serving her Majesty by the administration of "the question" at the Tower.

As early as March Lord Burghley had begun to alarm his friends and dependants by grave symptoms. Two years before, in spite of failing health, he had read and answered some 1,200 documents in the course of twelve months. Now "the grasshopper had become a burden." He was obliged to take out a licence to be absent from the feast of St. George when it was celebrated by the Companions of the Order of the Garter. Sudden fits of gout and qualms of the stomach, with great pain in the throat and mouth, aggravated by the effects of being surprised by a shower of rain at Theobalds, threatened the worst, in spite of the "colours in his face, which is very good and his eye quick." His death caused great rejoicings among the enemies of England. The Archduke's Ambassador in France exclaimed, "Il ne reste qu'une vielle a mourir, et en apres nos affaires se porteront bien."

Lord Burghley had a greater fondness for literature and the arts than his famous son. Still Sir Robert appears to have taken pleasure in music. There is a correspondence connected with this subject which does not induce high opinions of the liberty of the subject in those times. Sir Percival Hart wished to engage the services of one Henry Phillips, a musician just returned from the Low Countries, but discovered that he had once been in the following of Sir Robert, and had left against his master's wishes. Cecil expressed a wish to have "him sent up"—ill-omened phrase! To this Phillips violently objected, and Sir Percival made excuses for a time, on the grounds of the young man's sickness and "lewdness," but promised to exercise such surveillance as was possible over "one of his fleeting condition," until he could be handed over to the just chastisement of his forsaken lord.

Several names occur which have interesting literary associations. The author of "Gorboduc" writes about Newcastle coals, ordnance, taxes, and muster-rolls. The Earl of Pembroke often mentions his servant Arthur Massingham, the father of the dramatist. Lyly the Euphuist—of whose family almost nothing is known—encloses a copy of memorial verses on Lord Burghley, by his brother, Chaplain of the Savoy, and apologizes for being late with his own obituary notice. "When I balanced the matter with words, I found the worth to weigh down all wit. He that studies to be longest in the commendation, must come short. I leave discourses to those that have more copy (sic) of words, but not more feeling of grief, and content myself that all my epitaphs be written in amazedness, leaving them as heads for others to anatomize." Gabriel Harvey, the friend of Sidney and Spenser, and champion of classical metres in English, pleads for the endowment of research in his own person. He had written five cantos—"nigh as much in quantity as Ariosto"—in "celebration of her Majesty's most glorious government." His studies ranged from Humanity, History, and Policy to "the true Chymique without imposture, which I learned from Sir Thomas Smith, not to despise." He concludes with the appalling suggestion, "I can in one year publish more than any Englishman hath hitherto done."

The editing and transcription of this volume is all that we are accustomed to expect from the Public Record Office, and reflects the greatest credit on the general editor, Mr. R. A. Roberts, Mr. R. T. Gunton, private secretary to the Marquis of Salisbury, and their collaborators.

RECENT BIOGRAPHIES.

The Late Archbishop of Dublin.

Mr. Frederick Douglas How is rapidly acquiring a speciality as a biographer of Bishops. He began with his father, the late Bishop of Wakefield, and then told the story of the devoted John Selwyn, of Melanesia. Now, in William Conyngham Plunket (Isbister, 16s.), he has written an attractive, if rather long, life of the late Archbishop of Dublin. If Mr. How is becoming a professional writer of episcopal biographies, it has hardly less been the business in life of the Plunkets to supply peer-Bishops to the Church of Ireland. The second Lord Plunket held the See of Tuam; his nephew, the fourth Baron, was successively Bishop of Meath and Archbishop of Dublin. Mr. How has been fortunate in having for his subject an exceedingly interesting man, broad-minded and singularly unecclesiastical in his ideas. He may not have been a great Churchman, but he accomplished much useful work for which he did not always receive the credit he deserved. The chief event of his official life was unquestionably his consecration of a Bishop for the Spanish Protestants—an action around which an acrid controversy surged. The Irish Low Churchmen did not approve because they fancied he was neglecting his own Diocese; the extreme High Churchmen disapproved because to them the Spanish Reformed Church was little better than schismatic. But, like many worse storms, it passed over and nobody is the worse. This was only one of several controversies in which Lord Plunket was engaged. He took a prominent part in the discussions upon Irish Disestablishment, upon Prayer-book Revision, and upon the chimerical dream of Re-Union, while his labours in behalf of education in his own country will not speedily be forgotten. His earnestness, sincerity, and moderation, are obvious in every line he wrote; and with a noble presence and a winning manner it is not surprising that he was popular. Mr. How draws a delightful picture of the Archbishop's home life, for which we may forgive him much of the unimportant padding with which his well-written and well-informed volume is bulked out.

A Great Engineer.

Great engineers, like some other "men of action," do not lend themselves well to the purposes of the biographer. Materials are scanty, and the constructive genius is not for ever pouring out his soul on paper. This reflection is suggested once more by Mr. T. Mackay's Life of Sir John Fowler (Murray, 16s.), a book which, in addition to being far too large, presents no clear-cut definite portraiture of its subject. Mr. Mackay is an exceedingly loyal biographer; but he has a trick of labouring the obvious, and seems to have considered himself under an obligation to produce as large a book as possible. With perhaps the exception of the story of Sir John Fowler's concern with the abortive Sudan Railway, and of his consequent relations with Gordon, which, after all, do not amount to much, the volume contains nothing that is new. It was, no doubt, inevitable that so great a figure as the engineer of the Metropolitan Railway and the Forth Bridge should have his literary memorial; but had the force been smaller the fiction would have been clearer. Moreover, nothing in itself could be more interesting than the story of how this young Yorkshireman, with practically no help from birth or means, tore his way at an early age into the very heart of things, and seized the opportunity of the railway mania of half a century ago to make himself essential to that kind of enterprise. In the light of what the engineer can do now the passengers grumble at the ventilation of the "Underground Railway" and the shareholder repines at its cost; but when the two lines which bear that name were made John Fowler was a pioneer and had to contend with difficulties which his successors are able to play with. And the firm grasp and lasting virility of the man are shown admirably in his Forth Bridge, which was the work of his old age. He was unquestionably a real mechanical genius. He made mistakes, no doubt—to the last he stuck to his belief in the feasibility of a Channel Ferry, which may, perhaps, lie in the future, but for which engineering science, as he knew it, was not ripe. The most entertaining part of Mr. Mackay's volume is the description of Sir John Fowler's home life as a Highland laird. At Braemore, like that Earl of Shrewsbury who laid out Alton Towers, "he made the desert smile," and did well by the State by planting nine millions of trees. He was a sturdy, downright type of Englishman whose work is his best monument.

Francis Parkman.

A Life of Francis Parkman, by Charles Haight Farnham (Macmillan, 8s. 6d. n.), is appropriately issued as part of the uniform edition of the great American historian's works. It is a life which ranks with that of Henry Fawcett as an example of what unconquerable resolution may accomplish in the face of difficulties before which all but the strongest men would throw up their hands. Parkman was a cripple. He was so nearly blind that for a long period he could only read for five minutes at a time. He had some mysterious brain trouble which his physicians expected to culminate in insanity. On several occasions his health was such that he could do no work at all for months, and even for years. But by sheer will-power he kept himself alive and sane and did his work, producing a series of volumes which rank high in historical literature. With it all he was one of the most reticent and reserved of men—so reserved as almost to seem unsympathetic. One reads the story with admiration and pity—almost with awe. Parkman might almost have lived to prove Zola's doctrine that work is the great consoler. His stoicism very nearly seems inhuman. And his stoicism was his life—that and the writing of history under difficulties. The biography is not interesting in the way in which some other biographies are. It throws no new light on great events and contains no revelations. It is just the story of a strong will in a weak body fulfilling its manifest destiny in despite of untoward circumstance.

A Master of Medicine.

The popular idea of Thomas Sydenham (3s. 6d.), once a young cornet in the Parliamentary Army and afterwards a physician great enough to be placed by Mr. Fisher Unwin among his "Masters of Medicine," is based upon an old story, ignored, no doubt with good reason, by his present biographer, Mr. J. F. Payne. In those bloodthirsty days, when physicians emulated the phlebotomy so popular on the field of Naseby and elsewhere, a patient called upon Dr. Sydenham, expecting nothing less drastic than a free bleeding, and was agreeably surprised to be recommended a roast chicken and a bottle of Madeira. Such was the originality of Thomas Sydenham! The story is true to his character if not to fact. It leaves the same impression upon the mind as Mr. Payne's critical estimate of the old physician—that of a strictly practical and independent-minded man. Applying to medicine the method of investigation that Bacon had introduced into philosophy, Sydenham was a powerful opponent of all abstract theorists. The value of Mr. Payne's criticism consists in the impartial manner in which he weighs the advantages and disadvantages which accrue from a character such as Sydenham's. The independence of mind which made his treatises on the cure of fevers, on gout, and hysterical diseases, of such value caused him to underrate the work of other men. He showed a curious indifference to the discoveries of Harvey and other anatomists, and was equally disdainful of physiologists. But the practical service that he rendered to mankind outweighed his limitations. The man who among other things was the first to recognize hysteria as a special form of disease, and invented a new and more beneficial treatment of small-pox, was in the best sense a master of medicine. Mr. Payne's book is valuable, too, from a purely biographical point of view. The careful sifting of evidence and the thorough investigation of State Papers, diaries, and other contemporary statements, has enabled him to add to our information as to the facts of Sydenham's life, and in one or two important particulars—*e.g.*, in the account of Sydenham's military service and of his journey to Montpellier—to clear up matters about which doubt has arisen.

The Empress Augusta.

The author of AUGUSTA, EMPRESS OF GERMANY (Sonnenschein, 7s. 6d.), Clara Tschudi, enjoys a popularity, we know; yet she seems to possess few of the qualifications which one would naturally look for in an historical writer, as, for instance, thoroughness and picturesqueness of style. She does not grasp the nettle of her subject, and she is far from accurate in matters of detail. Hardly does she give a name correctly; she writes complacently of Lady "Blomfield," wife of the English Ambassador at Berlin in 1851, and of Count Paul "Vatili." In her former volumes on "Marie Antoinette," the Empress "Eugénie," and "Napoleon's Mother," Miss Tschudi found matter which in itself was so interesting as to compensate in some measure for the faults of treatment. Here she can count on no such extraneous aid. She says herself: "Without exaggeration, we must confess that Augusta of Prussia was one of the least attractive Royal ladies of her time; in her youth she was hated for her studied condescension which was called pride, and in her advanced years she was wearisome with her almost theatrical graciousness." This unpromising biographical beginning is not belied when the reader is treated to such details as the following: "On the writing-table, before which the Empress spent the greater part of the day, were likenesses, in several styles, of the members of the family, and a carved clock of the Black Forest, a present from the Grand Duchess of Baden"; or "she began the day with a cup of strong tea or coffee, followed at 11 o'clock by strengthening meat soup; for dinner she liked nothing better than game and spinach, with a glass of old Malaga and water; then before going to bed, about 10 o'clock, she had cake, with a cup of tea, or an ice." She gave insufferably dull tea parties, when, "unable as she was to rise from her reclining chair, she yet exerted herself as hostess in her formal manner to keep up the conversation, but her phrases were so stereotyped that, in spite of a real esteem for the Empress, the guests could not respond to her efforts, and the ladies yawned behind their fans, while the gentlemen nodded in their chairs." When we reached a list of the exalted personages who sent wreaths for the poor lady's coffin, and were invited to notice the dedicatory words accompanying each wreath, we sympathized with the feelings of the Empress's guests. That the dullest life-story can be made interesting and vital in the telling of it is quite true, but then the telling of it demands qualities which Miss Tschudi does not, we are afraid, possess.

The Friend of Livingstone.

Few books are so generally depressing as the modern lengthy and unnecessary book of biography, and it cannot be said that Mr. W. E. Oswell in the life of his father, WILLIAM COTTON OSWELL (Heinemann, 2 vols., 25s.), has succeeded in raising the average of merit among such works. And yet that picturesque hunter, who was Livingstone's friend and companion, offered great opportunities for a rapid sketch of reasonable limits. The fact that to him was due the first crossing of the Kalahari and the discovery of the Zambesi hardly justifies 180,000 words which, on the most charitable view, only constitute the materials of a biography. The principle of incorporating letters is here abused to its utmost extent. This is all the more to be regretted as Oswell was a fine and noble character whose modest reluctance to exhibit himself has almost denied him the position that is undoubtedly his due as an explorer. But there is rarely any discrimination among biographers, who by their very nature are hero-worshippers, and this lack of discrimination usually defeats the very object aimed at. To see as much space devoted even to the noblest gentleman of them all among hunters as would suffice for Napoleon or Cromwell is discouraging to any one with the most rudimentary critical faculty. The two photographs of Oswell are worth all the rest of the book.

A Baptist Preacher.

In WILLIAM LANDELS, D.D. (Cassell, 6s.), Mr. Thomas R. Landels, his son, gives a modest yet adequate account of the work of this distinguished Baptist divine. The interest of such a book is, necessarily, to a great extent, denominational; but Dr. Landels had many admirers outside his own religious circle who were drawn to him by his transparent sincerity and earnestness, and by a liberality of mind which was not invariably to the taste of the more conservative persons in his own communion. He had unusual opportunities of impressing himself upon great populations, for he ministered successively in Birmingham, in London, and in Edinburgh; and although he was a hard hitter—sometimes, indeed, he was even a bitter antagonist—he conquered respect by his personal character and his evangelical fervour. His twenty years' friendship with Spurgeon was shattered by their lamentable controversy over things that did not matter; but the biographer deals with the matter delicately and discreetly. This is by no means a bad example of the minor ecclesiastical biography.

Mr. Tinsley's Recollections.

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD PUBLISHER (Simpkin, Marshall, 21s.)—the two portly volumes in which Mr. William Tinsley gossips in desultory fashion about the notabilities he has met—contain a smaller proportion of anecdote than any book of this kind we remember to have seen. The story of Edward Tinsley, the brother who died comparatively young after starting in London as a bookseller, and of his first great success as a publisher with "Lady Audley's Secret," was told by Mr. Sutherland Edwards in his recent book of recollections. Justice is hardly done to Edward Tinsley in the present book. Mr. Tinsley has led an interesting life and met interesting people, but it is surprising how little he finds to tell us about them. One or two little bits of interesting literary gossip turn up here and there, as the story of Hardy's "Under the Greenwood Tree," which Mr. Tinsley thinks did not sell because it lacked sentiment. But as a rule the volumes are dull, and the workmanship cannot be said to make amends.

OTHER NEW BOOKS.

Captain Mahan on the War.

Captain Mahan's STORY OF THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA (Sampson Low, 10s. 6d. n.) is very different from Dr. Conan Doyle's work on the same subject. There is no word-painting, and there are no proposals for a reformation of the British Army, but there is a careful dissection of the tactical and strategic problems illustrated by the campaign, which is naturally interesting as coming from an expert who has no patriotic equation to mislead him. We have the satisfaction, if it be a satisfaction, of knowing that, in Captain Mahan's opinion, whatever the faults of our own leaders may have been, those of our opponents were far more glaring; they lacked "exclusiveness of purpose," with the result that their case was hopeless long before they had ceased to win victories that sounded well in bulletins. It will be observed, too, that Captain Mahan considers defensible much of our strategy that has been denounced in no measured terms by the experts of our own daily newspapers. He holds, for instance, not only that it was necessary, in the circumstances, to let a strong force be cooped up in Ladysmith, but that it was wiser anyhow to hold Ladysmith than to retire on the line of the Tugela, which could have been turned. His criticisms, too, of the Boer evasiveness and cunning, about which there has been some misplaced enthusiasm here, are by no means favourable.

> The nervousness of the Boers at any seeming threat to their line of retreat has been so obvious as to elicit frequent comment. As a predominant motive it is ruinous.

And, again, comparing Boer with British methods:—

> It is not too much to say that at the supreme moment, when man stands foot to foot and eye to eye, and when the issue depends upon superior aggressive momentum of temperament, the national trait, whether original or acquired, asserted itself; and the heroes who had scaled the heights barefoot, and clung with undying resolution to their rocky cover, exchanging shots almost muzzle to muzzle, did not muster the resolution which might or might not—the true

soldier reeks not which at such an hour have carried them, more than decimated, but triumphant, across the belt of withering fire to victory. The reply of the British Colonel on the other side of the sixty yards of plateau that separated the opponents, "We will try," . . . expressed just the difference.

Captain Mahan believes, as Lord Kitchener is said to do, in frontal attacks, and by no means agrees with those critics who hold that they will be impossible in future wars. "Not only is it not demonstrated that modern weapons can stop the uphill advance of a resolute infantry on broken ground; it has been shown to probability that they are incapable of doing so." Captain Mahan's is, we think, the sanest of the war books that we have seen, though we think that, for the price, we might have been given small maps to illustrate the tactics as well as a large map to illustrate the strategy.

The Merchant Service.

It cannot be said that Mr. Frank T. Bullen in his new book, THE MEN OF THE MERCHANT SERVICE (Smith, Elder, 7s. 6d.), has produced anything of very startling novelty. That was, perhaps, not his intention, and yet the life of all classes of seamen to one who knows them is a matter of such interest that we looked for something better than rather tame journalism. Mr. Bullen's method, too, is curiously inverted. He deals with the master, who is by commercial courtesy a captain, first of all, and gradually works downward through the mates to the seamen and apprentices. A more natural and rational method would assuredly have commenced at the other end, and to understand the subject without difficulty it is best to begin where Mr. Bullen leaves off and read the last chapter first. And indeed, though his conclusions are by no means novel these contain what is best in the book. It is undoubtedly a scandal and a national danger that so many foreigners should be shipped before the mast in English vessels. Whatever may be the cause the evil is undoubtedly on the increase. It is due we imagine not so much to the actual worsening of conditions of service at sea as to the better prospects on shore. For the provisioning of English ships, though by no means on a level with that of vessels hailing from the United States, is much better than it was. But it is not only that better jobs are to be obtained on land. The life on a steamship is undoubtedly less arduous than that on sailing vessels. There is more variety on it and more chance of fresh provisions. And from another point of view the Navy competes far more with the Merchant Service than it did when its average *personnel* was not above thirty thousand men. We by no means agree with Mr. Bullen in his view that the sailing ship is practically doomed. The great cargo carrying ship of three to five thousand tons is rapidly increasing and will tend to increase even more as freights fall, as they must with the increase of international competition.

It seems rather odd that Mr. Bullen has not once referred to "Two Years before the Mast," for although that book is to some extent out of date, it remains to this day the best general picture of life at sea outside some of the masterpieces of fiction. It is true that Dana was interested almost wholly in the life of the fo'csle, while Mr. Bullen's book purports to be a guide to the whole of the Merchant Service, yet even so we regret the omission. Dana, who was not a seaman by profession, has undoubtedly done more to make outsiders realize the Merchant Service than any one since his time.

The Marvels of Invention.

FLAME, ELECTRICITY, AND THE CAMERA, by G. Hes (Grant Richards, 7s. 6d. n.), is a popular exposition of what man has done in the way of mechanical invention. Apart from surgery, our material progress rests on the three instruments named in the title, and as Mr. Hes is an American he is well "up to date" with the most recent marvels of that progress. Very few American writers of popular books on learned subjects succeed in acquiring a really attractive style; and sometimes, as in the account of the Voltaic battery, the reader of this book will be better for some previous knowledge. But it is an able and complete presentment (with abundance of illustrations) of the progress—from its origin in each case—of man's manipulation of fire and the electric current, and of the art of photography, and of the material results achieved, with a good many acute reflections on the manner and significance of our rapid scientific progress.

ART.

Art of Japan.

The French National Library has acquired the collection of Japanese illustrated books and albums formed during the past twenty-five years by M. Theodore Duret. M. Duret has himself prepared a catalogue of these treasures that is an excellent model of methodical classification, learned exposition, delicate criticism, and dainty presentation—LIVRES ET ALBUMS DU JAPON (Ernest Leroux). M. Duret, who was one of the first Frenchmen to make known to his compatriots the artistic riches of Japan, tells us how he was led to begin collecting Japanese books and albums in 1871-72, the period when he accompanied M. Henri Cernuschi on a voyage to the East. While M. Cernuschi was gathering up the old, rare bronzes that he afterwards presented to the city of Paris, his companion turned his own attention to securing illustrated books and albums, within whose covers the product of artistic Japanese engraving was, for a long time, almost exclusively enclosed. A quarter of a century ago not all the Japanese dealers were the acute and enterprising tradesmen they have since become. If owing to the political and religious revolution then in progress the Buddhist priests were ready and willing to sacrifice their ancient bronzes, nearly all of great worth, the book sellers were not so profuse. M. Duret was obliged to display an untiring perseverance in overcoming an astonishing indifference to commercial transactions on the part of those vendors of artistic literature. With all his activity M. Duret was unable to make any great headway during his stay in Japan, and when he returned to Paris he brought home only a small nucleus of his future library. In 1880 he had the good fortune to make the acquaintance in London of Dr. William Anderson, who had spent several years at Yeddo as professor of surgery and who was well informed on Japanese art. Thanks to the aid given by Dr. Anderson and, later on, by Mr. (now Sir Ernest) Satow, the present British Ambassador in Peking, M. Duret succeeded in completing his collection. Englishmen may therefore take some pride in knowing that the assemblage of fine and rare specimens of Japanese illustrated books and albums in the French National Library is, in part at least and indirectly, the work of two of their countrymen.

M. Duret's collection consists of 581 volumes, all minutely described, beginning with some of the primitive books of the seventeenth century, and continuing with choice samples of the works of the principal artists of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Amateurs can here follow the chronological development of the art of wood engraving as applied to books and prints in Japan, where, we may add, owing to its rapid disappearance among us before the perfection of mechanical processes, it seems likely to find its last refuge. To each artist is given a discriminating notice, giving all the facts known about him, his methods of work, his special line of subjects and manner of execution; so that in running through this catalogue even the uninitiated reader is soon made conversant with the names and achievements of all the leading Japanese illustrators—Moronobou, Massanobou, Sonkenobou, Kyonaga, Shounsho, Outamaro, Hokousai, Korin, and the others whose names are now so familiar to connoisseurs—from the end of the sixteenth century down to the present day. He can also follow in detail the development of the Japanese people, their manners, their history, literature, amusements, and their picturesque costumes. There is also an admirable historical study of Japanese engraving, with its technical methods carefully explained. Without pretending to offer it as a work of *grand luxe*, the publisher has, nevertheless, given us a fine specimen of the particular knack our French neighbours have of issuing catalogues in a quiet, sober, and yet

sumptuous style that spreads around them an artistic atmosphere, so to speak, the moment we put our paper-knife between the uncut pages. M. Duret's catalogue is a joy for the eye, the hand, and the mind.

The first serious attempt that has been made during the lifetime of the present generation to beautify London on an extensive scale has met with exceptional opposition. Whilst more than one journal can find nothing good or new in any of the designs sent in for the new street from Holborn to the Strand, at least one leading London morning paper takes the London County Council to task for throwing away £2,000 of the ratepayers' money. Neither criticism, it seems to us, is deserved. The designs by Mr. Leonard Stokes, Mr. Reginald Blomfield, and by Mr. Ernest George are better than most things we have recently seen on paper of the same ambitious kind, and if the L.C.C. had decided to "save" the £2,000, the present objectors would have been the first to cry out that expert advice had not been solicited. There are architects as good as the eight invited to send in suggestions for the proper treatment of the great Strand improvement, but those chosen—Messrs. Reginald Blomfield, Ernest George, Leonard Stokes, Flockhart, Hare, Mountford, Runtz, and Macartney—have at least the merit of diversity. Surely if London is to be beautified architecturally, architects should be asked to do it. London has suffered too much from the commercial builder.

Not the least interesting feature of the plans is the respect shown by the architects for the merits of the existing church of St. Mary-le-Strand and of Somerset House. Considering that St. Mary-le-Strand was designed by James Gibbs at a time—1714-17—when architecture in this country shared the fate of the finer arts, and that the steeple was an afterthought, it is remarkable that it should be so happy in its proportions, and should really demand preservation. Otherwise the church, which is a real obstruction to the traffic, would have been demolished years ago. If any corporate body less enlightened than the L.C.C. had come into power upon the demise of the Board of Works, it would probably have gone the way of Hanover Chapel.

Somerset House was never seriously threatened. The style adopted by Sir William Chambers, which is Italian, "refined to a degree scarcely excelled by Palladio himself," has affected nearly all the eight architects, and not without justice. Almost the only respectable business thoroughfare is that which was built in 1813, by Nash, and named after the Prince Regent—and the precedent has its value, even for architects. Neither Leicester Square nor Northumberland Avenue does us much credit, nor do Shaftesbury Avenue and Charing Cross Road. It should cause no surprise, then, that the L.C.C. should have some idea of uniformity. As to the "waste" of £2,000, there is more wisdom in paying for proper advice than there was in commissioning a John Bacon to make a bronze statue of George III. and a poor figure of Father Thames for a similar sum—as was done for the quadrangle of Somerset House. If the L.C.C., under the guidance of Mr. Norman Shaw, decides to pick the brains of eight eminent architects at the price of £250 a head, it surely is a very small tax indeed upon Londoners.

The Suffolk-street exhibition has called forth an unusual amount of abuse. The reason for this is hard to find. When Whistler remarked years ago that "the artists have left and the British remain," he epigrammatized almost all that the most copious criticism can express. The work at the R.S.B.A. is neither better nor worse than usual, and good work can be found even here, such as the landscapes of Giffard Lenfesty, E. Borough Johnson, A. J. Ryle, and A. E. Proctor, "My Friend Fynn" by Blundell Thompson, Tom Brown's groups of Dutch people, Mr. Sheard's study of Rusties, Mr. Graham Robertson's soft and luminous "Silver Mirror," a seapiece by Mr. Spenlove Spenlove, some sketches by Mr. Rooke, and a portrait by Mr. Bunny.

The storm raised by the *Magazine of Art* over the Paris Grand Prix seems to be exhausting itself, probably because, as a matter of fact, the announcement of the Prize in the case of Whistler was affixed to a portrait quite recently painted and never before exhibited. The only regret is that it has not drawn from Mr. Whistler one of his inimitable letters.

FICTION.

Mr. Anstey.

In THE BRASS BOTTLE (Smith, Elder, 6s.) Mr. Anstey returns to his earlier manner—the supernatural machinery of "Vice Versa" and "The Talking Horse." Probably no man living can extract so much fun out of the sharp antithesis of real and unreal as Mr. Anstey. He makes the most surprising actions wear an appearance of actuality; he treats the realm of magic and fairy-tale so naturally that he almost persuades us to believe in the astounding adventures of young Mr. Ventimore, just as in old days we could not withhold a certain pity from the prosperous City merchant transformed into a school boy. "The Brass Bottle" is not quite so convincing as the sad case of Mr. Bultitude, nor has not so sound a moral. But there are passages in it, such as the arrival of Fakrash's camels at the door of Ventimore's humble lodgings or the behaviour of the Professor's household when that gentleman has been turned into a mule, which we would defy any one to read without laughter. Mr. Anstey's plots may be extravagantly impossible, but his characters are more alive than those of most serious novelists. Even the Jinnee of this book—who is none other than the Genie of the Arabian Nights—is no indefinitely terrible monster; he is almost as real as Professor Futvoye, his wife, and daughter, or Horace Ventimore himself. The story is a little weak towards the close. It is necessarily difficult to keep up an interest in the supernatural through some 300 pages. But the effort is scarcely felt until we near the conclusion, which is no small tribute to Mr. Anstey's resource and humour.

Mr. Capes.

JOAN BROTHERHOOD, by Bernard Capes (Pearson, 6s.), is an uncommon novel. That it is uncommonly good we should hesitate to say, but it is not like other books. Mr. Capes' work seldom is. In "Joan" the people and their doings are not life as we know it, but they have a very distinct life of their own. The plot is weak, but the situations are strong. The author boldly makes careless use of the veriest stale convention when he chooses. And yet conventionality is the last thing the book suggests. Raw human passions are presented, side by side with light social froth and pretty tenderness. The tramp which ended in the baby's death is painfully real and touching; one cannot help feeling that a quiet tale of real life would be well worth reading if Mr. Capes wrote it. But there is no denying that through the sheer melodrama of some of his scenes a strong human note is heard. He has an uncanny imagination and a gift of words that suit it. Take the crypt under the old church, which plays so large a part in the story. Mr. Capes makes us feel its vaulty air and hear its echoes. "It is thick with graves," she said, and stamped where she stood. . . . . It answered, as if some old father disturbed in his rest were coughing underneath." Then take the little picture of the vaults when a door has been opened into the outer world. "The vault was luminous. The arches seemed to yawn, the old pillars to stretch and relax as if awakened; and in the midst the doorway framed a little landscape as bright and clean-cut as if it were thrown by a lantern on a sheet." In his metaphors, too, Mr. Capes is vivid and daring. But, as in all other books, they often strike a wrong note. They are material or ugly, and add nothing of beauty or suggestiveness to the picture. They are, in fact, mere displays of ingenuity. "Presently he saw a blackbird perch in the sunshine on the steps without. There it sat in the flame like a little black kettle, till the warmth took it, and its throat began to bubble and sing."

Mr. Leonard Merrick.

A good plot, clever characterization, and a style quick and virile are to be found in Mr. Leonard Merrick's new book, THE WORLDLINGS (Murray, 6s.). The plot alone will probably suffice the hardened devourer of novels. But since, if the pace be too hot, there is danger of missing the delicate flavour of not a few subtly conceived situations, we would recommend adequate leisure and a clear fire for their proper enjoyment. The conduct of Maurice

Blake presents an interesting field for speculation. Most readers who follow his fortunes will, we think, feel quite sufficiently sympathetic. He is tempted into launching out upon a perilous and heartless imposture; and though he is rather pushed and tapped, as it were, upon his course by the smaller breezes of fact than hustled by its hurricanes, the consequences of his sin are none the less appalling before he is suffered to find a haven. There is irony, too, in the peculiar kind of trouble which he has to face. As Mr. Merrick puts it, his Nemesis arises from his love. The moment the woman he loves begins to quicken his higher self his punishment begins. And this girl, the instrument first of his punishment and afterwards of his salvation, is a vividly-drawn heroine. One of the many enjoyable things of the book is the contrast between big-heartedness of the worldling, whose sin is for ever staining and belying him, and the narrowness of the spotless young beauty whose confident inexperience is without fear and without reproach. But all narrowness is swept away by the rising tide of her love for her husband, and she suffers her passion to flow broad and strong about him to help him in what will probably be years of stress. The rough edges of the tale appealed to us; we found ourselves wondering exactly what happened afterwards—whether Sir Noel's generosity bore still more fruit, and whether he grew happier. The fate of Rose Fleming, we confess, interested us very little; she seems by far the least satisfactory character in the book. The restraint of the book is admirable, and it is all the pleasanter to feel the tingle of the blood as we do in the really fine love-passage of the last two or three pages. On a point of style, a few rather unusual words here and there, such as "absentment" for example, would be better for their—absence.

Miss Gertrude Dix.

Since the early days of the "Keynote Series" we have looked forward to the next book from the author of "The Girl from the Farm." At her leisure and after due consideration Miss Gertrude Dix issues her new book THE IMAGE BREAKERS (Heinemann, 6s.) and we are slightly disappointed. It is powerfully written—the work of a skilful hand—but the characters and the subjects do not arrest one. Socialism and incompatibility of temper belong by right to the nineties. Justin Ferrar, Leslie Avant, Charles Whiston, Rosalind Dangerfield, the very names of the serious reformers and humourless types suggest a period that is past and the rash unforgiving earnestness of youth. But while we express this personal point of view we must do full credit to Miss Dix's sincerity and capability. Her book is full of careful thought and sound analysis; the only fault being that she appears to have lost the secret of interesting us very greatly in her characters. Leslie Avant, with her rather feeble ideals and gushing conduct, does not attract; yet viewed as an essay in the direction of social reform and the probable failure of reformers there is much in Miss Dix's book which should delight and instruct.

Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne.

Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne's THE FILIBUSTERS (Hutchinson, 6s.) is not a bad example of the novel of adventure. He can write, and he had always the inventive faculty; he has travelled, and kept his eyes and his note-book open. And he is an expert borrower, which is much to his credit, for all men have not the talent of profiting by adroit assimilation. He would not now be writing quite in this manner were it not for the prose works of Mr. Kipling; but he has taken just enough of his model and no more. The escape by swimming through the cañon, again, recalls a certain incident in the career of one Dr. Nikola, but not unpleasantly, for Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne writes better than Mr. Guy Boothby. "The Filibusters" contains no character that will live; there is no man in this crew of cut-throats who will rival Captain Kettle in the affections of the errand-boy, and the lady is of the normal type. But he has a touch of style, and, sometimes, a happy phrase, while there is the customary plethora of incident, and everything is brought to a satisfactory finish with the help of some sanguinary work in the last chapter.

John Strange Winter.

Mrs. Arthur Stannard's (John Strange Winter's) latest scarlet and purple novel, A SELF-MADE COUNTESS (F. V. White and Co., 6s.), is a readable specimen of those light, brisk stories of hers which seem to have been thrown off by a kind of happy, careless instinct. They are tales to gossip with pleasantly over a cup of tea. This is one of the best we have read; so let us imagine it tea-time for the moment and briefly gossip. "If your poor dear father" (sighs Lady Darlington) "made pickles instead of natives, I should have been a rich woman by now." But though not rich she was very, very clever, and proved it by marrying off her daughters really beautifully. Of these, Miss Blanche, the youngest and our heroine, tripped into the lists of love uncommonly well equipped. One can do wonders with red-gold hair and a rose-leaf complexion; besides, the youngest Miss Darlington had excellent brains, in addition to an even larger share of naiveté than Mrs. Stannard would perhaps admit. At any rate in the tilt she vanquished, even as she loved, a wight of high degree, one known in "the service" as "The Grinder" and out of it as Lord Grindlebury. By his own account he was "a decent enough chap as men go," and though his taste in engagement rings is not ours, we haven't a word to say against him. The wedding occurs about the middle of the book, but it is just as "interesting" afterwards.—But tea-time is more than over—*so passons.*

The *dramatis personæ* of Mrs. Inchbold's new book, THE SILVER DOVE (Hutchinson, 6s.), interest us at once. The principal theme of the story, the alcoholic habits of an otherwise pleasant husband, is made possible to the general reader by the fact that out of a tangle of unhappy circumstances happiness is at last forced into being. Mrs. Inchbold is sincere and observant and fluent; she has not the great gift of humour, but she can write clearly and of people with human emotions and desires.

There is still much virtue in a title. What could be more pleasant than that of Mr. Charles Lee's latest book, CYNTHIA IN THE WEST (Methuen, 6s.)? Perhaps after the full promise of the title this little history of the loves, despairs, and happy issues of a party of artists in the Cornish village of Tregurda is not quite satisfying. But it is a pleasant book and the Cornish peasants are admirably drawn. The Blewetts, "our Nellie," who "can dialogue with the quality like a good one," and the rest are in the best spirit. "Cynthia in the West" will increase Mr. Lee's reputation as an observer of Cornish life.

We are glad to welcome Mr. William Westall back from his pseudo-historical books, such as "With the Red Eagle" and "A Red Bridal," to the life of to-day, of which he gives us an entertaining picture in AS LUCK WOULD HAVE IT (Chatto, 6s.). The reader is at once interested in Lord Alwyn and his kinsman Godfrey; their fortunes are complicated after a fashion as dexterous as it is exciting, and they are recounted with irresistible *élan*.

THE WORLD'S SLOW STAIN (Hurst and Blackett, 6s.), by Mr. Harold Vallings, the author of many other novels, has something of the touch of the amateur about it. And it has the advantages of such a quality; there is freshness and humour, a breeziness which does not come to those who seek for originality and the absolutely right word. Mr. Vallings' story is one that will entertain; the manipulation of his plot is ingenious and convincing.

A CASE OF BLACKMAIL (Arrowsmith, 3s. 6d.), by Mr. Chas. K. Moore, is in the old, lively manner. There are very wicked people like St. John (afterwards Grahame) and lots of nice people like Captain Colclough and the American widow. They all get most conveniently mixed up in various little plots and chances, and come through in a way one would like to see as often in life as one does in fiction. The book is written with spirit and is light and amusing. It is for the Pullman car rather than the library.

Mr. Edmund Mitchell does not hesitate to wander to and fro on the face of the earth in seeking the subject of his stories. His "Towards the Eternal Snows" and his "Lone Star Rush,"

an Australian story, now running as a serial, suggest wide limits. Any one who has not yet made his acquaintance can pleasantly do so in the PLOTTERS OF PARIS (Hutchinson, 6s.), an eminently readable tale of modern Paris. In it certain Englishmen are responsible for the running to earth of a good many French villains; and the three divisions into which the book falls have thus a continuity of interest. Mr. Mitchell inevitably suggests Gaboriau and Du Boisgobey by the fertility of his invention and the skill with which he keeps hold of the many threads of excitement. One of the incidental merits of the "Plotters of Paris" is its pitiless exposure of Parisian blackmailers. The author shows that he not only knows Paris, but, a good deal more than most, its seamy side.

Mr. George Manville Fenn is one of the "old hands" of fiction, who can always be trusted to be strong, steady, and skilful. In the commonplace happenings of the ordinary man's life he finds ample material for the construction of tales of mystery—tales which are no great strain on the reader's attention, and yet leave him interested, and ready to ask for more. This is the object which Mr. Fenn avowedly sets himself in the BAG OF DIAMONDS (Chatto and Windus, 6s.), and he worthily attains it. Between the covers of this volume are four sterling stories, which—welcome announcement!—"are sent forth with no pretensions to being analysations of life problems or psychical intricacies." They are too compact and full of life and movement to be dissected without cruelty, but each and all may be commended to those who find recreation in small doses of wholesome mental excitement.

Mr. John Bloundelle-Burton is an old hand at the costume story or what he does not hesitate to call romance. SERVANTS OF SIN (Methuen, 6s.), has the artistic faults of its many stirring qualities. Over this tale, which opens in the Paris of 1719, hangs the heavy, artificial air of an old-fashioned stage play. We soon meet with one of those highly-explanatory soliloquies which appear to assist the dramatist and yet have damaged many a good play. Most of the characters speak in dialogue which does not convince; most of the personages are well-worn types. But the plot's the thing, and that is well planned and dramatic in the sense in which that word was used in the old days before Ibsen. We note that Mr. Bloundelle-Burton has already dramatized his book. We should be inclined to predict a very successful run for "Servants of Sin" in the provinces. The name alone should be enough to bring it victories.

LIBRARY NOTES.

The value of the proposed Subject-Index to the British Museum, on which we published an article on Sept. 29, has been discussed at length in the columns of *The Times*. The interesting letters of "A Scholar," who started the correspondence, hardly convince us that some kind of Subject-Index is "superfluous, misleading, impossible, and a waste of the public money and of the time of public servants." The controversy seems to resolve itself into one between scholars thoroughly conversant with the British Museum and its Catalogue, who do not want a Subject-Index, and other persons with little time and perhaps little knowledge to whom a Subject-Index might be invaluable. The present Catalogue answers the purpose to some extent no doubt, if its cross-references are properly used. Dr. Garnett says that all books professedly discussing Darwin's "Origin of Species" may be found by the cross-references under Darwin. Will two books just published, for instance, be found there—"Problems of Evolution" and "Design in Nature's Story"? The Catalogue does more or less completely provide for the subject-indexing of some subjects—such as Biography. But, as Dr. Garnett says, there remains a large number of books which might be classified with great advantage to ordinary readers, and the Museum has an excellent groundwork on which to build.

The Sandars Readership in Bibliography at Cambridge has been fitly conferred upon a scholar of the stamp of Mr. F. G. Kenyon, Assistant Keeper of MSS. in the British Museum. The editor and translator of Aristotle's Constitution of Athens and the fragments of Bacchylides has also been joint editor of the poems of Robert Browning and the letters of Mrs. E. B. Browning, and has issued a work on "The Brownings for the Young."

During the past University year the Bodleian Library at Oxford received 64,752 books and MS.—almost all being books printed in England.

"Lectures in Libraries" is a subject to which some recent announcements have redirected attention. At Bootle lectures on various topics are given weekly, ranging in subjects from Bess to the beauties of the Alhambra. A reading list for the library lectures is published. Under the auspices of the London Society for the Extension of University Teaching courses of lectures on English Novelists and Novels are now being given in London public libraries at the cost of Mr. Passmore Edwards. It is an excellent idea, and one which will possibly mitigate the idea that no good can come of novel reading in our libraries—a matter on which one of the working classes has something to say in our issue of to-day, under the heading "Personal Views."

The war—we learn from the annual reports from the public libraries of Cambridge, Cheltenham, Southampton, and Newark-on-Trent—has induced a large attendance in the reading rooms. During one fortnight in February no fewer than 57,808 persons visited them, the highest number in one day being 6,474. At Cambridge, in response to the representations of teachers, one thousand volumes are to be provided for the use of children. At Southampton Sunday opening is continued, despite the storm which the announcement raised some months ago. From the Croydon Public Library we have received the current number of the "Reader's Index," which gives a useful reading list on Chaucer.

William Morris, who was born at Elm-house, Walthamstow, "on the very border of Epping Forest," as he once wrote, is to have a permanent memorial in the shape of a bust to be placed in the Walthamstow Public Library. The Socialist artist poet would probably have valued this distinction more than a statue in Westminster Abbey.

The town of Govan possesses a beautiful park, the gift of Mrs. Elder, who has now added to her previous generosity the offer of £25,000 for a public library in the park on condition that the institution shall be open on Sundays. We trust that the terms of the gift will not stand in the way.

The Rev. S. Baring-Gould has presented to the public library at Plymouth his transcripts of a large number of the old parish registers in Devonshire. The fruits of his researches and labours should be of much value.

Correspondence.

THE LATE PROFESSOR MAX MÜLLER.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—I do not see in any of the notices of the late Professor Max Müller an adequate recognition of his extreme kindness to young and perplexed students. When I came to England in 1869, after eight years' residence in Italy and Greek islands, during which I had made protracted and earnest study of the prehistoric monuments, I went to Max Müller, without any introduction, to get advice as to the studies which might help me to clear up the problems of ethnical import connected with those monuments. He not only gave me the soundest advice, but sent me books and wrote me several letters concerning the matter, and, until a short time before his death, we were in occasional correspondence, while his contributions to my library are considerable, not only of his own books, but of others on subjects of mutual interest. His large intellectual generosity is unequalled in my experience of literary men.

I am, &c., W. J. STILLMAN.

Deepdene, Frimley Green, Surrey, Nov. 7th, 1900.

THE CANTERBURY TALES.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—None can be more conscious than I am of the numerous necessary imperfections to be found in my edition of the "Canterbury Tales," and I shall be much obliged to any reader who can supply me with corrections.

But I do not in the least understand why I am, for no reason, told by Mr. C. H. Bromby that "the learned reader" is aware that *prime* necessarily means 6 o'clock in the morning, for the unlearned reader may very reasonably take quite a different view of the case.

The question is not what prime ought to mean, nor yet what it originally did mean, but what it meant to Chaucer. That, for him, it meant 9 o'clock is told us in the plainest language; or, rather, in a language plain to any astronomer. In my note to Group B, l. 4,045, I show, in the clearest way, that Chanticleer crowed when the sun was a little more than 41 degrees high on May 3, 1380-9—*i.e.*, at 9 o'clock; and the reason why he crowed was because "it was pryme," l. 4,387. The same solution was given by Mr. A. E. Brae, a skilful astronomer, in his edition of Chaucer's Astrolabe, where he devotes the whole of pp. 90-101 to an Essay on the meaning of Chaucer's Prime. Indeed, the passage was explained by Thynne in 1598—300 years ago.

If Mr. Bromby will only do me the justice to read what I have written upon this extremely difficult word, not only in my notes to Chaucer, vol. v., pp. 115, 169, 171, 250, 286, 373 (*cf.* the eighteen references in the Glossary, vol. vi., p. 303), but also in my notes to Piers Plowman, C. ix., 119, and will look up all the passages in Chaucer, Langland, and Lydgate, I think he will find that I am perfectly justified in the humble position which I take up—viz., that the word is one of great difficulty, having been originally used to denote 6 o'clock, then to denote the period from 6 to 9, and finally (notably by Chaucer) to denote the *end* of that period—viz., 9 o'clock. And this is why Florio, in 1598, explained the Italian *terza* as "the hour which priests call *prime*."

I am almost weary of explaining this, especially as every one must surely know that our common word *noon* does *not* now signify the ninth hour, as "the learned reader" might naturally suppose.

As to the matter of the arrangement of the Tales, not much can usefully be said, because so many of them are wanting. But the new proposal helps us very little. No doubt the pilgrims could have done the distance in three days, only it so happened that they stopped for the night at Ospringe. At this rate, they went from Southwark to Ospringe, about 46 miles, in two days. If we compare this with the fact that, in 1749, the coach from Edinburgh to Glasgow, 44 miles, took two days for the journey (Chambers, Book of Days, ii., 228), we should have to suppose that the pilgrims rode faster than an eighteenth century coach, although "the speed at which the coaches travelled was a great marvel at that time."

I am, sir, yours faithfully,

WALTER W. SKEAT.

THE GERMAN SCHOOLBOY.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—As I have myself for a number of years been a German schoolboy you will perhaps permit me to make a few remarks on the Personal View of Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, which appeared in your number of October 27th. Charming and brilliant as this essay is, I consider it calculated to spread a false conception of the ideals of German education, which at the present period, when we are inclined to welcome all Teutonic renovations in this respect, might be detrimental to the cause of true education. Mr. Jerome rightly points out that the school life of German boys does not begin until the age of six. He attributes this to the necessity of the young mind accumulating force to attack the "wiles of deceit and trickery" of the German Buchstabe. The error here lies in comparing matters of education in England and Germany, instead of in England and the rest of the civilized world. And surely if such an advanced age is necessary to face the slight external resemblance of a few letters, how much more must it be necessary to cope with the difficulties of English spelling, the very name of which recalls the black art.

In his contempt for Latin and Greek Mr. Jerome may imagine himself modern, but we live at a time, when that which was thought a few months ago appears to lie decades behind us. In representing the German youth as proceeding to University with "small Latin and less Greek" he is decidedly in error. The study of modern languages and natural science are the only two branches which may be pursued at German Universities without a Leaving Certificate from a "Humanistisches Gymnasium," the curriculum of which is founded almost exclusively on Latin and Greek. What in this country is frequently taken for an abandonment of classical education in Germany is, in truth, only a return to the true study of classics as the foundation and basis of all modern civilization.

It is only resting on classical yesterday that modern to-day can hope to bring forth a classical to-morrow. This, I believe, to be the firm conviction of the leading German educational bodies of to-day. I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

CH. H. CLARKE.

53, Brisbane-street, Greenock, N.B., Nov. 3.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Will you allow me to make a single comment on Mr. J. K. Jerome's article with this heading on points of accuracy? Two statements must have startled those of your readers who are familiar with the German school system—(1) that German boys leave the gymnasium at fourteen or fifteen years; and (2) that "Latin is not the fetish in German education that it is with us." For "fourteen or fifteen" Mr. Jerome should have written "seventeen or eighteen." The "Abiturienten-Examen" does not take place before the earlier of these years, and generally not until nineteen. As to the prominence which Latin takes in the German scheme of education, it is absolutely unique! To-day Germany is endeavouring almost vainly to emancipate her gymnasia from the classical traditions. It is to be desired that the emancipation, if it comes, will not be too complete. Yours faithfully,

WILLIAM HARBUTT DAWSON.

The Knowle, Skipton.

THE VICTORIA COUNTY HISTORIES.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—I am sure that all lovers of books will agree with the spirit of Mr. Rouse's letter, but surely his list of proposed recipients can be improved upon. May I suggest that, in place of "prisons, lunatic asylums, and workhouses," the free libraries of Great Britain be substituted? In consequence of their income being limited to a 1d. rate but few can afford to subscribe for more than their own county, and it would be a graceful and generous act to distribute any surplus copies of this truly national work to those libraries who have been public-spirited enough to subscribe for one or more counties.

Yours faithfully,

FRA. J. BURGOYNE.

The Tate Library, Brixton, S.W.

A PROTEST.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—May I beg space to expose a mistake which is often made by the public and by reviewers—a mistake that can be set right only by aid of the Press? I refer to the erroneous association of my name with the numerous "statistical" articles that have been published in magazines and newspapers during the last two years. I desire strongly to protest against this association of my name with writings that have no similarity to my own work other than the mere surface likeness these articles are made to show. To speak plainly, the numerous articles to which I refer are too often silly as regards subject, confusing in treatment, based on artificial "facts," and lacking qualities that are valued by every sincere literary craftsman.

Some years ago the idea occurred to me that many subjects of social interest and of national importance could be satisfactorily handled by means of diagrams, &c. I realized my idea, bringing to the work professional actuarial knowledge of many years, and I was pleased to read the unanimous opinions of the Press which told me that I had succeeded in a task that was not too easy. I find that during 1899 and 1900—a period when these imitative articles have been specially numerous—I have published thirty or forty miscellaneous articles, and, of these, only five have been statistical diagrammatic articles. All these five articles were written upon important subjects, and they were well reviewed by the Press. But I read lately in an important London newspaper a statement made by a reviewer to the effect that I am constantly publishing statistical diagrammatic articles. This quite erroneous statement was obviously based upon the false impression conveyed by the innumerable statistical articles written by other persons, and the specific instances mentioned by the reviewer had no connexion with any of my writings. The foregoing example of the mistake I desire to correct is only one of several similar instances of my work being confused with that of other persons. All my published work is invariably signed by me, and I may justly ask to be released from this burden of erroneously ascribed authorship of articles not written by me, and of an erroneously ascribed sympathy with such articles—a burden that has been put upon me by persons who have been misled by the imitative articles in question. I regret to see the useful and worthy tool—diagrammatic illustration—mishandled to such poor purpose, but I do not ascribe the frequent mistakes connected with my name to any cause other than sheer error produced by the circumstances I have stated.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

JOHN HOLT SCHOOLING.

November 6. ("J. HOLT SCHOOLING.")

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

Original writers are none too common, and it will be good news to those who have read any of Mr. Samuel Butler's works to hear that he contemplates a continuation of one of his most original books. "Erewhon Revisited" is to be the title. The original "Erewhon, or Over the Range," is one of the most remarkable pictures of an imaginary State published since the days of Swift. It was, so far as we know, Mr. Butler's first book, and it is still that by which he is best known to the public. He never had a large circle of readers. He was too daringly original and too catholic in his tastes. He dared to publish a work, "The Authoress of the Odyssey," in which he maintained that the tale of Ulysses was written by a woman, who incidentally introduced herself into the story under the name of Nausicaa. And as for his subjects, he has written on evolution and unconscious memory, on the "Alps and Sanctuaries" of Piedmont, he has translated Homer, and compiled a biography of his grandfather, the Dr. Samuel Butler, who was headmaster of Shrewsbury school, and afterwards Bishop of Lichfield.

Mr. Birrell will not, as has been stated, write a biography of the late Lord Chief Justice of England for the forthcoming supplement of the Encyclopedia Britannica. The "official" biography, as we have already said, is to be written by Mr. Barry O'Brien, who has circulated an appeal for help in the way of letters and other materials. The biography for the supplementary volume of the Dictionary of National Biography will be by Mr. Justice Mathew.

The tendency of authors to choose the same subjects each in ignorance of the other's intentions is one of the familiar mischances of the literary life. It was illustrated early in the reign by Thirlwall and Grote, as it has been in these last years by a sudden and unexpected rush on the history of the Hudson's Bay Company's territory. The latest victim of this kind of mischance is Mr. Clement Shorter, who has in hand a book on "Napoleon at St. Helena," just when Lord Rosebery's book, on the same theme, which we review elsewhere, is upon the town. Mr. Shorter will incorporate "Some Hitherto Unpublished Correspondence by Mr. Thomas Brooke, Secretary to the British Government on the Island During Napoleon's Sojourn"; and his book will in part be published serially in the *Sphere*. It may be hoped that it will find the appetite of the public only whetted by the perusal of its predecessor. The more Englishmen who stand in the sheet of penance on account of this depressing close to the Napoleonic epopee the better—that, no doubt, would be the sentiment of England's hostile Continental critics whose most brilliant spokesman was Heine. Britain, said Heine, ruled the sea, but not all the water in all the seas she ruled could wash from her hands the stain left by her treatment of the great Emperor at St. Helena. Lord Rosebery seems to share the opinion.

Lovers of the works of Captain Mayne Reid will sympathize with his widow in her loss of the annuity which has for many years been her chief income. She has still, we understand, an annuity of about £80 from Messrs. Sonnenschein, who published some of her husband's works, but her loss is a serious one, and we hope the appeal on her behalf may meet with a generous response. Donations can be sent to the account of Mrs. Elizabeth Reid, care of the Manager, London City and Midland Bank, Paddington Branch, Edgware-road, London, or to care of Mrs. Bramley-Moore, 26, Russell-square, London, W.C. Mrs. Mayne Reid published a brief memoir of her husband in 1890. She has since, with the help of Mr. Charles H. Coe, prepared a more detailed life which will be published by Messrs. Greening next week. Mrs. Mayne Reid has also written a novel, which Messrs. Sonnenschein published.

Mr. Henry R. Plomer, who contributes an interesting account in the "Library" of some of the private presses of the present century, has written "A Brief History of English Printing," which Messrs. Kegan Paul are adding to their "English Bookman's Library." There is, so far, no adequate general history of English printing available for the student, and the mass of material sadly needs sorting out and arranging.

A new African book is announced by Mr. Elliot Stock, "The Cape as I found it," by Miss Beatrice M. Hicks. The same publisher is issuing a new "Herbert Calendar" for 1901, containing extracts from the works of George Herbert, with his portrait and a view of Salisbury Cathedral. Mr. Elliot Stock is also publishing the fourteenth volume of Mr. Slater's "Book Prices Current," from which it appears that notwithstanding the depression which has occurred through the war, the average for the year has been high. Good prices were paid for the early printed books and eighteenth century classics, which were a notable feature of the year's sales.

According to "Claudius Clear," in the *British Weekly*, the volume of poetry by the Primate of All Ireland," entitled "The Finding of the Book," just published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, is the first volume of a series to comprise a selection from the Writings of Archbishop Alexander. As "Claudius Clear" says, for an adequate understanding of the Primate's gifts it is necessary at present to turn over many a volume of the *Dublin University Magazine*, of the *Christian Remembrancer*, of the *Church Quarterly Review*, and many other periodicals. There must be many to whom such a selected edition of his work will be welcome.

The trustees of the British Museum have recently issued, and have presented to some of the provincial public libraries, "Illustrations of the Botany of Captain Cook's Voyage Round the World in H.M.S. Endeavour in 1768-71." The engravings contained in this work of plants collected during the voyages have never before been published.

Messrs. Williams and Norgate's Book Circulars from October, 1899, to June, 1900, are now collected in a single volume, and make a useful guide to books of learning published on the Continent, a very detailed account being given of all the more important publications.

The Cambridge University Press announces a Grammar of the Greek of the Old Testament, by Mr. H. St. J. Thackeray,

of King's College, and an edition by Mr. J. H. A. Hart, of St. John's, of the Greek text of Ecclesiastics after the Vatican M.S. Gr. 346 (Holmes and Parsons 248).

The Donellan Lectures delivered before the University of Dublin (1899-1900) by the Rev. M. Kaufmann, M.A., are to be published in book form by Messrs. Kegan Paul under the title of "Social Development under Christian Influence."

Messrs. Hutchinson and Co. announce the "Secret Memoirs of William II. and Francis Joseph," written under the nom de plume of Madame la Marquise de Fontenoy. It is understood to be the work of a continental lady of rank, married to a well-known Englishman.

The proprietors of *Knowledge* are issuing an annual entitled "'Knowledge' Diary and Scientific Handbook, 1901."

Books to look out for at once.

BIOGRAPHY—
"Captain Mayne Reid, his Life and Adventures." By Elizabeth Reid. Greening. 6s. 6d.
[Captain Mayne Reid's widow has been assisted in writing this memoir by Mr. Charles H. Coe, of the United States.]
"Biographical Notices of Officers of the Royal (Bengal) Engineers." By Sir E. T. Thackeray, V.C. Smith and Elder. 12s. 6d.
"Secret Memoirs of William II. of Germany and Francis Joseph of Austria-Hungary." 2 vols. By Mme. De Fontenoy. Hutchinson. 24s. net.
"Audubon (J.J.), Life of." Edited by his Widow. Putnam. 6s.

THEOLOGY—
"Holy Matrimony." By Canon Knox Little. Longmans. 5s.
[Oxford Library of Practical Theology.]
"The Doctrine of Baptism." By the Rev. W. Aitken. "The Confessional in the English Church." By the Rev. A. R. Buckland. Nisbet. 2s. each.
[New Volumes of Nisbet's Church of England Handbooks.]
"The Christian Workers' Equipment." By F. E. Marsh. Marshall Bros. 6s.
"Doctrines and Principles." By Dr. C. Beeby. Williams and Norgate. 4s. 6d.
"The Apostles' Creed." By A. Hopkins. Putnam. 5s.

EDUCATION AND PHILOSOPHY—
"Education and the Philosophical Ideal." By H. W. Dresser. Putnam. 5s.
"Heredity; or Agnostic Theism, Ethics, Sociology, and Metaphysics." Vol. 3. By H. Croft Hillier. Grant Richards. 10s.

SOUTH AFRICA—
"The Story of my Captivity during the Transvaal War, 1899-1900." By the Rev. A. Hofmeyr. Arnold. 6s.
[Mr. Hofmeyr is a cousin of the Bond leader, Jan Hofmeyr, and was imprisoned by the Boers.]

ECONOMICS AND SOCIOLOGY—
"The Trust Problem." By Professor J. W. Jenks, Professor of Political Science in Cornell University. Putnam. 5s. net.
"Social Justice." By Professor W. W. Willoughby. Macmillan. 12s. 6d. net.
[An attempt to apply the principles of transcendental ethics to social life.]
"Ethical Democracy." By D. G. Ritchie and others. Grant Richards. 6s.

SCIENCE—
"Essentials of Practical Bacteriology." By H. J. Curtis, B.S., late Surgical Registrar, University College Hospital. Longmans. 9s.
"The Present Position of the Treatment of Simple Fractures of the Limbs." By W. H. Bennett. Longmans. 2s. 6d.
"Introduction to Modern Scientific Chemistry." By L. Cohn. Grevel. 6s.
"The Theory of Commutation." By C. C. Hawkins. *Electrician* Office. 2s. 6d. net.

HISTORY—
"Life in Scotland 100 Years Ago." By James Murray. A. Gardner. 5s. net.
"Leading Documents in English History." By G. C. Lee. Bell. 7s. 6d. net.

POETRY AND DRAMATIC LITERATURE—
"The Prayer of S. Scholastica and other Poems." By Lady Lindsay. Kegan Paul. 3s. 6d. net.
[Mostly new.]
The Only Legal Quee. By A. W. Pinero. Heinemann. 2s. 6d.
[As produced by Mr. John Hare.]

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Pillsbury beat all records last year with twenty blindfold games against Philadelphia, all the best players of the club taking part and some consulting. This far surpasses everything before heard of, though Zukertort is said to have tried sixteen, taking two days for it. Pillsbury will hardly repeat his best performance in that line; but he started on his recent tour in the States by playing sixteen such games at the celebrated Brooklyn Chess Club. In such performances the young American is invariably successful, and he never takes long.

Blackburne is touring North. It is to be feared his health is indifferent and professionalism in England is nowhere. Lasker and Maroczy give notice of special performances in London. They have been on tour on the Continent and intend going to New York in December, returning to Monte Carlo in February (?) for a proposed tournament of chess and salts, whatever the latter may be. These projects are always open to variation according to circumstances.

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FURTHER LIST OF AUTUMN PUBLICATIONS.

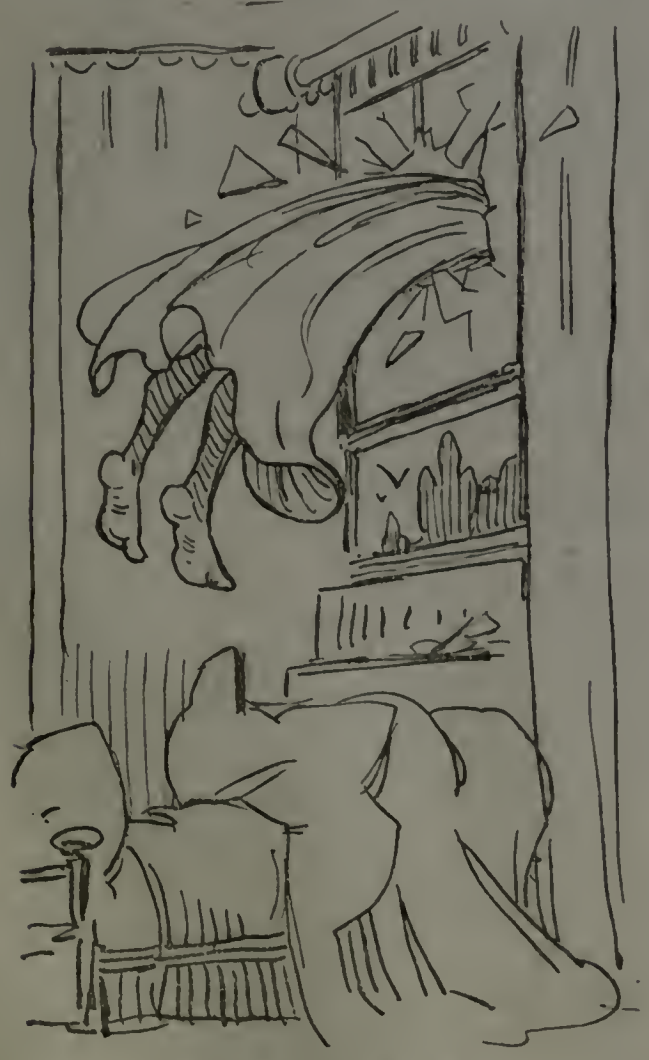
CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

"THE RAINBOW IN THE BUBBLE."

The cautionary stories of Mrs. Turner and the grey moralities of the Misses Taylor and their contemporaries are certainly being revenged. The early crop of children's books this year is delightfully colourful and entertaining. It would seem that the authors and publishers of this class of book are of the same opinion as a poet of yesterday, who sang:—

If Life an empty bubble be
How sad for those who cannot see
The rainbow in the bubble!

and are determined that there shall be no lack of rainbow tints and general gaiety in the ephemeral Toy Books they offer as their contribution to the bubble reputation of the cosmos.



Impetuously I sprang from bed,
Long before lunch was up,
That I might drain the dizzy dew
From day's first golden cup.

[From "Greybeards at Play" (Brimley Johnson).]

The most amusing author we have met in the present collection is Mr. Gilbert Chesterton, who describes his work, GREYBEARDS AT PLAY (Brimley Johnson, 2s. 6d. n.), as literature and art for old gentlemen. But we have no doubt that the acute juvenile will equally appreciate the humour of his rhymes and sketches. In a few dedicatory verses he points out to his elderly contemporaries, in somewhat the same spirit as that which Mr. Locker-Lampson showed in the lines already quoted, that joy might still be with them:

Old happiness is grey as we,
And we may still outstrip her;
If we be slippered pantaloons,
Oh let us hunt the slipper!

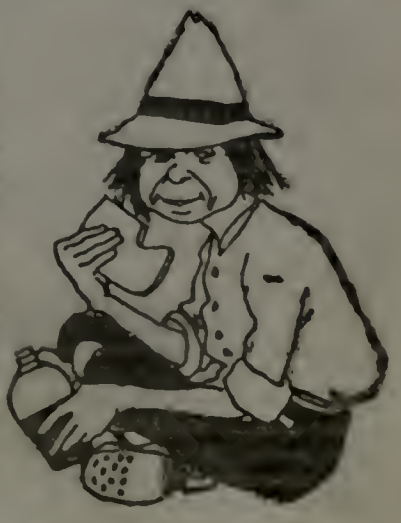
The old world glows with colours clear;
And if, as saith the saint,
The world is but a painted show,
Oh let us lick the paint!

[From "The Bountiful Lady" (Grant Richards).]

His drawings are equally vivacious. The one we give illustrates the opening lines "on the disastrous spread of aestheticism in all classes." We could with pleasure continue to quote from Mr. Chesterton—the "Envoy" especially tempts us—but instead we will advise the reader to obtain a copy of "Greybeards at Play" before it runs out of print.

THE BOUNTIFUL LADY (Grant Richards, 1s. 6d.) is number five of those delightful Dumpy books for children which Mr. E. V. Lucas edits so discreetly. This clever story, which tells "how Mary was changed from a very miserable little girl to a very happy one," is by Mr. "Thomas Cobb," a pseudonym almost too thin to suggest that the writer is a lady, as, indeed, does this admirable realistic fairy tale itself. Mrs. Earnshaw makes the volume more pleasant by reason of the end papers she supplies, one of which we reproduce, and in all "The Bountiful Lady" may be considered to follow creditably the first of the series, "The Flamp"; for a Dumpy book we know of no higher praise.

TEN LITTLE BOER BOYS (Dean, 3s. 6d.), with pictures by Mr. A. S. Forrest and verses by "Norman," is produced as a companion book to "Little Englanders" and "The Baby Patriots A. B. C." by Mrs. Ernest Ames. The drawings, of which we reproduce one, are funny enough, but even for so light a production we do not feel that the book is always conceived in perfect taste. Our enemies have fought bravely and died for their country, and a jingle about lyddite blowing them up and a picture of a mother weeping at a grave is neither amusing nor instructive. But Mr.



"ONE LITTLE BOER COMMANDANT."

[From Ten Little Boer Boys (Dean).]

Forrest has another book THE DIVERTING HISTORY OF JOHN GILPIN (Dean, 6d., or linen, 1s.), in which this clever draughtsman is seen at great advantage. The exciting adventure gains a new interest on account of the vigour of the pictures.

"TRY AND BEAR IT.

[From "Droll Doings" (Blackie).]

This year Mrs. Ames, whose work we have just mentioned, sends a very amusing book on how the Boers were beaten by THE TREMENDOUS TWINS (Grant Richards, 3s. 6d.). The way these young gentlemen treat the good and the bad generals, and put everything in excellent order, is told with no small wit and skill by Mr. Ames. There is no offence in't, and both the pictures and verses are sure of wide appreciation. "The Tremendous Twins" are topical without being tedious.

Mrs. Farmiloe's own volume this year is entitled PICCALILLI (Grant Richards, 6s.). She gives us once more a long series of her delightfully vivacious drawings in colour of the child-life of all nations. Last year we criticized her style and method at some length, and therefore we will merely content ourselves with saying that no nursery must this winter be without "Piccalilli." Mrs. Farmiloe's legends attached to each picture are pleasant, but hardly good enough for the drawings; she should go into partnership with some dexterous writer of children's verse. We regret that the pictures are too large for our space to do justice to them. A TRIP TO TOYLAND (Grant Richards, 6s.) is a book of the same size and class with an excellent story told in words and cleverly drawn and coloured pictures by Mr. Henry Mayer. The "Babe" of the story has remarkable adventures, of which every child will love to hear; the pictures, such as "The Babe dresses himself," are full of character. Those who purchase "Piccalilli" should also possess "A Trip to Toyland."

DROLL DOINGS (Blackie, 6s.) is a merry book in a rougher method, possibly intended for rather younger children. Mr. Harry B. Neilson's comic animals are irresistibly funny, and the verses, by one who does not mind calling himself "The Cockially Bird," are full of verve and often contain a queer moral, as in the story of "Bad Little Sue." The drawing opposite is the tailpiece to an amusing story called "Try and bear it," and is a fair example of Mr. Neilson's method.

[From "True Annals of Fairy-land" (Dent).]

In another and not very fortunate manner is THE HOME OF SANTA CLAUS (Unwin, 6s.), which tells of a little boy's visit to Father Christmas, and of the strange sights he beheld in the town of toys. The story is well enough, but the illustrations are from photographs made up by Mr. Arthur Ullyett to suit the tale. This is a form of illustration which, we fear, is growing in popularity both in America and here. The result of these made-up photographs is vulgar, ugly, and many other things that are inartistic.

At the other artistic pole is a volume called by Mr. William Canton, the editor, THE TRUE ANNALS OF FAIRY-LAND (Dent, 6s.). It contains "The Reign of King Herla," and stories from Kingsley and other excellent writers. It is an admirable collection and one that all boys and most girls will greatly appreciate. Mr. Charles Robinson supplies hundreds of wonderful and fantastic illustrations, but some of these show an inclination on his part to put too much work into a given space, with the result that some pictures are bewildering and over-elaborated; others, however, are in Mr. Robinson's well-known delicate and telling manner. Where they are complicated with colour—except as regards the frontispiece, which is very fine—they are spoilt by careless printing. As a whole Mr. Canton's book is far above the average and should be widely enjoyed; it contains the iridescent fairy lights of the rainbow, but they illuminate a somewhat more substantial foundation than is generally found in this class of book.

Mr. Gellett Burgess is markedly American and quaintly original. In THE LIVELY CITY O' LIGG and GOOPS (Methuen, 6s. each), he gives us amusing works, respectively, in prose

"BRAVERY"—THE RUNAWAY HORSE.

[From "Goops" (Methuen).]

and verse. "The Lively City" contains a preface "for Skeptic Parents," headed "the cidivation of inanimate things," from which we learn the true inwardness of his amusing histories of such animate things as "The very grand piano" and "The hilarious Hansom." Mr. Burgess' drawings are exquisitely ingenious, the colouring, said to be by another hand, is of merit. The "Goop" is a peculiar person; our illustration gives the remarkable anatomical conformation of this family and is a good example of Mr. Burgess' lively method. If any should wish to be a "Goop" this is how the author teaches us to become one.

Tease to linger longer when your mother bids you go;
Tease to have a penny when your father answers "No!"
Tease to have a story when your uncle doesn't please;
That's the way to be a Goop—*tease, tease, tease!*

Hint about the carriage when there's only room for three;
Hint about the toys you like and every doll you see;
Hint about the candy, say you're fond of peppermint;
That's the way to be a Goop—*hint, hint, hint!*

From this little example it will be seen that the author's verse is as flowing and amusing as is the artist's line.

"THE HOLLOW TREE INN": THE ARRIVAL OF THE GUESTS.

[From "In the Deep Woods" (Heinemann).]

In the Deep Woods (Heinemann, 3s. 6d.) is one of those clever and charming American books of, as it were, humanized animal life which we are not often permitted to see. Mr. Albert Bigelow Paine will be remembered as the author of "The Hollow Tree" and other books of the same entertaining character. The present volume is illustrated with great freedom and ability by Mr. J. M. Condé, who, apart from his accomplishment as an artist generally, has a particular talent for giving human character to the wonderful Mr. Possums and Mr. Coons of Mr. Paine's laughable tales. "In the Deep Woods" is, in its way, a liberal education in American humour.

Bubbles His Book (Unwin, 3s. 6d.), written by R. F. Irvine and illustrated by D. H. Souter, is a totally different kind of book. Yet it is not without its rainbow qualities. This story of adventure into Fairyland is such as all children would love; and among many well-illustrated books this one is especially charming. Mr. Souter, whose name is new to us, is an artist of no small accomplishment. His strong, graceful, and humorous work lends point to every page of the admirable "Story that Daddy told the night the Flying Squirrel first appeared in the old Gum Tree." It will be seen from this phrase that "Bubbles" is not of English origin, but it is none the less just the book for our little boys and girls.

The joint authors of "The Book of Shops," Miss F. T. Bedford and Mr. E. V. Lucas, try their hands again with Four and Twenty Toilers (Grant Richards, 6s.). Although the artist is skilful to some extent, we do not like her drawing of the human figure; it might easily suggest to an impressionable child a number of serious anatomical errors. "The Farmer," for instance, would be very unwise to dismount from his horse; there would be parts of him missing. Mr. Lucas' verses are clever and fluent. They have not the note of humorous inspiration that we have sometimes marked in his work, but "The Toilers" is something of a new idea and is therefore welcome.

Among the books of more familiar type and intended for very small children come such collections as Leading Strings (Wells, Gardner, 1s. 6d.); Animal Land for Little People (Cassell, 1s. 6d.), with many excellent photographs, no doubt from the Zoological Gardens; Our Darling's First Book (Blackie, 1s.), founded upon Miss Jennett Humphrey's "Laugh and Learn," and filled with amusing illustrations, some of which we have met in other books of this class; Peter Piper's Peepshow (Cassell, 1s. 6d.), with an excellent story called "The Extraordinary

THE PRINCESS ON THE GLASS MOUNTAIN.

[From "True Annals of Fairy-land" [illegible].]

Adventures of Dicker and Me," for which Mr. Lewis Baumer has made a lavish amount of clever and laughable drawings; and RIGMAROLES AND NURSERY RHYMES (Bousfield, 5s.), by Mr. Alfred H. Miles. These five books are all in the conventional style, which, although without distinction, fills a large demand, and has often before been tried by the publishers and found wanted.

The educational picture book does not appear in great force this year, but some attempt is made by Miss S. Rosamond Praeger in the volume she draws and writes called THE CHILD'S PICTURE GRAMMAR (Allen, 3s. 6d.). We trust that the amusing pictures may do something towards making the reply to Dr. Brown's question :

Don't you love the things I teach ?
Don't you love the Parts of Speech ?

other than Bobby's negative, and, we fear, broadly typical answer.

Mr. J. A. Shepherd has made some excellent drawings for our old friend A FROG HE WOULD A-WOOING GO (Grant Richards, 1s.). The one we reproduce will give an idea of his freedom and attractive humour ; this is a book all children will enjoy. The same artist also illustrates Mr. Stephen Townesend's A THOROUGH-BRED MONGREL (Unwin, 3s. 6d.), which is described as a tale of a dog, told by a dog, to all lovers of dogs, and, although not primarily intended for children, will, we think, interest as many of them as are among the friends of dogs.

With the last book on our list we come back to old friends, and they are, perhaps, the best after all. FIDDLESTICKS (Pearson, 3s. 6d.), by Miss Hilda Cowham, is merely a collection of the old, old nursery rhymes such as "Oranges and Lemons," and "Little Dame Trot," but the artist attacks the worn subjects with so much freshness and courage that the result is a clever, amusing, and most artistic book. The small picture we give has something to do with the story in which "one little pig stayed at home" ; the larger coloured pictures, however, show the talent of Miss Cowham to greater advantage.

THIS LITTLE PIG STAYED AT HOME.
[From "Fiddlesticks" (Pearson).]

ANTONY ROWLEY.
[From "A Frog he would a-wooing go" (Grant Richards).]

We have already received some of the best known of the annuals. Messrs. Cassell's *Magazine of Art* (21s. n.) gives its usual full and admirably illustrated conspectus of all subjects in English and foreign art which have attracted attention during the year. It also contains contributions from such well-known writers as Mr. Baring-Gould or Mr. Le Gallienne. Cassell's *Saturday Journal* (7s. 6d.), bound into an annual volume, is a mine of information agreeably put together ; *Chums* (8s.), from the same firm, has lost none of its capacity for making friends of its readers, and, like *Young England* (Sunday School Union, 5s.), has taken full advantage of the war to stir the imagination of its boy readers. Even the more peaceful pages of the *Sunday at Home* (Religious Tract Society, 7s. 6d.) have drawn some inspiration from the same field, and from China. The coloured illustrations—notably the reproduction of Gainsborough's Orpin—are a good feature of the volume. Two other magazines also devoted to the Sabbath—*Sunday Reading for the Young* (Wells Gardner, Darton, 3s.) and the *Dawn of Day* (S.P.C.K.) have kept up their reputation for stories of precept and example and miscellaneous information easily imparted. The *Leisure Hour* (Religious Tract Society, 7s. 6d.) started propitiously with a serial story by Sir Walter Besant, "The Alabaster Box," while to improve the hour much has been done by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, Mr. Birrell, and Mr. Bryce. The *Girl's Realm* (Bousfield, 8s.) is attractively got up and as well printed as ever, and we feel sure that its fair readers have had nothing to complain of in their old favourites, L. T. Meade, John Strange Winter, Mrs. C. N. Williamson, and the rest.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS'

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The booksellers of Canada look forward to a prosperous season. A larger number of English books are finding their way into Canada, and both English and American publishers are beginning to recognize the possibilities of the country. Fuller than usual are the lists of the chief Canadian houses—the Morang Company, the Fleming H. Revell Company, Messrs. W. J. Gage, the Copp Clark Company, Mr. William Briggs, Publishers' Syndicate, and Poole Publishing Company. All the publishers make Toronto their centre. Most of the chief English works of fiction now appearing will be published there. We note that in eight chief centres in Canada, such as Toronto, Ottawa, Montreal, the books that have been popular during the past few weeks number twenty-four, of which eleven are English, ten American, and three Canadian. In Winnipeg "David Harum" seems to have caught the townsfolk. There has just been issued a small book called "Canadians in Khaki, South Africa, 1899-1900," with a most patriotic cover of a Canadian officer leading his men up a kopje. It contains the official correspondence, nominal roll, casualties, &c. It gives an interesting account of the Canadian losses to date.

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Literature

Published by The Times.

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NOTES OF THE DAY.

It is seldom that an event so keenly impresses upon the mind a sense of severance from the past as does the announcement of the death of Mr. Thomas Arnold. The last survivor of the sons of Dr. Arnold, he was at school the friend of Clough and Tom Hughes; as an undergraduate he saw the rise of the Oxford Movement, and later, when he joined the Church of Rome, fell under the influence of Newman. In his "Recollections of a Wandering Life" he reveals a character gentle, chivalrous, absorbed in spiritual things, and neglectful of personal advantage to a degree rare among modern scholars, and tells the story of his search for a freer, purer life in New Zealand and Tasmania, where he became (like his brother Matthew in England) an inspector of schools. As a scholar he will be remembered by his well-known "Manual of English Literature," his editions of Wyclif, his translation of Beowulf, and his work in connexion with the Rolls Series. For some twenty years before his death he had been a Fellow of the Royal University of Ireland, and chiefly resided in Dublin, where he was engaged in educational and literary work. He was the father of Mrs. Humphry Ward.

* * * *

Dr. Conan Doyle is just now very busy—at the hard work of being entertained. He is a good speaker, as those who heard him at the Authors' Club on Monday and at the "Vagabonds" on Thursday know. The former probably went away with a higher opinion of the British soldier—officer and private alike—than they had before. Dr. Doyle was with Generals Ian Hamilton and Pole-Carew, and not the least interesting part of his speech was that in which he described the manner of these two commanders in an engagement—the one always courteous and self-possessed, the other regarding a possible action with the joyous anticipation of a schoolboy on the football field. Indeed, the spirit of all appears to have been admirable. Malingering would have been easy enough, but Dr. Doyle met with but one instance, which was speedily cured by a threatened operation—on which occasion a grave and reverend correspondent was hastily subpœna'd as consulting surgeon.

* * * *

Mr. Herbert Spencer's appeal for mercy from his American admirers may convince obscure persons who hunger for fame how uneasy lies the head that wears even an intellectual crown. But for the honour and glory of the thing it is decidedly more comfortable not to be a Master with Disciples, as Ibsen and Browning and others have proved in their time. Mr. Spencer has evidently been too patient and polite with the people who pester persons of distinction. Such self-styled admirers are generally thinking wholly of themselves and of their own advertisement. Some of them, we learn, calmly ask for a fresh exposition, for their private benefit, of the Synthetic Philosophy which it has already taken Mr. Spencer his whole life and strength to expound. Victor Cousin at least had a certain *status* as an apostle of German philosophy to the French Gentile; yet when he similarly asked Hegel for a succinct account of his philosophy, Hegel drily replied that these things were not to be said succinctly even in French.

* * * *

Schools of journalism have never met with much success, though one does not quite see why some sound preparation for the journalistic struggle should not be gained from the "mimic warfare" of a school. The first and certainly the most successful was that founded in 1887 by Mr. David Anderson, whose death has just been recorded. He had a good many pupils who have had some success both in literature and on the Press. Among them are included Mr. Robert Hichens, Mr. Herbert Vivian, Mr. Francis Gribble, the Hon. Stuart Erskine, Mr. Stewart Meade, Mr. Cranstoun Metcalfe, Mr. A. H. Girdlestone, and Mr. H. Greville Montgomery. Mr. Traill used to say that of a crowd of journalists who came to him, wanting to write notes, when he assumed the editorship of the *Observer*, those who came from Mr. Anderson best understood "the limitations of the art."

* * * *

Mr. David Anderson had himself a most varied career. He was, with Mr. John Hollingshead and Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, one of the few survivors of the brilliant group that worked for Charles Dickens on *Household Words*. At different periods of his career he concocted one-line jokes for comic papers, acted as dramatic critic for the defunct *Bell's Life*, edited a defunct satirical organ, the *Hornet*, and founded, in conjunction with Mr. Robert Hichens, a trade journal for domestic servants. He was also for many years one of the best all-round men on the staff of the *Daily Telegraph*.

* * * *

Quite unlike the ordinary company meeting was the first gathering of the shareholders in the National Drama Company

(Limited), recently held. The place of meeting was a cosy room in the Temple, and the proceedings were refreshingly informal. It seems that the public only took up £6,000 out of the £10,000 Preference Shares offered for subscription. Therefore Mr. Benson agreed to take less than had been settled as the purchase price of his undertaking. As every one knows, the Benson Company come to the Comedy Theatre just before Christmas for a four months' season. The cast will be materially strengthened. In particular, the talent available for women's rôles will be increased. Every one who takes pleasure in Shakespeare on the stage should subscribe for a series of performances. The eight plays are *Hamlet*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *Richard II.*, *The Taming of the Shrew*, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, *As You Like It*, *Henry the Fourth* (*Part II.*), and *Coriolanus*. The last two are interesting novelties. Neither has been seen in London for a very long time.

* * * *

The revival of *Patience* shows that there is more life in the wit of Mr. Gilbert than many people imagined. It is mainly the wit and the music that win applause to-day. The humour of the situations has evaporated. It has a far-away flavour of curious unreality. But just as the wit of Congreve and Sheridan still makes us smile at their castigation of the follies of their day, so does Mr. Gilbert's wit embalm the imbecilities of the sham-æsthetic movement. In short, he raises them from the particular to the general, and co-relates them to the kindred silliness and affectation of all ages. The one thing to be regretted is that Mr. Gilbert should have allowed any of the allusions to be brought up to date. The "threepenny-'bus yonng man" was in the picture. He brought back 1880 and fitted in with the rest. The "twopenny-tube young man" is out of the pictnre altogether. "The genius of Roberts in chasing a cannibal" has, we are glad to see, been replaced by the original "genius of Garnet." Lord Roberts has never commanded against cannibals; Lord Wolseley—then Sir Garnet Wolseley—had just been doing so when *Patience* first appeared. To interpolate modern instances in this fashion is as damaging to the value of the piece as if we should substitute "Maeterlinck and the kinematograph" for "Shakespeare and the musical glasses," or make the bear-leader at the Three Pigeons talk of "A Frangesa" and "The Absent-minded Beggar" instead of "Water Parted" and the minuet in "Ariadne." If it be the actors' not the author's fault, let Mr. Gilbert see to it that his clowns speak no other than is set down for them.

* * * *

Next month the Stage Society, which began its season last week with Mr. Thomas Hardy's *Three Wayfarers* and with *Macaire*, the "melodramatic farce" by Mr. Henley and R. L. Stevenson, will present Mr. Bernard Shaw's new piece *Captain Brassbound's Conversion*. After that come Ibsen's *Lady from the Sea* and Mr. Gilbert Murray's *Andromache*. The latter is awaited with keen interest.

* * * *

To the reading public Mr. Roger E. Fry is known as the author of a monograph on Giovanni Bellini. Just now, however, Mr. Fry is giving an instructive course of lectures at the Albert-hall on some Florentine painters of the Renaissance, from Paolo Uccello and other of the scientific realists, to those lyrical artists who worked in the manner of Botticelli. Speaking of Fra Filippo Lippi, Mr. Fry alluded, of course, to Browning's word-picture of the artist, who as a lad in the Carmelite monastery was told by his prior to "dash away." The Guidi of Browning's poem,—"they call him Hulking Tom,"—is, it need hardly be said, Masaccio, and in this connexion an interesting question arises. Browning makes Filippo Lippi allude to Masaccio as a "youngster" who "comes to our convent, studies what I do." As a fact, however, Masaccio was Lippi's senior by about five years, and died many years before him. Are we to regard this as a poetic licence, or was Browning unaware of the facts?

In reviewing Mr. Morley's book on "Cromwell," the *Athenæum* takes one more opportunity of urging that history should be "scientific" and not literary. On this subject we have often expressed our views. If the true method is to prevail, we learn, "the function of such a writer as Mr. Morley will vanish. The composition of history for the purpose of subjective criticism or of ingenious parallelism, or of blame or praise, or, finally, for mere purposes of literature, will probably cease"; and the reviewer turns to welcome Mr. Morley "with the large mental reservation that, if the time has not already come, it is, at any rate, coming, when the views of a philosopher on an historical problem will be held needless." The modicum of salutary truth contained in this view is obvious enough. It is unquestionably the business of all history, however "literary," to make every effort to get at the facts and to tell the truth about them. But "the passionless pursuit of simple, uncoloured fact" is not even a possible path to truth. There are no such things, strictly speaking, as "simple, uncoloured facts" in history. The "facts" of history are the characters, motives, faiths, policies, meanings of men and women who have passed beyond the reach even of such an inadequate method of verification as cross-examination. Such facts are matters utterly beyond the province or powers of mere research. Hence the absolute need, even for the merest conjectural approximation to truth, of the creative interpretation of the historian.

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The popularisation of history can, of course, be carried to excess. Chicago University is gaining a reputation for "fads," and this seems to be one of them. Here is a literal report of part of a lecture by Professor Thatcher on Charles I.:—

> Charles was a good many different kinds of a chump. He couldn't play a square game, and made ducks and drakes of everything he got his hooks on. He had a first-class show at the king business, but he slipped his trolley every time he undertook to touch the democratic bosses. He tried a lot of monkey business with Parliament, but it landed him in the soup; and when he tried to tackle old Pym, who was a tough proposition, he found himself up against it to beat the band. Pym took a fall out of him every round. He had no more chance to win out than a pair of deuces against a straight flush, and though he put up a first-class bluff it didn't go. It took him a good while to drop to it that the old gag of divine right was well enough when playing to the gallery, but that the orchestra and boxes were on to it, and that it was played out anyway. Cromwell and Ireton were too fly to be scooped by any such tommyrot. Charles had always been a high roller, and when his gang got to scrapping with the Roundheads he was dead broke and had to pull the leg of all the dead-easy tenderfeet in the kingdom. The ante was too much for him. Cromwell finally sized him up and got the District Attorney to press the indictment of his royal nibs for everything that was out. Charles worked his pull for all it was worth, but he got the razzle-dazzle just where the chicken got the axe. They waltzed him off to the boneyard p. d. q., and Cromwell had the innings. See?

The Professor's study of the American language and its resources would seem to be more profound than his study of English history.

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The Homes for Indigent Artists and Literary Men and Women which have been erected at Colinton, near Edinburgh, by the trustees of the late Sir William Fraser, and to which we have before alluded, are expected to be ready at the beginning of the year. The trustees have prepared the necessary regulations, and are in a position to consider applications. Sir William Fraser bequeathed a sum of £25,000 for the foundation and endowment of these homes. The buildings comprise twelve houses, of from two to four rooms each. After paying the whole cost of the erection and furnishing of the homes the trustees are to apply the income from the invested funds first in the payment of the expenses of management. "The balance (of

income), or part thereof, may be applied," it is stated, "for behoof of the inmates by way of alimentary allowances, or otherwise, as the trustees may direct." Each beneficiary may have the use of one of the houses, or two unmarried beneficiaries may occupy one of the houses jointly, and every beneficiary, to whom a house is assigned "for his or her occupation, shall furnish the same, if required by the trustees, to their satisfaction." The rules to be observed are by no means of an unduly onerous or stringent character. The trustees may remove any beneficiary on giving a month's notice; but this power is not likely to be enforced arbitrarily. The houses occupy a commanding site facing the Pentland Hills. The occupants will have the use of a large hall and a reading room in common.

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The historic Hampstead Long Room—the pride of Well-walk in the days of the old-world Spa, which transformed Hampstead from a village of laundresses at the beginning of the eighteenth century into a teeming, fashionable watering-place—is, it seems, still standing at No. 5, Well-walk (Weatherall-house), but, according to a correspondent in *The Times*, its demolition is threatened by the London School Board. Hampstead has lost so many mementoes of the days when Well-walk was thronged with ladies in farthingales and "hoops of wondrous size," accompanied by dandies with wigs and gold-headed canes, that it can ill afford to part with Weatherall-house. "Well, this Hampstead's a charming place," said the wife of a citizen in a forgotten comedy; "to dance all night at the Wells, and be treated at Mother Huff's; to have presents made one at the raffling shops, and then take a walk in Caen-wood with a man of wit."

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Well-walk was the fashionable promenade of the place when the chalybeate springs were at their best, and it has many interesting associations of later days. Keats, in the last stages of consumption, loved the shady grove of elms which leads to the heath at the end of the walk. "Winding southwardly from the Heath," writes Hone in his "Table Book," "there is a charming little grove in Well-walk with a bench at the end, whereon I last saw poor Keats, the poet of the 'Pot of Basil,' sitting and sobbing his dying breath into a handkerchief—glancing parting looks towards the quiet landscape he had delighted in—musing as in his 'Ode to a Nightingale.'" This was Keats' favourite resting-place; he lodged not far away; and sitting here on one occasion he told Leigh Hunt, who lived in the Vale of Health close by, "with unaccustomed tears in his eye, that his heart was breaking."

* * * *

If in truth, as is rumoured, the Marble Arch is to be removed from its present position at the north-east corner of Hyde Park, two interesting questions arise—Where will it be placed, and what name will be substituted for this busy spot where converge the ancient high road from Oxford and that from Edgware and the north? The Marble Arch, adapted by Nash from that of Constantine in Rome, originally stood in the Mall, facing Buckingham Palace. Constructed of Carrara marble, it cost about £80,000, and its gates, designed and cast by Samuel Parker, an additional £3,000. The arch was to have been surmounted by Chantrey's equestrian statue of George IV., now in Trafalgar-square. In 1851 the Marble Arch was removed to its present position at Cumberland-gate, where it replaces a brick structure by Sir John Soane. There is an older, a more significant but an ill-omened name—Tyburn Gate. The Tyburn Tree has associations which date back to the reign of Henry IV. The three legs of the gallows are frequently alluded to in literature; by Shirley as "the three wooden stilts," by Tarlton, "like the shape of Tiborne, three squares," and by Shakespeare in *Love's Labour's Lost*—

> Thou mak'st the triumviry, the corner cap of society,
> The shape of Love's Tyburn, that hangs up simplicity.

Again, Dekker alludes to Derrick, the hangman of Tyburn; and the name of John Ketch, who adjusted the "anodyne necklace" in Dryden's time, has become a synonym for his unlovely calling. Of the hundreds of noteworthy executions here, from that of Perkin Warbeck to Jack Sheppard, or from the lady maid of Kent to Lord Ferrars, one, at any rate, was witnessed by Boswell. Like Selwyn, the biographer loved to witness scenes of the kind, and on April 19, 1779, he rode in the morning coach from Newgate to Tyburn with the Rev. James Hackman. In Evelyn's Diary, again, under date Jan. 30, 1661, we have an account of how the bodies of Oliver Cromwell, Bradshaw, the judge who condemned Charles I., and Ireton were "dragg'd out of their superb tombs in Westminster among the kings, to Tyburne, and hang'd on the gallows from 9 in ye morning till 6 at night, and then buried under that fatal and ignominious monument in a deepe pitt; thousands of people who had seene them in all their pride being spectators. Looke back at November 22, 1658 (Cromwell's funeral)," concludes Evelyn, "and be astonish'd! and feare God and honor ye King; but meddle not with them who are given to change." In his "Miscellaneous Poems" Dryden has some lines "On Tyburn":—

> O, Tyburn! could'st thou reason and dispute,
> Could'st thou but judge as well as execute;
> How often would'st thou change the Felon's doom,
> And truss some stern Chief Justice in his room.

* * * *

In another column we publish a letter from an artisan on the teaching of literature in primary schools. Meanwhile the literary work that may be done by a professor and his students at a University is the subject of "The Study of English Literature" (Macleh ose, 6d.), the inaugural lecture of Mr. Walter Raleigh, the new Professor of English Literature at Glasgow. He is so modest as to think that the words of a professor cannot make great writers of his listeners. What, he avers, they can produce is good readers, and the lecturer is full of good hints in reading. Read an author through before you read his critics; avoid "elegant extracts"; do not be content with the "hundred best books," but also study the minor writers. This is Professor Raleigh's sound advice to all readers, but perhaps the most interesting part of his discourse was his exhortation to literary research in the Universities, and his remarks on the want of a really first-class history of English literature. Referring to Professor Dowden's article on this subject in our columns, he suggested that the key to the position is held by the Universities. The same research that had given the world the Dictionary of National Biography, through the diligence of the Oxford Historical School, might bring forth a history of our literature as complete as the story of French literature edited by M. Petit de Julleville.

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Mr. C. R. Ashbee is evidently determined that the spirit of the Kelmscott Press shall descend upon the Guild of Handicraft of the Essex-house Press. Among the books promised by the Guild in the new type designed by Mr. Ashbee are several which had been considered by William Morris. The best includes Sir Thomas Hoby's Translation of Baldassare Castiglione's "Courtier" (recently published among Mr. Nutt's "Tudor Translations"), Piers Plowman, Burns, Froissart, the Psalms, and Erasmus' "Praise of Folly" in Sir Thomas Chaloner's Translation. But the first book to be printed in the new type will be Mr. Ashbee's own "Endeavour Towards the Teaching of John Ruskin and William Morris: Being an Account of the Work and Aims of the Guild of Handicraft." In the Guild's "Vellum Series of Great Poems of the Language," in which Shelley's "Adonais" has already been issued, other poems promised are Keats' "Eve of St. Agnes," Gray's "Elegy," Milton's "Comus," Spenser's "Epithalamion," Tennyson's "Maud," and Whitman's "Hymn to Lincoln." There will be about twenty poems in all in the series, to be illustrated with frontispieces by artists of the Guild. The "Adonais" is beautifully printed, but the affectation of printing the verses like prose, the beginning of the lines being marked with red, seems scarcely admirable. Written poetry should appeal to the eye as well as to the ear.

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A copy of the rare 1810 edition of Cowper, with landscapes painted on the edges, is included in a catalogue recently

issued by Messrs. Maggs, of Church-street, Paddington. Though seldom employed, the painted fore-edge is one of the most attractive devices in the decoration of books. The earliest-known example of it in England dates from the end of the seventeenth century, when our binders were trying to free themselves from Continental traditions. Previously the decoration of book edges was chiefly confined to the gauffered edge. The gauffer, a modification of the ordinary gilt edge, was popular when Samuel Mearne and the binders of his day adopted the use of the painted fore-edge. Examples of their work are now very rare. Later on an effort was made to revive this method of book decoration, and at the end of last century Edwards, of Halifax, Kalthoeber, and others turned out some fine work. Modern attempts in this direction have been rare. The great French binders occasionally use the painted fore-edge, though it is generally limited to floral designs. In this country an example is afforded by Sir Walter Besant's "Westminster," which has an exquisitely coloured view of the Thames near the Houses of Parliament painted on the edges of the leaves.

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Some weeks back we published several translations from correspondents of Montenalken's well-known lyric:—

Le vie est vaine,
Un peu d'amour,
Un peu de haine,
Et puis—bonjour.

La vie est brève,
Un peu d'espoir,
Un peu de rêve,
Et puis—bonsoir.

No poem as it stands could be more easy for the worst of French scholars to commit to memory and quote when required. And it may be asked, Why translate it at all? Nevertheless, having admitted so many others, we cannot refuse to print the version of a Cape Town correspondent, simply because she could not get hers to England in time to appear with the rest. And, moreover, her version is a good one, and differs from all the others in boldly changing the metre of the original from lines of four to lines of eight syllables.

Life is vain and fraught with sorrow,
A little love beams on to-day,
A little hate clouds o'er to-morrow
And thus we tread the mortal way.
Life's span is brief, else none would crave it,
A little hope, a transient light,
A little dream to help us brave it,
A vain regret, and so good-night!

FRANCES GOODMAN.

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An article published by General Tcheng-Ki-Tong, who was some years ago attaché to the Chinese Embassy in Paris, gives a remarkable and interesting account of Chinese journalism, which deserves quotation. The General, with a true Chinese contempt for the lapse of time, finds in Confucius' "Book of Verses" the origin of the newspaper in China:—

Although there has been no similar publication for a long time, and the custom of popular songs has not been kept up, the fact remains that the sovereigns of China have always kept themselves informed of the state of public opinion with regard to the various acts in connexion with their government. There has existed for many centuries a permanent Council composed of censors whose mission it is to present to the sovereign reports of the state of public opinion in the various provinces of the Empire. These reports formed a kind of journal, which was read by the Emperor and the high dignitaries of the country. Later on these reports obtained greater publicity, and at present they constitute the journal entitled the *Pekin Gazette*, which is in reality the official newspaper of the Empire.

The liberty of the Press does not exist in China, as it would be contrary to the idea we have of the dignity of truth in history. With us contemporary history is not published. History only publishes the annals of the dynasties, and so long as the same dynasty occupies the throne the history of that dynasty may not be published. Our history is written as the events take place by a Council of men of letters who work as deliberately and conscientiously at their task as the French Academicians at their Dictionary. It will, therefore, be understood that it is necessary to keep all these documents secret so that they may be an exact reproduction of the truth. As a matter of fact celebrated European statesmen follow the same rule in publishing their Memoirs relating to contemporary events. Frequently these memoirs are not allowed to appear until a certain length of time has elapsed after the death of the author, and they will only be used as historical documents when the time arrives to write history after the manner of Tacitus, without passion and without hatred. In certain circumstances, however, some of the more daring of these censors have ventured to accuse the highest dignitaries of irregularities in administrative affairs, and they have insisted on the case being examined and punishment meted out to the offenders. The sovereign himself is not exempted from reproaches of this kind.

This Council of Censors is a unique institution, inasmuch as it realizes the ideal which European journalism aims at. It is composed of the most celebrated men of letters in all the provinces, who by favour of the Emperor have the right to tell everything they know, even rumours which may prove to be idle ones. The *Official Gazette* is only read, as a rule, in official circles. The people are completely ignorant of all that takes place in political matters. There have been various attempts to bring about a change in this condition of things, but hitherto all efforts have been vain. Since the ports have been opened to international commerce, foreigners have founded Chinese newspapers, edited by Chinese writers, on the same lines as the European newspapers. The example has been contagious, and the Chinese themselves have endeavoured to bring out similar papers in the provinces, but these enterprises have always failed as they have been censured for exceeding the liberty allowed by existing laws. This local journalism has thus died a violent death, and no one seems to have any idea of endeavouring to bring it to life again. Foreigners, who are treated as neutral, continue to run certain newspapers in China. Those which have the largest circulation are the *Shanghai Journal* and that of Hong-Kong. There are also newspapers published in English, but these are only circulated amongst the foreign residents.

There is also another kind of journal which the Chinese have and which they greatly appreciate. It is the one in which they write about their voyages or about any important event which they have witnessed; anything in fact which seems to them worth remembering. Should any accounts they give touch on political questions they cannot be published so long as any member of the reigning dynasty is on the throne. This law may seem excessive, but it is necessary, if we are to have absolute historical veracity.

London Literary Landmarks.

London, it is to be feared, can never now be one of those great historic cities which like Rome, or even like Paris, shelter the spirit of the past, and treasure its memorials. In another column some account is given of old literary landmarks which are passing into oblivion. They are only typical of hundreds of others which have vanished during the last half-century. The process is in fact inevitable. To borrow the language of botany, London is both an endogen and an exogen. It expands with irresistible growth at every point of its circumference; and at the same time it is being continually changed and revitalized at the core. Visitors to London such as Heine, literary Londoners such as Charles Lamb, have alike found the marvel of the city not in its past but in its present; in the ever-shifting scenes of life, its vastness, its order, its animation, its comedy and its tragedy; its "awful rush of love, hunger, and hate." In monuments of antiquity London is, for the greatest city in the world, extraordinarily poor; and its unceasing development, whether we describe it as the glorious march of civilization or the "shabby tide of progress," leaves these monuments scarcer as each year draws to its close. In the face of a demand for more room to live, the antiquarian cannot

be importunate in urging his modest plea. It is a compromise only for which we can strive; the adjustment of some terms with materialism—that can be the only practical object of the excellent movement in favour of the "preservation of ancient buildings," so far as London is concerned. The Prudential Assurance Society has destroyed Furnival's Inn, but it has so far preserved the picturesque Staple Inn with its memories of Johnson and Dickens. The Cock Tavern in Fleet Street, where Tennyson had his "pint of port," has left its old site, but has renewed its old-fashioned life on the opposite side of the street. We might perhaps have been spared the demolition of Milton's "pretty garden house" in York Street, subsequently the home of Hazlitt; and of the Tabard Inn in Southwark. But in the absence of any proper official supervision of literary landmarks, London must continue to be denuded of its memorials of the past. At least the memory of them might be preserved—but how? It is enshrined in books—in the exhaustive library at the Guildhall, and in the abundance of new publications continually being issued on the old life of the metropolis. Sir Walter Besant's "Survey of London" will be an invaluable record. The London Topographical Society has undertaken an excellent work in preserving in its "Year Book" illustrated memorials of disappearing London. All praise is due to the Society of Arts for its work in localizing literary associations by means of inscriptions. One means, however, of preserving a perpetual, obvious, and interesting link with the past, that namely of nomenclature, is sadly and unaccountably neglected. Nothing is more amazing than the contrast in this respect between London and Paris. In every quarter of the French capital there are names recalling historic and literary associations, stirring the imagination with memories of the great dead. In literature, Froissart, Rabelais, Boileau, Beranger, Voltaire, Rousseau, Balzac, Dumas, Lamartine; in science, Paré, Arago; in divinity, Bossuet, Lacordaire; in drama, Corneille, Racine, Molière; in art, Claud Lorraine, Watteau, Rubens, Ruysdael, Vandyck, Velasquez; in music, Gluck, Mozart; all these great names—to say nothing of those of distinguished foreigners, Milton, Franklin, Lord Byron—are commemorated in the street names of Paris. Londoners would seem to have no desire to celebrate by the same means the greatness of their past. What of Chaucer, Shakespeare, Marlowe, Goldsmith, Gibbon, Tennyson, Sir Walter Scott? The suggestion made by a correspondent in these columns that the new street between Holborn and the Strand should be called Dickens Avenue was, on the ground of euphony, not wholly a felicitous one, but it was conceived in the right spirit. We who have the finest literature in the world do not show half the respect for our literary worthies that our neighbours do for theirs. Occasionally, as in the Rossetti and Carlyle Mansions in Chelsea, in Dryden Chambers, and the new Kingsley Hotel in literary Bloomsbury, we find a laudable attempt made by private enterprise in the right direction. But in our street names there is neither imagination nor patriotism. They are mainly of three classes:—The venerable City names bequeathed to us through the centuries, Cheapside, Ludgate, and so on, with the strange little ecclesiastical cluster round St. Paul's—Creed Lane, Godliman Street, Paternoster Row, and the rest; the mass of wearisome commonplace iterations on the note of Gloucester, Cambridge, King, Queen, New, North, South, &c.; and a large number of names commemorating nothing but the owners of the ground-rents, their residences and their relations, which are sometimes euphonious, but are hardly of public interest. It is a melancholy confession of the failure of London to be in the true sense an historic city. Parallel to the line of the new street to which we have just alluded runs a street named after a celebrated general, and leading to a railway station commemorating his greatest victory. We make no suggestion; but merely note, in conclusion, the significant fact that it has, so far as we have seen, occurred to nobody to follow this precedent, and to suggest a name which would recall another great commander to the minds of our grand-children as they pass in days to come down "Roberts Avenue."

WEAKNESS.

He was not strong enough to break away
From ignorant bonds which hinder men and blind;
To snap the prison-bars of yesterday,
Or curb the natural follies of mankind.

Nature and Beauty called to him, but here
Old thoughts and aspirations bound him still—
Abortive hopes, and dreams confused and sere,
Darkened the vague horizon of his will.

Part of Eternal Beauty—crowned with light—
A thought of God—even thus and thus his soul
Conceived itself—but subtle hands of night
Wove webs of shadow and obscured the whole.

He heard the ages calling, and the skies
And mountains, and, to greet him, song on song
Of deathless poets crowned with music rise—
Yet swooned 'midst clashing chords of right and wrong.

Once, rising on wide wings of song, he grew
Strong for a moment, but the accustomed chain
Of sterile weakness round about him drew
And dragged him helpless to the earth again.

MARGARET SACKVILLE.

Personal Views.

"BROWN'S HOUSE."

As readers of *Literature* are aware, the publication of T. E. Brown's Letters and the re-issue of his Poems in collected form have awakened a widespread interest in his personality. Mr. Henley, in the *Pall Mall Magazine*; Mr. Tarver, in *Macmillan's*; and Mr. Hughes-Games, in the *Fortnightly Review*, have recently dealt with his work from different standpoints, and the first number of the *Monthly Review*, edited by a distinguished Old Cliftonian, Mr. Henry Newbolt, contained an appreciative and vivid sketch of Brown by another distinguished Old Cliftonian, Mr. Quiller-Couch. My excuse for supplementing these articles by a short "personal view" is that I can claim an even closer connexion with Brown than any of the above-named writers. For not only was I, like Mr. Newbolt and Mr. Quiller-Couch, a boy at Clifton when Brown was in the maturity of his powers and influence, but I was a member of his House, and eventually Head of it. I have thought, therefore, that it may be of interest to say a few words about him from a point of view hitherto little touched upon—namely, the impression which he made as a Housemaster upon those of us who lived beneath his roof, and were under his especial tutelage. I will not attempt an elaborate appreciation—it would be impossible within the limits of an article like this. But I wish to set down a few reminiscences which may perhaps help to fill in some details in the picture of Brown which the reading world is seeking to form, and which may possibly do something to correct one or two misconceptions that might easily arise as to the exact nature of his influence.

My first meeting with Brown was in September, 1877. I was a shy newcomer to Clifton, fresh from an Irish school, and after all these years I have an ineffaceable memory of the impression of mingled strength and geniality which his presence at once inspired. He was, as is now well known, the Head of the "Modern Side" at Clifton, and his House therefore was

composed mainly of boys on that "Side," though personally I was on the "Classical Side," to which most boys who were going to the Universities belonged. It was inevitable that a man of Brown's commanding personality should leave the impress of it upon his House, but it was, in the main, the energy and breezy vigour of his complex nature rather than his distinctively intellectual gifts that were reflected in "Brown's House." If there are any who may be forming fanciful pictures of a poetic master training up a band of youthful literary aspirants, they may perhaps be surprised to hear that, though our House had always its full share of School and University honours, its dominant passion was to become "Cock House" at football, and especially to triumph over the Head Master's House, between which and "Brown's" was a traditional rivalry. The first occasion on which this distinction had been achieved was when Cecil Boyle, as Head of the House, had led his team to victory. To us of a later generation he was a hero of almost legendary prowess, and the gallant death in South Africa of this "young Achilles of the field" (to quote from his friend, the President of Magdalen's touching elegy) seemed the fitting climax to the achievements of his school career. Another distinguished Head of the House, Mr. Charles Cannan, now the Secretary to the Delegates of the Clarendon Press, did much to foster the keenly public-spirited tradition of "Brown's," and in my own time I had the pleasure of seeing the triumph of Boyle's day at last repeated on the football field. Brown's letters prove that he was not the type of schoolmaster who unduly magnifies games, but he took a genuine interest and pride in the athletic achievements of his boys. And, man of genius though he was, he had no sympathy with the view that the routine of a great public school crushes out individuality. An address had one night been given to us emphasizing this idea, but Brown at dinner next day expressed to me his strong dissent from it, save in a very few exceptional cases, and he even jocularly began to tag a few verses on the topic which ran something as follows :—

A boy, as a rule,
At a public school,
Is a bit of a fool . . .

who does not join in the general life of work and play.

There were occasions, indeed, when his sense of the importance of corporate life and collective responsibility showed itself in a somewhat drastic way. It happened that a piece of furniture in the dining-hall had been injured. Brown announced that unless by a certain fixed time the boy who had committed the offence came forward the whole House would be "kept in" on the next half-holiday. The culprit did not confess, and all of us consequently, to the number of over forty, paid the penalty, Brown himself sharing our afternoon's detention. My own belief was, and is, that, however the damage may have originated, it was not really due to any member of the House. Such stringent exercises of authority were, however, very rare. As a rule, if anything were amiss, a few words from Brown, generally addressed to the House after evening prayers, were sufficient to set matters right. As readers of the letters will not need to be told, his power over language was extraordinary. His picturesqueness and raciness of phrase were inexhaustible, and his talks to the House were nearly always illumined by some characteristic flash of humour or some apt literary allusion. On one occasion, soon after I entered the House, some boys had been detected in the nefarious practice of cooking in their studies. Brown kept us in roars of laughter while he depicted the scene, and wound up by comparing the culprits to the witches in *Macbeth* interrupted when engaged in their weird dance round their cauldron, with its grisly ingredients. His speeches, too, at the annual House-Supper held just before the Christmas holidays, were always looked forward to by us with keen enjoyment. And at a time when he was in the deepest domestic sorrow he showed his lofty public spirit by insisting that the festivity should be held in the usual way.

But probably nothing in his relations to us will be of greater interest to the general world than the circumstance that we had the privilege of making acquaintance with several of his poems, including "Betsy Lee" and "The Doctor," before they became known to the public. On Saturday evenings Brown himself, or one of the other masters used from time to time to give the House a "reading." On one or two occasions we were surprised to hear Brown read us poems, of which none of us had ever heard, and which were in an unfamiliar dialect. Recited as they were in his rich, and wonderfully flexible tones, and with keen dramatic power, they made a deep impression upon us—even those of us who had least care for poetry. There was a good deal of conjecture among us as to their origin and it was not till some time after that we learnt that the reader of the poems was also their author, and that it was our good fortune to enjoy the first fruits of a literary genius which was afterwards to become the property of the world at large. And I imagine that Brown himself enjoyed watching the effect produced upon his "young barbarians" by these readings. He could scarcely have put his work to a severer test; poetry, to impress the average schoolboy, must indeed have the root of the matter in it.

Surprise has been often expressed that Brown, a Fellow of Oriel, and a master of English of "the centre," should have chosen his native Manx dialect as his chief poetic medium, and thus limited his range of influence. But I remember that on one occasion when some person was being unfavourably criticized on account of local idiosyncrasies of speech and manner, Brown stood up for him, and said he liked a man whose foot was firmly planted in his native earth, and who showed the traces of the soil whence he sprang. I believe that it was in this spirit that he clung to the homely vernacular of his "lil oilan," and turned his back on the rich treasury of "English undefiled." He would have welcomed as a tribute, whether intended or not, the verdict on his work that "his speech bewrayeth him." His famous jest that he was not included in a notice of the minor poets of the day because, perhaps, he belonged to the major ones, had in it, I believe, a touch of the legitimate self-assertion of genius. But the major poets with whom he felt the bond of kinship were not the imperial masters of song, the Olympians—they were rather the Titans, the "inspired Fauns," piping "rustic ditties" to the music of the oaten flute.

The pieces of literary criticism scattered throughout Brown's letters show his passion for the real, the elemental, at whatever cost. How characteristic is his preference of the "Orlando Furioso," the "hard enamel" of the "Italian reprobate" over "the soft velvet carpet" of the "Faerie Queene." How entirely applicable to himself is the phrase he uses of Scott, "the inexhaustible streaming and bubbling up of the great old heart of him, his own boundless enjoyment of it all!" And in daily talk, in the most off-hand judgments, the same strain was ever present. In a "personal view," I may, perhaps, be permitted to introduce a personal reference in illustration of this. Like most boys with an interest in literature I dabbled in rhyme at school, and Brown once asked to see some verses I had written on some stock poetic theme. After a few words of

comment on my production, he turned to me suddenly with the characteristic suggestion, "Now try what you can do with an *unpoetic* subject—a chimney-sweep, for instance." The chimney-sweep still remains, as far as I am concerned, one of the "things unattempted yet in prose or rime," but my vision of the boundaries of song was forthwith enlarged. A different illustration of Brown's "realistic" temper may interest Mr. Quiller-Couch, should his eye fall upon these lines. Soon after "Q." had "commenced author," I was paying a visit to Clifton, and I had some talk with Brown about "Dead Man's Rock," which had been recently published. Brown spoke of the novel in very appreciative terms, but thought that the lover, when accepted, did not salute his lady with sufficient *empressement!* One of Brown's most darling "adventures in criticism" must, I imagine, be still fresh in the memory of many of my contemporaries. An excellent institution at Clifton, which doubtless still survives, was a meeting on Sunday evenings in "Big-School" where, after the singing of a Hymn and the performance of some classical music on the organ, there was an address on some subject, generally by one of the Masters. This, though known irreverently in schoolboy parlance as "a jaw," was highly popular. On one Sunday Brown, to the no slight scandal of some of his colleagues, gave an inimitable lecture on Hymns, considered from the literary and musical point of view. It so happened that the hymn sung before his address was Heber's "From Greenland's icy mountains," and while allowing the words to pass muster with faint approval, he denounced unsparingly the tune to which they were set. To those who recall such utterances it is difficult to think of Brown, deeply religious as he was at the core, as a potential Archdeacon of the Isle of Man. "Had it rained mitres from Heaven," said Jowett in a funeral sermon in Balliol Chapel upon Stanley, "none would ever have fitted that oddly-shaped head." As little would the cramping Archidiaconal gaiters have fitted the robust, virile limbs of Brown. He belonged to a seventeenth-century rather than a nineteenth-century type of Churchman, and it is easy to imagine him chatting in his fine lusty English with the Reverend Robert Herrick, or the Reverend John Donne, or, at a later date, with the Reverend Jonathan Swift, whose fate he mourned in one of his comparatively rare sermons in our School Chapel.

It was a happy day for Clifton when fate sent her, in her early youth, such a Master as T. E. Brown. The older schools are, most of them, rich in literary associations. The shade of Gray lingers over Eton, of Byron over Harrow, of the Arnolds over Rugby, of Coleridge and Lamb over Christ's Hospital. But Clifton had no such inheritance wherewith to appeal to the imagination of her sons. Her traditions had all to be formed. And though, as I have sought to show, Brown's direct literary influence on his boys should not be exaggerated, it is obvious that his presence would leaven from day to day the character of a great School. And among those whose influence was on kindred lines mention is due of the Editor of the Letters, Mr. S. T. Irwin, to whose fine taste and scholarship many an Old Cliftonian owes a lasting debt. And now that the "fair humanities" of the older culture are being threatened by powerful alien forces, it is surely of good omen that in a school like Clifton, where the modern elements in education have been allowed free play, the influence of men of genuine creative or critical power can so soon establish a literary tradition, and amidst the contending cross-winds of the hour keep the "sacred lamp" of Poetry alight.

FREDERICK S. BOAS.

LITERARY LANDMARKS OF LONDON.

The literary ghosts of the Strand must be wringing their hands in despair at the transformation schemes which are sweeping away their best-loved haunts in that neighbourhood. Holywell-street has long been doomed, and now it is announced that portions of the churchyards of St. Clement Danes and St. Mary-le-Strand are to be given over to the improvements in connexion with the new thoroughfare to Holborn; and the bones of the ancient dead which must necessarily be disturbed are to be removed for reinterment in Brookwood Cemetery. St. Clement Danes, besides being "Dr. Johnson's Church" (a simple inscription marks the pew in which he sat after resolving to go to church every Sunday and strive to solve the great problem "how to purify his soul and hold real communion with the Highest"), is the burial-place of a number of interesting personages, including the two contemporary dramatists Nathaniel Lee and Thomas Otway. Lee drank himself to death in 1692, and Butchers'-row, in which he fell after his fatal visit to the Bear and Harrow—to be killed or stifled in the snow—was one of the streets leading from Clare-market to the Strand until the early part of the present century, when it vanished with the mass of old houses which almost touched the walls of Wren's handsome church. Lee had not long been released from Bethlem Hospital when he came to his melancholy end; and Thomas Otway, whose career was wrecked by similar indulgences, was buried in St. Clement Danes-churchyard while his contemporary was still under detention. Early in the same century Sir John Roe was buried there—"Glad-mentioned Roe," the beloved friend of Ben Jonson, in whose arms he died of the plague which devastated the district in 1605-1606. Jonson wrote some of his finest verses upon Sir John Roe:—

> I'll not offend thee with a vain tear more,
> Glad-mentioned Roe; thou art but gone before,
> Whither the world must follow: and I, now,
> Breathe to expect my When, and make my How.
> Which if most gracious Heaven grant like thine,
> Who wets my grave can be no friend of mine.

Thomas Rhymer, who compiled the "Fœdera," and died in Arundel-street, close by, in December, 1713, belongs to the same company of distinguished dead.

St. Martin's Church is another object of topical interest at the present moment on account of the approaching removal of its spacious steps. Nell Gwynne was buried in the churchyard here two years after the death of Otway, who appears to have sought the good graces of "Sweet Nell of Old Drury" as some compensation for his disappointed passion for Mrs. Barry—a passion which accelerated his ruin and helped to shorten his life. Nell Gwynne shares her mother's grave at St. Martin's, and her funeral sermon was preached by Archbishop Tenison, then incumbent of the parish. She sleeps in a strangely-assorted company, ranging from Jack Sheppard, and the Royal gardener, who succeeded in raising the first pineapple grown in England, to the unfortunate Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey, who was murdered shortly after receiving the "Popish Plot" depositions of Titus Oates, and Lord Mohun, who was killed in a duel by the Duke of Hamilton. The literary associations of the place date back to 1626, when Sir John Davys, the poet, was buried there. Stanley, the editor of "Æschylus," joined him in 1678; Farquhar—the Irish dramatist who abandoned the stage in remorse at having accidentally stabbed a brother actor—in 1707; and James Smith, of the "Rejected Addresses," in 1837.

Burke's old house, 37, Gerard-street, has recently been opened as a restaurant, and the imitation marble of the ground-floor front is not suggestive of those historical associations which it is so important to preserve. So great have been the changes in Old London during the last hundred years that few of the houses in which Burke is known to have lived can now be found. "The Pope's Head, over the shop of Jacob Robinson, bookseller and publisher, just within the Inner Temple gateway," where he spent his first years in London, has disappeared; so has that

dwelling at the end of Tothill-street, Westminster, which contained an arch of the eastern wall of the Old Gate House, leading into Dean's-yard. Two of Edmund Burke's most noteworthy achievements date from the time when he lived in Gerard-street, whither he removed in 1787 from the neighbourhood of St. James's-square; the speech with which he opened the trial of Warren Hastings in 1788 ranks as a masterpiece of eloquence; and his "Reflections on the French Revolution," 1790, had an influence more potent than that of any other work by him—in a year it reached its eleventh edition. Within, the house has undergone many alterations, but a room on the ground floor is pointed out as Burke's study, while the old-time dining room is to be used for writing and smoking. This little picture of Edmund Burke in No. 37 is left by J. T. Smith:—"Many a time, when I had no inclination to go to bed, at the dawn of day I have looked down from my window to see whether the author of 'Sublime and Beautiful' had left his drawing room, where I have seen the great orator many a night, after he had left the House of Commons, seated at a table covered with papers, attended by an amanuensis, who sat opposite to him."

A few paces away, at the corner of Compton-street, "The Club," founded by Reynolds and Johnson in 1764, was wont to meet. Of this club, known after Garrick's death as the Literary Club, Burke was an original member, as were Dr. Nugent, Beauclerk, Langton, Goldsmith, Chamier, and Sir John Hawkins. If we are to credit Boswell, who was proposed for membership by Johnson, Sir John was not always scrupulously accurate in his statements. For instance, he represented himself as a seceder from the little coterie of distinguished folk, giving as reason that its late hours were inconsistent with his domestic arrangements, the fact being, according to Boswell, that one evening he attacked Burke in so rude a way that at the next meeting he was received with studied coldness. In 1783 the landlord of the Turk's Head in Gerard-street died, the tavern was converted into a private house, and the club removed to Sackville-street.

We associate another man of letters with Gerard-street—John Dryden, the 200th anniversary of whose death in No. 43 passed almost unnoticed on May 1 last. In 1686, when he removed hither from a house on the north side of Long-acre, facing Rose-street, many beautiful gardens still remained in this part of London. Thus, in dedicating "Don Sebastian" to the Earl of Leicester, Dryden calls himself "a poor inhabitant of your lordship's garden, whose best prospect is on the garden of Leicester House." Lady Holland gives an amusing account of a visit paid by her father, Sidney Smith, to this house—he and Moore being driven thither by Rogers. "It was very wet; the house looked much like other old houses, and having thin shoes on they both remonstrated, but in vain. Rogers got out and stood expecting them. 'Ah, you see why Rogers don't mind getting out,' exclaimed my father, laughing and leaning out of the carriage; 'he has got goloshes on; but, Rogers, lend us each a golosh and we will then stand on one leg and admire us long as you please.'" The spectacle so suggested is worthy the pencil of a Cruikshank.

Not many months ago the admirers of Dickens had occasion to deplore the destruction of No. 15, Furnival's-inn, where the major portion of "Pickwick" was written. Now they have cause for regret in the demolition of another Dickens residence, viz., Tavistock House, Tavistock-square, which is being pulled down by order of the ground landlord, the Duke of Bedford. Before the novelist acquired the property, Tavistock House was the home of his valued friend, Frank Stone, A.R.A., whose son, Mr. Marcus Stone, R.A., illustrated "Our Mutual Friend." Dickens took up his residence here in 1851, and here he wrote "Bleak House," a portion of "Little Dorrit," and several of his minor works. Tavistock House, too, was the scene in Dickens' time of some delightful amateur acting, these private performances being organized by "Boz" himself, who, on the playbills, described the apartment which had been specially adapted for the purpose as "The Smallest Theatre in the World," and facetiously adopted the name of "Crummles" as manager. As Christmas approached the house was in a state of siege, with Clarkson Stanfield, R.A., and the three Dansons all painting the scenery at once! One of the scenes by Stanfield, representing the Eddystone Lighthouse, realized nearly a thousand guineas at the sale of Dickens' effects in 1870. The novelist sold Tavistock House in 1860, having resolved to settle down at Gad's Hill, which became his property some four years earlier. Mr. and Mrs. Weldon subsequently occupied Tavistock House, after which it was utilized as a Jews' College. Mrs. Weldon, during her residence there, published (in 1880) a remarkable pamphlet, bearing the title "The Ghastly Consequences of Living in Charles Dickens' House," in which she endeavoured to make clear that she "narrowly escaped being locked up, and probably murdered, in a lunatic asylum," through living in Tavistock House. She describes the place as "a dear house, in a nice, quiet, shady garden, where grow fine large old plantains (out of the Square proper), and where, in summer, from every window of the house, you may imagine yourself in the country—the real country!"

NOVELS OF THE SEA.

Considering to what an extent the sea must necessarily influence the literature of a maritime race, it is, perhaps, not so easy as it might seem on the first glance to pick the six best sea novels or stories written by Englishmen and Americans. The selection made in FAMOUS NOVELS OF THE SEA (Sampson Low, 21s. net) contains among the six only one by a living writer. It would, we think, have been better to confine the series altogether to writers who are dead than to include Mr. Clark Russell. For though the "Wreck of the Grosvenor" is his best book, he cannot stand in the same rank with Michael Scott, Herman Melville, George Cupples, and Captain Marryat, who, with Fenimore Cooper, make up the authors of this series. Nor, indeed—though for other reasons—has Fenimore Cooper the least right to be in the same bookshelf with his four great companions. What Fenimore Cooper knew of the sea by actual experience was extremely little, and it only needs to open any one of his sea stories to perceive his ignorance. His claims to the title of the "American Scott" are only justified by the steady tiresomeness which characterizes him and the least interesting stories of the Wizard of the North.

But as regards the four books remaining of the six nothing can be said against their right to speak on behalf of the sea and on behalf of sailormen of all sorts and conditions. "Midshipman Easy" has been made a classic by the united boyhood of England, and has sent more boys to sea than anything else except the very smell of tar and salt water. It is truly the model for an adventure book, and has neither a dull moment nor a dull sentence in it. Marryat, who was naturally soaked in salt water, showed his knowledge by what he left out. The chief fault of amateur sea-writers, and there are many of them, is the desire to show that they know their subject. The results are too often laborious failures which excite the sombre derision of the seaman. Marryat knew what to omit, and his power of humour and character-sketching has given the world a series of portraits which must live so long as the sea excites the imagination of the English race.

But strong and humorous as was Marryat, it is doubtful whether his greatest admirers would claim genius for him. For genius implies something that gives a book permanent value, not only for its subject, but as literature pure and simple. In Michael Scott's "Tom Cringle's Log" there are undoubtedly flashes of real genius. The book is astoundingly fluent, absolutely natural, and contains passages of descriptions which are true, unforced, and brilliant. Indeed, Michael Scott was one of the few writers who can use "description" properly as a background, and not as padding. And Scott knew not only the naval man but the English and American merchant seaman. There is no air of his having learnt anything. The narrative flows like a river, and has, like a tropical mountain stream, a thousand glimpses of the unexpected. His humour at times partakes of

the pantomime, but even so it is unforced and boyish. And when he touches the tragic string his feeling is utterly sincere. Even his greatest villain is not without touches of real humanity. Few who have read the book once but will be ready to read it again.

The signs of real knowledge at first hand, not gathered from books nor noted by a passenger on the "fo'c'sle head," are visible in George Cupples' "Green Hand." Perhaps he invented the trick, now done to death, of the passenger who is also a seaman and plays the *deus ex machina* when the inevitable and necessary disaster at last occurs. The trick in the "Green Hand" is, at any rate, well done, and any man who reads the book through and understands it must have a competent knowledge of seamanship, even if he acquires an unjustifiable contempt for the seamanlike qualities of the merchant service.

But of all these six books the one, the only one, which is supremely great and undoubtedly a work of genius is Herman Melville's "Moby Dick." And it just as surely has no claim to be in the collection at all. It is not a novel. It is hardly a story. It is an epic, and a most astounding epic too. The human hero is nothing to the great white whale which dominates the intense and imaginative narrative. For this book is the first and, properly speaking, the last book ever written upon the greatest big game hunting of the world. The cachalot, singly and collectively, in the huge personality of Moby Dick, is the theme. And the book is an encyclopædia. Its knowledge is deep, inclusive and conclusive. No man after reading it can hope to exceed or to equal or even to comment upon it. It has peculiar qualities; the peculiar qualities of Melville. In one place he names the world as one might name an inn. He calls it "At the Sign of the Thunder Cloud." The book is half a nightmare; it is like a thunder-storm in the brewing; there are spaces of clear sky, and great blurs of gloom in it. It is natural history raised to the highest power of tragedy. It is monstrous, inchoate, suggestive, and full of speculation and astonishment. Ahab Peleg, the demoniac Captain, hunts the whale that dismembered him through the seas of the earth as the Opium Eater was hunted through the forests of Asia. But the drugged one here is the hunter, and the cold, acute, and horrible intellect of the epic whale dominates the play upon the mighty stage of the wandering sea. The book is full of pictures. They are pictures of imagination, fervid and deep. The characters are types, human but superhuman. The humour is tragic humour; the talk of the players is astounding. The scheme of the book is no scheme, but it grows Æschylean and concludes inevitably upon an inexorable vortex. Only those who have not read the book may conclude that this is the language of indiscriminate eulogy. A reprint of it upon this side of the Atlantic has so long been desired by the few who knew its value that the series will be welcome if only for the work of perhaps the greatest natural genius produced upon American soil.

These six books are, however, only concerned with the sailing ship, and nowadays, when the romance of the steamship is beginning to be understood, it would be possible to make another series, not, perhaps, inclusive of so many books of very great merit, which would show us the modern seaman under changed aspects. The modern battleship has yet to find its true historian in fiction, but the cargo-boat and the "tramp" have been excellently done, and there is no doubt that they are popular with the public which nowadays has little acquaintance with the "windjammer." And in one respect, at least, the modern writer of sea fiction is ahead of his earlier rivals. He does not insist upon describing the sea, which, at sea, is mostly intolerably dull, as something always worthy of a marine painter. And as it is usual to put the narrative into the mouth of a seaman there is nothing falser than to make him wallow in ecstasies over a beauty which does not exist, and which, even if it did exist, would appeal to him about once in a "blue moon." The average sailor, of any rank, is not given to raving over sea-scapes, and has a tolerably correct notion that fine words butter neither parsnips nor monotony. He takes the seas as they come, and looks upon them from a professional point of view. The fine cross seas of the Cape after three days of a gale from three-quarters of the compass only make him rave in a manner which (to quote Mark Twain) would not improve the sale of a Sunday school book if his language were to be sampled in it. He makes a hard living on the ocean, and though he may find it difficult to avoid going back to it, more often than not he does so because he cannot help it. As sailors say "only a fool would sell a farm and go to sea."

Foreign Letter.

POLAND.—II.

During the eighteenth century the influence of French literature had been in Poland a real obstacle to the development of the national drama. That drama received its first encouragement from King Stanislaw Poniatowski, who, in 1765, established a permanent theatre in Warsaw; and when, in 1810, Wojciech Boguslawski founded a school for dramatists the right impulse was given to original dramatic talent. To-day it can hold its own with that of any other country of Europe.

Notwithstanding the drawbacks created by the political situation—the restricted admission of the Polish language, the censure, which forbids the representation of any play dealing with an episode of modern Polish history, the pecuniary difficulties which hamper the realization of scenic effects—the new names added each year to the list of Polish playwrights bear testimony to the flourishing condition of the drama in Poland. Many causes combine to bring about this result—first and foremost the question of demand and supply. The theatre in Poland, like elsewhere, has become the favourite recreation of the masses; but more than elsewhere, perhaps, the Polish public scorns exotic productions and demands plays in which the traits of the national character and the trend of national ideas predominate. As a consequence it is in the Comedy of Manners that the Polish playwrights excel. With sober realism and a mirth which has an undertone of sadness, they represent the anomalous types and peculiar situations produced by the contradictory influences which have reacted on the national character, the prejudices and foibles of the landed proprietors, the middle class, the country people, in whom the traditions of former days still survive in one word, all the phases of the conflict between the old order of things and the new. But, though they cater thus for the public taste, the authors do not lose sight of the literary exigencies of their plays. Political discussions being almost entirely banished from the periodicals, the void is filled by artistic, literary and dramatic criticism, to which some of the ablest writers devote their talents. Many of these critics are also successful dramatists; their literary canons have the double weight of word and example, and they exercise the most beneficial influence on the efforts of young dramatists.

The Comedy of Manners had its greatest vogue between 1865 and 1880. The plays of Narzymski, Sabowski, Sarnecki, Blizinski, Bekikowski, and many others form a gallery of portraits taken from all the ranks of the society of the time, among which *Pan Damazy*, by Blizinski, bears off the palm. But the author who has enjoyed the greatest and longest popularity is Michal Balucki. His plays are bright and sparkling, full of wit, and, at the same time, imbued with a healthy philosophy. His *Open House* first gained him the favour of the public. Among his other well-known comedies are *Neighbours*, *The Bachelors' Club*, *Flirt*, *Geese and Goslings*, and *Big Fishes*. His historical drama *Kilinski* treats of a conspiracy against the Russians during the time of the first division of Poland, the hero of which, a man in humble circumstances, represents the patriotic sentiment of the people. Blizinski and Balucki show that literary activity and excellence are not confined to Russian Poland; they are both natives of Galicia.

The success obtained by Kazimierz Zalewski is perhaps as great as that of Balucki. He is a writer of serious comedy and at the same time an eminent theatrical critic. In their construc-

tion his plays are modelled after the modern French drama; they evince an intimate knowledge of stagecraft, a remarkable intuition of artistic proportion, and much literary merit. He takes his types from the elegant society of Warsaw, the aristocratic snobs, the world of parvenus, the potentates of the Stock Exchange. *Our Sons-in-Law*, *The Apfels*, *The Queen of Clubs*, *Article 234*, *The Rights of the Heart*, *The Son*, and many others have gained for him the favour of the public as well as the praise of the critics.

Edward Lubowski, who belongs also to the older generation of Polish dramatists, was born at Cracow, but settled later in Warsaw. He is a brilliant writer; but his views are pessimistic and misanthropic. Some of his comedies are among the best productions of the stage; others have no claim whatever to literary or dramatic merit. *Bats* is universally considered his best play. In it he severely flagellates the slanderers or backbiters who work in the dark to destroy fair reputations. *The Prince* is a highly effective drama with a sound moral teaching. Lubowski has also written some interesting historical studies and translated some of the works of Shakespeare, Heine, and Musset.

Two of the most remarkable dramatic authors of the younger school are Alfred Konar (pseud.) and Aleksander Mankowski. The former writes in the same vein as Lubowski—he is bitter, satirical, and vehement; the latter, in his first play, *Mimowski*, at once revealed himself as a writer of great power. *An Original*, which also met with an enormous success, is perhaps, in some parts, too didactic for the purposes of art. The influence of the school of Sardou and Dumas *fils* is especially discernible in the plays of Zygmunt Sarnecki. He is the leader of the literary criticism in his country and thoroughly in touch with the intellectual movement of the day in other parts of Europe, and his plays are models of elegant writing, artistic treatment, and careful psychological dissection. If he had produced nothing else, his *Febris Aurea* would give him a high place among writers for the stage.

The female dramatic authors who deserve mention are Zofia Mellerowa and Gabryele Sniesko-Zapolska. The *False Expectations* of the former is an excellent comedy, and ought, as well as her other pieces, to have obtained a better success than it has. The plays of Madame Zapolska bear the same stamp as her novels. *Zabusia* (little frog) is considered her best comedy, but it is doubtful whether the subject would recommend itself to an English audience. Her dramas, in which the hero is generally a Jew, have also been well received.

In farcical comedy the first honours belong to Adolf Abrahamowicz and Ryszard Ruszkowski. They are endowed with an inexhaustible fund of wit, for, although they produce on an average two or three pieces a year, they are always fresh, sprightly, and fanciful. Their plays recall in their form the best farces of the French stage, but they have a tone and humour of their own which is essentially Slavonic. The same kind of indescribable humour is also the charm of the plays of Michal Galasiewicz, who in his popular dramas excels in the portraiture of the placid and fatalistic resignation of the Polish peasantry.

Although modern taste prefers the comic muse to the tragic, historical drama and tragedy are not altogether neglected. Adam Asnyk, equally distinguished as poet and dramatist, wrote two powerful historical dramas, *Kiejstut* and *Cola Rienzi*. Stanislaw Kozlowski, in *Master Albert*, *The Taborites*, and *The Tournament*, paints some telling episodes of the national history and revives the heroic struggles of the past. Kazimierz Glinski's tragedy in verse, *Almansor*, deals with an incident of Spanish history. Like his drama *Boleslaus the Bold*, it is perhaps better adapted for perusal in the study than representation on the stage.

During recent years Polish dramatic literature has been able to register several new names full of promise. The homely comedies of Julian Wieniawski (Jordan) find great favour with the public. Stanislaw Graybner has found in the reception given to his first plays, *Fredzio* and *The Count*, ample encouragement for further work. Sewer, the novelist, is also devoting his talents to the drama with success. Lucyan Rydel, who became first known by his fairy plays and comedies, has lately produced two dramas, *Dies Irae* and *The Mother*, which show that the influence of the current of thought which at present pervades Western Europe is also being felt in Poland.

L. G.

Reviews.

HUXLEY.

Life and Letters of Thomas Henry Huxley. By his Son, Leonard Huxley. In two vols. (Macmillan. 30s. n.)

It seems ungracious to say at the outset anything even in apparent disparagement of a book full of interest, portraying on the whole faithfully a singularly attractive character; the record of a full and useful life; the story of a great soldier of truth. We have in mind, however, only a minor defect; our criticism does not affect the sense of indebtedness for a truthful and interesting account of one of the foremost Englishmen of his time—one who profoundly impressed his generation and whose influence is still with us. In the first volume to some extent, in the second in a marked degree, there is a lack of editorial supervision; there are letters altogether too trivial to be printed—letters which have no reason to be in the book unless it was essential to make two volumes of it. Nothing can be more valuable and instructive as to Huxley's character than the extracts from his early journal, for example; they might well have been extended and multiplied. Nothing could be less called for than some of the business or domestic notes printed in the second volume.

Two views of Huxley were entertained by his friends. According to one he was meant to be a great investigator, who, fortunately for science, in his early years yielded to his bent, but who was later in life allured into controversies and discussions in which, being untrained, he could do no more than every man of capacity can perform, no matter how alien the field which he enters. According to another view he was born to be a controversialist and a combatant; a sort of Luther for modern science, he found his true vocation only when, in the *Nineteenth Century* and elsewhere, he fought fiercely for intellectual freedom. The impression left by these volumes is that neither judgment expressed the whole truth; that his nature was larger than some of his friends conceived; and that the man was never completely revealed until he had fought all his many fights, and wandered into many regions.

Huxley was, according to the interesting bits of autobiography which are quoted, his mother's son intellectually, morally, and physically. Of his father he could find no trace in his composition except an inborn capacity for drawing, "which, unfortunately in my case, has never been cultivated, a hot temper, and that amount of tenacity of purpose which unfriendly observers sometimes call obstinacy." From his mother he got all that he most prized, and, in particular, her rapidity of thought. He rated no gifts higher than sound sense; his notion of scientific capacity was nothing else. "If my time were to come over again there is nothing I would less willingly part with than my inheritance of mother wit." Never sent to a public school or a University, with discursive tastes and indefinite ambition, with no sympathy or help extended to him in intellectual matters—two years spent in a pandemonium of a school—he educated himself in ways as effectual as if he had travelled by the ordinary high road. Fortunately there has been preserved a fragmentary spiritual journal kept by Huxley when fifteen, and entitled "Thoughts and Doings"; and remarkable is the maturity, surprisingly wide is the range of thought of the youth struggling with no aid or compass to penetrate into the region in which he was, in later life, to move. "I have been pondering for some time over a classification of knowledge. . . . I am in doubt under which head to put morality, for I cannot determine exactly in my own mind whether morality can exist inde-

pendently of others, whether the idea of morality could ever have arisen in the mind of an isolated being or not. I am rather inclined to think that it is objective." His medical education was, according to modern standards, casual, haphazard, and imperfect. Nor was he at first—perhaps he was never—a systematic student. But it is clear that he had read far more widely than the best of his fellow students, and that from the outset his mind was full of speculations remote from the routine work of his classes. It was not a piece of good luck—it was a natural incident in his unremitting microscopic researches—that at nineteen he should be the discoverer of a hitherto unnoted membrane in the root of the human hair known as "Huxley's layer." His first letters, and in particular those written on his scientific cruise in the Rattlesnake, show the same command of simple, perspicuous English, the same lucid and direct statement as marked the mature, practised writer and lecturer. The four years which he spent on the Rattlesnake were of great value to him, and the scientific work which he did was excellent. The letters written on shipboard are vivid and bright, and it is to be regretted that he did not leave some record of his travels in a volume which might have been as interesting and classical as "The Voyage of the Beagle."

To all appearance Huxley had many of the gifts which ensure rapid success; health, strength of will, confidence in his powers, courage, delight in contest, powers of speech, an admirable written style, and, not least, no illusions as to the difficulties confronting him. "The world is no better," he half playfully remarks, "than an arena of gladiators, and I, a strong savage, have been turned into it to fight my way with my rude club among the steel-clad fighters." But well-equipped though he was for the combat, he met with a series of reverses; he was a candidate for professorships and failed, he had seasons of darkness and despair; and, confident though he was as to his powers, he writes as late as 1852 in such terms as these:—"I was talking seriously with Fanning the other night about the possibility of finding some employment of a profitable kind in Australia, storekeeping, squatting, or the like." If Huxley's friends or foes found him in after years sometimes brusque and hard; if he was a little too eager to "smite all humbugs, big or little," without being always careful whether he had found the humbug; if he had little patience to spare for the minor mistakes of life, this was the result of the stern struggle, the vicissitudes and hardships of the early years.

Of all the letters published in these volumes none show the deeper nature of the man more clearly than those written to his friend Kingsley. Poles apart though they were in convictions and temperament, they drew to one another; Huxley tells his innermost thoughts to none more freely than to one who had, in regard to religious and kindred topics, scarcely a conviction in common. Writing in answer to Kingsley's expressions of sympathy with Huxley on the loss of his little boy, on whom he doted, he pours out his whole soul, as strong men do only once or twice in a life. The blow had struck him hard; but he was not crushed.

> Had I lived a couple of centuries earlier, I could have fancied a devil scoffing at me and them—and asking me what profit it was to have stripped myself of the hopes and consolations of the mass of mankind. To which my only reply was and is:—Oh, devil! truth is better than much profit. I have searched over the grounds of my belief, and if wife and child and name and fame were all to be lost to me one after the other as the penalty, still I will not lie. . . . To begin with the great doctrines which you discuss, I neither deny nor affirm the immortality of man. I see no reason for believing in it; but, on the other hand, I have no means of disproving it. Pray understand that I have no *a priori* objections to the doctrine. . . . But the longer I live, the more obvious it is to me that the most sacred act of a man's life is to say and to feel, "I believe such and such to be true." . . . It is no use to talk to me of analogies and probabilities. I know what I mean when I say I believe in the law of the inverse squares, and I will not rest my life and my hopes upon weaker convictions. I dare not if I would.

Huxley was among the hardest intellectual workers of his generation. At almost every page of the two volumes we are struck by the variety of the occupations and the intensity of his application. He is writing elaborate scientific papers, lecturing in all sorts of places on many subjects, serving on Royal Commissions, keeping up one or two lively controversies in the public Press, in the rare intervals of leisure penning long letters into which he puts his whole energy of nature, and throwing himself with fervour into all the pleasures and occupations of the world about him. Perhaps he would have lived longer and done better work had he taken the advice of Hooker and other friends, and devoted himself to a few subjects. That was sometimes his own opinion; overwhelmed with engagements, he once said to Professor Marsh, "If I should only break my leg, what a lot of scientific work I should do!" But, less discursive, he would not have been the Huxley whom we know and who stirred his generation at many points; with his nature, it could not, perhaps, have been otherwise. If we have misgivings as to the wisdom of any of his many undertakings it is as to his excursions into the regions of philosophy, for which he had no training and, it is probable, no particular aptitude. "Do take the counsel of a quiet looker-on," wrote Hooker to him, "and withdraw to your books and studies in pure natural history; let modes of thought alone." His biographer may be right in saying that he "got through an immense amount of philosophy in the course of several years"; his capacity for work was daunted by nothing; and he had the true philosophic temper, which always seeks in a multitude of facts for principles. But the strong man becomes weak—at all events, his superiority over so many of his contemporaries disappears—when he reasons about metaphysical problems.

Huxley did not devote himself exclusively to his books, his studies, and his controversies. He took delight in his family and his friends; and he was essentially human and "clubbable." One of the most interesting parts of the book, by the way, relates to the X Club, which Tyndall, Hooker, Lubbock, Spottiswoode, and a few other friends of Huxley formed for social and scientific ends. The club had never, Huxley remarks, any purpose except to bring together a few friends who did not wish to drift apart. But it did much more than was intended at the outset; it helped to create a powerful body of scientific opinion, and to accelerate that New Reformation which it was Huxley's pride to have advanced. Much is told also of the Metaphysical Club, of which Huxley was one of the most active members.

Huxley had great practical ability, which he showed in many capacities, and nowhere more than as a member of the London School Board. Events are so quickly forgotten in the hurry and bustle of these days that it is a public service to recall his work as an educationist. It will be a revelation to many persons who cite his name in support of extreme views to find that he was opposed to extremes of all sorts; that, for example, he deprecated divorcing intellectual from moral training, which would make the gutter child "the subtlest of all the beasts of the field," and that, while inexorable as to the expulsion of all theological teaching, he deprecated the abolition of religious teaching, which would be like "burning your ship to get rid of the cockroaches," or to "throw away the child with the bath." He voted for the retention of the Bible in the Board schools because he believed that "the mass of the people should not be deprived of the one great literature which is open to them—not shut out from the perception of their relations with the whole past history of civilized mankind." In fact, a clear line of cleavage was drawn between Huxley and the seven extreme Secularists on the Board—the Seven Champions of Unchristendom as they were styled. He voted for the famous compromise of 1871 proposed by the late Mr. W. H. Smith, providing for the reading of the Bible in Board schools, not as a "hush up," but, as he expressed it, as "an armistice in respect of certain matters as to which the parties were absolutely irreconcilable." One of the most striking of the many letters is that addressed to a secretary of a free thought association rebuking the vendors of heterodox ribaldry, which disgusted him even more than

orthodox fanaticism. It was characteristic of him that he did not draw, "personally, socially, or politically," to Bradlaugh; and equally characteristic that he took up the cudgels for the cause of toleration when it was proposed to exclude Miss Bradlaugh from the classes at University College. On no subject does he speak with more wisdom and precision than on education. In these days when it is assumed that nothing valuable can be done without State aid, it is useful to recall his opinion that Government intervention in intermediate education was needless. He did not overrate the advantages of education of any kind; "mere learning and mere cleverness are next to no value in life, while energy and intellectual grip, the things that are inborn and cannot be taught, are everything."

Possessed of keen wit, fearless and confident, he did not hesitate to pass stringent judgments on the most eminent of his contemporaries. Dazzled for a time by Mr. Gladstone, he ended by entertaining an indifferent opinion of that statesman. He had at one time described him as the greatest intellect in Europe; later he dubbed him a "copious shuffler." Towards Lord Salisbury, as a scientific student, he was drawn; but he does not mince matters when speaking of his Presidential address at the Oxford meeting of the British Association. Frederic Balfour, the physiologist, was particularly admired; his early death and that of W. K. Clifford seemed, to Huxley, the greatest losses sustained by science in our time. Of Mr. Arthur Balfour's work, on the other hand, he spoke disparagingly; in his "Foundations of Belief" he had acted like the French in the war of 1870, having gone to war without maps or any adequate preparation. For Darwin he had a deep affection; but he could not endorse some of the inordinate praise showered on the author of the "Origin of Species" at the expense of his predecessors. There are few letters from Professor Tyndall, and for a time there was a little misunderstanding between them, but not such as "to put even a momentary strain upon the cable which has held us together for nine and twenty years." Of Mr. Spencer he was a life-long friend; but even before he fell out with him on the province of government he was candid in his criticism of his friend's philosophy. "He (Spencer) has endorsed me as a sort of devil's advocate for thirty odd years." Here is his friend Dean Stanley's foible happily struck off:—"Stanley could believe in anything of which he had seen the supposed site, but was sceptical where he had not seen. . . . The account of the Creation he dismissed as unhistorical; but the call of Abraham and the historical narrative of the Pentateuch he accepted. This was because he had seen Palestine—but he wasn't present at the Creation."

Every reader will close the book with admiration of the strong, manly spirit which it depicts—its fearless love of truth; its hatred of meanness and evasion; its sincere desire to leave the world better than he found it. The book braces as well as instructs; it cheers as well as edifies. A word is due to the excellent portraits, of which there are several. It is interesting to watch the transformations of the expression on the face until we find the Huxley whom most of us knew.

THE CHINESE PROBLEM.

THE FAR EAST: ITS HISTORY AND ITS QUESTION. By ALEXIS KRAUSSE. (Grant Richards. 18s.)

Mr. Krausse's aim is "to afford in handy form a complete account of the history of the countries of the Far East, in so far as they have come into contact with Western civilization." Five chapters deal, therefore, with history. We need not linger in detail over such very familiar matter, and may content ourselves with saying it appears to be intelligently summarized and fluently narrated. Then come controversial chapters on such topics as "Rival Policies," "The Situation," "The Duty of Britain," and "The Prospect." And the book is concluded by over a hundred pages of appendices, in which all the most important diplomatic instruments dealing with the Far East are given in full. Thus this large volume is divided into two sharply-marked parts—the historical and the controversial. Much of the latter, we must add, has already been given in substance to the world by the author in his work called "China in Decay," and it is again handicapped, as we pointed out in our review of the latter book, by his hatred of Russia and his lack of discrimination in dealing with her aims and methods. From this point of view Mr. Krausse's writing is polemics rather than exposition.

It is unnecessary to follow the author's views in detail. In brief they are those of the majority of the writers on the Far East that he has consulted—he leads us to infer that he has no first-hand knowledge of his subject—views which recent events have strongly emphasized and confirmed. This is his last paragraph:—

> The prospect in the Far East is clouded. Its ultimate outcome must, by dint of the working of the forces I have discussed, be partition and absorption until the whole of the map becomes reconstituted. The lion's share must go to Russia. Of that there can be no question. China will by slow degrees be divided, first into nominal spheres of influence; subsequently into protectorates; finally into colonies and possessions of the various Powers. Korea as a national entity is doomed. The only question is whether it will fall to Russia or Japan, and it remains only to be seen whether England will at the eleventh hour pull herself together and strive to save the Yang-tsze valley as her share of the spoil, or whether she will, by a continuation of her past and present tactics, allow herself to be elbowed out of Central China even as she has been out of Manchuria and is about to be out of the North. Such is the outcome of the situation, such the problem to be solved. The prospect is not a pleasant one; but there is yet time to divert it, if only we bestir ourselves and act before it is too late.

This summary misses its effect for one simple reason—it is too "cock-sure." No writer who really appreciates the infinite complexity and uncertainty of the Far Eastern situation will use the word "must" about any outcome. Why "must" China be ultimately divided among the Powers? Why "must" the lion's share go to Russia? Mr. Krausse means that in his opinion such will be the result, and he should express his opinion with great modesty, for it can only be based upon *data* supplied to him by other writers and students, many of whom do not share these views. All who agree with Mr. Krausse in his assertions that the present deplorable situation is chiefly due to the ignorance and carelessness of British policy in the Far East, and that unless a vital change comes over this, and soon, we shall continue to lose both influence and markets, cannot but sincerely regret that he should weaken a good case by over-statement and over-confidence. He says in his preface that he is proud to call this country his own. He writes, we are sure, with a single eye to her interests, but he serves her badly by going much further in his criticism than those who have always been Englishmen and have often been in China.

This spirit of exaggeration manifests itself also in statements of mere fact. For example, he says of the Japanese, "Her people are neither creative nor progressive of themselves"; and "the case of a Chinese breaking faith in the matter of a compact is of extremely rare occurrence." Both these statements rest upon a basis of truth, but are false as thus unconditionally made. He has not grasped, again, some of the fundamental conditions upon which the Far Eastern problem rests. For instance, he says that when the inadequacy of our land defences in the Far East is pointed out, "the reply given to these strictures is generally an appeal to the strength of the British fleet, which, it is urged, would deal with any enemy before she approaches our territory; but in order to do this it is necessary to have a superior fleet on the spot to that maintained by any other Power, and it is open to question whether we have this." It is not at all open to question whether we have this; we have not. He proceeds:—"A strong squadron

in the Mediterranean or the Indian Ocean would avail us little in the event of an attack upon Hong-kong." On the contrary, a strong squadron in the Mediterranean would make all the difference in the world, for any Power that attacked us in the Far East would instantly be attacked by us in every other part of the globe where it had ships or possessions, and the foreknowledge of this fact is our best safeguard in the Far East, as everywhere else. Mr. Krausse is evidently unaware that some of our best strategists view with much disapproval the despatch to the China Seas of more of our strongest Ironclads. Our markets in China depend more upon the Channel Squadron than upon the defences of Hong-kong. Again:—"It has been suggested that a species of alliance is about to be arranged between this country and Germany in regard to the Far East. . . . It seems to me that the suggestion is, on the face of it, manifestly absurd, and a little consideration will show its utter fatuity." The Anglo-German exchange of Notes places this exaggeration in a rather foolish light. We might, if space permitted, give many more examples of this tendency of the author, but we do not desire to be hypercritical concerning a writer who certainly means well and points, on the whole, in the right direction. He will never attain, however, to the influence he merits by his industry and his good intentions until he thoroughly rids himself of "cock-sureness" and exaggeration, and also of his hatred and suspicion of everything that emanates from Russia, the day for which is past.

POETIC PAINS.

In The Unpublished and Uncollected Poems of Cowper (Unwin, 3s. 6d. n.), Mr. Thomas Wright, one of the poet's biographers, presents us with some short pieces which have either never been printed before or have appeared only in periodicals not now easily accessible. Besides these Mr. Wright gives some previously unprinted versions of Cowper's translations from Madame Guion, which differ considerably from the revised versions known to the world. "The Bee and the Pine Apple" was also based on the same theme as an earlier but far inferior poem, here reprinted. Of much greater interest are the earlier readings of "Yardley Oak" and the well-known poem addressed to "My Mary." Cowper has himself dilated upon the "pleasure in poetic pains," and in comparing these earlier readings with the lines which he finally adopted we get a very good glimpse of the poet in his workshop. Some of the corrections only amount to the substitution of one epithet for another—*e.g.*, the "loamy" for the "nurturing" clod—but here and there whole passages are excised. Cowper's second thoughts seem, like Tennyson's, to have been the best. These lines in the poem, addressed to Mary Unwin,

> Thy needles, once a shining store,
> Discernible by thee no more,
> Rust in disuse, their service o'er
> My Mary!

were much improved into

> Thy needles, once a shining store,
> For my sake restless heretofore,
> Now rust disused, and shine no more
> My Mary!

And the stanza which followed—

> But thy ingenious work remains,
> Nor small the profit it obtains,
> Since thou esteem'st my pleasure gains
> My Mary!

was certainly poor in comparison with

> For though thou gladly wouldst fulfil
> The same kind office for me still,
> Thy sight now seconds not thy will
> My Mary!

But in "Yardley Oak" we are not so sure that the alterations were for the better. Of one passage Mr. Wright gives us an original version which is, at all events, more graphic than that of the ordinary editions:—

> He (Adam) was excused the penalties of dull
> Minority; no primer with his thumb
> He soiled, no grammar with his tears, but rose
> Accomplished in the only tongue on earth
> Taught then, the tongue in which he spoke with God.

Perhaps the transition from the thumbed grammar-book to the higher flight of the last two lines may have been too sudden, or possibly Cowper on reflection may have thought that the smallest suggestion of a primer or a grammar in connexion with Adam was too comic. But in any case this rejected passage is in the poet's more popular style, and is much more picturesque than the lines which he substituted—

> No tutor charged his hand
> With the thought-tracing quill, or tasked his mind
> With problems.

Of the poems printed for the first time or from periodicals some of the lighter ones—one or two epigrams and the poems addressed to Lady Austin and Miss Ann Green—are not without the easy grace and wit of the poet, and the two poems called forth by the Court-martialling of Admiral Keppel and Sir Hugh Palliser are not bad specimens of occasional verse. But "A Song of Mercy and Judgment" shows Cowper in one of his more morbid and less poetical moods, and the lines, written as he was taking shelter from a thunderstorm, are crude and were obviously never intended for the public. The absolutely new matter will, we think, add very little to the poet's reputation.

ANGLO-AMERICAN RELATIONS IN THE PAST.

England and America after Independence, 1783-1872. By Edward Smith. (Constable. 11s.)

From the vantage ground of an excellent mutual understanding the two great English-speaking nations can contemplate their past differences and occasional downright quarrels with equanimity. Not that all possibility of their falling foul of each other is at an end. For years to come there will doubtless be plenty of Americans in whom some sparks of hostility to the mother country remain unquenched, nor will politicians be wanting who will strive to fan the smouldering embers, for their own purposes, into a flame. But this trick is already stale, and will probably, as time goes on, become less and less effective. Englishmen and Americans alike know that no two nations are more useful to each other in time of peace, or are capable of doing so much harm to each other in war. They know, moreover, that whatever damage one might succeed in inflicting on the other, the blow could not fail to recoil with fatal force on the assailant.

A century ago this lesson had yet to be learned. England's cool politeness to America was mingled with some contempt. America, comparatively weak, and with all her experience as a nation to be acquired, mistook this coolness for deeply-rooted hostility. The mother country, it was freely said, had never forgiven the revolted colonies, and was only waiting her opportunity to reconquer them; and anything like cordiality towards her would be unpatriotic. This feeling furnished a cue to the politicians; and Jefferson, in words quoted by Mr. Smith, probably told Americans rather what he thought would tickle their ears than what he knew to be the real truth.

> That nation hate us, their Ministers hate us, and their King above all other men. . . . The spirit of hostility to us has always existed in the mind of the King, but it has now extended itself through the whole mass of the people, and the majority of the public councils.

With Jefferson this idea evidently became a craze. America chiefly owed her independence to her alliance with the European enemies of the mother country. Chilled by the repellent attitude

of England. It might be supposed that she would turn for sympathy and consolation to the Continental nations. But Americans detected a kind of taint in the atmosphere of Europe generally. The Dutch disliked them, the French patronized them, and no other nation cared, or, indeed, knew much about them. Americans shook the dust from their feet when they recrossed the ocean. Jefferson declared that an American going to Europe for his education would lose "in his knowledge, in his morals, in his health, in his habits, and in his happiness. . . . No man living will ever see an instance of an American removing to settle in Europe, and continuing there." Even the sensible John Adams, the first Minister accredited by the United States to the old country, fancied that everybody in England was ashamed to meet his gaze. "This people," he wrote, "cannot look me in the face. There is conscious guilt and shame in their countenances when they look at me. They feel that they have behaved ill, and that I am sensible of it."

The story of the national quarrels which this obstinate misunderstanding did so much to foster, and which long embittered the mutual intercourse of the two countries, is not a pleasant one; and, but for the fact that American writers usually think it a duty to dwell upon it and to throw most of the blame on England, the majority of English people, who cordially esteem their American cousins, would probably prefer to forget it. Mr. Smith's volume, in which the English side of the question is frankly presented, will form in this respect a useful supplement to the ordinary "History of the United States." It is largely based on original documents, some of which have only lately become accessible; and by making statesmen and diplomatists, as far as possible, speak for themselves in quotations from their letters and despatches, Mr. Smith often throws a gleam of light over a subject of which a sententiously disposed reviewer might fairly say that not even Gibbon's vivacity could enliven it, nor Hallam's impartiality so handle it as to convince the reader that its rights and wrongs had been definitively settled. He has done wisely in abstaining from bringing the work up to date; and no better halting-place could have been selected than the settlement of the Alabama claims. However unsatisfactory as a specimen of the kind of justice to be expected from international courts of arbitration, the Geneva award was in other respects a veritable *auspicium melioris aevi*. Loyally accepted by the losing party, it put an end to a violent and protracted dispute, and established an inestimable precedent; and the previous quarrels of the two countries, reviewed in the light of the altered conditions produced by it, assume something of the character of ancient history. It has, at any rate, become a less invidious task to turn the search-light of history upon them as Mr. Smith has so successfully done in this volume.

OTHER NEW BOOKS.

The Sonnets.

A NEW STUDY OF THE SONNETS OF SHAKESPEARE, by Parke Godwin (Putnam, 6s. n.), is an inconsiderable book, although it proposes to itself to effect "a complete revolution in this branch of Shakespearian literature," and professes to lift the Sonnets "from a low level of petty concern up to a high point of æsthetic interest and significance." A few examples will serve to test the qualities which entitle Mr. Godwin to intervene in a controversy over which a good deal of superfluous ink has perhaps already been shed. He indulges in the wildest emendations, converting, for instance, "olives of endless age" into "a lease of endless age," and "the perfumed tincture of the roses" into "the perfumed cincture of the roses." He uses the *a priori* argument from Shakespeare's perfection and asserts that the poet "could never, under any circumstances, have written to or of any woman whose acquaintance he had sought that her sensuality was as insatiable as the sea." Mr. Sidney Lee may be interested to know that his contrary opinion on this point is "so grossly offensive that it is a disgrace to literature." Finally, he thinks that the famous sonnet which begins:—

> My Mistress' eyes are nothing like the Sun,
> Coral is far more red than her lips red,
> If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun;
> If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head;

may be a serious compliment to—Anne Hathaway. Mr. Godwin says:—

> A sonnet like this could not have been addressed to a lady of rank, or in high society, because such ladies were accustomed to a very different style, and would have been offended by its qualified and negative praise. It might, however, very well have been addressed to a person in the poet's own condition to whom he pays the greater honour by disclaiming for her those artificial compliments which seem to have been needed by the others.

It does not seem necessary to expound at length Mr. Godwin's unconvincing interpretation of the Sonnets. He dates them much too early in the poet's life, and he courts failure by rearranging them in a fanciful sequence of his own. To do this is to invite immediate chaos.

In the Commons.

Once upon a time there was a member of Parliament who wore a white waistcoat; a large waistcoat, for he was a large man. There was also a certain journalist, who perceived that his readers were less interested in his accounts of the business of Parliament than in his descriptions of the white waistcoats and other external characteristics of the members. A new and easily worked vein of newspaper humour was thus opened up, and the original discoverer, being unable to patent his trivialities, soon had many rivals and imitators. We are strongly reminded of these gentlemen by Mr. Kinnear, whose book, OUR HOUSE OF COMMONS: Its Realities and Romance (Blackwood, 3s. 6d.), just touches the fringe of interesting subjects in a disappointing way, and too often enlarges on matters of no importance at all. Frankly, we learn nothing from his gossip about the mace, the terrace, working hats, five-line whips, the dining room, and the ladies' gallery. Nor do we care to be told which of the members wear white trousers in summer, or to hear that Mr. Balfour sometimes plays golf without a hat, and that Lord James of Hereford likes to wear red neckties. In a free country, one tolerates even these amazing eccentricities. Mr. Kinnear, we are sure, could have written a better book if he had taken himself and his subject more seriously, and if he had been more careful with his English. We should like to ask him—What is the proper use of the Scotch word "ilk"? How do you explain the statement that "Mr. Balfour suffers from musical euthanasia"? Is it correct to say "But these are not dandies to be circumvented in a band-box"? What are "Parthian paragraphs"? How do you reconcile your statement that "pairing is a modern invention. Thirty or forty years ago it was unknown" with the fact that Disraeli speaks of it in 1845 as a well-understood practice? Criticize the following sentence:—"I shall have more to say of these worthy people, who, curious as it may seem, the more the social exclusiveness of the House of Commons is fined down, the less easy it is for them to make their way at St. Stephen's." And, finally, how far is it true to say of Cabinet Ministers that "No one, unless he be some superconscientious public servant, like the late Mr. Smith, is inclined or silly enough to take his office seriously"?

Reprints.

Messrs. Methuen's "Little Library" of tasteful booklets, which we have already commended once or twice, now contains the EARLY POEMS and MAUD of Tennyson and Kinglake's EOTHEN. The first of the Tennyson volumes is edited by Mr. Churton Collins, the second by Miss Elizabeth Wordsworth, with appropriate introductions in each case. These are not school books, and we cannot think that readers will get pleasure or much profit from such a note as this of Miss Wordsworth's:—

> And ever he muttered and madden'd and ever wann'd with despair.
>
> [*Wanned*. Grew wan. Unusual. Notice the alliterations here and in verse 6.]

Mr. Churton Collins' notes are what is wanted. But it is a pity that he should introduce *errata* into his errata. The correction which he notes on p. 212, line 11, should be p. 212, line 6.

The "Eothen" of Methuen's "Little Library" has a remarkable preface by an anonymous writer, containing, besides a good estimate and criticism of Kinglake, an account, by way of comparison, of the Turkey of to-day—interesting, almost brilliant. "Anon." is a wide traveller. Writing in a New York journal, he gives an amusing account of a journey to Karakeui—how, after quarantine, he promised the doctor in charge that he would procure him the fourth class of the Garter, with the result that when the jet of corrosive fluid was turned on, the Turkish medico directed "an odoriferous douche to the right and left," leaving "Anon." unwetted in the middle. Also how he discovered from a liberal-minded Muhammedan "Inspector of Reforms" that "a mixture of brandy and champagne does not fall under the Prophet's ban, inasmuch as it cannot accurately be described as either wine or spirits."

A more complete collection of TENNYSON'S EARLY POEMS than the one just mentioned, 1830-1857 (text only), is contained in a new and delightful little volume, with clear print on India paper, issued by Mr. Frowde as "The Oxford Miniature Edition."

An important library reprint, clothed in the elegant style which marks Messrs. Dent's issues of English classics, is that of Meric Casaubon's translation of the MEDITATIONS OF MARCUS AURELIUS ANTONINUS (7s. 6d. n.). It is edited by Mr. W. H. D. Rouse, with a capital introduction, critical and biographical, on the author of the "Meditations," an appendix dealing in an interesting way, by the help of extracts, with Antoninus' correspondence with Fronto; brief notes, mostly textual, a glossary, and index of subjects. The only thing we rather desiderate in this well-edited book is some bibliographical matter—the history of the "Meditations" in this country from their first great popularity a century before Casaubon, in Lord Berners' translation (from the French), would be worth a chapter. Mr. Rouse aptly compares the work of Marcus Aurelius with that of Thomas à Kempis, and finds this great difference—that "the 'Imitation' is addressed to others, the 'Meditations' by the writer to himself." A revised translation of THE IMITATION OF CHRIST, printed on India paper, comes from Mr. Frowde, and uniform with it a CHRISTIAN YEAR (2s. to 7s. 6d. each). In the "Imitation" the traditional arrangement into verses is wisely abandoned, the index of subjects much enlarged, and an index of Scriptural and other quotations added.

Mr. Lane's "Lovers' Library" begins with the LOVE POEMS OF SHELLEY and the LOVE POEMS OF ROBERT BROWNING—delightful booklets charmingly printed with ornamental borders, the very thing for a lovelorn swain on a summer's eve to put in his pocket—his waistcoat pocket would hold them—and pore over by the gurgling brook. If the uncertainty of the sex makes him turn philosopher, he will, perhaps, take rather another little book of exactly the same size, DR. JOHNSON'S TABLE TALK, which now appears as one of Messrs. Gay and Bird's Bibelots, with a preface containing a happy collection of diverse criticisms on Johnson.

Of the Fitzgerald MISCELLANIES in the Golden Treasury Series (Macmillan, 2s. 6d. n.) we have already given some account. It is not an important volume, but there is a pleasant, old-fashioned flavour in the dialogue about many things called Euphranor; some good criticism of Crabbe; some capital reading on the subject of apothegms and truisms in the "Preface to Polonius"; and some characteristic letters of Lamb in the "Life of Bernard Barton," and all is in that graceful, amiable, unpretentious English prose which is, it would seem, becoming a lost art.

The Scott Library.

The voluminous Scott Library has now reached its 113th volume. It steers a middle course between the "Library Edition" and the book "for the pocket," and is in many ways—its print among other things—one of the most attractive of literary series. It has ranged widely over literature—ancient and modern, English and foreign; and it now gives us SELECTED THOUGHTS OF PASCAL, translated and edited by Gertrude Burford Rawlings, and—a very interesting work which deserves more general study—THE LETTERS OF THE YOUNGER PLINY, translated and edited by Mr. J. B. Firth, in two volumes. Mr. Firth's introduction is well adapted to put his readers in touch with Pliny, but in comparing Pliny with Virgil as an admirer of natural scenery he seems to be unaware that the latter wrote the work called "The Georgics."

Personalia.

It occurred to Mr. T. P. O'Connor some time ago that the Interview was "played out." Like a true journalist he determined to substitute the Autobiography, and the result is now visible between boards, covered in red cloth and lettered IN THE DAYS OF MY YOUTH (Pearson, 7s. 6d.). Mr. O'Connor has lured the secrets of their past from those who are distinguished in music, letters, art, or the drama; and we may learn here from the very lips, as it were, of Mr. Fred Terry or Mr. Clement Scott how they became great. Mr. O'Connor's discovery was not altogether new. Novelists had already told the history of their earliest books, but the revival proved a feature of his popular weekly. In these sketchy chapters these thirty-five ladies and gentlemen discourse on the subject that interests them most. The journalistic net has included within its meshes divers eminent personalities—the Duke of Argyll and Mr. Phil May, Mr. Maskelyne and Mme. Sarah Grand. Sir Richard Temple labours at the oar in the same galley with Mr. Frankfort Moore. It is a curious medley, but it will no doubt sell.

THE STORY OF EGYPT in the Story of the Empire Series (Horace Marshall, 1s. 6d.), by W. Basil Worsfold, is a valuable addition to an interesting group of books. The ancient history of the country is only given in outline, but from the Dual Control onwards the subject is treated carefully and exhaustively. More attention is very properly given to the mysteries of Egyptian irrigation and finance than to the military expeditions to Suakin and the Sudan. Mr. Worsfold's manner is a little professorial and ponderous, but he is lucid. No one can rise from the perusal of his pages without understanding exactly what is meant by Mixed Tribunals, Caisse de la Dette, Capitulations, &c. The frequent quotations from the Blue-books are well selected.

A further volume in Mr. Nutt's little series of Arthurian Romances contains GUINGAMOR, LANVAL, TYOLET, AND THE WEREWOLF (2s. n.). Here we have Breton *lais* which are not, with the exception of the second, definitely Arthurian. They are, however, rightly included in the series as representing the mass of tradition on which the Arthurian Epic was founded. Three of the lays are from the French of Marie de France, who lived in the reign of Henry II.

Those who pick up Mr. Frederick Treves' THE TALE OF A FIELD HOSPITAL (Cassell, 6s.) in the hope of finding piquant details about the "plague of women" will be disappointed. This branch of the subject is altogether ignored. Instead, there are stories of what the soldier said under chloroform or while waiting to have a limb amputated. It is an unpretentious little book, very prettily bound in leather, and illustrated with photographs of varying merit. Some of it has appeared before in the *British Medical Journal*.

THROUGH FIVE TURKISH PROVINCES, by Mark Sykes (Bickers, 7s. 6d.), is a relation of a journey, as it would have been called in the eighteenth century, from Damascus to Baghdad, and thence by way of Lake Van to Tiflis and Batum. It is quite short and quite unimportant: but it is pleasantly written, and there are some tolerable pictures.

Mr. Jesse Page has produced a very interesting and readable handbook in his ALFRED THE GREAT (Partridge, 2s.). Asser is his chief authority, but he does not approach his subject in a spirit too severely historical, and rejects none of the ancient legends.

ART.

French Architects and Sculptors of the Eighteenth Century. By Lady Dilke. (George Bell and Sons. 28s. n.)

In her writings upon the Art of the epoch which she has most studied Lady Dilke sets an excellent example to more than one of her contemporaries, who, by means of an unbridled diffuseness of style, economise their own labour. They possess a double reward; for, not only is their own effort diminished, but they commend themselves by their very verbosity to a public that likes to read much and that insists on reading hastily. Lady Dilke, like one or two chosen writers who love the Eighteenth Century as she does, adopts another and, in the end, a preferable plan. She gives us, in limited pages, the quintessence of her knowledge and her thought. In this book upon French Architecture and Sculpture she errs, where she errs at all, upon the side not exactly of terseness — for that is hardly possible — but of unadvisable reticence. She has rightly made it her aim, or one of her aims—and she tells us so in her preface—to give "such an account of the artists' lives as may render them something more than mere names to us," and yet in writing about him who was the most vivacious artist of all, and certainly also one of the most considerable—we mean Clodion—she tells us very little of his life save that in his actual days there was reflected something of the licence of his work. In one or two other ways Lady Dilke's treatment of Clodion is not exactly what one would wish it to be. Clearly, she appreciates him; and, therefore, in a book which by reason of its very theme is scarcely likely to penetrate to the *bourgeoisie*—which must be written and meant for amateurs and critics, *gens du monde*—she would have done well, we think, to have been, in regard to her illustrations, less restricted in choice, and so to have shown more plainly to the eye wherein it was that Clodion's talent differed most from that of the sturdy giant Houdon and that of the more or less austere Falconet. Edmond de Goncourt, mannerisms apart, might have written well upon Clodion; and his would have been a liberty Lady Dilke might have done not ill to imitate. We should never ask or expect her, or any really serious critic, to address herself to the description of more than "risky" productions in the spirit in which it pleased M. Huysmans (whose work in the matter had better be forgotten) to address himself to an elaborate commentary on what in *Fine Prints* has been described as Felicien Rops' "disordered dream." So much for that matter. Where Lady Dilke has erred, it has been upon the side of reticence and restraint.

The public, even the artistic public, naturally turns first to the second part of her book. It is a naughty habit; but it is easier to take interest in the achievements of Sculpture—pure Art from end to end—than in performances and efforts whose first cause is convenience or necessity. The architect designs because he must, the sculptor because he will. Yet Lady Dilke, whose grasp of the whole matter is broad and firm, who is a grave and comprehensive student, and neither an accidental *dilettante* nor an academic dry-as-dust, appropriately points out to us that much of the best Sculpture and Modelling of the great French Eighteenth Century was a result of its Architecture. The two are welded indissolubly. The decoration, not only of the garden or the façade, but of the apartment, engaged the attention of those supple modellers who understood the value of proportion in Ornament; the place or part that is played by scale as well as by workmanship, by juxtaposition as well as by individual brilliance or character. The ordinary public is a little too apt to consider sculptor, modeller, decorative painter even, as the performer of a solo. But, properly judged, he has his place in the orchestra, and, even there, can hardly expect to be the leader of the violins. Like an actor at the Français, the sculptor who is in association with Architecture knows how to withdraw himself into the background while others have advanced to "the flout." His conception of his proper place is not that it is one upon which the lime-light must be ever turned. Of course, not only is his subordination far from being continuous, but his performance upon his own instrument may sometimes take thought only of himself, his theme, his instrument's display. There are times when he may have nothing to do with others. Wholly individual and isolated are some of the smallest and most characteristic performances of this or that brilliant modeller. The sculptor on a large scale, like Constean *le fils*, in his Tomb of the Dauphin in the Cathedral of Sens — still more in his "Venus" at Potsdam—and like Bouchardon, in his Fountain of the Rue de Grenelle, like Houdon in his noble "Diana," his Gluck, his Voltaire, his Mlle. Brogniart, is often independent of that which is around him. All the same it must be remembered that not a little of sculptured work waits of necessity in the train of the architect, and that its success or failure, its appropriateness or inappropriateness, will depend much upon what measure of suppleness may exist in the talent of its author. Now flexibility, suppleness, is one of the very "notes" of the French temperament.

That portion of Lady Dilke's new book which is concerned expressly with Architecture is treated with at least as much of judicial, true critical, ability as that which deals with the creators of individual work in marble or *terre cuite*. Indeed, as far as Criticism is concerned, the subject of Architecture as a whole is fresher, presents more of virgin ground, than that of Sculpture, though French Sculpture has certainly been little enough written about by any English historian of æsthetic progress. Lady Dilke's comprehensive view of her theme and her power of generalization are evidenced in almost her earliest pages, where, instead of inviting our attention to the merits of a particular man or a particular work, she reminds us of what was, broadly speaking, the great task of the French Eighteenth Century Architecture—to adapt to the private service and pleasure of men that Art which had been exercised under Louis the Fourteenth for collective purposes and for public glory. It was often not a case of originally planning; it was a case, literally, of adapting. With a zeal which, had it been possessed by inferior minds, there would, unquestionably, be reason to call destructive, not to say desecrating, artists of taste and fine capacity set themselves to carve out a dozen chambers where the first architect had planned and made but a vast salon. But in new work also—in an abundance of it, scattered between Rennes and Rheims, between Bordeaux and Nancy—the architects of the younger school, of whom Ange Gabriel, the creator of the Petit Trianon and of the École Militaire, was one of the most exquisite, employed their best faculties in designing, right and left, the comfortable private house. And it is remarked with some subtlety that the squares, the *Places* which make so much of the charm of the French Eighteenth Century Town—great *Places* still left to us in abundance—are the result at once of the comparatively novel need for the charming residence and of the retention of the great traditions received from the time when French Architecture was devoted mainly to stately and august purpose. In these great *Places*—of which the Place Stanislas at Nancy, and the Place Royal at Bordeaux, and it may be even the never-finished Place St. Sulpice in Paris, may stand for examples—the ambition of the financier, more probably than that of the noble, was gratified by the juxtaposition of his abode to such public buildings as the town required, and there was thus secured for private buildings, or rather for the town that contained them, a participation in the symmetry and dignity of a general scheme.

We could have wished the illustrations to the architectural section of Lady Dilke's volume to be more abundant. The Portail of St. Roch, which Lady Dilke writes of most reasonably, should have been figured. And, indeed, in the text, more might have vouchsafed of Ecclesiastical Architecture generally. Many churches of the French Eighteenth Century merit, at least, as much comment as Lady Dilke has properly and interestingly bestowed upon the Church of Sulpice, whose front—almost too visibly the work of three artists—dominates the *quartier du Luxembourg*. Servandoni's is the main part of it, but neither of

the towers by which the extremities of his spectacular façade are flanked or capped is the work of this showy yet often original artist—decorator, and master of pageants, quite as much as architect. Whatever be the book's deficiencies, Lady Dilke is to be congratulated on her good judgment, and thanked for the continuity of her devotion to her great and necessary theme.

Those who remember the first exhibition—about the year 1885, we think—of the New English Art Club will recognize in the pictures now on exhibition at the Dudley Gallery some of the qualities which brought fame to the public inauguration. The spirit of protest is less apparent and less necessary. With Mr. W. Orpen's work, especially "The Mirror," in which the poetry of the subject is quietly insisted on, the two studies by C. H. Shannon, the "Old Farmyard," by Frank Mura, the better of the two Rothensteins (No. 101)—not the portrait of a gentleman with his head in the air—the portrait-sketch of Lord Roberts, by Chas. Furse, and the graceful and pleasantly coloured "Memories," by David Muirhead, we get back to the best qualities of the earlier exhibitions of the club. There is less of the work—with the possible exceptions of Nos. 38 and 45, the "blobesque" No. 63, the badly-drawn and opaque No. 68, the unfinished No. 73, the affected No. 79, the sham Monticelli (No. 116), and the Jill and the Beanstalk (No. 93)—which caused the scoffers to hint that the members were hiding their inefficiency behind their self-sufficiency. The freedom of "The Escaped Bird," by Henry Tonks, is in the barely declared new manner, with the sentiment of the fifties expressed in the handling of to-day. Mr. W. W. Russell in his two pictures (Nos. 70 and 71) which hang side by side, seems to disclose the fallacy of many former efforts by members of the club, and leads us to conjecture whether "the breadth" which has so long been their boast is either sheer laziness or a mere convention.

The thirty-nine pictures "painted specially for Messrs. Thos. Agnew and Sons by distinguished artists of the English School"—so runs the catalogue—demand no great effort at recognition. It is, perhaps, difficult to justify the title. It is questionable whether there is any "English School" to-day, and if there is the majority of these thirty-nine cannot be said to belong to it. They are excellent painters, all of them, and they paint what we should expect them to paint. Mr. Arthur Hacker almost alone seems to have striven to avoid a mere repetition of himself. If Art is the science of painting only the collection justifies all praise, for the dexterous artist is strongly represented. The public also which likes pictures will see them to better advantage at Messrs. Agnew's than it can at the Royal Academy. It will find a characteristic example of Orchardson, a typical Abbey and Waterhouse, a fine Sargent, a poetic landscape by Waterlow, a Leader much as usual, a loosely-painted Macbeth, a powerful La Thangue, a Gow, a very "tight" Storey, and a small replica of Fildes' "Doctor." The little collection is so well hung, the charitable object so worthy, and the pictures so well selected as examples of well-known painters that no member of the picture-seeing public should miss it.

To cross the road to Messrs. Forbes and Paterson's loan collection of pictures by Monticelli will be, for many people, to step out of their depth. It is late now to re-fight the battle of Monticelli and the romanticists. Monticelli's position is assured. He is novel, daring, and unexpected. The *empâtement* of his technique is prodigious. Let the new-comer look beyond what may appear to be obvious faults for the positive virtues and he will understand the enthusiasm for so great a colourist. Many of the pictures now shown belong to the Montparnasse period, and each is worthy of inspection.

Mr. Herbert J. Finn follows up his successes of former years with a collection of water-colour drawings at the Modern Gallery which will arrest the student. In his treatment of architectural subjects Mr. Finn has arrived at a compromise which is unusual. The insistence upon detail, the almost painful accuracy of the architectural draughtsman is absent, and yet the knowledge of it is present. The artist has attained to great certainty of hand, and yet sees his subjects broadly, and treats them quite as much as atmospheric effects as records of eleventh and thirteenth century buildings. In this combination Mr. Finn has no rival amongst English painters.

In the pleasant little collection of "Some Recent Work," by Oliver Hall, at the Dowdeswell Galleries, the well-known painter-etcher discloses a mastery over his new method which was not so conclusively shown two years ago. In the forty-eight pictures now displayed there is a more certain touch; the positive virtues of the work are more readily recognizable. Mr. Hall has gained in colour without losing any of that sense of tone which he has always possessed to perfection, and we may expect him in the fulness of talent to approach his master Corot.

FICTION.

Mrs. Steel.

One is tempted to review Mrs. Steel's THE HEARTS OF THE LORD (Heinemann, 6s.) in the terms of musical criticism. It reminds one of those difficult symphonies which leave behind them a vague general impression, but no definite recollection of a tune. The average client of the libraries who ploughs conscientiously through it will infallibly be left wondering what it is all about. We ourselves, fresh from its perusal, would very much rather not try to make a *précis* of it, or undertake to say who all the characters were, and what they were all doing, and why—though we have, and shall retain, a vivid recollection of one very spirited scene in which a mob tries to break into a gaol, and the governor and two other men, and a lady and a little child stand siege in the tower over the entrance gate. The rest is vague—a kind of symbolism of the better sort, from which emerges the impression of the clashing of the ideas of the civilizations of the East and West, at issue over the functions of a river. The West conceives the river as a place in which pilgrims may wash away their sins; the East regards it as the feeder of a canal. Hence mutual misunderstandings and a riot. There are those who salute Mrs. Steel, on the strength of such work, as the great interpreter of the Hindu mind: but this is, if not exaggerated praise, at all events praise of the wrong sort. Criticizing the book from that point of view, one would have to say that the interpretation itself requires to be interpreted. At the end of the book, as at the beginning, the Hindu is a mysterious person with his own way of looking at things, which is quite different from our way. But the actual operations of his mysterious mind are not made clear to us, and we do not think that they were meant to be. Mrs. Steel is not one of the writers who take their characters to pieces to show us how the wheels go round. The element of mystery is essential to her picture. She is not the interpreter but the impressionist of Anglo-Indian life; and though impressionism may be instructive after a fashion, it is not quite the same thing as interpretation. How much greater is Mrs. Steel's own interest in her impressionism than in her story—or stories, for there are several, and no one of them stands out beyond the others in importance—may be judged from the fact that she dismisses the most fascinating of her heroines at the very moment when the real drama of her life is about to begin. This heroine is a missionary, very earnest, but very beautiful and very human, and very much in love with a cavalry officer, and on the last page she marries an unattractive preacher with whom she has nothing but her religious sympathies in common. That way lies drama, stronger than any drama unfolded in the book. Did Mrs. Steel fail to see it? Or did she deliberately ignore it, as disturbing to the general impression of her picture? Or is she keeping it for a sequel? If so, it is a sequel to which we shall look forward.

Mr. Percy White.

It may be presumed that Mr. Percy White does not desire THE JOURNAL OF A JEALOUS WOMAN (Nisbet, 6s.) to be taken seriously as an essay towards the criticism of life. If he did, it would be necessary to protest against the moral of his story which seems to be nothing less than that a wife's jealousy ought by no means to be aroused by her husband's infidelities, real or only apparent, provided that he is amiable and allows her a share of his heart. Even if there were something to be said for this view in a world of compromises and accommodations, it is hardly one of the verities that it is well to proclaim from the house-tops. Let us be contented, therefore, to accept the book as a comedy of modern manners. In that respect it is admirable. Few of our social satirists have so light a touch or so true an instinct for the weak place as Mr. Percy White. His hero is a young man of talent and culture who makes a fortune by founding popular newspapers—a penny weekly and a halfpenny daily—which delight the man in the street and the young woman in the shop; but which he himself regards, very justly, as beneath

contempt. The reported saying of an actual newspaper proprietor that "a fool is born every minute of the day, and he is the man I mean to cater for," may well have suggested the idea, though we are inclined to believe that the newspaper proprietor misjudged himself, and had a far less cultivated and more vulgar mind than in his vanity he imagined. But this is by the way, and hardly affects the merit of Mr. White's amusing work. Towards the end of the book the note of pathos is struck; and Mr. White's pathos, of which he is usually so chary, is as true as his humour. The same thought occurred to us when reading "The West End"; and we shall look forward with interest to seeing Mr. White write a novel in which the central interest is serious and the humour only incidental.

By Edmund Fullerton (Longmans, 6s.), by Mr. B. B. West, which bears the alternative title of "The Family Evil Genius," we are not sure that many readers will be greatly entertained. The "Goswell Montagues" and the "Gorhambury Capulets," as Mr. West allusively describes the two families with whose histories he deals, are not very agreeable. Aided by many a dark scheme and financial plot Mr. West produces a long and, in some ways, skilfully-written book. His hero is minutely analysed and all the characters drawn with almost loving care. But Mr. West's argumentative and commentatory method of presenting his story must modify the praise which, were it more lucidly set forth, would certainly be its due.

Major Arthur Griffiths has found time in the intervals of dissertations on the Army to write a detective story, The Brand of the Broad Arrow (C. A. Pearson, 6s.). On prison life Major Griffiths is, of course, always interesting, and we felt regret when the villain of the book escaped from Portland in the opening chapter. After that George Gringo, *alias* Vaughan, behaves much as any self-respecting convict feels bound to act in the pages of a novel. He finds his wife married to a foreign prince, and proceeds on the inevitable course of "squeezing" the unfortunate woman by threatening an exposure. The story moves without flagging, which is the great point, and the policemen, warders, and other officials of this kind are presented with a refreshing accuracy of detail.

The Poitet Show, by Marian Bower (Constable, 6s.), is a depressing but vigorous novel. The types are well realized, but disagreeable. The dying girl and her dying lover haunt one—she all bitterness and toleration of his feverish devotion, he all morbid jealousy and moribund passion. It is an unsavoury subject, and though these two are only minor characters they flavour the book. Babette's painted mother, with her horrible coquetries and her fat and fatuous husband, do not sweeten it much. It is a relief when at last a wholesome love affair becomes possible, and John Thisselton discovers the madness in his family to be "the particular form which is proved not to be hereditary." Miss Marian Bower can certainly write. We shall hope for another novel from her with less of wormwood about it.

Miss Florence Montgomery, whose "Misunderstood" was such an extraordinary success in more sentimental times than ours, has given us a rather commonplace novel in Prejudged (Macmillan, 6s.). The story runs smoothly and the hero is sympathetic; the heroine, however, is conventional, too prone to blush, to look shy, and to bend over her drawings. Miss Montgomery's hero thinks that American and French women are more agreeable and understand better the "art" of conversation than Englishwomen. What he saw in the stiff and unpleasant heroine we are at a loss to understand. As for Miss Montgomery's French, the less said about it the better. Such mistakes as *Rien de tout, une bonne ménage, Une triste Casino*, and *mieux loin que près, la dotte*, are depressing.

The Pilgrim Sire (C. A. Pearson, 6s.) is ingenious, but Mr. Headon Hill contrives to pack so much exciting incident into it that most readers will become weary before the finish. "Cleverly conceived" is the only verdict that can be passed on it. For whom are books of this kind intended? There is no portrait here, no key of sixteen with the brain and muscle of twenty-five, so it cannot be a "boy's book." But it is odd that grown men should care to lose themselves in the maze of adventures that befell Walter Lynden, that sordy-tried chief mate of the *Sea Hawk*. Mr. Hill is fertile in ideas, and it is a pity he cannot employ his talent to better purpose. But presumably he has his public—of what age and position it is, perhaps, idle to inquire too curiously.

Farthest South, by Harold E. Gorst (Greening, 2s. 6d.), is an ostensibly humorous story of a preposterous journey to the South Pole. It is poor fooling, and quite unworthy of Mr. Gorst, who has shown himself capable of much better work.

Correspondence.

LORD ROSEBERY'S "NAPOLEON."

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Your Reviewer makes two allegations which seem to require correction. One is sufficiently trite and inconsequent—viz., that Napoleon was not a gentleman. Now a gentleman, properly speaking, is a "man of ancestry"; and to Dr. Johnson all other definitions "seem whimsical." There can be no question that Napoleon had this right to the name—even Sir John Seeley admits so much. But Emerson, in a frothy ebullition of inflated Carlyllism, has dubbed Napoleon no gentleman, and the cheap sneer has become a psittacism, like that of Pope on Bacon, and equally vapid. With regard to the specialized double meaning of the word, is it not a solecism to call any victorious War Lord a *gentleman*?

Secondly, and to take the battle into the field of literature—can a historian dispassionately distort facts or insert unproved scandal into his work at the expense of a great man's reputation and himself retain any claim to the title of gentleman? If Julius Cæsar was a gentleman, what about Froude; if Frederick the Great, what of Macaulay; if Marlborough, what of Lord Wolseley? With the exception of Hannibal and Von Moltke I can think of no past master of warcraft who was not either "no gentleman" or—a prig.

The greatest living general has declared that the more we study Wellington the more we admire him as a warrior and the less we like him as a man. Napoleon, said Metternich, was born an administrator, a legislator, and a conqueror. If, however, he had wasted his active life in rubbing up his reputation and varnishing his portrait for posterity, the verdict of history might have been that of St. Peter on the soul of Tomlinson:—

> "Ye have read, ye have heard, ye have thought," said he,
> "and the tale is yet to run:
> By the worth of the body that once ye had, give answer—
> what ha' ye done?"

Rudeness was a weapon in the hands of Napoleon, which was at once a revenge and usually his sole punishment, if the victim had the sense to take the hint. Such was the well-merited rebuff that he gave to the egregious busybody who "talked down Europe and wrote Corinne." We have the grudging testimony of the somewhat cross-grained Admiral Keith, as to the charming manners of Napoleon—a statement confirmed by Maitland and Sir Henry Bunbury—at a time when his temper was most sorely tried. We know how, later, he was compelled to hide in order to avoid the involuntary anger which supervened whenever his gaoler forced his unwelcome presence upon him.

This brings us to the second statement of your Reviewer, that Sir Hudson Lowe was the better man of the two. What is meant—a better man intellectually or morally? No one can read Lord Rosebery's chapter on Lowe, or the quotations therefrom in the current *Weekly Times*, and remain in doubt as to his mental calibre. Can we seriously be asked to believe that such a creature was intellectual peer to the Man of his Century, the man who had "made his Marshals out of mud"; who had stamped out the glowing embers of the French Revolu-

tion, restoring, as if by magic, order and religion; who had destroyed Feudalism in Europe and the Inquisition in Spain; who has bequeathed to his country the best Bank, and to the human race the finest Civil Code that the world has ever seen? Even as a patron of literature he will well serve as a model for to-day: he who inspired Egyptology, the Biographie Universelle, and the Order of the Legion of Honour.

But morally? Lord Rosebery has pointed out that "truth was in those days neither expected nor required in Continental statesmanship"; and for that matter Napoleon would have held his own as a liar with difficulty against our Queen Elizabeth. Finally, we have had his character summed up by Sir Walter Scott, a Tory of the Tories, but the most keen-eyed and competent of contemporary critics: "If, instead of asserting that he never committed a crime, he had limited his self-eulogy to asserting that in attaining and wielding supreme power he had resisted the temptation to commit many, he could not have been contradicted. *And this is no small praise.* . . . In closing the life of Napoleon Buonaparte we are called upon to observe that he was a man tried in the two extremities of the most exalted power and the most ineffable calamity, and . . . it is scarce within the capacity of those whose steps have never led them beyond the middle path of life to estimate either the strength of the temptations to which he yielded or the force of mind which he opposed to those which he was able to resist."

Yours faithfully,

Sheffield, Nov. 12, 1900. H. F. HALL.

*** Mr. Hall does not, as it seems to us, give a fair impression of our Review on either point. Our Reviewer will deal further with the matter next week.

THE READING OF THE WORKING CLASSES.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—As a young artisan I must express the pleasure it gave me to read the admirable article of Mr. T. C. Phillips in last week's *Literature*. The common assertion—made generally by those who do not know—that fiction is the only mental pabulum of the working classes is far from the truth. An ampler, juster consideration of the question was needed, and the article proved Mr. Phillips' fitness for the task.

One point only I wish to emphasize—that is, the necessity for a sound knowledge in every scholar of the beauties of English Literature. What is being done in this direction? In the curriculum of most primary schools English Literature is conspicuous by its absence, or, if taught at all, is in the form of a few extracts from a school reader or a play of Shakespeare's forced into the mind of the young pupil to be repeated parrot-like on some future Examination Day. Such methods excite disgust rather than interest, and when schooldays are done he either does no reading at all or else gluts his mind with the scraps and refuse of the newspaper shop. In small towns where there are no public libraries school libraries should certainly be provided, where the scholar, with the help of a sympathetic and capable guide, could acquire that love of good literature which alone can give real pleasure and solace to a life of toil.

To the improvident minds of school authorities generally, libraries are luxuries which, now that fees have been dispensed with, are altogether beyond their power to supply. Cardiff has proved the contrary.

It is to be hoped that every school in the country will soon be as well equipped and as intelligently managed as are the schools of that progressive town.

Yours faithfully,

Stourport. REG. JONES.

THE VICTORIA COUNTY HISTORIES.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—It appears to me that Mr. W. H. D. Rouse does not understand the motive of the publishers of the Victoria History in destroying any volumes which are not subscribed for.

As I understand the conditions from a careful perusal of the prospectus, the arrangement was made to prevent anything in the shape of a "remainder" appearing in the market. Many of us have learned from bitter experience that, shortly after purchasing an expensive book, it is to be had at a fraction of the price we paid for it, and, as a consequence, we not unnaturally are inclined to wait until the remainders make their appearance. It is not surprising, I think, that in the case of so important a work as the Victoria History the publishers have felt it necessary to protect their subscribers from the "remainder man."

With reference to Mr. F. J. Burgoyne's letter, every free public library throughout the country ought most certainly to possess a set of the Victoria History. It seems, however, to have escaped the notice of your correspondents that if the committees of the public libraries conceive the idea that the spare copies are to be had eventually for nothing, they will scarcely be such fools as to subscribe for even a single volume.

The libraries ought to be supplied with the History, but it seems to me that this is a case for public spirit among the wealthier residents in each locality.

I am yours faithfully,

ALFRED HUTTON.

76, Jermyn-street, S.W., Nov. 13, 1900.

"THE CANTERBURY TALES."

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Though I feel diffident in entering into a controversy with Dr. Skeat, I still hope to be able to convert him to my view of the meaning of the word Pryme, in a spirit of deference due scholar to a master.

I intended in my last letter to submit that 6 o'clock a.m. was not only what Pryme ought to mean, but what it did mean in Chaucer's time, and that Dr. Skeat had given the meaning too broadly when he makes Pryme equivalent to 9 a.m. The passages in his notes to which he refers in his answer I am well acquainted with. In one of them, vol. v. p. 286, he takes pryme not in any ordinary colloquial sense to mean 9 a.m., but in its clerical or canonical sense. He seems to lay it down not only that it did mean, but that it ought to mean 9, even in its canonical sense. For on the lines 661-662 of the Pardoner's Tale, where the Pardoner wishes to show how very early in the day the bad men began their riot, and says—

> Thise ryotoures three of whiche I telle,
> Longe erst pryme rong of any belle

had begun their riot; though this, as Dr. Skeat admits, clearly refers to the bell summoning the monks to their canonical office of pryme, which was said at 6 o'clock, and the word is not here used in any colloquial or general sense; yet, nevertheless, even here Dr. Skeat's note has "about 9 o'clock." In a note to the Ryme of Sir Thopas Dr. Skeat somewhat softens this absolute law which he lays down elsewhere, and says "Prime commonly means the period from 6 to 9, fully prime refers to the end of that period." So, here it is not prime which means 9, as in the two passages I referred in my last letter, but only "fully prime." But what is it Sir Thopas says (ll. 2,013-2,015)—

> Thy mawe
> Shal I pereen, if I may
> Er it be fully pryme of day.

I suggest "fully pryme" here only means quite prime—*i.e.*, Sir Thopas boasts he will slay Sir Oliphant before sunrise. He is boasting how soon he will slay him. To say he will slay him before 9, which was a late hour, often after dinner, would have little meaning.

But Dr. Skeat relies on the words of the cock in the Nonne Preestes Tale. What do they amount to? At l. 4,362 the cock "fley doun fro the beem, For it was day." Chaucer knew the habits of birds, and that they begin their day as soon as it is light. Having flown down the cock struts about for a time, and acted as cocks do even in the early morning, then he discovers (l. 4,386) "That it was pryme and crew with blisful stevene. 'The sonne,' he seyde, 'is clomben up on hevene

Fourty degrees and on.'" Dr. Skeat and Mr. Brae work this out seriously, and no doubt correctly conclude, if the cock had been an astronomer, that it ought to have been 9 o'clock on the morning of May 3 towards the end of the fourteenth century. Dr. Skeat assumes it was May 3; Mr. Brae, I think, writing from memory, makes it May 2, though Chaucer distinctly says it was (l. 4,380) "syn March begonne thritty dayes and two," which to any ordinary reader, despite all any professors say, means April the first. It was a suitable day. The fox makes a fool of the cock, and the cock afterwards makes a fool of the fox. Chaucer lets us know the day and the month. But, whatever the date, Chaucer is laughing at the cock throughout and his astronomical observations, and showing the danger of a little knowledge. He did not mean us to take the bird seriously as Dr. Skeat and Mr. Brae have done, and as Thynne did long before them. Indeed, he says further on at l. 4,455, "Thise been the cokkés wordes and nat myne." And at ll. 4,401-4,402, lest his readers should suppose he was serious, he assures them—

> This storie is al so trewe I undertake
> As is the book of Launcelot de Lake.

Chaucer meant to point out the absurdity of the sun being 41 degrees in the Heavens at pryme. So impossible did this appear to those who lived then that the scribe of the Harleian MS., one which Dr. Skeat calls a "helpful MS.," and the one which was adopted by Mr. Thomas Wright for his edition of the "Canterbury Tales" for the Percy Society, reads not 41 degrees here but 20, where the sun on April 1 would be, I suppose, at about 6 o'clock. Mr. Wright on this passage quotes, and adopts, the note to Tyrwhitt's edition that Pryme here, as elsewhere, means 6 o'clock. Dr. Skeat, by the way, does not mention this reading of the Harleian MS., either in his notes or his variorum readings at the foot of the page. The passage in the Shipmanne's Tale is, at first sight, the strongest I know of in Chaucer, or any other contemporary writer, in support of Dr. Skeat's view. But, when carefully considered, it does not support that view, but rather the contrary. At l. 1,265 *seq.*, "The Marchand upryseth" and goes to his counting-house. We know how very early people rose in those days. We are in fact told how very early it was, for "the gode wyf," when her husband had risen, went into the garden and there meets Daun John, who is also up so early that she says to him (l. 1,289) "What eyleth yow so rathé for to ryse," to which the monk answers "fyve houres" to sleep are enough. Now people not only got up early then but they went to bed early. So that five hours' sleep would bring him to a very early hour in the morning, certainly long before six. They have some conversation together, perhaps for an hour, and then the monk says (l. 1,391)—

> Now goth your wey, quod he, al stille and softe.
> And lat us dyne as sone as that ye may,
> For by my chilindre it is pryme of day.

That is, I suggest, about 6 o'clock. It could not well be much later, or there would be no point in the lady's remark about the monk being up so early. By "chilindre" I suppose the monk alludes to his appetite, his empty stomach, and the lady goes off to her cooks to see about preparations for dinner, a duty which takes some little time, and must be performed a considerable time before dinner is ready, especially as we are told they dined "richely." Then she goes to her husband in his counting-house and gains admission. They have a serious talk. The Marchand has to explain how his affairs will take him away from her, and to break it to her that he must go on a journey to Flanders, a very serious undertaking in those days. Then they go to church, at least they hear Mass, and Mass was not said in private houses except under very special circumstances. At the end of all this, although, no doubt, Mass was said rapidly, they might indeed be ready for breakfast, which is what dinner then meant. It was the first meal in the day, actually and literally breakfast. We get our word dinner from the old French disner which was short for desjeuner, and the meal was often taken at 8 o'clock. So that when the monk says "It is pryme," there is nothing to show it was later than six, whereas if we take it to mean nine, there would be an inconsistency in the lady's remarks, and they could not have done all they did do before the usual hour of dinner.

In my former letter I did not allude to Mr. Brae's notice of the meaning of pryme, appended to his work on the astrolabe, because, however learned and useful the body of the work is, the appendix on Pryme seems so very unsatisfactory, and shows how far a learned man may go astray when trying to support a thesis.

Mr. Brae differs from Dr. Skeat, for while the latter makes Pryme 9 o'clock, Mr. Brae continues it on wonderfully and makes another pryme at 1 o'clock in the afternoon. He supports his theory from a passage in Troilus and Criseyde, where (Bk. v., ll. 470-473) Troilus is in great distress at the loss of Criseyde—

> The Lettres eek that she of oldé tyme
> Hadde hym y-sent, he wolde allonè rede,
> An hundred sythe, a-twixen noon and pryme.

So, says Mr. Brae, pryme means 1 o'clock, and he pictures Troilus reading all these letters over again a hundred times between 12 and 1, at what he calls the hour of siesta. Besides the difficulty of getting this done in an hour, how different is this to the picture we had imagined of the forlorn lover shunning as much as possible the society of others, shutting himself up all the afternoon and evening, and rising with the first daylight in the early dawn to read over and over again these dear but sad remembrances of happier times.

I have followed the word in Troilus, but I do not find any passage where it is not at least quite as consistent with the earlier as with the later hour. I wish I could say the same for "all the passages in . . . Lydgate." When Dr. Skeat, or some other competent, I will not say equally competent, editor enables us to read them all without our having to go to MSS. in a few great libraries, we shall be able to do so. But on this subject perhaps you will allow me to say something on some other occasion. The passage in Piers Plowman (Pass. I. ix., 119) Dr. Skeat refers to throws no fresh light on the word. Only one sentence more as to Florio's definition. When Florio gives "terza" as the hour priests call prime he reminds one of the story of Dr. Johnson, who being asked by a lady how he had come to give some preposterously wrong meaning to a word, replied "Sheer ignorance, Madam."

Yours very faithfully,
CHARLES HAMILTON BROMBY.

Oxford, Nov. 12.

SWINBURNE.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—May I suggest to Mr. P. A. Sillard that his quotations in answer to my challenge do not quite answer their purpose?

> For Heaven at thy creation did decree
> That in thy face sweet love should ever dwell.

This may be a beautiful exaggeration, but it cannot be compared with "who cannot hate can love not," for pregnant thought succinctly expressed. Certainly it is quite laughably out of the running when compared with the "individuation" of ideas in the lines—

> Nor can belief touch, kindle, smite, reprieve
> His heart who has not heart to disbelieve.

The "distinguished granddaughter of Sheridan" could not write poetry, and Dante was not included in my challenge; but, as for the quotation from Rostand, it is about a very unimportant matter, and is absolutely lacking in pregnant thought. Nevertheless, if there is one man in England who has written, perhaps even a little too often, this sort of thing—

> Une communion ayant le goût de fleur—

that man is Swinburne.

I think that if Swinburne's case is thus easily arguable against that of Shakespeare, he can hardly be said to have "more sound than sense," and certainly cannot be "damned to the infernal deeps."

Yours faithfully, ALFRED NOYES.

Exeter College, Oxford, Nov., 1900.

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

Now that the Paris Exhibition has closed its gates the superb and perhaps unique collection which formed the Retrospective Exhibition of French Industrial Art must be dispersed. It is satisfactory to learn that a representative series of reproductions has been prepared as a permanent memorial of the Exhibition. It will appear in ten parts, with an introduction by M. Émile Molinier, who arranged the exhibits with M. Marcon, a notice of each collection of works of art by M. Gaston Migeon, and a detailed description of each object reproduced. There will be a hundred photogravure plates, many of them in colours (facsimile). The work is being issued in Paris, but Messrs. Goupil, the publishers, will have a limited number of copies available at their London house—at £40 the set.

The *Author* prints the full text of the Canadian Copyright Act. Its provisions may be summarized thus :—

1. Whenever a Canadian publisher has lawfully acquired a licence to produce copies of a book for sale only in Canada, then the Minister of Agriculture may prohibit the importation into Canada of copies printed elsewhere. Copies intended for the *bona fide* use of public or University and College Libraries are, however, excepted.

2. This prohibition may be withdrawn if the Canadian publisher fails to meet the Canadian demand for the book, or to print and publish it "suitably having regard to the demand in Canada."

3. The licensee may be required to import and supply to any Canadian purchaser a copy of any edition of the book in respect of which he is licensed that is on sale and reasonably obtainable in any other part of the Empire.

4. The Customs Department shall be notified of all prohibitions.

5. The penalty for unlawful importation shall be a fine not exceeding one hundred dollars.

This is the sort of Copyright Act for Canada that we have always favoured. It is much in advance not only of Sir John Thompson's measure, but also of the concessions proposed by Mr. Hall Caine, as delegate of the Society of Authors. The purpose of Clause 3 may not be instantly evident. It is inserted to keep the Canadian printers and binders up to the mark, and also for the benefit of purchasers who want library editions of books of which only popular editions are printed in the Dominion.

A note which we published some time ago on the probable price of novels in the future brings us a letter from Mr. Charles Walch, bookseller and publisher, of Hobart Town, Tasmania, who some years ago foresaw the inevitable cheapening of the novel. His proposal is: "Bring out two editions simultaneously—a six-shilling one on best paper, bound in cloth, and a half-a-crown one in paper, similar to the present Colonial Library." It sounds plausible, but there are difficulties. The chief is that it would not cost three-and-sixpence, but only a few pence, to put the half-a-crown edition in a decent binding. And publishers are not the only people for whom binders can work. They can also be employed by booksellers, distributing agencies, and circulating libraries. The circulating libraries, in particular, requiring bound copies but indifferent to "best paper," would certainly bind the half-a-crown copies instead of buying the six-shilling ones. And hard experience has shown that when two editions of a book at different prices are simultaneously in the market—as was the case with the Acme Library, the Pioneer Library, &c.—purchasers show such a marked predilection for the cheaper *format* that very few booksellers find it worth while to stock the other. In the case imagined by Mr. Walch, a few copies of the six-shilling edition would no doubt go off as Christmas presents.

Mrs. W. K. Clifford's play *The Likeness of the Night* will be published by Messrs. A. and C. Black next week. Mrs. Clifford has written a preface.

The latest addition to Messrs. Macmillan's Library of English Classics is Thomas Shelton's translation of "Don Quixote," and it occupies three volumes. Shelton was the first translator of "Don Quixote," publishing his version of the First Part before Cervantes himself had published his Second Part, and publishing his version of the Second Part, too, by the time that a French translator had been found for the First. The first German translation followed the French at an interval of nearly thirty years. Of the English versions that survive, Peter Motteux's was the second and Charles Jarvis' the third. Jarvis' is the most faithful of the early translators, but no subsequent version has ever excelled Shelton's in the vitality and raciness of its rendering.

Borrow's works—the copyright is gradually expiring—are now very popular. "The Romany Rye," at two shillings, will be ready shortly in Ward, Lock's Minerva Library, with an introduction by Mr. Watts-Dunton, and illustrations from old prints and portraits. "Lavengro" has already appeared in the Minerva Library. Both books have also been brought out in Mr. Lane's new twoshilling Pocket Library, and "The Bible in Spain" is following them. Mr. Murray, Borrow's original publisher, was, of course, first in the field with his half-a-crown editions; and he will soon be completing his "Authoritative Edition" (six shillings), with "Wild Wales," illustrated by Mr. A. S. Hartrick.

Readers with a taste for the true touch of the essayist—one of the most uncommon of literary graces—will do well to note two items among the announcements of Messrs. Smith, Elder. One is of a small volume by Mr. E. V. Lucas, entitled "Domesticities": the other of "Conferences on Books and Men," reprinted from the *Cornhill Magazine*. The "Conferences" have not perhaps been quite so happy as "The Pages from a Private Diary"; one missed the dramatic setting and the pleasant assumption of the character of the retired Anglo-Indian so successfully sustained as to have imposed on even Mr. Lang's acuteness. Still, there have been several capital stories and many pages of excellent criticism in the "Conferences." Both writers are among the wiser as well as wittier of contemporary critics.

The Cambridge University Press are publishing Dr. Otto Gierke's "Political Theories of the Middle Ages," translated by Professor William Maitland. The book forms only a twentieth part of the great work—as yet unfinished—bearing a title which, as Professor Maitland explains in his preface, can hardly attract many readers in this country, and for which an English equivalent cannot be found—namely, Das deutsche Genossenschaftsrecht. The third volume of that work contains a study of mediæval politics likely to be of service to English students, and it is this which Professor Maitland has detached and translated. The Cambridge University Press will also publish shortly a second edition of Professor Forsyth's "Theory of Functions of a Complex Variable," containing some changes and about 100 pages of new matter. This book has proved a useful introduction to modern pure mathematics since its first appearance in 1893. The sections dealing with the properties of certain binomial differential equations of the first order, which appeared in the original edition, have been transferred to the second volume of the author's "Theory of Differential Equations," and the space thus gained has been assigned to the theory of birational transformation.

An American publisher, Mr. E. S. Gorham, is issuing two little books of devotional extracts which are described as being compiled by ladies of the most "exclusive social circle" in New York. They are called "Mosaics" and "The Golden Treasury of the Bible," and they would seem to show that the American lady of our novelists and of Mr. Dana Gibson's drawings presents a not wholly complete portrait of that many-sided and interesting personage.

The following is a selection from the chief American books published or to be published this "fall." Some of them are also published in England :—

GENERAL—
The History of the American Slave Trade. By John R. Spears.
Concerning Children. By Mrs. Charlotte (Stetson) Gilman.
Squirrels and Other Fur Bearers. By John Burroughs.
A Prose Translation of Dante's Divina Commedia. By Charles Eliot Norton.
Literary Friends and Acquaintance. By W. D. Howells.
More Fables. By George Ade
The Real David Harum. By H. T. Vance.
Mr. Dooley's Philosophy. By E. P. Dunne.
Stage-Coach and Tavern Days. By Alice Morse Earle.
Great Battles of the World. By the late Stephen Crane.
Sharps and Flats. (I. Prose.) By the late Eugene Field.
Notes of an Itinerant Policeman. By Josiah Flynt.
The Strenuous Life. By Theodore Roosevelt.
Literary History of America. By Prof. Barrett Wendell.
William Shakespeare: Poet, Dramatist, and Man. By H. W. Mabie.
Rulers of the South. By F. Marion Crawford.
The Rossettis : Dante, Gabriel, and Christina. By Elisabeth L. Cary.
History of the Scotch and Irish Families of America. By C. A. Hanna.
China and the Powers. By Alleyne Ireland.
The Life and Literature of the Ancient Hebrews. By Lyman Abbott.
With Both Armies in South Africa. By Richard Harding Davis.

POETRY—
Sharps and Flats. Vol. II. By the late Eugene Field.
Home Folks. By James Whitcomb Riley.
Songs from Dixie Land. By Frank L. Stanton.
A Gage of Youth. By Gelett Burgess.
The Song of the Unsuccessful. By Richard Burton.
The Holy Graal. By Richard Hovey.
The Fields of Dawn, and Later Sonnets. By Lloyd Mifflin.
An American Anthology, 1787-1899. By Edmund Clarence Stedman.
The Sower, and other Poems. By Edwin Markham.
One Day and Another. By Madison Cawein.
The Tolling of Felix, and Other Poems. By Henry Van Dyke.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS—
Wanted: A Watchmaker. By Paul Leicester Ford.
Norse Stories. By Hamilton W. Mabie.
Anneke. By Elizabeth W. Champney.
The Wild Animal Play. By Ernest Seton-Thompson.
Children of the Revolution. By Maud Humphrey.

BIOGRAPHY—
Oliver Cromwell. By Theodore Roosevelt.
Francis Parkman. By C. H. Farnham.
Henry George. By H. George, Junr.
Paul Jones. By O. C. Buell.
Volumes in the "Heroes of the Nations" Series (already announced in *Literature*).

Novels are also announced by the following authors :—Thomas Nelson Page, John Uri Lloyd, Paul Laurence Dunbar, General Charles King, John Kendrick Bangs, Frank R. Stockton, Cyrus Townsend Brady, Anna Katherine Green, Booth Tarkington, Grace Gallatin Seton-Thompson, Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, Hamlin Garland, F. Marion Crawford, W. L. Alden, Winston Churchill, Mark Twain, David Dwight Wells (the late), Harry Thurston Peck, Emma Rayner, R. H. Savage, Edward Bellamy (the late), Lilian Whiting, Joel Chandler Harris, Andrew Black, Archibald Clavering Gunter, E. W. Townsend.

Reports from libraries across the Atlantic in nineteen representative centres show that literature on China has been everywhere in most demand, especially Miss Seidmore's "China, the Long-Lived Empire," and Mr. Colquhoun's "Overland to China." Interest in South African affairs has declined, and only eight of the libraries return African books as among the most sought after. Chiefly in demand are Mr. Winston Churchill's "From London to Ladysmith," Mr. Hillegas' "Oom Paul's People," and Mr. Abercrombie's "The Rise and Fall of Krugerism." Other books everywhere read are Allen's "Reign of Law," "To Have and to Hold," "The Gentleman from Indiana," "Wild Animals I have Known," by Seton Thompson, and Professor Fiske's histories of the Colonial period. One of the smaller libraries in New York State, by the way, which is representative of a good many others, reports that "fiction, including juvenile fiction, shows a decided falling off, while the percentage of useful books read shows a corresponding increase."

It was said of Curll, the pirate publisher of the Augustan age, as it was afterwards said of Lord Campbell, that he had added a new terror to death. Major Pond may now be said to have added a new terror to the American lecturing tour, if, as has been announced to be the case, his forthcoming book on "Eccentricities of Men of Genius," announced by Messrs. Chatto and Windus, deals with the whims and oddities of his own clients. At all events, if the entrepreneur proposes to make copy of the peculiarities of the literary lecturers who accept his engagements, this additional risk ought to be considered in the fee.

Many of our readers will be glad to know that Dr. C. D. Ginsburg's monumental work on the traditional text of the Old Testament is now in a fair way of being completed. The first three volumes, which have been in the hands of scholars for some years, could only be used by the select few ; but the fourth volume, now in the press, aims at explaining all the obscure technicalities of the preceding instalments, so as to make the results of important investigations on the text of the Bible accessible to a large number of persons.

The next volume in "The Westminster Biographies" will be Wilfred Whitten's "Life of Defoe." It will appear on the 20th inst. Clara Thomson's "George Eliot" will be ready early next year, to be followed a little later by "John Henry Newman," by A. R. Waller.

Messrs. Blackwood and Sons are publishing a sacred anthology of prose and poetry entitled "Flowers of the Cave." The editors are Mr. Laurie Magnus and Mr. Cecil Headlam, whose "Prayers from the Poets," published by the same firm last year, is now in its second edition.

Messrs. Bell will shortly publish an historical study of Holbein's "Ambassadors" by Mary F. S. Hervey, giving three original documents—two of them never before published—showing the history of the picture in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries and dealing with the lives of Dinteville, French Ambassador to England in the reign of Henry VIII., and Selve, and giving an account of the curious objects with which they are surrounded in the picture.

Dr. Osmund Airy's biography of Charles II., which is to be the seventh volume in Messrs. Goupil's illustrated series of lives, will be more fortunate in the matter of pictures than any of its predecessors. Van Dyck, Lely, Kneller, Cooper, and numerous other foreign and British masters will be represented. It will probably be ready next May.

Messrs. Putnam will shortly publish a volume on "The Papacy in the Nineteenth Century," a translation by the Rector of the Church of Intercession, New York (L. H. Schwab), part of the second volume of Friedrich Nippold's "History of Catholicism since the Restoration of the Papacy." Nippold's work was written in order "to rescue Catholicism from its Papal caricature and to maintain its importance as a corrective to Protestant Individualism."

The long-promised volume of Gray's Letters in Bohn's Libraries, edited by Mr. Duncan C. Tovey, will be published immediately by Messrs. Bell. The letters have been annotated with extreme minuteness.

The following new volumes of verse are announced for publication at an early date by Mr. Elliot Stock ; —"Poems and Sonnets," by John Morgan ; "Eyes in Solitude," by William Moore, author of "Nocturnes and other Poems" ; and "Poems on the War," by Montagu Lloyd. Mr. Stock also announces a new volume of Old Testament stories for children, by Mrs. E. R. Conder, entitled "In the Beginning."

"Aristotle's Psychology," by Professor William A. Hammond, of Cornell University, will shortly be published by Messrs. Sonnenschein. It consists of a lengthy introduction, and translations, with notes, of the *De Anima* and *Parva Naturalia*.

In its "Collection of Foreign Authors" the *Mercure de France* is bringing out this season a version of "The Island of Dr. Moreau" and "The Tales of Space and Time," by H. G. Wells; a new collection of short stories by Mr. Rudyard Kipling ; "Far from the Madding Crowd," by Thomas Hardy ; three volumes of the complete works of Friedrich Nietzsche ; "News from Nowhere," by William Morris ; a volume of stories, by Maxime Gorky, a most interesting Russian story-teller, and an illustrated edition of Rudyard Kipling's "Two Jungle Books," the illustrator being Caran d'Ache.

To the cheap "Neue Leipziger Klassiker-Ausgaben," published by M. Hesse, Leipsic, the works of Otto Ludwig (4m.), of Heinrich von Kleist (1m. 25pf.), and Nikolaus Lenau (1m. 25pf.) have just been added. These editions are well edited, often more complete than acknowledged standard editions, and each volume is supplied with a good biographical and critical introduction. But we in England are accustomed to better paper and type in our cheap reprints than the Leipsic firm can apparently afford to give.

In our account of "The Salisbury Manuscripts" last week, in the sentence "The Earl of Pembroke often mentions his servant Arthur Massingham," "Massingham" should have read "Massinger."

Books to look out for at once.

BIOGRAPHY—

"Life and Letters of Zachary Macaulay." By Lady Knutsford. Arnold. 16s.

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20. Kt–K 2	R–R 3	40. R×P and wins.	

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NOTES OF THE DAY.

Mr. Hall Caine's forthcoming novel, "The Eternal City," marks the fascination exercised by the Roman Church upon the masters and mistresses of contemporary fiction. What with MM. Zola and J. K. Huysmans on the other side of the Channel, and on this side Mr. Caine, Mrs. Humphry Ward, Mr. George Moore, Miss Corelli, and Mrs. Craigie it might be said that in fiction to-day all roads lead to Rome. Equally significant is the interest now beginning to show itself in France in our own "Oxford Movement." Of that movement we have already had the first volume of a history by a distinguished historian of the French Academy; and now we are promised a life of Cardinal Newman by Mlle. Lucie Faure, the daughter of the late President of the Republic.

* * * *

Sir Richard Jebb, in his lecture before the London Institution on Macaulay, took pretty much the same view of the functions of the historian that is taken in the Personal View of Sir Herbert Maxwell which will be found in another column. Both critics favour the doctrine which we ourselves have always upheld, that history, if, at any rate, it is to teach and to survive, must be something more than "scientific." Science in history, as in other departments of human endeavour, is apt to become obsolete; the scientific histories are continually being superseded. But the history which is human and dramatic may endure, like a poem, long after its most picturesque details have been proved to have no foundation in fact. It has been demonstrated—though the demonstration has suffered qualification—that the father of history is also the father of lies; but the world still reads Herodotus with pleasure and profit. The writer who is interesting should of course be scientific too. Charles Darwin exhibited both merits in one branch of science, and Max Müller in another. In the case of historical science one thinks immediately of Gibbon, who was the most scientific as well as the most interesting historian of his generation. Probably, indeed, no historian is uninteresting of malice aforethought. They would all like to hold the attention of their readers as Mr. Morley does in his "Cromwell"; they recognize their limitations and deplore them.

* * * *

The "Peggotty's Hut" at Great Yarmouth, which is to be offered by auction next week, is a very different thing from the original home of little Emily, but it is said to possess original portions of the boat, as well as two windows. Yarmouth and David Copperfield, of course, are closely connected, and Blundeston, David's birthplace, is not many miles away on the Yarmouth-Lowestoft line. The Blunderstone Rookery of the novel stands next to the church—a few miles to the east of the railway.

* * * *

The *Agamemnon* of Aeschylus was first performed in 458 B.C. at Athens, in the Theatre of Dionysus, and next (so far as is known) at Oxford in 1880 A.D., when Mr. F. R. Benson appeared as Clytemnestra, and, at any rate, looked the part to perfection, and when the present editor of the *Fortnightly Review* made an impressive φύλαξ. Miss Gertrude Kingston, too, we believe, before she appeared in *The Manœuvres of Jane*, undertook a part in the Oresteian trilogy. The performance of the *Agamemnon*, given at Cambridge on November 16th and following nights, gave ample proof that its dramatic force has not evaporated in a modern atmosphere after twenty-three centuries. The staging, the costumes, and the elocution were admirable; one of the actors, as the mad prophetess Cassandra, rose to high dramatic excellence, and the chorus of pottering Argive elders made a good foil to the three leading characters. Not even choric odes of interminable length can mitigate the thrilling interest of this tale of Pelops' line. To those, indeed, who can read and understand them, the choral odes are really full of meaning, for in them the poet draws out the moral setting of his story—the primal curse bringing others in its train, and the inexorable course of divine Necessity. Their interest is enhanced for the musician by the skill in rhythm and accentuation shown in Sir Hubert Parry's music. But the musical accompaniment, always ingenious and interesting in itself, was at times a little out of keeping with the seriousness of the words. Clytemnestra was well but not impressively played by Mr. F. H. Lucas; Agamemnon (Mr. King) hardly looked the ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν, and was somewhat stiff; but the Cassandra of Mr. Crace was a fine piece of acting. The Chorus were cramped in their movements by too narrow a front stage, but in other respects were excellent. A few touches of realism in details might have been introduced, *e.g.*, the herald and Agamemnon need not have looked quite so spick and span after their long and toilsome campaign, and Clytemnestra's vicious-looking axe should not be perfectly clean and bright just after the murder. But the general effect was impressive; and the performance

must be reckoned as one of the most successful of Greek play revivals.

* * * *

It is no easy matter to determine the source of woodcuts used in early books. In an interesting paper, entitled "Some Notes on the History of Book-Illustration in England," read before the Bibliographical Society on Monday, Mr. Alfred Pollard alluded to a few of the pitfalls. For instance, certain figures which appear in Hawkins' work on the origin of the English Drama, published in 1773, have been cited by a Transatlantic professor as giving authentic details of costumes worn at the old miracle plays. As a fact they have been traced to a book on an altogether different theme, issued by Wynkyn de Worde in 1525, and he again had copied them from the Terence published by Antoine Verard, *circa* 1500. Mr. Macfarlane thinks that the blocks were cut for Verard, but possibly they may be traced even further back. Woodcuts executed in England at the end of the fifteenth or the beginning of the sixteenth century were very rude, have the feeblest possible claim to be regarded as works of art—those in the second edition of the "Canterbury Tales," 1483, for instance. Hence Mr. Pollard had "gloomily" to admit that we could without misgiving accept as native only those cuts whose origin is known—like those in the Tales; whereas the cuts which bear a resemblance to those used abroad, and these include nearly all the best until we come to the time of John Day, almost certainly either passed by arrangement or were appropriated from foreign sources, and if copied deteriorated in the process. Dr. Garnett cited an amusing instance of a German scholar who discovered in a law book, published by Rastell, a frontispiece taken from an edition of Pyramus and Thisbe, issued at Worms at the time of the Diet. Possibly Shakespeare saw the Rastell book, and it suggested to him "Pyramus and Thisbe" as a comedy.

* * * *

The first use of a woodcut in books occurs in Caxton's "Cathon," but the art did not reach its flowering time till the middle of the sixteenth century, when the men who cut the devices of Berthelet and Wolfe were capable of anything as wood-cut artists. The earliest known examples of copper-plate engraving occurs in the illustrations to "The Byrth of Mankynde," a book published in 1540. By the beginning of the next century this method of illustration had quite ousted the woodcut, which did not again come into general use until about 1780. At about that time the wood-engraving rose to a high standard of perfection under the fostering influence of the genius of Bewick. The question as to whether Bewick is to be credited with the invention of the wood-engraving—that is work done with a burin or graver on the edge of the wood—as distinct from the woodcut work done with a knife on the flat of the wood—is as far from solution as ever. Indeed, it is all but impossible to distinguish one result from the other, and this although the two methods differ radically.

* * * *

Shakespeare, it seems, is to leave Leicester-square—for a time at all events. The water pipes of the fountain on which the statue stands need repair; and the fountain is to be re-erected on a new foundation. The statue is an exact reproduction by Signor Fontana of the Shakespeare statue, designed by Kent and executed by Scheemakers, in Westminster Abbey. Baron Grant, who presented the Leicester-square garden to the metropolis, died last year. It cost him £30,000 to convert what had been an ugly, squalid spot into the green enclosure as we know it to-day.

* * * *

The work of the Canadian poet, Mr. William Wilfrid Campbell, to whom Mr. Lawrence J. Burpee devotes an appreciative article in the *Sewanee Review*, has been justly praised ere now by English as well as by American critics. Since the eighties Mr. Campbell has been pouring forth verse on all manner of different themes, in dramatic as well as in lyric form. A facility in his case does not seem to have been fatal. His first volume, "Lake Lyrics," published in 1889, coming from the heart of the Canadian Lakes, was full of novelty to readers accustomed to wilder and less spacious regions. The vastness of the lake country and the calm beauty of the waters stilled at even early impressed themselves on the young poet's imagination.

> Under the glimmer of stars and the purple of sunsets dying,
> Wan and waste and white stretch the great lakes away.

Our readers may remember a poem on a very different note by Mr. Campbell, which appeared in *Literature* in August, 1898, called "Lines on a Midwinter Night":

> While all the winter's iron night,
> Past shrouded casement, muffled white,
> Thunders at heart and door.

"The Dread Voyage," in which the treatment of human nature predominates, followed "The Lake Lyrics" in 1893, and a year ago we were informed that a new volume—"Beyond the Hills of Dreams"—was to be published by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin, and Co., of Boston. Mr. Burpee tells us that it is still in the press.

* * * *

We discussed a few weeks ago the limits of the rights of an author over works in which he has sold the copyright. Mr. Kipling's action against Messrs. Putnam,-which it seems is to proceed, though no doubt a deplorable difference between parties who have both deserved well of the world of letters, may have the advantage of bringing about an authoritative discussion of the question. Messrs. Putnam finding that many of their customers were *plus rois que le roi*, and were not content to possess only those works of Mr. Kipling with which the author himself was satisfied, prepared a collection as complete as possible of Mr. Kipling's writings, copyright and non-copyright. To it they prefixed, still further to satisfy an American taste, the remark of an American gentleman as to what he knew and thought of Mr. Kipling and his work. In the case of the non-copyright work Messrs. Putnam had no legal restrictions to consider; and in the case of the copyright work the firm purchased the sheets from the owner of the copyright. In this way they produced a uniform edition, the appearance of which certainly ruffled the author's feelings, and is alleged to have damaged his reputation. It will be interesting to see how the facts strike a jury, not composed of literary men. No analogous case has ever, so far as we know, been tried.

* * * *

Mr. Cecil Raleigh in his address to the Playgoers' Club on Sunday evening delivered himself of some views which are amazing even when one takes into account the kind of plays he produces. Not to like Shakespeare is a misfortune Mr. Raleigh shares with Mr. Bernard Shaw, George III., and other distinguished persons. That the drama ought to be made to pay is a view natural amongst those who earn their living by it. But Mr. Raleigh goes far beyond this modest declaration of opinion. For him the monetary is the only standard to be appealed to. "Nobody asked the music halls to be artistic or to teach moral lessons. What was the result? They paid like steam." It follows that the only object of the drama should be to "pay like steam." Any one who finds this a counsel of perfection should visit Drury-lane Theatre, and see its result in *The Price of Peace*.

* * * *

The Gay Lord Quex, which has just been published by Mr. Heinemann, has aroused enthusiasm in New York. A highly-coloured picture of the decadence of English society drawn with the skill of Mr. Pinero is as welcome to the American public as it is to the mass of British playgoers. The piece does not arouse more sympathy in the breast of the cultivated reader than it drew from such playgoers as demand something more in drama than smartness of speech and rascality of conduct. *The Gay Lord Quex* is not an immoral play; it is non-moral, which is much the same thing as non-human. Mr. Pinero's discriminating admirers must, we fancy, hope that he will go back to his earlier manner, as exhibited at its best in *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*.

* * * *

Messrs. Pearson's latest catalogue of autograph letters for sale (issued from 5, Pall-mall-place), contains some interesting extracts. Shelley, writing to his bookseller in December, 1810,

says :—"I have in preparation a novel ; it is principally constructed to convey metaphysical and political opinions by way of conversation. It shall be sent you as completed ; but it shall receive more correction than I trouble myself to give to wild Romance and Poetry." What was this metaphysical and political work of fiction ? Shelley's two "wild romances," "Zastrozzi" and "The Rosicrucian," had already appeared. It must have been put aside for more absorbing occupations, such as the tract on Atheism which got its author sent down from Oxford in the following year. Southey is represented by a letter about Scott's profits on "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," as contrasted with the Laureate's profits on "Madoc." Southey comforted himself with the thought that "my acorn will continue to grow when his Turkey bean shall have withered." Alas ! we still enjoy the "Lay," but who reads "Madoc"?

* * * *

German literature suffered a considerable loss last week by the death of Adolf Pichler, at the age of 81. He had no superior among the poets of the Tyrol, and only one who was his equal—his contemporary, Hermann von Gilm. He is best known by the fresh and very charming "Frühlieder aus Tirol," with which, in 1846, he began his literary career, and by his two fine epics of "Die Hexenmeister" and "Marksteine." But there is not less merit in his tragedies of "Die Tarquinier" and "Rodrigo," in some of his prose stories, and in his historical treatise on "Das Drama des Mittelalters in Tirol." He was a singular example of union of the scientific and poetic habits of mind, and wrote several valuable essays on geology, of which science he was for many years professor at Innsbruck University. Not the least of his claims to the remembrance of his countrymen lies in the fact that in 1848 he took part, as a volunteer, in the defence of the Tyrolese border against Italy, and so highly distinguished himself by his bravery that the Emperor of Austria conferred upon him the much-coveted order of the Iron Crown. Another well-known German author, Ernst Eckstein, passed away at Dresden on Sunday. Born in 1845, he first won popularity through his humorous story, "Besuch im Carcer," which has been almost as much read in the Fatherland as Julius Stinde's "Familie Buchholz." But his best works were his three historical novels, "Die Claudier," "Prusias," and "Nero," although some critics think their modern style a little out of place. "Nero" might have served as a model for "The Sign of the Cross."

* * * *

A correspondent points out in reference to our recent note on Patrick Walker that the historian of the Covenanters has even a stronger claim on the interest of novel-readers than that conferred by his influence on Robert Louis Stevenson and Mr. S. R. Crockett. Surely, he says, it cannot have been forgotten that Scott made great use of Walker's work in "The Heart of Midlothian." In one of the notes to that admirable story is, indeed, to be found the most accessible account of Walker's life and character ; he is strangely omitted, by the way, from the "Dictionary of National Biography." Walker—whom Scott sometimes calls Peter and sometimes Patrick—was "an itinerant merchant or pedlar," residing when stationary at the Bristo Port in Edinburgh. He composed biographies of Peden "the Prophet," Richard Cameron, who founded the Cameronian sect and so was the ancestor of Mr. Barrie's "Auld Lichts," Semple of Carsphairn, and other lights of "the killing times." Scott drew largely on these lives (which were originally published and sold by their wandering author as tiny chap-books that are now worth their weight in gold), for the character of David Deans and other of his Covenanting heroes. We may appropriately quote Scott's criticism on the style of Walker's biographies :—

> It is from such tracts as these [says Sir Walter], written in the sense, feeling, and spirit of the sect, and not from the sophisticated narratives of a later period, that the real character of the persecuted class is to be gathered. Walker writes with a simplicity which sometimes slides into the burlesque, and sometimes attains a tone of simple pathos, but always expressing the most daring confidence in his own correctness of creed and sentiments, sometimes with narrow-minded and disgusting bigotry. His turn for the marvellous was that of his time and sect, but there is little room to doubt his veracity concerning whatever he quotes on his own knowledge.

It is hardly needful to add that what the Tory and Episcopalian Scott called "disgusting bigotry" is nowadays regarded by novel-readers, in a more tolerant spirit, as a curious psychological study. Religious prejudices no longer obscure the literary interest that is likely to be taken in Mr. Fleming's reprint of "the most zealous and faithful recorder of the actions and opinions of the Cameronians."

* * * *

The first important book sale of the season was that of a portion of Lord Ashburton's library sold at Sotheby's last week. The catalogues comprised only 865 lots, yet the aggregate reached as much as £6,256. Among the valuable Americana were "A Relation of Maryland ; together with a Map of the Country," &c., 1635, £165 ; "A True Relation of the late Battell fought in New England between the English and the Pequet Salvages," 1638, £84 ; "New England Plantation," 1630, £98 ; Daniel Denton's rare tract, "A Brief Description of New York, formerly called New Netherlands," 1670, £100 ; Dumont, "Mémoire contenant les Evenements qui se sont passés a la Louisiane depuis 1715," &c., a fine manuscript, £116 ; "Virginia's Cure, or an Advisive Narrative concerning Virginia," 1662, £76 ; Keymis, "A Relation of the Second Voyage to Guiana," 1596, £29 ; "The Discoveries of John Lederer in Three Several Marches from Virginia," &c., 1672, £102 ; Smith, "Advertisements for the unexperienced Planters of New England, or anywhere," &c., 1631, £160 ; Gabriel Thomas, "An Historical and Geographical Account of the Province and County of Pensilvania," &c., 1698, £62 ; E. Winslow, "Good Newes from New England," &c., 1624, £240. The library also boasted some splendidly "extra illustrated" books, such as Boaden's "Memoirs of the Life of John Philip Kemble," &c., 1825, £65 ; Byron's "Poetical Works," &c., extended to 25 vols., a fine collection, £185 ; "A Chronological Detail of Events in which Oliver Cromwell was engaged from the year 1642 to his Death, 1658," London, 1810, £50 ; Howell, "Lustra Ludovici, or the Life of the late Victorious King of France, Lewis the XIIIth," 1646, £38 ; Rogers, "Poems" and "Italy," extended to 4 vols., 1834, £25 10s. ; Scott's, "Novels, Tales, Poetical Works, and Romances," 1821-1833, extended to 52 vols., £63 ; Wraxall, "Historical Memoirs of my Own Time," 1772, &c., £151 ; Rapin and Tindal, "History of England and Medallic History," 1732-47, extended to 7 vols., £80. Other rare books of a more or less miscellaneous character ought not to be passed over. Coryat's "Crudities," 1611, a fine copy, £37 ; Dibdin's "Bibliographical, Antiquarian, and Picturesque Tour in France and Germany," 1821, large paper, £24 ; "Abailard et Héloise," "Lettres," by Bastien, with original drawings by Moitte, 1782, 5 vols., on vellum, £68 10s. ; Pellicer, "Don Quixote," 1797-8, 5 vols. in 7, on vellum, £46 ; The Original MS. Inventory of the Effects of La Marquise de Pompadour, 1761, 2 vols., £133 ; R. Scot's "The Discourse of Witchcraft," 1584, a good copy of the first edition, £16 ; Vadé, "Œuvres Poissardes suivies de celles de l'Ecluse," 1796, large paper with plates and drawings in colours, £190. In the long and fine series of county histories were :—Blomfield, "An Essay Towards a Topographical History of the County of Norfolk," 1739-75, extended to 5 vols., £46 ; Chauncy, "Historical Antiquities of Hertfordshire," 1720, £13 ; Dallaway and Cartwright, "History of the Western Division of Sussex," &c., 1815-30, £23 ; Dugdale, "Warwickshire," 1750, second edition, £17 ; Hasted, "Kent," &c., 1778-99, £29 ; Hoare, "History of Modern Wiltshire," 1822-43, £29 ; Hodgson, "Northumberland," 1820-58, £20 ; Hutchings, "Dorset," 1796, £11 10s. ; Shaw, "Staffordshire," 1801, £18 ; Surtees, "Durham," 1816-40, £19 15s. ; Whitaker, "Richmondshire," 1823, £11 15s. ; Nichols, "Leicester," 1795-1811, £100.

Empire and Education.

Before the learned members of the Scottish History Society Lord Rosebery was cheerful and jocular. Before an undergraduate audience, on the other hand, he was a little pessimistic and very serious. But the Empire and its demands is a subject on which Lord Rosebery is always serious. Yet one may admire the grave tone of his exhortations to the Edinburgh undergraduates without sharing his apprehensions that they will imperil the Empire by learning too much Greek. For that, in effect, is what his speech amounts to. "The first need of our country," he premises, "is a want of men"—a sentiment which was shared by Empire builders of old, and which may be found embodied in the pages of a wise Greek writer named Thucydides. "Are we," he then asks, "setting ourselves sufficiently to train such men?" And the answer is that we are not, because Eton "has no modern side," and because Oxford and Cambridge "still exact their dole of Latin and Greek," and because the Greek grammar seems to him "a heavy burden for our Empire," and because those who are able to bear that burden get most of the plums in the Civil Service. It was a somewhat similar speech by a statesman hardly less famous that drew from Matthew Arnold his ironical exhortation to his young countrymen to prepare themselves, by the study of modern languages, to fight the battle of life with the waiters in foreign hotels. The comments which it suggests are various. One is that, as a matter of hard historical fact, the periods during which England has been great and glorious have often been periods in which great Englishmen have been few. In the period which followed the death of Pitt and Fox, the whole business of the country was transacted by mediocre men whose mediocrity has been lashed by no one more scathingly than by Lord Rosebery himself. Yet in that period England saved Europe. Granting, however, that modern conditions are different from those that prevailed at the beginning of the century, and that to rely on mediocrity nowadays might be to lean on a broken reed, it is by no means clear that any particular modification of the curricula of Universities would increase the efficiency of their alumni for the purposes of statesmanship, diplomacy, and Empire building generally,—arts which obviously cannot be specifically taught. Do great services to the Empire necessarily depend on an assiduous attendance at Oxford Lecture Rooms? Lord Rosebery will, we trust, pardon us for reminding him that there are living examples to disprove such a statement. As well might it be argued that all young men who aspire to render valuable service to the Empire ought to go to the diamond fields like Mr. Cecil Rhodes, or be early immersed in business like Mr. Chamberlain. No mode of education is so definitely superior to all others that the Empire can afford to ignore men who have not been "made to pattern" according to its rules. Yet it is also a fact that, other things being equal, the man with the academic training comes to the front more often than the man without it, and, being at the front, does better work there. One finds not only that such men are proportionately more numerous in the House of Commons than in the country—a fact which proves nothing; but also that they are more numerous in the Cabinet than in the House of Commons—a fact that proves a good deal. Nor can we easily believe that they would be more efficient administrators if, at Oxford or Cambridge, they had learnt French instead of Latin and German instead of Greek. So long as a scholar of the calibre of Sir Alfred Milner can govern a colony as he has governed South Africa, one will not readily be persuaded that scholarship is an impediment to Imperial expansion; but will rather take the view of the Etonian who got lost on the veldt, and declared that he would never have found his way home if he had not learnt, by the practice of writing Latin verses, that, if one way out of a difficulty was not available, patience and perseverance would always enable him to find another. Perhaps, however, Lord Rosebery merely meant to argue that those who learn modern languages should learn them as earnestly and thoroughly as the scholars learn Latin and Greek. In that case all scholars will agree with him, but he need not, in order to make that point, have denounced the Hellenists.

ET APRÈS ——?

We gave them welcome yesterday,
The streets once more their greyness don,
The last wild cheer has died away,
The flags—the noisy crowds—have gone.
Now it were well, with rigorous eyes,
To search our hearts for secret foes
More fatal to our peace than those
We fought beneath the Southern skies.

For honour, here, oft bought and sold,
Is cheapened by a huckstering throng;
And compromise obscures with gold
The boundary marks of Right and Wrong;
Here craft and greed, for flight prepared,
Escape, what time the reckoning comes,
And grasping Dives claws the crumbs
That once for Lazarus had been spared.

Ah, in such consort scarce can dwell
Unselfish thoughts and righteous deeds!
These faults go not with empire well—
Are not the sins that greatness breeds.
And for them England, as she bears
Down through the years her giant load,
Must tread the lone imperial road
To greater labours, heavier cares.

Yet since Fate claims such recompense,
And all unsought her office came,
What profit, lest it give offence,
To wear her glory as a shame?
Hers rather, scorning chance of fall,
Towards her unknown goal to press,
Remembering in all humbleness,
What may be lost in gaining all.

W. G. HOLE.

Personal Views.

THE HISTORIAN'S DILEMMA.

Most people, if asked to pronounce which task required the higher intellectual gifts, the novelist's or the historian's, would probably pronounce in favour of the novelist's. Diligence in research and collation of records, the critical faculty which, though not born of, is largely strengthened by study, added to the power of consecutive narrative—these might be judged adequate equipment for the chronicler of any period; whereas the novelist, while he cannot dispense with these qualities, must also be gifted with imagination and keen observation. He has not only to record events and describe character, but he must create them; apparently there is all the difference between the two industries that exists between manufacture and invention. Perhaps it may be shown wherein such a parallel is faulty, and that the very abundance of authentic material which is at command of the modern historian, so far from simplifying his undertaking, is an actual hazard to its consummation.

History is quite a different thing from chronicle—its very etymology bears that it is a learning or teaching. Nobody has ever defined its object better than Thucydides—"a true view of what has happened, and of the like or similar things which, *in accordance with human nature*, will probably happen hereafter." Is there not here something calling for the highest degree of imagination, the liveliest sense of observation? Yet it is a melancholy reflection how many intellects of the highest order

must have been deterred from the work of history by the drudgery of research. This, even though exhilarated by occasional spasms of pursuit more stirring than any fox-hunt, is apt to clog the nimblest imagination; yet, if the imagination nods, how shall apprehension be had of the springs and course of action under the infinite phases of human occasion?

Lord Rosebery, always a fascinating writer, has given us a little masterpiece in his narrative of the last dark years of Napoleon. Nothing could be more vivid—nothing, one feels, more true to life—than the picture of hapless impotence; the resistless energy which had shrivelled the map of Europe like the breath of a furnace, applied to dibbling beans and casting terraces in a garden plot: the accents, which had once rolled forth over a cowering hemisphere, addressed to snubbing Gourgaud and defying Hudson Lowe. All that is past bettering; once and for all time we have a presentment of the life on St. Helena to which any further touches would be superfluous.

But, once beyond the narrow bounds of the island, the wings of Lord Rosebery's imagination begin to droop. The task of collating a stupendous mass of conflicting testimony seems to have crippled his sense of proportion. When he pours the vials of his contempt upon the Liverpools, the Castlereaghs, the Bathursts, who decreed the captivity, and prescribed its details, he forfeits as a historian the confidence which he had won without reserve as a biographer. When he girds at the English Cabinet for want of "magnanimity" in the custody of a fallen foe, he blinks the magnitude of the qualities which had sustained these men in almost single-handed contest against the Powers of Europe; the agony of strain through which they had led the nation; the depth of their resolution that, come what might, no loophole should be left ajar for its recurrence. England had saved Europe; England had undertaken custody of the man condemned as a culprit by Europe; her Ministers fulfilled the undertaking. Compared with that unflinching performance, all the discomforts—the indignities, if you will—of a single individual, the squabbles whether he were to be styled Emperor or General, whether the rats in his dwelling might not have been more regularly trapped, whether a more tactful guardian than Hudson Lowe might not have been found—all these things, even the destiny of a Napoleon, sink into pettiness in presence of the actual accomplishment—the deliverance of Europe. It is partly owing to the limitations of his narrative, and partly out of intense commiseration for the fate of "an intelligence and a force too gigantic for the welfare and security of the world," that Lord Rosebery has inverted the true perspective.

On the other hand, Lord Rosebery has not suffered by the debilitating atmosphere which gathers round the student of history when he suffers his study to become a cell. He has studied closely, laboriously, for without close application nobody can hold a clue to the ever-increasing labyrinth of Napoleonic literature; but he has never lost touch with τό ἀνθρώπειον; he understands the sources of human energy, the channels of human conduct. A measure of detachment is essential to the historian, but it must not sever him from the soil in which history has its roots. He must remain in the world and be—or, at least, have been—of the world; for it is only a man of the world who can describe how the world wags. No secluded Whig could have prepared Lord Rosebery's admirable monograph of Pitt.

It is no paradox to insist on imagination as a vital part of the historian's equipment, even in these days, when such vast stores of original material have been unlocked. Fielding frankly preferred fiction to history, because, while he recognized nothing that was true in history but the names and dates, in fiction these were the only things that were not true. What he insisted upon was τό ἀνθρώπειον. Scrupulous accuracy, anxious weighing of evidence, watchful repression of prejudice and refining of predilection—these are cardinal virtues, but without the saving grace of imagination the historian becomes but as sounding brass or as a tinkling cymbal.

There is no country of its size which has afforded so much and such complex material for history as Scotland. Hector Boece described events in that country as he considered they ought to have happened, George Buchanan as he wished people to believe they had happened. In striking contrast to such unscrupulous writers come such conscientious scribes as Mr. Hume Brown, who gave us last year the first part of a history of Scotland on the modern plan. It is a blameless performance, and one of undoubted usefulness, yet one rises from its perusal with a feeling of chill dismay—with the disheartening conviction that henceforth history and literature are two separate things. Fidelity! every statement rests upon unimpeachable testimony; accuracy! you may lay a thousand guineas against a back number of the *Daily Mail* upon the correctness of every date; lucidity! there is not an ambiguous phrase or faulty construction in the whole volume. But the sap! where is it? Where are the colour, the movement, the jar of jealousy, the consuming fires of avarice and passion, the unavailing regrets, the fierceness of despair?

Of all the scenes of Scottish history there is none more dimmed with pathos than the end of the fifth James. He had begun to reign with more than the precocious energy of the Stuarts; his aim had been loftier, his intentions better, than any of them; he had manfully striven to set his unruly realm in the paths of peace; but before he reached middle age all had come to naught and worse than naught. The disgraceful rout of Solway Moss, the consciousness of his own unknightly conduct in hanging back while his army went forward to destruction, broke the heart of him. Childless, save for the ill-starred babe Mary, he beheld the clouds descending upon the kingdom which he truly loved and had tried so hard to save, and with his dying breath he murmured the homely prophecy "It came wi' a lass and it will gang wi' a lass."

How is all this treated by our modern historian? There is no documentary evidence of James' pusillanimity before his last battle; we must beware, therefore, of precipitate opinion upon his conduct. The disaffection and suspected fidelity of his nobles, the inexperience of his new commander-in-chief—the "mere gentleman of cloak and sword"—were circumstances which may or may not have influenced the King's behaviour: but we feel that we cannot with propriety say more than that "for reasons unexplained James had not accompanied his army, but had remained at Lochmaben to await the result of the invasion." As for the dying words, there, again, we have only hearsay to go upon. It is most unusual for Kings to talk in broad Scots, which gives an unbecoming air of levity to the occasion. Still, it was an important utterance, and we shall not commit ourselves if we refer to it thus. "In words that are variously reported he exclaimed that the Crown had come to his house by a woman, and would pass from it by a woman."

Another risk to which abundance of minute information exposes the historian, and especially the biographer, is the destruction or mutilation of ideals. The radiance of a great luminary blinds us to a few great spots on its surface. The annals of the Regency contain no act equal in turpitude to David's betrayal of Uriah; it is not glozed in the chronicles of Israel, yet David remains for all time the ideal patriotic King.

But no fame could shine through the cloud of petty frailties and imperfections which research might exhume from private papers where a sufficient quantity of these have been preserved. There is an insatiable appetite among readers for tittle-tattle about the departed great; the temptation to pander to it is sometimes considerable; it is to the credit of English historians that none of them has hitherto yielded to it to the same extent as did Brantôme and Tallemant-des-Réaux, although one cannot but be thankful that these dear gossips were hampered by no shackles of respect for persons. Not that it is unimportant for the historian to be in possession of evidence of shortcomings or specific weaknesses on the part of characters in his narrative; such knowledge is essential to understanding *τό ἀνθρώπινον*; the right use of such knowledge is what distinguishes the biographer from the mere showman. His critical faculty enables him to keep the dark traits in their balanced proportion; his literary sense will save him from the nauseous vice of undue eulogy.

Perhaps an example of true portraiture by a contemporary of one of the least honoured of English Kings may be cited, though it is from the hand of a very unpretending writer. Sir Thomas Gray, of Heton, beguiled his captivity in Edinburgh Castle by composing during 1355 and following years a history of his country, which he fantastically named "Scalacronica," in allusion to the cognisance of his family which was, and remains to this day, a scaling ladder. The narrative has never been translated from the original quaint Norman French, in which he probably dictated it to some cleric. It was printed by the Maitland Club, one hundred and twenty copies only been pulled, but it is so full of fresh observation by an experienced soldier that it is worth far more in many respects than many more elaborate monkish compilations. Here is his sketch from life of Edward II., whom he had no great cause to judge leniently.

> He was neither industrious nor beloved by the great men of his realm, although he was liberal-handed and amiable beyond measure to those whom he loved, and very sociable with his intimates. Also he was in person one of the strongest men in his realm.

When the Bishop of Hertford made known to him at Kenilworth his deposition—

> He accepted the whole thing patiently, gave his son the blessing of God and his own, and prayed God to make him wise and to grant him more grace and favour with the people than he himself had ever obtained. . . . In discourse he was wise, gentle and amiable, although indolent in action. He was very skilful in things he set his hand to; too free with his intimates, reserved with strangers, and indiscreet in his attachment to a particular person.

HERBERT MAXWELL.

STUDIES IN RECENT FICTION.

I.—THE LONG NOVEL.

We have been told of late that what the British public loves is "a good long read"; and as our average novelists produce thicker, heavier, and more closely-printed volumes every day, there seems no reason to doubt the statement. Perhaps something that I overheard at Mudie's may throw a light on the preference. It was at the time, so critical for the publishers, when the ancient "three-decker" died the death, and the six-shilling novel rose from its ashes. "Only one volume?" said the lady I overheard. "I want something that lasts." "You will find as much in that one, I assure you," said the assistant within the circle, "as there is in the ordinary three. Look at the print alone, madam!" The idea in this case was plainly that by being offered one book when she expected three the subscriber was not getting her money's worth. True, she could have taken out two other six-shilling novels as fat as the first; but the first was by one of her idols, and she had looked forward to a lingering enjoyment of the two opening volumes, with visions of the third still to come.

For my part I sympathize—not in the longing for three volumes; they tumbled about and necessitated straps or a string-bag (that emblem of British matronhood)—but I, too, when a set of characters has gained my affection, feel it a wrench and an outrage when I am untimely taken from them, even in the interests of art. The author may be perfectly right from a literary point of view. The effective situation may have been reached, after which all is anti-climax. The particular phase he wished to treat, and had made sure of by study, may have been treated and done with. He has earned his "Finis." But none the less do we grudge him his rest. There is always a feeling left after reading a short, exquisitely complete book, into which no unnecessary phrase has been admitted, that the author had his literary self-consciousness too much to the fore; that he loved his style and his effectiveness and cared little for his characters. I have seen such a book read with the keenest appreciation by people who look at literature from the inside. "Listen to this sentence!" they will exclaim, "could any one but Smithson put it just like that?" And Smithson will be in their envious minds from the first cover to the last. As for Smithson's characters, they do not gain such a hold upon us that we are loth to leave them. They are Smithson's characters—no more. There is, on the other hand, a feature in some long novels which has a special attraction for those numerous persons whose ambition it is to be literary. They will settle down with a sigh of real enjoyment to a good long tautological, introspective production. They will not be obliged to concentrate their tired brains for an hour; but they can be made to feel that they are using them for five hours, with the *minimum* of exertion. There will be no doubt as to "the story." And the characters of the leading people in the book will probably not only explain themselves but be explained at immense length by the conscientious author.

Of course, all long novels are not spun-out or tautological. Some would be difficult to prune. But there are one or two recognized ways of making the "good long read" which is desired. Let me, with the help of an instance or two, ask what these methods are, premising that I do not propose to criticize the books referred to; that has been done elsewhere. Nor do I cavil at them. They have given me hours of solid enjoyment. The laying bare of their machinery is the sole discourtesy I shall use.

Take Tolstoy's method, to begin with. He is not an English novelist, but to me his influence on the long novel is very clear. What makes his books so long is not only their wealth of incident and their enormous number of characters. It is the extraordinary amount of detail that he admits into his descriptions. It is not all irrelevant; there may be character in the way a man brushes his hair, or asks for the mustard; and Tolstoy fears lest we should miss the minutest characteristic. Take his last book, "Resurrection." The hero takes a cab; the driver is described. He is a man with a fresh, open countenance; his chin is such and such a shape; his hair, &c. And he leads to nothing. His chin might have been quite another shape without detriment to the hero, to Tolstoy, or to us. Nekhludoff goes to pay a call. A "very handsome footman, with whiskers, in a swallow-tail coat," admits him. The family are at dinner. After their names and positions at the table have been given, and the difficulty felt by the host in masticating with false teeth has been touched upon, there is a great deal more "business" before Nekhludoff is allowed to sit down and begin dining. "Stephen," says the host, with his mouth full. "Immediately, your Excellency," says Stephen. And he "made a sign with his head to the handsome footman, who began at once to arrange the untouched knives and forks, and the napkin, elaborately folded with the family crest uppermost," &c. It gives the necessary idea of ostentation, certainly; but we are not spared the way in which the diners push back their chairs and rinse their mouths. With so little use of the power of selection, it is difficult to see why Tolstoy ever leaves anything out (to what

dishes did Nekhludoff help himself?); and it is easy to see how "Resurrection" covers 555 pages of small print. English writers of the same school are Mr. Keary and (in a lesser degree) Mr. George Moore.

There is a second way of building an immense novel. That is by beginning in really good time. A week or two before the birth of the central figure is a good starting-point. It will take you a good thirty pages to get to the first pair of shoes; and an inspiring vista, stretching through measles on page 200 to matrimony in the far distance, opens before the eager reader. Madame Sarah Grand's "Beth Book" is a glorious example. Beth is interesting from her cradle to her first crib, and from that to a four-poster. There is, therefore, really no reason why we should be excused any of it; though I did experience an irrelevant wish to smile when, after reading for an hour or so, I arrived at the place where Beth first became aware of light, like a blinking puppy. I sobered down, of course, into becoming seriousness to consider her "short-coating." Dr. Margaret Todd, who writes under the name of "Graham Travers," and is the author of "Mona Maclean," a novel of thirteen editions, has the same method in her "Windyhaugh." We do not begin quite so early in her case. The heroine is seven, and religious questions are agitating her soul. She is a fascinating, much misunderstood little person, and we do not grudge her our attention during the two hundred pages or so which lead her up to girlhood. "Windyhaugh" has 446 pages in all.

Yet another method is one that only a master should attempt, for when clumsily practised it exasperates. Mr. Henry James uses it to perfection. He takes one single situation or problem and dances round it to exquisite music till he is tired. He draws near it, "drags away" a little bit, plays with it like a conjurer, dances away again—in short, to drop a tiresome metaphor, he talks about the thing, and makes his characters talk about it and think about it and feel about it and fulfil their salvation by it (or the very reverse), until the thing looms absolutely gigantic, and excuses any smallness of print. Somebody covets the furniture of a house; somebody wonders what an unfortunate little girl thinks of her parents' marital relations; and that is more than enough. Not many authors dare this method. They are afraid of the bluff English public requesting them to "cut the cackle and come to the 'osses." Mr. Joseph Conrad ventures something very like it, however. In his "Nigger of the Narcissus" my attention was strained to the breaking-point over the one ghastly question as to whether the wonderful "nigger" was dying or shamming. And now, in his "Lord Jim," much the same thing happens. The hero, Jim, has done one cowardly act. What it is we are only allowed to guess through chapter after chapter. At last it comes out. He has deserted his ship because he felt that she was sinking; and she was crowded with helpless emigrants. It certainly is an interesting case. Jim is heroism itself when he is prepared for a danger. If it takes him unawares, he is as likely as not to be dreaming romantic dreams of his own bravery and to be startled by an interruption into some fatal, instinctive act of cowardice as actually happens. Mr. Joseph Conrad gives us Jim's own words upon the matter, the thoughts of his hearer upon the matter, his hearer's impressions of Jim himself, Jim's impressions of his hearer, and so on. It is subtle, psychological, interesting. I did not weary of it. But who shall say that it is not a method, however inevitable, of lengthening out a novel?

The type of long novel which I should call the most legitimate of all is the type favoured by writers like Miss Sydney Grier. She thinks out her characters, their difficulties, their romances, their places in the politics of her imaginary Thracias, and other fascinating regions, so thoroughly, and takes us with them through it all with so few digressions and so little comment that it is difficult to see where the books would gain by being shorter. Some may find "A Crowned Queen" over-long; but it is hard to say which of Ernestine's adventures could have been left out. In fact, if an author has a really good story to tell and tells it without padding, letting the people in it describe themselves, he can hardly be too long-winded, however many pages he may fill. Meanwhile, the less critical of the public will like him if he draws all their conclusions for them, gives them photographs as well as pictures, enlarges on every detail, and, above all, does a little moralizing by the way. So that, good or bad, the path of the lengthy writer seems the shortest way to success.

A. H.

THE DRAMA.

"THE LIKENESS OF THE NIGHT"—"THE SWASHBUCKLER."

In Mrs. Clifford's serious, not to say sombre, drama *The Likeness of the Night* you have another of the "problem plays" so irritating to the numerous class of playgoers who prefer to give their brains a rest in the playhouse. For my part I should plead for catholicity of taste; let us get what fun we can out of problem plays, as we get what fun we can out of ballet or a patter-song by Mr. Dan Leno. The mistake is to take any of these amusements too seriously. We are apt to forget that problem plays solve nothing. It is as absurd to ask the question "What does it prove?" about any one of them as it is to ask it about the Moonlight Sonata. And the reason is simple. The theatre never tells the whole truth. You cannot tell the whole truth about anything to a miscellaneous crowd; you would shock the public conscience. Socrates tried it (not in the theatre, but my argument, as the French say, "subsists"), and the representatives of the compact majority made him drink the hemlock. More particularly the theatre can never tell the whole truth about the relations between men and women. There are some truths here which are better ignored. Nor is the whole truth known save to the interested parties. "Il y a tant de choses," said George Sand to an indiscreet person who questioned her about her connexion with Musset, "il y a tant de choses entre deux amants dont eux seuls au monde peuvent être juges!" Truths so elusive, so secret must not be blurted out before a gaping crowd of amusement-seekers.

In no wise can the stage tell the truth about cases of "two establishments." These cases, as we know, arise from the survival of the bigamous instincts in a society outwardly based on strict monogamy. Now the ways of nature are very curious, far too curious for satisfactory investigation by the unscientific methods for the stage, even if the stage came to the subject with an open mind instead of holding, as it is bound to hold, a brief for the prosecution—namely, the current social system. I have in my recollection a case of "two establishments" which would have seemed monstrous on the stage and yet in reality was not. The man was not a fickle man, not in the least a sensualist; he simply had a double dose of the domestic virtues. He was not satisfied with less than two homes. Some time ago there was a report in the papers of a man who had two wives at opposite ends of the King's-road, Brighton—one at Kemp Town, the other at Hove. This was tempting Providence, and one fine day both wives found they had come to meet the same gentleman at the railway station. There was another notorious case in which a sporting journalist was killed in a cab accident. Two widows turned up to identify the body and to quarrel over the "estate." They lived in neighbouring London streets, and neither had so much as suspected the other's existence. I should be sorry to deliver a final judgment on any one of these cases; I have not the materials. Nor has any one else.

Now the stage, more especially of late, asks us to form a judgment on cases of this kind. Or, rather, the playwright implies a judgment and invites our approbation. And we agree (or disagree) with the playwright, but "get no forrarder." For the playwright first invents his characters and events to fit in with his predetermined judgment. But nature does not go to work in that way. Let us be careful, then, to take these problem plays for what they are—mere exercises in the amusement to be found in conclusions drawn from purely arbitrary premisses; a picture of what the world would be like if there were not another side to the cognizable and presentable side of the truth. From that point of view it is possible to find a rational, if some-

what gloomy, pleasure in *The Likeness of the Night*. The wife is a precisian and a prude, with a warm heart which she is constitutionally incapable of wearing on her sleeve, even before her husband. She is neglected, and we pity her. The mistress is a more or less innocent woman, innocent enough not to alienate our sympathies. Mrs. Clifford evidently tries her best to hold the balance fairly. But she has her thesis to maintain. She has to see that the institution of monogamy is vindicated by events, and we are not convinced. The wife commits suicide upon discovering the existence of the mistress. Well, that furnishes a dramatic catastrophe, which is an indispensable requisite in any serious play: but away goes the problem. For we want to know how these things "pan out" in ordinary life, not how they affect people with suicidal tendencies. After the wife's death, the husband and mistress marry. Then they discover (what in reality they would have guessed all along) that it was they who drove the wife to her death. Thereupon, they say, is an end of their love and happiness; "between them flows the sea," bearing the wife's corpse. Thus conscience comes in to reinforce and vindicate the law of the land. It is a properly moral conclusion, but is it true? Is it true in the special case in which the dramatist has been able to arrange all the incidents *à volonté*? Perhaps; though even that is arguable. I think that (after the last act, say in a year or two) oblivion would scatter her poppy, and the second best bed room in the new household would be turned into a nursery. But, granting Mrs. Clifford's conclusion, I find no solution of the general problem of two households. There can be no solution where the facts are "cooked." Nature does not cook her facts. The real point of the play is not in any "problem"; it is in the little truthful touches of womanly passion and grief, in the picture of timid, inarticulate love, fighting helplessly against a more blithe, unfettered affection. Mrs. Kendal plays the wife superbly—I will use no meaner word. She can move even the men in her audience to furtive tears; and tears in the playhouse are worth all the problem-solving in the world. Mr. Kendal, too, has become a very capable actor, in a quiet, unobtrusive way. I do not think his way is precisely that of the man typified in this play, the man of bigamous temperament; nor, for that matter, do I think that Mrs. Clifford has precisely hit upon the right type. But the actor, and the type, pass muster; and the play being written by a woman of letters is on the whole a "distinguished" bit of work. And now that playgoers have seen it, and taken their pleasure in it, and gone home, and (perhaps) sincerely believed that the relations of men and women are just like that, why, let us have done with this particular theme for a time. The drama assigns more importance to it than it possesses in actual life. If I am to be perpetually spending my evenings at the playhouse with these triangular domesticities I shall be driven in sheer weariness to sigh for a social revolution which shall recognize Mormonism or the Oriental harem or Plato's community of women. That would be a most uncomfortable revolution no doubt, and terribly expensive to the already overburdened householder; but it would at least rid us of these sexual problem plays.

In Mr. Louis Parker's romantic comedy *The Swashbuckler* Miss Evelyn Millard, in doublet and hose, shows us how she will some day play Rosalind. Mr. Waring is her Orlando, an Orlando with a difference, an Orlando-Cyrano or Orlando-D'Artagnan; a gallant hero but an indifferent lover, without a note of tenderness in his voice. Neither actor nor actress is at ease, because they evidently do not know whether they are engaged in a game of sincere or of mock romance. How should they, when Mr. Parker does not seem to know himself? By its uncertainty of mood—now poetically romantic, with moonlight effects, now extravagantly comic with sly Gilbertian touches—the play leaves the audience completely puzzled. I do not profess to be wiser than the rest of the public; Mr. Parker really ought to tell us what he meant, for he is a clever man, and I daresay he will have no difficulty in proving that we have been perversely dense. Let him then make haste to shame us in another *Critique de l'Ecole des Femmes*.

A. B. WALKLEY.

Reviews.

ANTHOLOGIES.

The Oxford Book of English Verse (1250-1900). Chosen and Edited by A. T. Quiller Couch. (Oxford: The Clarendon Press. 7s. 6d.)

A new anthology is almost as difficult to criticize as to make: for, however sincerely the critic may attempt to put himself into the anthologist's place and assume his point of view, he is sure to find his judgment intruded upon at every turn by personal predilections and preconceptions. And this is particularly the case when the collection, as in Mr. Quiller Couch's handsome volume, is brought "down to date," and includes poems by those living writers concerning whom criticism has yet to make up its mind. It is impossible that there should be agreement here, and Mr. Couch is sure to be assailed during the next few weeks with innumerable suggestions from "irresponsible reviewers" anxious to prove to him how much better they could have done the work than he. For our own part, we have no taste for any such easy and inconclusive controversy. Mr. Quiller Couch is a critic of trained and sensitive judgment. He has undertaken a most difficult task, which he has performed with evident care and tact, and he deserves sincere congratulation upon the completion of a rich and (on the whole) successful enterprise. That his judgment should prove infallible no one could expect; and, where the object was to include so much, it was inevitable that some things should be omitted which might have been retained, and some retained which an exclusive taste might wish away. But wherever we have cause to differ from him, we must be understood to do so with deference, recognizing that Mr. Couch can probably defend his judgment in every instance as readily as we ourselves can impugn it. So much at least is due to the spirit and labour of his selection.

There have been many anthologies published during the last few years, but no competent critic would be prepared to question that the standard by which they must all be compared at the outset is still that of Palgrave's "Golden Treasury." You may enlarge upon that classic collection, or you may reduce from it, but in all essentials it remains the unit of taste. Mr. Couch, for his part, has enlarged upon it, and that in no niggardly spirit. His 1,050 pages contain 883 separate poems as against 327 in "The Golden Treasury"; his list of authors comprises 269 names, while Palgrave's has no more than 81. This considerable increase is, of course, to some extent attributable to the fact that Palgrave expressly excluded all writers then living, while Mr. Couch sets no such restriction upon himself, and is therefore able to include selections, not only from Tennyson, the Brownings, the Rossettis, and William Morris, but from Mr. Swinburne, Mr. Robert Bridges, Mr. Meredith, and the other masters of Victorian verse. But the later poets by no means exhaust the list of Mr. Couch's additions; he has drawn from the whole field of English poetry in his amplification of Palgrave, and in some cases he has very sensibly reinforced his predecessor. The revived interest in Donne, for example, stimulated by Mr. Edmund Gosse's fruitful labours, has suggested a rich selection from his work; and Donne makes no appearance at all in "The Golden Treasury." The ballad poetry, again, has been largely drawn upon by Mr. Couch, somewhat too largely, indeed, for the maintenance of a very high poetic standard, but not without a sense of breezy virility which gives life and vigour to the volume. The lyrical poems of Beaumont and Fletcher are also given due space, and songs such as "Now the lusty spring is seen" and the "Hymn to Pan" would add lustre to any collection. Several less familiar poets, moreover, are restored to their fitting company; such as Sir Robert Ayton, Thomas Flatman, and Charles Webbe—singers, indeed, of the second magnitude, but of distinct and memorable brilliancy. In all these additions Mr. Couch has done real service to the study of English poetry, preserving proportion, and suggesting the links that connect period with period.

There is a further respect in which Palgrave's editing was open to criticism. After stating in his preface that his choice had always been dictated by the excellence of a poem as a whole rather than in parts, he would yet give himself the license of selecting verses or passages, and would then print them without confessing the mutilation. Thus in "The Golden Treasury" Crashaw's "Whoe'er she be, that not impossible She," is reduced to half its proper length, while three verses are selected from Smart's "Song of David" and rearranged in a different order. In this respect Mr. Couch is rightly more restrained. It is true that he has not the confidence to print Crashaw's poem in full, but it is lopped of but four verses, and those of questionable merit, while of the eighty-six verses of Smart's extraordinary medley of inspiration and obscurity eighteen are here printed, and those the best. A less familiar amplification is that of Mrs. Barbauld's "Life," though here the advantage is less determined, the lines which Palgrave omitted being otiose and rather out of tune with the studious simplicity of the beginning and end of that melodious nocturne. These are, indeed, very difficult questions for the editor to decide; but, on the whole, we incline to the printing of a poem as nearly as possible in the form in which the author left it. Where a writer cannot be worthily represented by his shorter poems, he is, perhaps, best omitted altogether.

This difficulty is emphasized when it happens that a poet of great national and poetic significance owes his supremacy almost entirely to long and sustained pieces, such as the narrative and the epic. The anthologist is naturally anxious to give him space commensurate with his importance, but it is clearly impossible to include slices from an epic in a lyrical anthology. Milton and Byron, for example, must always appear at a disadvantage in this respect; and it will, perhaps, shock the enthusiasts of the Byron revival to find that Mr. Couch gives Tennyson nearly five times as much space as the author of "Don Juan." But the five lyrics by which Byron is represented are unquestionably his best, and we are glad, for our part, that his latest editor has had the courage to exclude the popular "Fare thee well, and if for ever," which, with its false protestation and exclamatory insincerity, had for so long a while a truly vicious effect on contemporary sentiment. With Tennyson, however, we come to the perilous part of Mr. Couch's enterprise—the portion of the volume devoted to contemporaries. Here so many interests and predilections are brought into play that complete success is impossible, and we cannot say that this portion of the volume is marked by so sound a judgment as the earlier. In the case of Tennyson himself, the selections are in the main good, but we are not quite satisfied that Mr. Couch has chosen either the most characteristic or the most beautiful passages from "In Memoriam." To select here was peculiarly difficult; but we should certainly have expected to find the movement which begins

> If one should bring me this report,
> and that other,
> When Lazarus left his charnel-cave,

which, taken either apart or together, contain two of Tennyson's most striking and original reflections upon different aspects of death. Turning to Browning, we miss "Evelyn Hope," which should certainly have been chosen for its simplicity, and for its direct expression of Browning's particular theory of immortality and of the perpetuity of human energy. Nor can we reconcile ourselves to the omission either of "Rabbi ben Ezra" or "Abt Vogler." Neither of these, it is true, is lyrical in the sense that pure song is lyrical, but Mr. George Meredith's "Love in the Valley" is equally removed from absolutely lyric utterance, and is, nevertheless, given eight pages. These, however, are almost questions of definition, concerning which it is vain to argue. On the other hand, there can be no question of the lyric quality of Hood's "I remember, I remember," which Mr. Couch has passed over in favour of the rather artificial "Death-bed." Homeliness of sentiment can hardly have been the excluding blemish upon "I remember," for Peacock's pretty and touching "Love and Age" is essentially homely, and Mr. Couch has rightly included that. It is hard to see the exercise of consistent criticism here.

William Morris also comes off very badly. A single verse, and that by no means the strongest, is all we get from "Love is Enough," and "The Haystack in the Floods" was surely more worth a place than James Hogg's "Kilmeny." Both these poems have narrative qualities, and are thus open to objections in a volume of lyrics, but Morris' has more of the ballad lilt, and is, in addition, one of his most characteristic word-tapestries. Patmore is well represented, though we should have liked to find the celebration of "Winter" side by side with "Departure." Rossetti, on the contrary, is hardly used, and it is, perhaps, fair to conclude, taking this in connexion with the poverty of quotation from Morris, that Mr. Couch is no friend to the Pre-Raphaelites. Still, it is difficult to see why "The Song of the Bower" should be omitted; since its musical fervour and intensity renders it an admirable companion to O'Shaughnessy's "Fountain of Tears," which rightly gets its due. On the other hand, a good many later poets receive a more generous welcome than this austere treatment of the early Victorians would seem to justify. Mr. Wilfrid Scawen Blunt has seven pages to Mr. Austin Dobson's two; and he would be a bold advocate who should pretend that the workmanship of the two poets stands in any just relationship to this division of favour. Mr. Robert Buchanan, Madame Darmesteter, Mr. Theophile Marzials, the late Lord De Tabley, Professor Courthope, Mr. Arthur Symons, and Mr. A. E. Housman have not a line given them, and in their place are some modern writers of verse of whom we are unwilling to speak ungenerously, but of whom it may at least be said that their work, as exhibited in Mr. Couch's pages, makes no very insistent claims for such conspicuous recognition.

Still, as we said at the outset, there may be much disputing over taste, and very little finality in the dispute. We have ventured to indicate points at which we differ from Mr. Couch, both in the matter of exclusion and of inclusion; but for the general impartiality and judgment of his choice we have nothing but admiration. In the case of contemporaries it is almost impossible to hold the balance evenly; a dozen different critics might make a dozen different anthologies, and it would probably be found that all serious divergences of their taste were confined to the contemporary field. That Mr. Couch has shown some inconsistencies of judgment is, we believe, indisputable; it would have been a miracle had he done otherwise. But it is equally indisputable that he has produced an anthology ampler than any existing in single-volume form, full of imperishable poetry, and marred by very little that falls below a dignified standard. In doing this he has done much; and his work invites our cordial appreciation and respect.

British Anthologies. Edited by Professor Edward Arber, F.S.A. (Frowde. 2s. 6d.) The Surrey and Wyatt Anthology (1509-1547 A.D.). The Goldsmith Anthology (1745-1774 A.D.).

There is a singular interest about both these books. In the first, thought seems to be struggling for expression. Poetry is there, the feeling is true, but the form is often uncouth. It is clear that this is due more to lack of skill in the lighter touch than to any difference of accentuation between English of the sixteenth and of the nineteenth centuries, for Chaucer is more musical, easier to read and to enjoy than some of the writers here represented, and particularly than the anonymous verse writers. On the other hand, the Goldsmith volume shows great accuracy and range of expression with a narrower range of thought.

With Sir Thomas Wyatt, English Literature first makes acquaintance with two foreign forms: the sonnet and the *terza rima*. Wyatt succeeds best with the latter, yet this it is which has not taken root in English. On the whole, both he and Surrey manage the *terza rima* with some skill. Wyatt's "Town Mouse and Country Mouse" is a quaint thing: one sees the Mouse take her sister "by the hand," and hears her swear "by the rood." Surrey, too, tries his hand at fable, or rather allegory; and there is a prevailing taste for that form which needs a Bunyan or a Spenser to make it really pleasing. From Gavin Douglas,

whose strong manly verse should be oftener read than it is, we have a long allegory, "King Heart," which seems to foreshadow the City of Mansoul and the "Purple Island." Skelton's burlesque elegy on "Philip Sparrow" is quite amusing, though too much spun out. The editor draws attention to a curious list of birds (pp. 144-150) and of the books which a young lady was supposed to read (151-7). Amongst these, Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales" come first, then "Gawen" and "Sir Guy," the Arthurian cycle, romances, classical histories. One is amused to read, of Chaucer, that—

> Now men would have amended
> His English: whereat they bark,
> And mar all they work.

The historian will be interested in two satires against Wolsey. Skelton, "Why Come ye not to Court?" gives a picture of the masterful prelate in the Star Chamber,

> Clapping his rod on the board,
> No man dare speak a word.

The two Friars, Roy and Barlow ("Read me and Be not Wroth") describe the magnificence of his progress. Each poem speaks of him as a butcher or butcher's son. Hunting and seafaring are already passions with English folk. William Gray contributes a stirring song, "The Hunt is Up," and that Royal huntsman Henry VIII. sums up his philosophy in another.

> Pastime with good company
> I love, and shall until I die.
> Grudge who lust, let none deny!
> So God be pleased, thus live will I.
>
> For my pastance,
> Hunt, sing, and dance:
> All goodly sport
> For my comfort:
> Who shall me let?

Who, indeed? Let Cranmer and Wolsey answer; he was "a prince of a right royal courage." Moreover—a sure sign of popular feeling—the anonymous verse sings of the same theme. Here, too, we have the stirring sea-ballads of "John Dory" and "Sir Andrew Barton." The anonymous pieces are many and of high quality: we need only add "The Three Ravens," the "Boar's Head Carols," and a dirge—"O Death, rock me on sleep." Although there is more gloom than is usual with popular poems, love ditties are not wanting. One quaint one deserves mention; it is not often a lover sings of his rival—

> He is worthy,
> Much better than I,
> To have the love of her:
> Therefore, sweet heart,
> Farewell, my part:
> Adieu, sometime my dear.

Henry VIII. himself contributes a doleful love-ditty: by which of his loves inspired, we wonder?

There are several points to criticize in this volume. Some of the words in the glossary are not explained; and, as we have before urged, spelling should not be altered when metre or rime demands the old form. Thus we should read *sweetëly* (p. 2), *wordës* (116), *piggësnye* (286), *than* for *then* (77). We would also suggest *arrearage* for *a rerage* (161), *amended* for *amendeth* (244), and perhaps *Common Pleas* for *Place* (170). Goldsmith is always pleasing, and who will ever tire of the "Deserted Village," or (in another vein) the humorous "Epitaphs on Distinguished Wits"? But why insert Samuel Boyce's clumsy pleasantries, or Arthur Bradley, or the Rev. Alexander Webster, D.D.? Nymphs and swains, Corydons and Phillises abound of course; and the writers cannot shake off their affectations. Shenstone follows up one fine stanza—"Here in cool grot and mossy dell"—with three that smell of the lamp. In minor poetry the Scotch, perhaps, come best out of the trial: "Auld Robin Gray" is not alone. The anonymous pieces number among them some good songs. When they deal with pastoral themes they are as stilted as the rest, with one or two exceptions, such as "When Molly Smiles." But best of this class are convivial songs, or those which echo the sound of war: "The Girl I left behind me," "The Jolly Brisk Tar," "The Jolly Toper," and "True Blue" can hold their own well enough. Other old favourites are "The Friar of Orders Grey," Garrick's "Heart of Oak," and Dibdin's "Thames Waterman."

BOOK PRICES.

The fourteenth volume of Mr. J. H. Slater's Book Prices Current (Elliot Stock, 27s. 6d.), is a chronicle based upon the catalogues of the principal London book sales between October, 1899, and July, 1900, and, like the former volumes, is annotated with valuable bibliographical notes. The lots catalogued reached a total of 38,151, and brought an aggregate of £87,929 2s. 6d., or an average of £2 6s. 2d. per lot. This average is lower than those of the three preceding years, chiefly, we think, because not one library of first-class importance has come upon the market. But Mr. Slater assigns the decrease to the war and the disinclination of people in general to indulge in such luxuries as fine books. The war would have had such an effect had the trade rested solely with England, but in reality it does not, and a glance through "Book Prices Current" discloses the fact that a large proportion of the best books were purchased by agents acting for persons living abroad who were in no way influenced by the operations at the Cape. Really good books, such as fine examples of the works of early printers, the quartos of the older dramatists, and the first editions of the great poets, are always in demand, and nothing seems to check the upward tendency of their prices.

Though the comparative value of the collections dispersed this year is less than those of former years, this volume is quite as bulky as its predecessors. It is indeed too bulky. The interest of the volume is a commercial one, and such entries as "4295, Levy, A., Private Life of Napoleon, 2 vols., 1891—De Maupas, Story of the Coup d'Etat, 2 vols., 1884, together 6 (*sic*) vols. 8vo., £1 1s.," are superfluous. The labour expended upon such entries would have been better devoted to indicating, by some special mark in the Index, which among many entries of one particular work gives its highest price during the sale year.

At the present moment the strongest general demand is for copies of limited editions. As an evidence of this Mr. Slater quotes the prices realized by the Kelmscott and Vale Press publications, but we think the association is hardly a happy one. The Vale books will never reach a similarly high level; they are wanting in many of the essential qualities which mark the Kelmscott volumes as exceptional examples of the printer's art, and they lack the glamour of the personality of the founder which still affects the productions of the Kelmscott Press. This influence, however, will necessarily wane as we get further from Morris' own generation, and even now there are signs that the vogue of the Kelmscott books has reached its limit. Three hundred copies of the "Keats" were published in 1894 at 30s. each. In December, 1895, they were selling at auction for £3 14s., which by March, 1896, had increased to £4 10s. By June, 1898, nearly two years after the death of William Morris, the price had gone up to £11 10s., and by April, 1899, this had grown to £26; but the last price quoted for 1900 by Mr. Slater does not go beyond £27 5s. The other Kelmscott books have more or less shared the fortunes of the "Keats."

As a contrast to this Mr. Slater draws attention to the rapid decline in value of the early Stevensons and Kiplings. On this subject Mr. Slater fails in being the sure guide that we have usually found him. Many of these trifles, he says, "after a period of artificial inflation, have had a most disastrous collapse"—*e.g.*, Kipling's "Schoolboy Lyrics" fell from £135 to £3 5s., while Stevenson's "The Marguerite," Davos Platz, 1882, fell from £4 to £2. But the record price of £135 given for Kipling's book in April, 1899, was for a spotless copy in perfect condition with a MS. title and design on the cover done by the author's

father, whereas the copy which sold for £3 5s. in July last was, as we pointed out at the time, a poor soiled copy which was further disfigured by having a former owner's name written on the title. These blemishes are the things which underent prices. Mr. Slater's remarks on the Stevenson booklet are scarcely more to the point. Early in 1899 a copy of "The Marguerite" was sold for over £5, while other copies went at the same time for much less, one going for as little as 38s., the reason being that a buyer who will have a copy at all costs gives the highest price, while the other copies, as the reckless competition slackens, subside to prices which more nearly approach their true value. Such matters cannot be left unconsidered by collectors who very properly turn for information and guidance to the pages of Mr. Slater's useful compilation.

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

Daniel O'Connell. By Robert Dunlop. (Heroes of the Nations Series.) (Putnam's Sons. 5s.)

Almost every one is a hero to his biographer, or perhaps it would be more correct to say that almost all biographers make their subjects into heroes. Mr. Dunlop is so far exempt from this common failing that, though he writes with hearty appreciation of O'Connell's character, he does not by any means leave the reader under the impression that it had no defects. It is an estimate, no doubt, more generous than O'Connell's enemies would accept, but biographies, if they lean at all to either side, ought rather to be generous than unsympathetic. In his present work, Mr. Dunlop has, as he says, allowed himself to write more freely than was possible in his article in the Dictionary of National Biography; but we do not know that he has thereby sacrificed his impartiality. He says, with truth, that the ashes of controversy are still hot in the path of O'Connell's biographer. For instance, the religious question is not yet entirely at rest, though for the present it takes the form of academic discussions on a Catholic University. And as for the larger question of Home Rule, or Repeal, who can say whether it is finally at rest or not? If we are to judge O'Connell fairly, we must put aside recent agitations, with all the prejudices they excite, and must endeavour to look at Ireland as he and others of his time saw it. No candid man will say that it is a pleasant spectacle, or that our government of Ireland since the Union has left us nothing to regret.

Emancipation, of course, had been in the air long before O'Connell rose to influence. In 1792 and 1793 relief measures had been passed both for Irish and Scotch Catholics, though the line was drawn at Unitarians and Quakers, whom Lord Stowell stigmatized as "unworthy of legislative indulgence." A little later, but before the Union, Pitt himself had said that the admission of Roman Catholics to Parliament might "be agitated in a United Imperial Parliament with much greater safety than it would be in a separate Legislature." It was the King who held out so obstinately against the liberal policy of his Ministers. For a long time what Sir Francis Burdett called "the annual farce" of trifling with the question went on till the famous Clare election, which sent O'Connell to Parliament, frightened Wellington and Peel, and brought about the long-delayed concession. O'Connell had done more than agitate; he had organized the Catholic Association and the Catholic Rent. To quote Mr. Dunlop:—

> As the effects of the Association became apparent, hope was rekindled in the breasts of the peasantry. They felt that something, to use their own words, was being done for them also. It awoke a new life in them. It was their first step out of servitude into nationality. Their gratitude to the author of it was unbounded. To O'Connell, notwithstanding his modest disclaimer to be the originator of the scheme, they ascribed, and rightly ascribed, their regeneration. O'Connell, indeed, was the life and soul, the creator and sustainer, of the whole movement.

These earlier pages are, to our mind, the best part of Mr. Dunlop's work. The Repeal agitation, which was the work of O'Connell's later years, brought him less glory, notwithstanding monster meetings at Tara and elsewhere, and collapsed with surprising suddenness. Perhaps, after all, he left a reputation greater than his actual achievements.

Agitators, however, are always interesting, if only because they make so many enemies, and arouse so much enthusiasm, that it is difficult to ascertain their real characters. For the most part, they have been unduly maligned and extravagantly praised. In any case, O'Connell must remain the greatest agitator in our recent history. His countrymen had undeniable grievances, and were as impressionable as any people in the world, but they never responded as fervently to any one as to O'Connell. Others have piped to them, but never before, or since, have they danced so unanimously. O'Connell's natural gifts, his wit, his shrewdness, his eloquence, and his untiring physical energy, qualified him perfectly for the part he played. Gifts he had, but not accomplishments. Mr. Dunlop notes that, outside legal literature, he was neither learned nor widely read. He was not thoroughly versed in ecclesiastical history, nor even in the history of his own country. He loved poetry, but had no good taste. His manners were unrefined, and his language coarse and aggressive. His gross servility towards George IV. was enough in itself to have driven any other popular favourite from public life. Mr. Dunlop unsparingly describes his absurd compliments and flatteries and grovellings, and quotes the fierce lines written by Byron on the occasion of the Royal visit to Dublin. But, whatever defects he may have had, Mr. Dunlop holds that it was his honesty, an unaccustomed virtue in an Irish leader, which chiefly endeared him to the people.

> Herein lay the secret of his power. No one who knew him ever doubted his integrity. His enemies sneered at his patriotism, and caricatured him as battening on the poverty of the nation he deluded; but his countrymen believed in him, and he never did anything to forfeit their confidence. But, if his integrity was the main cause of the influence he wielded, hardly less important in maintaining it was his sensitiveness to public opinion, and the dexterity with which he was able to extricate himself from any awkward position into which his sometimes too precipitate judgment drove him. Unbending in anything affecting principle, he knew the value of yielding on matters open to discussion, and the frankness with which he admitted his error, while it conciliated public opinion, served to strengthen his claim as leader.

It should be added that the book contains several good portraits and political caricatures, and views of places associated with O'Connell's career.

THEOLOGY.

A Faith for To-day: Suggestions Towards a System of Christian Belief. By R. J. Campbell, B.A. (J. Clarke. 6s.)

The Ascent Through Christ: A Study of the Doctrine of Redemption in the Light of the Theory of Evolution. By E. Griffith-Jones, B.A. (J. Bowden. 7s. 6d.)

The destructive criticism which threatened to crush the Christian faith in the middle of the century has had a curiously stimulating effect upon it; indeed, one may safely say that, so far as thinking men are concerned, Christianity is twice as much alive to-day as it was in the year 1800. The superstitious exaltation of the Old Testament, which weighed so heavily upon Christian thought that whole tracts of old-fashioned theology are to modern eyes merely childish, has disappeared through the efforts of Christian students themselves. The doctrine of evolution, on the other hand, has freed Christianity from the unsound position into which it had drifted through a too ready acceptance of the first blundering theories of scientific men. Christianity, instead of being in opposition to "free thought," has become a freed system of thought itself; with the result

that its old central doctrines are now claiming the allegiance of religious men with a freshness and force unknown a century ago.

The two books before us are good illustrations of this revival. Neither is a great book, nor indeed claims to be more than a modest contribution to Christian thought. There must be plenty of theologians in Great Britain who could turn out as good, and a few who could turn out better works; indeed, every year sees the appearance of one or two essays in theology of the same rank. Yet compare them with what was offered to the religious public by far more famous men a hundred, nay, fifty years ago, and the improvement they illustrate is marvellous. Mr. Campbell is the more interesting writer of the two, both because he is more of an original thinker, and because "A Faith for To-day" shows how much can be done with the sermon. He is quite a young minister—a Nonconformist, for all that he characteristically dedicates his book to a High Church Dean—and he acquired a reputation as a preacher almost as soon as he left college. Here he gives us a collection of his popular sermons. They are real sermons, taken down by a reporter—not essays written for recitation; yet how unlike they are to the popular sermon of tradition! Mr. Campbell not only has the gift of thinking as he speaks, but he has the further power of expressing himself with straightforward lucidity; there is no oratory about these sermons and no fine writing: the preacher just says what he thinks, and what he thinks is worth saying. And the sermons lead on in one connected series from the idea of religion, through the problems of free-will, of evil, of pain, to the Incarnation, prayer, and immortality. Mr. Campbell holds no brief for the old doctrines—he will have nothing to do with the Fall, about which, he remarks, "Jesus never says a word"—but in the main he arrives at orthodox conclusions.

Mr. Griffith-Jones' book is more occupied with natural science and less with philosophy. To him the Incarnation appeals not on the ground of Hegelianism but on that of evolution. He is more popular than Mr. Campbell because he is more concrete; but both make the best sort of religious appeal, and nowadays it seems possible to appeal to thoughtful men and yet be popular. Mr. Griffith-Jones is above all things an apologist, though he tells us that in his younger days he left the traditional faith only to find himself in the end close to the point from which he started, though on higher ground. He deals at length with the modern objections to Christianity, holding that "the nadir of agnostic indifference and negation has been passed," and that the task now before us is to satisfy the longings for a more positive faith. This he attempts to do by a careful analysis in 450 pages of the leading tenets of Christianity, or rather of those elements in it which are not specifically ecclesiastical, for these he is not concerned to defend. Of those doctrines which orthodox Christians hold in common he is a strenuous advocate; he cannot, for instance, bring himself like Mr. Campbell to give up the Fall, but goes even to Grant Allen for materials in its defence. In this apologetic temper he sometimes falls into the errors of the late Professor Drummond; but, on the whole, he raises his defence to a higher level, for he has read widely and makes good use of the thought of writers like Le Conte, Martineau, Gore, Fairbairn, Illingworth, and Milligan. The book is, indeed, an excellent piece of apologetics; and its three sections, "Evolution and the Fall," "Evolution and the Incarnation," "Evolution and the Resurrection," are each full of interesting matter.

International Handbooks to the New Testament.

The appearance of THE SYNOPTIC GOSPELS, by George L. Cary (Putnam, 7s. 6d.), marks a somewhat new departure in English New Testament literature. The chief feature of the series of "International Handbooks" is the free discussion of doctrinal and practical matters, rather than minute attention to points of criticism and scholarship. The volume on the "Synoptic Gospels" follows in the main the arrangement of Holtzmann's "Hand-Commentar" and Huck's "Synopse." It takes, in a series of sections, successive points in the synoptic narrative, and presents the chief results of modern interpretation. The book is accordingly much more adapted to the general reader than a commentary of the conventional type. What strikes a reviewer is the comparative slightness of the various discussions. The opinions at present current in regard to special points (*e.g.*, the synoptic problem or the Resurrection narrative) are stated briefly and clearly, but the author rather collects the views of others than makes any serious attempt to guide the student. Yet, in spite of his impartiality, Mr. Cary scarcely conceals his own standpoint. He frankly admits that there is a mythical element in the Gospels (see, for instance, his remarks on the Birth at Bethlehem). The various miracles, especially those in which the dead are raised, are treated in the ordinary rationalizing fashion. The following is a fairly typical remark (§ 85 on "The Daughter of Jairus"):—

> The Christian faith of later times is here attributed to one who gives no evidence of being in any sense a disciple of Jesus. Notwithstanding the evident belief of the Evangelists that the maiden was really dead, they have preserved in the words of Jesus Himself evidence that He believed her to be still alive; for all three of the accounts report Him as distinctly saying that she was not dead but asleep.

Or, again, in regard to the feeding of the five thousand:—

> We may either rest in the simple conviction that nothing which happened can have been at variance either with the laws of matter or of mind, or we may seek . . . some hypothesis which shall make the circumstances described by the synoptists more intelligible.

In reference to the declaration "This is My Body," the author observes that the word "is" here, as often, "indicates a typical resemblance and not identity." In his remarks on the Resurrection Mr. Cary appears to countenance more decidedly than we should have expected the "resuscitation theory." He says "it may be said to be the fashion to speak of [this theory] slightingly rather than to inquire carefully into its merits." These few references will make the author's standpoint evident. There are useful appendices added to the volume, containing much compressed information. The book will be found serviceable even by those who dislike its Unitarian and anti-supernaturalist standpoint. In any case the series of "International Handbooks" promises to be of unusual interest.

The Kaye Prize Essay.

THE RELATION OF ST. PAUL TO CONTEMPORARY JEWISH THOUGHT (Kaye Prize Essay, 1899), by H. St. J. Thackeray (Macmillan, 6s.), deals with a subject which needs a good deal of exploration. How far St. Paul's theology was influenced by the doctrines and beliefs prevalent among the Jews of his own day could scarcely be determined while the *data* were comparatively scanty. Forty or fifty years ago there was a scarcity of Jewish documents, and such as were known were not supposed to represent the "main current" of Jewish opinion. "The number," however, "of these apocryphal writings has now been considerably increased by discoveries made within the last half-century, and their value as evidences of Jewish thought is becoming generally recognized. It is also recognized that the Rabbinic theology, although not committed to writing till the second century, or later, very often represents traditions which were orally handed down from an earlier age." There are many traces of careful research and independent thought in this essay. Mr. Thackeray successfully impugns the view that St. Paul's description of Christ as "the second Adam" is a Rabbinical title for the Messiah. He is inclined, with some recent writers, to look for the source of St. Paul's doctrine in the teaching of Philo, respecting "the Heavenly" and "the Earthly Man." He shows the frequent connexion between expressions in the Epistles and Jewish legends. The chapter on "St. Paul the Haggadist" is full of interest. In concluding his review of St. Paul's use of the Old Testament, Mr. Thackeray points out wherein lay the Apostle's superiority to the Rabbis. It lay, he says, "in his spiritual insight into the general meaning of the Old Testament . . . in his grasping the correct spirit of the Old

Testament, and, in particular, of those Hebrew prophets to whom he felt himself akin. . . . He believed that there was a mystical meaning in the Old Testament, and we cannot doubt that he was divinely guided to grasp that meaning." We congratulate Mr. Thackeray on a very thoughtful and suggestive book. His conclusion is rather abrupt, but this is the only defect of form that we have noticed. We have detected one slight misprint—on p. 52, margin, 2 Cor. 11, 23, should be 2 Cor. 11, 2, 3.

A Handbook of Textual Criticism.

We have had occasion on previous occasions to praise the "Oxford Church Text Books." The latest of them, THE TEXT OF THE NEW TESTAMENT, by the Rev. K. Lake (Rivingtons, 1s.), is an excellent illustration of the aim of the series of useful little volumes. It is a concise and lucid exposition of a most intricate subject. Textual criticism has now reached a stage at which a popular exposition of its principles is possible, and we have seldom seen this better done than it is in Mr. Lake's first chapter. In just over a hundred pages he puts the reader *au fait* with the *data* for, and the present position of, the textual criticism of the New Testament; the vexed question of the Western Text is dealt with in a long final chapter, in which Mr. Lake states fully and fairly the views of different authorities at the present moment.

The Teaching of the Apostles.

Mr. R. J. Drummond's THE RELATION OF THE APOSTOLIC TEACHING TO THE TEACHING OF CHRIST (Kerr Lectures for 1900, T. and T. Clark, 10s. 6d.) can hardly be described as an important contribution to theology; but it is the work of a conscientious writer, whose aim is to vindicate the New Testament writers as true interpreters of the mind of Christ. He truly says that the cry "Back to Christ" may be not merely hackneyed but misleading. "To set the Apostolic teaching aside is to reflect on the wisdom of the Master, who selected its writers as His disciples, and who guided them by His Spirit to adopt the method of writing their Gospels and Epistles, in order to preserve and transmit to the coming ages the message which He had left heaven to bring."

Two points in Mr. Drummond's argument are worth noting. He protests against an "excessive unification" of separate elements in the New Testament. This was characteristic of the "scholastic" theologians of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Modern criticism has dealt with the New Testament writings as organic parts of a living whole, each portion needing to be interpreted in the light of its author's personality, and of the occasion which elicited it. The light of the New Testament revelation has, in fact, reached us "through a prism," though the several rays "depend on a common pencil of light." On the other hand, the writer evidently thinks that further criticism can only endorse traditional views of the date and authorship of the Apostolic writings. He thinks the evidence points to the Pauline authorship of Ephesians and of the Pastoral Epistles. He agrees with Professor J. B. Mayor in assigning a very early date to the Epistle of James; he places the Apocalypse within the fifteen years following 65 A.D., and he supports the Johannine authorship of the fourth gospel. Mr. Drummond is a trifle colloquial and patronising in discussing the character of the different Apostles, but he shows, nevertheless, much real insight, especially in his estimate of the career of St. Paul. Perhaps, however, the most useful lecture is on "The Features of Christ's Teaching," though it is inevitably coloured by the writer's subjective impressions. Nor is he always consistent in his acceptance of critical theories. Thus he points out that Christ accepted, without criticism, current beliefs which "could not have been corrected without leading Him far from the main purpose of His mission"; but elsewhere he declines to apply this principle of accommodation to Christ's references to the personality of evil spirits.

In spite of some few defects of style and form (such slips as "restoral," "confidentialness," "crave" used as a substantive, and a reference to "Liddle and Scott"), Mr. Drummond has produced a creditable piece of work. His book, in fact, shows how diligently the study of scientific theology is cultivated in the Church to which he belongs.

The Gospel of the Twelve Apostles.

The four tracts edited and translated by Mr. J. Rendel Harris in THE GOSPEL OF THE TWELVE APOSTLES (Cambridge University Press, 5s.) are taken from a Syriac MS. belonging to Mr. Harris' private collection. The title "Gospel of the Twelve Apostles" raises the question whether the Syriac document reproduces any fragment of the Gospel which, under the same name, is said to have been current in the second century. Unfortunately the Syriac MS. does not supply *data* for determining the point. There are indications that the present "Gospel," like the three "Apocalypses" connected with it, was produced in the neighbourhood of Edessa about the middle of the eighth century. It perhaps derives its title from the prominence given in it to the Twelve Apostles, each of whom is connected with one of the twelve tribes. Mr. Harris points out that the "Gospel" has certain points of contact with the Syriac "Doctrine of the Apostles," just as the "Apocalypses" show traces of connexion with the Syriac "Testament of our Lord." The three "Apocalypses," attributed respectively to Simeon Kepha, James, and John, seem to belong to the eighth century. The last of the series contains clear allusions to the history of Chosroes the Great, and the decline of the Persian kingdom, while there seems to be an express reference to Mohammed and "twelve princes" descended from Ishmael, presumably twelve caliphs. We have, in these tracts, so Mr. Harris thinks, specimens of original Syriac work, which are of value as bearing on the decline of Christianity in the East. They certainly presuppose a wide diffusion of Nestorian tenets. The editor's work has been executed, as usual, with scrupulous care and accuracy.

The Ascension of Isaiah.

That curious "apocryph" THE ASCENSION OF ISAIAH has come down to us entire in an Ethiopic version here printed in full. The Bodleian MS. of the "Ascensio Isaiæ" was published in 1819 by Laurence. A more complete edition by Dillmann appeared in 1877. An amended text, based on a careful collation of the MSS., is now published by Dr. Charles with full introduction, notes, and *apparatus criticus* (A. & C. Black, 7s. 6d.). Dr. Charles is known as perhaps the first of living authorities on "Apocalyptic Literature." His editions of the "Book of Enoch" and other pseudepigraphic writings are well known, and he shows here the patient skill and careful investigation which characterize his other works, and which it would be presumptuous to praise. The "Ascension of Isaiah" is a composite work. The oldest and most interesting portion contains an account of Isaiah's martyrdom, probably founded upon some ancient and continuous Jewish tradition. The Apocalyptic portion, based on the vision described in Isaiah vi., is evidently of Christian origin. This section, says Mr. Charles, "is important for the knowledge it affords us of first-century beliefs in certain (heretical) circles as to the doctrines of the Trinity, the Incarnation, the Resurrection, the Seven Heavens, &c." The book also contains a passage which Dr. Charles is inclined to identify with the so-called "Testament of Hezekiah," and which gives a depressing Apocalyptic picture of the condition of the Church in the sub-Apostolic age. The different writings were apparently put together by an unknown editor in the third, or possibly second, century. "The Ascension of Isaiah" is of great interest to the historian of doctrine. Two sections of the introduction deal with the religious conceptions of the book, the second of these containing an important discussion of the Antichrist legend in relation to the Beliar and Neronic myths with which it was gradually fused. The edition lacks no element of completeness. Dr. Charles incorporates the Greek fragment recently recovered by Messrs. Grenfell and Hunt. This fragment contains two complete chapters, and its text, according to Dr. Charles, "was used by Jerome when writing his commentary on Isaiah lxiv. 4."

THE FIRST EPISTLE OF ST. PETER, with Introduction and notes, by J. Howard B. Masterman (Macmillan, 3s. 6d. nett), is intended to serve as "a useful introduction to fuller commentaries," of which at present there is a scarcity. Mr. Masterman gives a brief but scholarly introduction, a paraphrase, and the Greek text with exegetical notes. A few additional notes discuss passages of notorious difficulty. The form of the book is unusually attractive, and we commend it to students who lack the opportunity for reading more elaborate commentaries.

Mr. H. F. Stewart's careful and accurate translation of the THIRTEEN HOMILIES OF ST. AUGUSTINE ON ST. JOHN XIV. (Cambridge University Press) is adapted to the requirements of ordination candidates. He says truly enough that a translation is often "the most convenient and compendious form of commentary." Some good introductory notes are prefixed. The sections on "The Sermon in the Early Church" and "Augustine as Preacher" are brief but excellent. The conspectus of Biblical quotations contained in the thirteen homilies is likely to be useful. Augustine's habit of indulging in constant alliteration and assonance, the epigrammatic structure of his short clauses, and his love of forced antitheses, render the work

of a translator exceptionally difficult. It would no doubt be easy here and there to suggest slight improvements, but we think that Mr. Stewart has, on the whole, done his work with great taste and skill. The notes show signs of wide reading and culture. We hope that Mr. Stewart will do, equally well, further work of the same kind.

THE CELESTIAL COUNTRY (Seeley, 12s. 6d.) contains "Hymns and Poems on the Joys and Glories of Paradise," partly mediæval—the Rhythm of Bernard of Morlaix, the well-known hymn of F. B. P., "My Happy Home," and others, mostly in Neale's translations—and partly modern, from Milton, Watts, H. Vaughan, Cardinal Newman, &c., together with ten aptly selected photographic reproductions of mediæval sacred pictures. A handsome and well-conceived volume.

OTHER NEW BOOKS.

Some Emotions.

We have not for a long time seen anything as pathetic as AN ENGLISHWOMAN'S LOVE-LETTERS (Murray, 5s.). Their authorship is not stated, and must remain unknown; but the prefatory explanation, itself anonymous, tells us, with an air of well-bred reticence, that "a request, conveyed under circumstances which the writer herself would have regarded as all-commanding, urges that they should now be given to the world." From this point of view, we have a tragedy—for it is nothing less—recorded in the faultless letters of the woman who was its victim; a tragedy and a record far too sacred and too piteous for publication. The reader will prefer to console himself with the idea that these letters, deeply as they will move him, are but a work of art, after all; and if he is critical he will derive some sort of comfort from noting their dramatic completeness and their artistic blending of light and shade. And yet, so great is their charm, he may read them a second time, and be inconsistent enough not to know what to think or to wish. It is a tragedy, without plot, story, action, or incident, but it needs none of them. Simply, a girl of twenty-two, cultivated and well-born, is deserted by a man who has loved her well and honestly for a year. Something happens that parts them for ever; she does not know, and cannot be told, what it is. She can only treasure up his declaration, "there is no fault in you; the fault is elsewhere; I can no longer love you as I did. All that was between us must be at an end; for your good and mine the only right thing is to say good-bye without meeting. . . . To me you remain, what I always found you, the best and most true-hearted woman a man could pray to meet." But no clear answer ever comes to her. The rest is silence on his part, and on hers unbroken love and a broken heart. "Most dear, most beloved, you were to me and are. Now I can no longer hold together; but it is my body, not my love, that has failed." But this is not a book to quote, or to review, but to read. It will leave the reader almost equally balanced between condolence and congratulation.

Rectorial Addresses.

In 1858 an Act was passed providing for the triennial election of a Lord Rector of Edinburgh University, and giving to the undergraduates for the first time a voice in the election. Since then the Rectorial Addresses, of which thirteen have been delivered, have always attracted attention as the considered utterances by the most distinguished men of the day on subjects connected with culture and education. They well deserve to be collected in such a volume as Mr. Stodart Walker now gives us, under the title RECTORIAL ADDRESSES (Grant Richards 7s. 6d. n.), with an interesting Introduction tracing the history of the Lord Rectorship and the circumstances which give special interest to each address. Lord Rosebery, in his stirring Glasgow Rectorial address, delivered on November 10, and just published by Mr. A. L. Humphreys, under the title QUESTIONS OF EMPIRE (1s.), notes how seldom literary men are chosen for Lord Rectors. Among the Edinburgh Lord Rectors only two are men of thought as distinguished from men of action—Sir W. Stirling Maxwell and Carlyle. The chief attraction of the latter's rather vague and discursive address is to find its author speaking for once in the style of ordinary men. What is unique about the Rectorial Address is the opportunity it gives of presenting to us the practical statesman's view of academic subjects, tendencies of thought, and different sides of the intellectual life. Lord Rosebery, however—though perhaps, except Mr. Gladstone, the most literary of the political Lord Rectors—chooses at Edinburgh, as he does at Glasgow, a question which touches citizenship rather than culture. At Glasgow last week he took a wide scope—the requirements, the hopes, and the defects of the Imperial system. Much of what he said centres round one utterance, a weighty if rather a startling one—that the supply of good men for the public service has not kept pace with the growth of Empire. At Edinburgh it is Scotch patriotism of which he treats in an address no less full of fine thoughts than of happy epigrams such as "Vanity is a centipede with corns on every foot." But all the addresses in Mr. Stodart Walker's book are of the greatest interest. As a matter of editing we should have liked more indication (apart from the introduction) of the subjects dealt with in the Addresses, and an Index.

South Africa.

BOER POLITICS, by Yves Guyot (Murray, 2s.), is the reply of the editor of the *Siècle* to a certain article by the Dutch journalist, Dr. Kuyper, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. It was M. Guyot's desire that Dr. Kuyper's article and his retort should be published together in a single pamphlet. If this might be allowed he was willing to take all the risks on a profit-sharing agreement. But the copyright in Dr. Kuyper's contribution belonged to M. Brunetière, who has no penchant for free discussion. He would not have any dealings with M. Guyot, who is therefore sole author of the little book before us. It is a model of lucidity, and we are much obliged to M. Guyot for writing it. There are those on this side of the Channel, as well as on the other, who might profit from its perusal.

TWO LECTURES ON SOUTH AFRICA, delivered by J. A. Froude about twenty years ago, are reprinted, with an introduction by Miss Margaret Froude (Longmans, 2s. 6d. n.). How much water has flowed under the bridge in the meantime may be seen from a quotation picked almost at random:—

> Of all the curious enterprises on which British genius has embarked, the acquisition of Natal has been the costliest and the most worthless to us. If we had the courage to allow it to be independent, the Dutch would occupy it again and save us further trouble. If the colonists remain in the same mind in which I left them and wish to attach themselves to the Free State, I hope the Imperial Government may see its way towards gratifying their wishes.

There could hardly be a more eloquent warning to political prophets not to prophecy unless they know; and many similar warnings are contained between the covers of the book. Miss Froude's introduction is pious in the Virgilian sense, but hardly adequate.

History "Source Books."

American teachers were the first, we fancy, to set the example of bringing the sources and original documents of history out of the student's library and showing them to the general reader. The precedent is bearing rich fruit. Four books lie before us in all of which the plan is carried out with scholarly care. Two are volumes in the series of "Scottish History from Contemporary Writers," uniform with the "English History from Contemporary Writers," edited by Professor York Powell. THE RISING OF 1745 (Nutt, 3s.) is a new volume by Mr. C. S. Terry. Brief notes connect the extracts so as to make the narrative continuous; there are maps and facsimiles; and there is—what no source book should be without—an invaluable and exhaustive bibliography (with an index to it). Mr. R. S. Rait issues a second edition of his MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS (Nutt, 3s.) in the same series, adding an introduction judicially weighing the evidence for and against Queen Mary;

several letters written by her; and the text of all the contemporary English versions of the Casket Letters. A full bibliography is here impossible, but some materials for it are given. We do not, by the way, find a reference to the Lovely MS., written by Robert Winkfield, describing the execution of Queen Mary, which was first printed in 1887. It is somewhat fuller than the letter in the Lansdowne MS., which Mr. Rait gives, and which is endorsed only as written "by Ro. Wy." Dr. E. F. Henderson's SIDE LIGHTS ON ENGLISH HISTORY (Bell, 21s. n.) is rather different in aim. It is intended mainly to give colour and life to the personal side of history, and it ranges over the period from Elizabeth to George III. There are no notes or connecting links; but the extracts are well selected for the object in view, and the history as illustrated by them is sketched in the introduction. There are illustrations reproducing portraits of all the most conspicuous figures in the history, and also a few caricatures of a later period. The book is a sumptuous and well-printed volume, for the library rather than the schoolroom, and makes a most attractive and, indeed, indispensable possession for any one who is making a study of English history. The SOURCE BOOK OF ENGLISH HISTORY, by Elizabeth Kimball Kendall (Macmillans, 3s. 6d. n.), is, since it ranges over 1900 years, and includes in its authors quoted both Tacitus and the late G. W. Steevens, much slighter, and the task of selection (to make a book of handy size for school use) is more difficult. The line followed is not so much to show what is the evidence for facts as to illustrate them, giving different contemporary points of view, quotations from poets, and laying great stress on aspects of social life. Explanatory notes on the extracts are given in the margin at the side. The editing of the book deserves commendation. Side by side with a continuous history it should be of great value in schools.

The Jew in London.

An important contribution to the study of London is THE JEW IN LONDON (Unwin, 6s.), containing two essays prepared for the Toynbee trustees. That does not necessarily mean that the essays express the views of the supporters of Toynbee-hall, for the trust and the hall were distinct in origin. The trust is, however, now administered by the council of Toynbee-hall; and the essays are by men closely connected with the hall—Mr. C. Russell and Mr. H. S. Lewis. They represent, however, perfectly independent investigations, and they arrive on many points at conflicting results. The facts they collect as to the life and character of the East-end Jew, his relation to the English working man, the parting between the orthodox Jew and the latitudinarian, and similar points are of great interest. There is a general agreement as to inadvisability of arresting immigration—the immigration of alien Jews being if anything beneficial to commerce. As to absorption into the English race, Mr. Russell is, we think, too sanguine, and much more sanguine than Mr. Lewis, who writes as a Jew himself, and lays much stress on the resistance of the racial sentiment. There is an introduction by Canon Barnett and a preface by Mr. Bryce.

A Book about Books.

There is something almost Emersonian in the manner wherewith Mr. Ainsworth Rand Spofford, in A BOOK FOR ALL READERS (Putnams, 7s. 6d.), offers elementary information about a host of bibliographical matters to "gentle readers" in general, and to American bookbuyers in particular. Throughout the five hundred pages of his text, which is followed by an index deserving of honourable mention, Mr. Spofford retains all the dignity of an experienced librarian, without becoming obtrusively didactic or even occasionally dull. Perhaps the only fair animadversion that can be made upon the book as a whole is that it obviously lacks quotation marks, or specific admissions of its author's indebtedness to certain English writers. At least one of the most valuable passages in a chapter upon "Library Buildings and Furnishings" should have been coupled with the name of Mr. Burgoyne, the chief librarian of the Lambeth Public Libraries. Among the more "general" sections, none is better than that which deals with "The Art of Reading." The writer reveals an old-fashioned (and we think righteous) dislike of "browsing" and "skipping" which is not too common a feeling among modern librarians, while his remarks upon the abuse of newspaper-reading ought to win him at least the sincere regard of those editors who strive to uphold the high traditions of the English Press. Mr. Spofford is equally to be commended for the way in which he treats of more technical matters; his statement of "The Qualifications of a Librarian" will make it excellent reading for any one who may have to exercise the right of voting for the appointment of a librarian. Even in the chapter headed "Bibliography," although the matter deals too much with American books to merit such a comprehensive title, and contains one or two mistakes of a curiously amateurish kind, there are many noteworthy practical hints and some sound verdicts upon various bibliographical compilations.

Middles.

"Middles" is the word that describes the essays brought together in WORLDLY WAYS AND BYWAYS, by Eliot Gregory (Lane, 6s.). They are American "middles," having made their first appearance in the New York *Evening Post*—the least Yellow and, some would say, the least American of the daily papers of the United States. They do not "amount to much," for the style is casual and undistinguished, and the subjects are only treated superficially. But they are bright and chatty, and they give the cultivated American view of American social life, at home and abroad. For that reason they are worth reading. As a rule Mr. Gregory writes English, but when he speaks of people walking "on Bond-street" he relapses into his native tongue. As a rule, too, he seems to know his England, but when he writes of theatrical supper parties "after the play," and says that "the 'Prince' often presides, smoking cigar after cigar, until the tardy London daylight appears to break up the entertainment," he is liable to mislead his countrymen.

It is to be feared that the reader will derive no very clear impression from the elegant little book, a collection of eight or nine essays, which Mr. Edward McCurdy has called ROSES OF PAESTUM (George Allen, 2s. 6d.). The author says that his "purpose was to trace the mediæval spirit in deed and dream by considering some of its imaginative activities—its questings of the ideal in art, in faith, in love, and in fantasies of things more visionary than these." That is well enough, but we cannot understand why a writer on Italy and the mediæval spirit should clothe his ideas in the affected language that Mr. McCurdy frequently employs. The best of these essays, perhaps, is a description of Capri; but here, as elsewhere, there is such an excess of verbal ornament as to provoke a suspicion that the author has cared more for the form than for substance of his book.

THE NEW HOUSE OF COMMONS (Macmillan, 1s.) is an indispensable book of accurate reference on the *personnel* of the Parliament which is to meet next month. The biographies are extracted from *The Times* and there is a chapter on "Election Statistics."

THE WAR OFFICE, THE ARMY, AND THE EMPIRE, by Mr. Arnold-Forster, the new Secretary to the Admiralty (Cassell, 1s.), contains proposals for military reform, of which the most urgent seem to be the retirement of Lord Lansdowne (who has already kindly obliged), Sir Ralph Knox, and Sir Evelyn Wood. Whether the proposals are better or worse than the average of similar proposals or not the book will no doubt be read with interest now that so energetic a critic of the ruling powers is to be tested by official responsibility.

In HOW TO CHOOSE YOUR BANKER (Grant Richards, 3s. 6d.) Mr. Henry Warren goes over some of the ground already covered in his "How to Deal with your Banker," though he does not make such sweeping charges as in that rather angry work. There is also some fresh information about banks, together with some ingenious hints to speculators who feel tempted to buy bank shares for the rise.

ART.

LUCA DELLA ROBBIA. By the MARCHESA BURLAMACCHI. (Great Masters in Painting and Sculpture.) (Bell and Sons. 5s. n.)

Twenty years ago there was nothing which charmed the traveller more on a first visit to Florence than the terra-cotta bas-reliefs of Luca della Robbia's invention. These shining medallions and lunettes, set in the old brown walls of churches and hospitals, looked, as Pater said, "as if a piece of the blue sky had fallen down into the streets of Florence." And nothing has been sadder than to see how one by one those lovely decorations have vanished from the quaint nooks and dark corners which they brightened with their presence. "Never pass the market of Florence," wrote Ruskin, "without looking at Luca della Robbia's Madonna in the circle above the church and glance from the vegetables underneath to Luca's leaves and lilies, to see how honestly he was trying to make his clay like the garden-stuff." But Luca's Madonna is gone, and the church of which Pucci sang—San Pierino, is gone, too, with the picturesque buildings of the old Moreto; and we must seek the galleries on the upper storey of the National Museum in the Bargello to find this and many other of our old favourites. Fortunately a few Della Robbias still remain in their original places in Florence—the charming swaddled babies of the Hospital of the Innocents and the royal-looking Virgin of the old Scuola of the Via Agnolo—and many more are to be seen in the churches and convents of Tuscany and Umbria. All of these, together with those which have found their way to the Museums of Berlin and New York, to the Louvre or South Kensington, are duly catalogued in the new work on Luca della Robbia which we owe to the Marchesa Burlamacchi.

This list, indeed, which has been carefully compiled with the help of the excellent writings of MM. Cavallucci and Molinier and M. Reymond, is the most valuable part of the Marchesa's book, and will prove of great use to the student, while the admirable reproductions of Luca's famous children from the singing-gallery of the Duomo, as well as of many of the well-known terra-cottas, will delight the eyes of every reader. But the biographical sketch of the artist is meagre and the critical account does scant justice to the rare charm and distinction of Luca's art. "The master," Signora Burlamacchi writes, "was pious," but she fails to show how, in an age of growing paganism, he held fast to the Christian ideals of earlier times and earned the title of the Fra Angelico of sculptors. She does not tell us of his love for the old Franciscan poets and of that precious volume of Jacopone da Todi's hymns, inscribed with Luca's name, which is preserved in the Laurentian Library. Neither are we told of his strong friendship for Donatello and of the veneration for this illustrious rival with which he inspired his own nephew Andrea, who, in his old age, was proud to tell young Giorgio Vasari that he had been present at the great sculptor's funeral. Of Andrea himself, who learnt his uncle's secrets and carried on his work with ceaseless activity during a life of ninety years, we hear still less. Yet he was a master of exquisite taste and feeling, and his art is marked by distinctive features and qualities of its own, which it is interesting to compare with his uncle's simpler and severer style. At one period of his career he was, it is plain, strongly influenced by Perugino, as we see, for instance, in the grand Crucifixion at La Verna, where the yearning heads of the saints and wild gestures of the flying angels remind us vividly of the Umbrian master, whose portrait Andrea introduces in a bas-relief now at South Kensington. Very interesting, too, is the close connexion of Andrea and all his family with the Dominican order and the convent of San Marco, where two of his sons took the vows and became devoted followers of Savonarola. Long after the Frate's death we find Andrea working for Dominican convents in all parts of Italy, and we learn from Vasari that he and his sons remained faithful *Piagnoni* to the end and commemorated their master's name in medals which bore his head and the words of his prophecy. Similar omissions strike us in the Marchesa Burlamacchi's account of the works of the school. The remarkable series of bas-reliefs by Andrea's hand at the convent of La Verna in the Casentino deserved a fuller description, while her catalogue contains no mention of the richly-coloured and highly dramatic frieze of the seven works of Mercy, on the hospital of the Ceppo, at Pistoia, which, although completed after Giovanni della Robbia's death, were, as M. Cavallucci has abundantly proved, designed and partly executed by his hand.

The mezzotint engravings by David Lucas, after the works of Constable, which have been shown at the Leighton-house, serve two purposes. The most ardent admirer of the East Anglian master cannot suppress a half thought that Constable is at times slightly artificial, and may in a measure become old-fashioned. That he had learnt some remarkable secrets of picture-making the mezzotints, relying for their effects on black and white, most clearly show. His rugged grandeur is preserved by these masterly interpretations, but so is, also, much of the convention which in Constable's time was an innovation. To see how far we have progressed since then one has only to look at "Flatford Mill" and some of the many "bits" in the Stour Valley. The magnificent "Dedham Vale" rises superior, it is true, to all considerations of time and manner; but some of Constable's work, as seen through the interpretations of his life-long friend, David Lucas, is not for all time. The collection at the Leighton-house comprises a very large proportion of the engraved works of Constable's pictures, and we are grateful for it, even if it has raised an uneasy feeling that the glory of the master is at times the glory of other days.

Undeniably modern in subject, if not so unquestionably modern in treatment, are the majority of the pictures which are now shown by the Portrait Painters at the New Gallery. We wish we could say that the majority of them were successful. So many men paint portraits that it is surprising that so few succeed. There is too little thought, too little insight, and too little effort to read and portray character. The chance of an artist's manner may sometimes, as in the case of Whistler, persuade us to forget all else; but where portraits are painted, as they so often are, without distinction, and rely for their success merely upon the painter's limited capacity to produce a likeness, dulness, if not actual failure, is the result. In the Whistler, at the New Gallery, for example, not only is the dexterity of the artist so alluring, the richness and yet the delicacy of the colour so attractive, but "The Lady of the Black Heart," in a white jacket, is so well placed in the picture, the pose of the head so characteristic and well understood, that it is difficult to avoid the impression that it is quite as much a picture as a portrait—a picture, that is, which will never rely for its interest upon the narrow limitations of personal association. In direct contrast to this is the "Max Beerbohm" of Mr. Rothenstein, and the "Arthur Symonds" of M. Blanche. Both of these seem to be more or less faithful portraits, but neither fulfils the requirements of a picture; both are clever, with the cleverness of the Paris studio; neither is likely to attract attention thirty years hence. Mr. Sauter is a painter of different kind, and his "Professor Max Müller" should live for the insight into character which is shown, and because Mr. Sauter has, apparently, attempted to paint an interesting man as if he were really interested. Mr. Guthrie, also, has something to teach us in his portrait of "The Late Alexander Osborne, D.L.," and what he chiefly proves is that the commonplace can be glorified if only the painter has the insight to appreciate tones and harmonious colour. The quiet colours are beautiful in their simplicity. Neither Mr. Watts nor Mr. Orchardson are quite at their best; but a very characteristic group of drawings by Mr. Strang, Professor Legros, and Mr. Shannon will well repay attention.

Art is to have an important place in next year's Glasgow Exhibition. The show is to open next May and works will be collected from February 1st next. The new Fine Art Gallery will be a very suitable store house, and the promoters of the exhibition have undertaken to collect, forward, return, and insure all pictures sent, without any expense to the artists or owners. Glasgow and Liverpool have always set an excellent example in matters where works of art are concerned.

FICTION.

Mr. Hewlett's Romance.

Mr. Maurice Hewlett has already, to use a metaphor from the time he loves, won his spurs in the literary tourney. He has done so by a strong, virile, originality, an alert imagination, a subtle and carefully-trained gift of phrase, and a direct, forceful attempt to get at the heart of medieval romance, to make it breathe and live. Nothing of all this is wanting in his new book, RICHARD YEA AND NAY (Macmillan, 6s.). It has not the irresponsible charm of the "Little Novels of Italy"; it has none of the magic of the "Forest Lovers"; as a work of art it seems to us inferior to both these books. But it is an inferiority which admits of the highest merit. The new book has an individuality as potent and as picturesque as either of the others. Once more Mr. Hewlett braces our minds by giving us a new type of fiction. Now as it is, he is not feeling his way to it; his conception is clear cut and compact; it comes to us buoyant, unhesitating, complete. This new kind of historical novel—for to that class the book belongs—takes as its hero the hero of "Ivanhoe" and "The Talisman," Richard Cœur de Lion. But the writer boldly cuts himself adrift from all the conventional moorings of the historical romancer. Let not the historical student fancy that he will find here a "picture of the times." There is no "study of the social life of the period"; Mr. Hewlett has no time for that. It is not the outer accoutrements but the inner soul that he is after; individuals, not social types; and in the lives of individuals the inner spiritual truth rather than external surroundings. We have the main events of Richard's life, his warrings in France and in Palestine, his wanderings on the Continent, his dealings with John, with Philip, with Alice, and with Berengaria; but the secret of his life, the secret of the waywardness which made him say now "Yea," now "Nay," as his head or his heart swayed him—that is found in his love for Jehane St. Pol, who sacrificed herself to save him. Into the intricacies of the story, told throughout with the most vivid directness, we need not enter. Mr. Hewlett keeps close to his task with a tireless insistence which, despite the brilliance of his style, rather girds than charms the reader onwards. He never deviates from the narrative; but he does not wholly master that *crux* of the historical novelist—how to extract a closely-knit plot from uncompromising facts not made expressly to serve his purpose. In one other point, too, as it seems to us, is the novelist at issue with the historian. Vital and convincing as are the characters as depicted by a nineteenth century master of description, the moods and tempers of twelfth century knights and ladies were, we fancy, not quite so subtle as he would wish us to believe. Behind the artificial lovemaking of troubadour song (which Mr. Hewlett does not touch), the passions of men worked on broader, less scrupulous, lines. Yet Richard is a magnificent figure, and every chapter in the book contains some incident or some character-study which is a marvel of terse description. This of King Henry II. is a picture which at least fastens the attention:—

> The King looked his best on a throne, for his upper part was the best. It was, at least, the mannish part. With scanty red hair much rubbed into disorder, a seamed red face, blotched and shining, with a square jaw awry, the neck and shoulders of a bull, with gnarled gross hands at the end of arms long out of measure, a cruel mouth and a nose like a bird's beak—his features seemed to have been hacked coarsely out of wood and as coarsely painted; but what might have passed by such means for a man was transformed by his burning eyes, with their fuel of pain, into the similitude of a fallen angel. The devil of Anjou sat eating King Henry's eyes, and you saw him at his meal. It gave the man the look of a wild boar easing his tusk against a tree—horrible, yet content to be abhorred; splendid, because so strong and lonely.

Mr. Hewlett's style is full of individuality, like his matter; it is a weapon no one wields in the same way. Yet it is fashioned after a well-known model—that of the graphic, rushing manner of the daily Press. It is Stevens, Kipling, turned on to mediæval romance. It marks the revolt against the old, quiet, simple, fluent English prose. And for those to whom the "Forest Lovers" was a revelation, the intense development of this manner in "Richard" is a little disquieting. As they press on to its close, they will feel, we fancy, some longing for the old Richard of their childhood, and seek repose in the leisurely, graceful periods of Scott. These strong, closely-knit sentences, statements clipped of every excrescence, with the colour dashed in with a brush of the impressionist, and the phrases hammered at all costs into newness and unconventionality—they are an intellectual delight, but it is a heavy price that we pay for them. We feel the cleverness of it all too much to feel anything else. We are too conscious of the skilful artist moving his puppets. One plain, straightforward utterance which puts nothing between the reader and the passion which is appealing to him for sympathy, the natural and simple eloquence of sincerity never consciously aiming at effect—it is that which at once unlocks our hearts, and it is that surely which may be called in the truest sense fine writing. Many readers will, we believe, feel the want of this in reading "Richard Yea and Nay"; but we perforce take a high standard in our criticism, and we should invite all who are interested in good literature to read the book, if only because it raises such interesting questions of treatment and of style. We have read it with the greatest admiration, and we believe thousands will do the same. For the book is good literature; and to be able to say that is, as one looks abroad on the fiction of the day, surely almost as high praise as one can give it.

Mrs. Cambridge.

Arthur Hugh Clough, the once chosen poet of his Oxford friends and the laughing stock of Mr. Swinburne, is not often quoted in our time, but Mrs. Cambridge in her new book PATH AND GOAL (Methuen, 6s.) makes use of him. "Was it ordered that two should make four simply for the intent that boys and girls should be cut to the heart that they do not make five? Be content; when the veil is raised, perhaps, they will make five." Who knows, indeed! It is in this undogmatic spirit that Mrs. Cambridge approaches the issues of life. "Submit, submit," the old refrain runs through her agreeable composition. The period is of the Dundreary whisker and the nine-gored skirt over the crinoline. In the city of Wakeminster are many attractive young ladies; Victoria Long, a wonderful and tragic beauty; Miss Adair, a marble lady; Ruth Strange, a charming woman, over borne with pride; Miss Etta Starr, a little like our old friend Miss Amory, but without that young lady's literary interests. To these ladies, more or less in waiting, enters Dr. Adrian Black. "His hobby, his fad," as his friends called it, "was akin to that of Sir Austin Feverel—he believed that the salvation of the human race was a matter of scientific breeding—a view of the case less common then than now, even in his profession." Dr. Black first thinks of Victoria, then of Etta, and then of Ruth, and so on, but the story forces other duties upon him. Ruth is the best of the ladies, and after many years she and Adrian drink "their belated cup of bliss." Mrs. Cambridge has written an amazingly clever book; she interests us at once in her characters and creates a world in which there is true humanity and real emotion. The story is told with vigour and simplicity, but occasionally the phraseology of the sixties is a little doubtful. Did educated men in the days of the crinoline speak of getting "the sack"? But Mrs. Cambridge knows her men and women and she knows the life of a country doctor—a rather favourite figure in fiction just now—and she knows how to make us know and be interested in them.

From the Racing World.

There is so much humour, sense, and observation in THE MONK WINS (Duckworth, 6s.) that it ought to consolidate the reputation of Mr. E. H. Cooper as a writer of sporting stories. The world of Epsom and Doncaster and Newmarket (in particular Newmarket), is familiar to him, and he has an eye for the picturesque setting of the race as well as for the race itself. "The Monk Wins" only just

misses being in the first rank of its class for no other reason than want of care. The author had not fixed his characters firmly enough in his mind before he began to write, and we find, in one or two instances, that his conception of them alters as the story proceeds. Miss Margaret Branksome, the heiress and owner of a racing stable, loses towards the middle of the book all claims upon our sympathy, and we do not feel ourselves wholly satisfied with the conduct of Miss Helen Broadley. It is possible, of course, that the lady who owns racehorses may be more than commonly subject to sudden changes of disposition. Anyhow, this is the best book of its kind since the days of Hawley Smart.

The Case of George Dedlow.

Both the tales in Dr. Weir Mitchell's AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A QUACK (Fisher Unwin, 3s. 6d.) are fiction pure and simple, but by the second of them hangs a tale which affords an amusing proof of the reality with which their author has invested them. "The Case of George Dedlow" was first anonymously printed, without Dr. Mitchell's knowledge, as a leading article in the *Atlantic Monthly*. It was accepted as the description of a real case, and so much interest was felt in the quite imaginary victim who has lost every limb in the War of Secession that not only was a subscription list started, but many people went in search of him to the Stump Hospital in Philadelphia. Certainly, for grave detail and circumstances the narration is hard to beat, and even the daring flight of fancy which prompted the account of a spiritual séance, in the course of which the maimed veteran temporarily received back his vanished legs, is weighted with staid verisimilitude, and we are not surprised to learn that "the incident was received with joy by the spiritualists as a valuable proof of the truth of their beliefs." The title-tale, too, is a finely imagined piece of cynical autobiography.

Mrs. C. N. Williamson.

Stories told, in the first person, by young and beautiful girls have always a certain charm. The male reader likes to hear that side of the question—to learn what was the precise course of action that commended to their favourable notice the successful suitor. In MY LADY CINDERELLA (Routledge, 6s.) that experienced writer, Mrs. C. N. Williamson, presents us with an engagingly modern version of the ancient Cinderella myth. The heroine, Miss Consuelo Brand, is a nursery governess to a family at Peckham (the nearest equivalent, perhaps, in these days to the parlour kitchen-maid of the fairy tale), and her miracle-working godmother is a benevolent lady of fashion, who eke out her income by "bringing out" American heiresses. The ingenuity of the plot is less remarkable than the number and utility of the coincidences. We come once more to the secret drawer in the old bureau, which proves our Cinderella, if not a princess, at any rate a lady of noble birth. We have the inevitably unnecessary misunderstanding, which puts off the wedding for a chapter or two of desperate endeavour on the part of the villain. "When in doubt play chloroform and a false wig" appears to be the motto of this gentleman. "My Lady Cinderella" is a pleasantly exciting melodrama.

Methodism.

"Dare: never grudge the throe" is the motto which "Dora Cromarty" has chosen for the title-page of THE HEART OF BABYLON (Horace Marshall and Co., 3s. 6d.). As provincial Methodism and the inner life of a large London drapery establishment are the chief ingredients of the story, it is not out of place to remind the authoress that deftness as well as daring are requisite to blend them into a readable mixture, and to warn her readers that her deftness is not equal to her courage in choice of subject. Hugh Challoner, the chief character, is a vague and tenuous figure in spite of Dora Cromarty's obviously earnest efforts to interest us in the struggles of his soul. He is a "Methody" from the Welsh border who conceives that he has a mission to reform the modern Babylon. He is ticketed with various strong qualities, but he shows himself weak and stupid. From "the drapery" he passes to a shadowy connexion with a religious newspaper, and finally finds his call at the death-bed of a lady. A foolish compromising match seems to be meant for strenuous moralizing clogs the narrative, and there is an aggravating unreality about the pictures drawn of advanced society in London.

Mr. Max Pemberton.

THE FOOTSTEPS OF A THRONE (Methuen, 6s.), by Mr. Max Pemberton, illustrates the lack of body, as they say of vintages, which marks so much current fiction. But it will, no doubt, achieve the measure of popularity usually accorded to his books, and yet it is astonishingly thin and weak, the merest *simulacrum* of a novel. It is written with a sort of smartness in the dialogue, even with some pretence to style; but the characters are poor puppets. The author seems to be conscious of their woodenness. Here and there he loyally does his very best to make the thunder rattle and the lightning flash. He feels that his readers deserve a thrilling moment, and out come all the tricks that should blanch their cheeks and draw tears of pity from their eyes—only that Lord Dane and Fékla Dolgorouki and the rest are so obviously men and women of straw that no reader can take their troubles seriously. The book is just a passable example of the modern school of cabinet-making, with a tolerable plot, plenty of that verbal fencing which Russian statesmen, generals, and subordinate officers seem to demand from any one who deals with them, and a fair knowledge of the country described. Mr. Pemberton has got the trick of it, and there is no adequate reason why he should not turn out similar novels from his workshop till the crack of doom.

America's Second-Best.

An unexpected result of international amity is to be found in the surprises of American diction encountered by the novel-reader in books apparently English. He takes up a volume published by a London house and bearing the name of a writer with whom he is perhaps slightly familiar, and gradually becomes aware that he is reading an American book. No countryman of Howell and James and Mark Twain and a hundred others can doubt that we welcome American authors published here, but at the moment we appear to be suffering from an influx of the second-rate among American novels. The United States have, we know, borne the infliction of poor English work for many a year, and they are, perhaps, taking their revenge. A SUGAR PRINCESS (Chatto, 3s. 6d.), by Mr. Albert Ross, comes to us with the commercial announcement that "1,615,000 copies of Albert Ross' novels have been sold in America." Such an announcement, when we remember that each book is said to have twelve readers, makes us glow with expectation. But "A Sugar Princess" is a highly ingenuous performance, and if its few million American readers have enjoyed it they must be blessed with a wonderful simplicity. The story is of a young man, Carl Meyer, who suffers great and totally unnecessary trials because what the author calls his "adopted uncle" listens to the suspicions of a disagreeable friend, Mr. Lindes, and decides to test the qualities of Carl by pretending to be dead. With this tedious plan the novel opens. Then we are transported from St. Louis to Honolulu. This is the quaint, old-fashioned way the successful modern American author does it:—"And now, if the reader has no objection (and who was ever known to object to a trip of that kind?), we will ask him (or her) to accompany us for a little while to Honolulu. . . ." Here lives the Sugar Princess, and hither 'come Carl and other principals of the caste. Mr. Ross is here much taken up with "the marvellously pretty result," on the feminine side, of the mixture of European races with native Hawaiians. Amy Van Steuben, the heroine, is called Wild Goose. A bit of a goose she certainly is, and quite a fit mate for Carl, who, after a deal of travelling about the world and many convenient and conventional happenings, claims her, or rather is claimed by her for her own. We see Japan through keen Yankee eyes and get a little guide-book information about Hawaii. Mr. Ross' book is not what is called "a little novel," and yet it is uncommonly like the form of literature we name a novelette.

Mr. Robert Herrick's THE WEB OF LIFE (Macmillan Company, 6s.) is hardly first rate, but it is still a clear and clever book on American life. What Mrs. Atherton has recently done for a corner of Washington Mr. Herrick does for a certain side

of life in Chicago. He shows us the workings of the Chicagoan mind and makes a conscientious but rather dull novel. "The Web" opens with what seems to an unknowing eye to be an excellent, if painfully realistic, description of an American hospital. Here Dr. Sommers operates on a case of great interest and eventually becomes devoted to the case's wife. A daughter of the successful family of Hitchcock, wealthy, beautiful, and clever, is suited by all the laws of fiction to become a hero's bride, and after much discussion as to the wickedness of making money and many complications with the case's wife, Dr. Sommers is happy with Louise and all goes well. The "local note" is likely to be rather too marked for English readers, although there are hundreds of touches of observation that are of catholic value. In the Hitchcock family the younger and older generations held to different rules of life. "A mist of undiscussed views hung about the house, out of which flashed now and then a sharp speech, a bitter sigh"—a good picture of the armed neutrality of the home as is this of the mansion of a "risen family." "Decoratively it might be described as a museum of survivals from various stages of family history. At each advance in prosperity, in social ideals, some of the former possessions had been swept out of the lower rooms to the upper stories. . . ." Many such touches give us the life of Chicago of to-day. The people are not quite so directly depicted for us. Sommers is hardly a man of flesh and blood. But his type is little known in England. "The Web of Life" should be carefully read, for it is at least sincere.

Mrs. or Miss Joanna E. Wood calls her book A DAUGHTER OF WITCHES (Hurst, 6s.) "a romance," but it does not fulfil the requirements of that form of fiction. Vashti and Mabella had no doubt, like most of us, the elements of romance in their natures, but unfortunately they do not arrange to interest us. Miss Wood is, however, a sincere writer and appears to know the rather dull *monde* of which she writes. A reader with spare time might do worse than try her quality.

The plot of THE BELLE OF TOORAK (Grant Richards, 3s. 6d.), by E. W. Hornung, is fairly interesting, but the heroine not quite convincing. It does not strike us as probable that a spoiled society belle would consent to marry a bushman, and at the end of the book we feel sure that one day or another the girl will miss her balls and parties. Her pursuit of an old criminal in the back-blocks is still more unlikely. The novel is written in a cultivated manner, but it lacks distinction.

IN MALE ATTIRE (Hutchinson, 6s.), by Joseph Hatton, is the story of an American typewriter who disguises herself in order to kill the man who has murdered one of her lovers. Such a young woman does not seem to us so charming and womanly a personality as she does to Mr. Hatton. As the story goes on it becomes mere police-court farce; the young lady who parades the streets of London dressed as a man is merely eccentric. Despite her passion for revenge she consoles herself very quickly with another lover, which makes one wonder what all the trouble was about. The book reads singularly like a newspaper report.

There is power and a few striking situations in A TRAGEDY OF THREE (Hurst, 6s.), by Mr. T. T. Dahle, but it seems rather an essay in novel writing than an accomplished piece of work. The tragedians, Alleyne, Esma, and Harold Arthington, are, like Lady Sophia and Canon Paton (evidently a pet of the author), unconvincing. The love affairs are ingenious and the development a complete joy to the lovers of a happy ending. For our part we hope Mr. Dahle will try his hand at the art of fiction again, and permit himself a wider originality and a freer use of observation of life as it is.

CLARE MONRO (Milne, 2s. 6d.), by Miss Hannah Lynch, has not the vivid power of "The Autobiography of a Child," which is generally attributed to her pen, but it is a highly-interesting story which may be said to give distinction to the "Express Series" in which it appears. Miss Lynch's pictures of English country life and of the charm of Venice are true and beautiful; there is a literary charm about the style which one would be glad to welcome more often. Although sombre in subject and tragic in issue the story is a very delightful one to read.

Dramatic, stirring, effective, are the epithets suggested by Mr. Frank Norris' new book, with the excellent title, A MAN'S WOMAN (Grant Richards, 6s.). The spirit that informs that last scene in which Lloyd, the powerfully-conceived heroine of the story, sees her hero Bennett start once more for those Arctic regions which have already taken so much from their lives is of a character rarely met with. If the men and women of the story seem occasionally overdrawn, underlined, and inhuman, we can well forgive Mr. Norris his inclination towards exaggeration when he makes so effective a use of it. "A Man's Woman" will, we think, help the reputation of the author of "Blix" and "McTeague."

Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim introduces us to a mining camp at the base of the Sierras in THE WORLD'S GREAT SNARE (Ward, Lock, 3s. 6d.). What the great snare of the world may be is not very clear from Mr. Oppenheim's spiritedstory, but the title is as good as another. Wealth, pride of race, Parliamentary ambition, the stage—they all come in, to say nothing of that old device, the pretended wedding which turns out to have been a real one after all, conveniently providing the hero with the succession to an earldom. In fact, the story is the same old story, but it is told well enough to give it another lease of life, and some of the trimmings, at any rate, are fresh.

Without being startlingly clever or engrossing A WOMAN'S SOUL (Marshall, 6s.), should not be missed by those interested in fiction. Miss Beatrice Heron-Maxwell and Miss Florence Eastwick—we trust we have the titles correctly—have set themselves a highly difficult task if they intended to analyse for our entertainment the soul of a woman. They have not quite achieved it; but with the aid of "Daphne's Book" and "Extracts from Laurence Hale's Diary" they bring before us a delightful number of rather clever ladies and aristocratic gentlemen, plenty of rather artificial tragedy, and a fine general feeling of society as it is. We shall be glad to see the next book these two ladies write, it should be better.

Mrs. Aylmer Gowing's A SPIDER'S WEB (Burleigh, 2s. 6d.), tells, among other things, of strange affairs in the Russia of the novels and of a lady of Russian birth, "built like the model of a Greek statue," who begins life as a companion in an English family. Her name is Sonia, and she is very, very horrid. Indeed, one of the characters, a perfectly nice person, does not hesitate to sum her up as a "very terrible woman; a liar and a murderess." But then, "as a woman," she was "pure as unfallen snow"; in love, she was strong; in revenge, fiendlike. She is, at least, a very good sort of person to have in a novel, and brings about some pretty complications. We have read less homogeneous and interesting novels, but we would warn Mrs. Gowing against the use of conventional types in place of flesh and blood characters.

Jezebel, as every one now knows, thanks to the "higher critics," was a beautiful and highly cultured royal lady, fond of having her own way, and with a strong penchant for the latest fashions, but withal a most inoffensive creature. Her modern English representative in JEZEBEL (Hutchinson and Co., 6s.), as depicted by Mr. Price, is a handsome young girl composed of a mixture of "snow, blood, and ivory," wilful, widely eccentric, but with no more real harm in her than a new-born babe. She was allowed to grow up wild—"she shall be allowed room for growth," said Lord Dormoral when engaging her governess. Her luckless mother had deserted her in her infancy. Her governess, forty and seasoned, was a necessity. That Miss Jezebel, chaperoned too as she was by flighty Mrs. Baskerville, should have kept more or less within *les convenances* speaks volumes for her character. Some of the dialogue is smart and entertaining, and parts of the story show considerable dramatic power.

Alan St. Aubyn in THE PRICK OF CONSCIENCE (Digby, Long, and Co., 6s.) tells the story of a wife who is in love with another man and finds in the end that her affections have been

bestowed in vain. The story is not without clever points; but one feels little sympathy with Sir Richard Gardiner, who spies upon his wife, or with Carry herself, a shallow, empty-headed, little creature, unreasonable, impulsively and childishly petulant. She soon loses her lover, for even a gallant officer expects a modicum of brains in the object of his love. That she should develop a conscience is the surprise of the story, for its existence is most skilfully concealed. The lover, Captain Darrell, has his full share of the general weakness which marks the other characters. He falls, of course, in love with the governess, who, though she has considerable facility in transferring her affections, is a fine specimen of English girlhood. The whole is mildly exciting.

Mother-Sister (Hurst and Blackett, 6s.) is a tale of mean streets and meaner lives, but for the redeeming presence of Maddie Marmory, who, though only a girl of fifteen and a slum child herself, acts as guardian angel to the family. They are a troublesome lot these brothers and sisters of hers, and the father gets himself "lagged." Maddie, of course, always steps in at the nick of time and effects the necessary rescue and deliverance. The story, as a whole, is an interesting character-sketch. Mr. Pugh has happily reproduced the patois of his characters, and has given us an insight into their idiosyncrasies. Rough and uncouth, ground down by the stern realities of existence, those children of the people cultivate a grim humour of their own, and often reveal kindly and sympathetic hearts.

A tell-tale title is a somewhat superfluous, if harmless, introduction to a childishly transparent plot; but R. H. Heppenstall, in spite of this double disadvantage, manages to show some merit in the story of The Malice of Grace Wentworth (John Long, 6s.). This vulgar, if high-born, young person chooses to be in love with a Captain Derring; and because he does not return the passion arranges to attach to him the suspicion of murdering a woman falsely supposed to have been his wife. Her devices are ancient beyond the dreams of the most hoary-headed writer of novelettes, and the characters might have walked off the stage of any provincial theatre. The Captain is condemned to death and only reprieved at the last moment by the grateful exertions of an erring woman whom his true wife had befriended. But the long-drawn agony of the closing scenes might have been all avoided by the sending of a sixpenny telegram. In spite of these self-imposed handicaps the author writes good clear English; and with a more intelligent choice of materials might turn out a readable volume. For some inexplicable reason the book is dedicated to the officers and men who fell at Magersfontein. Surely their memory deserves a worthier tribute.

LIBRARY NOTES.

Now that the "Talbot Baines Reed Collection" has been added to the famous Blades Library, the St. Bride Foundation has the finest collection in the kingdom of books on printing and allied crafts. Talbot Reed could not have wished for a better home for his library. From St. Bride's parish, as Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins remarked at the opening ceremony on Tuesday, more printed matter was sent forth than from any other parish in London; and whether it was good or bad in matter, it was, as a rule, excellent in form. Talbot Reed, too, was a friend of William Blades, whose unfinished book on "The Pentateuch of Printing" he edited. The great work of his life—though he is probably best remembered as a writer of books for boys—was his monumental "History of the Old English Letter Foundries" (Elliot Stock, 1887). There is an interleaved copy of this work in the library, full of additional matter and illustrations, which Mr. Reed had evidently prepared with the idea of bringing out another edition. In its way the collection is unique, differing from the Blades library in type-founding and type-specimen books, as well as in examples from the most celebrated English and Continental presses of the last five centuries. There was a possibility that the collection would be sold, and perhaps dispersed, by Sotheby, who valued it "under auction conditions" at £700. Mrs. Reed, however, agreed to hand it over to the St. Bride Foundation for a considerably reduced sum, and it is due to the generosity of Mr. Passmore Edwards that the books are now preserved to the public. Among the 3,000 volumes are Fust and Schœffer's Bible of 1462—the first dated Bible—Caxton's "Golden Legend"; 41 black-letter examples of sixteenth-century presses, and 331 specimens of seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth century presses. There are specimen books from the famous office of the Propaganda at Rome, the Royal and Imperial printing offices at Berlin, Vienna, St. Petersburg, and Madrid; practically every other celebrated foundry, past or present, is represented.

A letter to the *Daily Chronicle* of November 15 complains of apathy on the part of the British Museum Library in filling up gaps in British publications issued before the Copyright Act came into force, and, further, of laxity in obtaining copies of present day books which the library is entitled to receive. Attention was called to this latter point by a correspondent in our columns some time ago. We can only hope that the keeper of the printed books is making every effort to remedy the numerous omissions which have been pointed out. A suggestion worth considering is made by the correspondent of the *Daily Chronicle* that the titles of all books known to have been published in the United Kingdom should be entered in the catalogue, the press mark being, of course, omitted when the book is not in the library. Mr. Herbert Haes makes the suggestion that the deposit of a book at the British Museum should be the condition of granting copyright, so that not only would it be the interest of authors as well as publishers to see that the law was complied with, but a neglect of the regulation might conceivably be productive of great pecuniary loss, quite apart from the penalty at present entailed. Another frequent grievance of readers at the British Museum is the long period which elapses between the day of publication of a book and its inclusion in the catalogue. Three to four months is not unusual, while at the Bodleian at Oxford readers can usually count on being able to consult a work within a month or six weeks of publication.

The November number of the *Library World* gives the first place in its pages to a review of Dr. Schultze's recent work on German libraries. In spite of their generally admirable system of education, it is plain, as we have before pointed out, that German people are far behind the English and Americans in library matters. The so-called "People's Libraries" are little more than names. An article—the third—on the grievances of a free library reader is apparently written by one who thinks that the library should be entirely devoted to supplying the unintellectual wants of the ignorant reader. But can catalogues be compiled for those who do not know what they want?

An excellent example to all private collectors is set by Councillor Hodson, who has lent the public library at Wolverhampton a special collection in commemoration of the Chaucer quincentenary. There are several valuable manuscripts, two fragments of Caxton's first edition of the "Canterbury Tales," as well as a series of the poet's works in later editions, fittingly concluded by that of the Kelmscott Press.

This month Mr. R. D. M. Littler, Q.C., has opened a new recreation ground at Tottenham, in which a private house has been converted into a branch library, possessing a goodly number of books. It would be an excellent thing if London could be girdled with these park libraries, with the opportunity they afford for both physical and mental exercise.

At a meeting of the Richmond Town Council, the chairman of the Library Committee, being asked whether a branch library could be provided at Kew, said the experiment had been tried but had failed. It would have been cheaper to present copies of papers to each person who went into the room than to keep it open.

Mr. Thomas Greenwood, whose book on Public Libraries has been a great aid to all who encourage the movement, is about to issue a revised edition. He has addressed a series of questions to librarians, the answers to which ought to make the volume an ultimate reference on every point.

Correspondence.

LORD ROSEBERY'S "NAPOLEON."

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—From Mr. H. F. Hall's description of the two phrases in my review which he criticizes as allegations, I infer either that he did not read that review very carefully, or that he uses the word "allegation" without considering exactly what it means. At any rate, the reply, on both the points raised by Mr. Hall, is very simple.

1. I did not say that Napoleon was "not a gentleman," in the Johnson's dictionary sense. What I did say was:—

> The first grievance is that the gaoler was not a gentleman. But was the prisoner a judge?
>
> The man who wrote letters to his divorced wife begging her to take lessons in domestic economy from the wife who had supplanted her had surely no right to be exceptionally sensitive about minor breaches of good manners.

This is not an allegation but an expression of opinion. Mr. Hall is perfectly entitled to hold the opposite opinion—that such conduct is a mark of perfect breeding; but I am surprised that he should think it worth his while to write about it. The primary question raised is not whether Napoleon, but whether Hudson Lowe, was or was not a "gentleman," and I fail to see that my remark was either "trite" or "inconsequent."

2. As to the statement that "we firmly believe that Sir Hudson Lowe was the better man of the two," it was surely hardly necessary for Mr. Hall to discuss the question whether he was *intellectually* greater. What was meant of course was that his conduct had not diverged so widely from the standards of honour and morality which are supposed to be common to civilized men in all stations of life. To urge against this view the opinion of Sir Walter Scott is, in effect, to plead ignorance of the evidence on which the view is founded. Sir Walter Scott had not read the "suppressed letters." I have read them, and Mr. Hall would be well advised to read them too.

Yours faithfully,

THE REVIEWER.

LONDON LITERARY LANDMARKS.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—In your article last Saturday you speak of Mr. Frank Stone, R.A., having occupied Tavistock House before Charles Dickens. This was not the fact. There are really three houses in the enclosure, Tavistock House, Bedford House, and a third with no special name. In the forties this last was occupied by the Revd. W. Webster, an uncle of the present Chief Justice, and when he gave it up, Frank Stone took it. Bedford House, in the middle, was occupied by Mr. Cardale, a solicitor of Bedford Row, and Charles Dickens took Tavistock House in 1851. As I have often played cricket in the enclosure with the present Marcus Stone, I think I am correct in the matter.

Yours obediently, F.R.C.S.

THE GERMAN SCHOOLBOY.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Referring to Mr. Jerome K. Jerome's article on "The German Schoolboy," may I be allowed to say that there are two classes of public schools in Germany—the Gymnasium for those who are likely to enter one of the professions, and the Realschule for those who intend to engage in commercial pursuits? In the former studies are chiefly confined to Latin and Greek, and in the latter much prominence is given to French and English. It is astonishing how very early in life the German schoolboy has decided for himself or has had the matter settled for him by his parents as to his future calling in life. "Was willst du werden?" is a question continually being put by one boy to another. Having myself as a youth attended the Realschule and the Gymnasium in Berlin, I can bear witness from intimate knowledge of the German schoolboy as to his preference for study rather than for sport. During the two years I came into daily contact with them I never saw one of the thousand boys belonging to the two schools ever play a single game of any kind. Wednesday and Saturday afternoons were wholly devoted to gymnastic exercises in one of the suburbs of Berlin, and attendance was compulsory; but there were no sports.

Yours faithfully,

T. W. STOUGHTON.

27, Paternoster-row, London, E.C., Nov. 19, 1900.

THE "GRASS WIDOW."

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—In the part "Gradely-Greement" of Vol. IV. of the Oxford "New English Dictionary," recently issued, Dr. Murray assigns the first appearance of the word "grass widow" in its Anglo-Indian sense of "a married woman whose husband is absent from her" (p. 367) to the year 1859, and gives his earliest quotation from John Laing's "Wanderings in India" published in that year. But I have been able to trace this word fifteen years earlier in Anglo-Indian literature in the sense so familiar in India. That brilliant historian and essayist the late Sir John Kaye used it in the very first volume of the famous *Calcutta Review* founded by him in 1844. The passage occurs in his second article on the "English in India," called "Our Social Morality," and, as it clearly explains the meaning of "grass widow" among Anglo-Indians, it may be interesting to quote it here:—

> Let the English reader who may have heard some vague stories of the immorality of our northern hill stations picture to himself a number of young married women—whose husbands are absent perhaps among the mountains of Afghanistan, perhaps on the sandy plains of Sindh—gathered together in a cool, invigorating climate, with nothing in the world to do but to enjoy themselves. Then imagine a number of idle bachelors, let loose "between musters," or perhaps on leave for several months at a stretch, from Ludhianah, Kurnaul, Meerut, &c.—gay young military men with no more urgent and certainly no more pleasant occupation than to dangle after the young married women—"grass widows" as they are called—in the absence of their husbands, to amuse the fair creatures, to assist them in the great work of killing time, and finally to win their affections. Is it possible to conceive a state of things more surely calculated to result in guilt, in misery? High moral principle has ere now fallen before temptation and opportunity, and many is the fair frail creature, possessing no high principle, who would, but for these temptations, these opportunities, have retained her character as a faithful and affectionate wife, and in after years been a bright example to her children.—*Calcutta Review*, Vol. I., No. 2, pp. 334-5, 1844.

It may be mentioned in passing that in Yule and Burnell's "Hobson-Jobson," or "glossary of Anglo-Indian words," the earliest quotation given for this word is from a book published in 1878, which confirmed the general impression that this word was introduced in the time of Lord Lytton's Viceroyalty, 1876 to 1880. It will now be seen that it was introduced at least 36 years ago, if not earlier, in literature.

R. P. KARKARIA.

Grant-road, Bombay, 3rd November, 1900.

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

There is to be another crop of South African war books during the next week or so. Mr. Murray will be one of the first in the field with "The South African War, 1899-1900: A Military Retrospect up to the Relief of Ladysmith," by Major S. L. Norris, Royal Engineers, with maps. This is the first attempt to give a critical account of the operations from a military point of view. "I venture to think," writes Major Norris, "that they"—the officers in command—"would prefer criticism to come from the pen of a brother officer earnestly seeking the truth,

rather than from that of a literary or journalistic genius." Major Norris dedicates his volume "To the memory of Andrew Gilbert Wauchope, who, whether in thirty years with the colours or in ten devoted partly to public affairs, as a gentleman, a soldier, and a patriot, has for ever deserved well of his countrymen." "Campaign Pictures" (Cassell), by Mr. A. G. Hales, who accompanied one of the Australian contingents and was correspondent to the *Daily News*; and Mr. Prevost Battersby's "In the Web of War" (Methuen), a narrative of the advance of Lord Roberts from the Orange River to Pretoria, are also on the way.

The other war books about to appear have already been announced—"In the Ranks of the C. I. V." (Smith, Elder), by Mr. Erskine Childers, a clerk in the House of Commons, who was a driver in the corps; and Mr. W. Sanford Evans' story of the part played by the Canadian contingent (Fisher Unwin), which comes aptly with the visit of the Canadian Regiment to London. On Wednesday, too, the first volume of "*The Times* History of the War" will be published, price 15s., and the subscription list at £2 12s. 6d. for the complete set will be closed, to be reopened at £3 3s. net the set.

The Scottish History Society, which Lord Rosebery so amusingly addressed on Saturday, is now issuing the long-looked-for collection of despatches from the Vatican archives, edited by the Rev. J. Hungerford Pollen, S.J., under the title of "Papal Negotiations with Mary Queen of Scots." Among other publications promised by the Society is the third volume of papers relating to the Scots Brigade in the Netherlands, which will contain the regimental registers of Births, Deaths, and Marriages still preserved at Rotterdam. A considerable part of the volume, however, will be taken up by a remarkable narrative, in verse, of the war in Flanders, written by a private soldier belonging to the Brigade. There will also be issued the Diary, or a fragment of the Diary, of Andrew Hay, of Stone (1659-1690), a zealous Covenanter and an intimate friend of the famous Archibald Johnston, Lord Warriston. Later, the Society will publish a volume of papers dealing with the negotiations for the Union of England and Scotland in 1651-1653, edited by Mr. C. Sandford Terry, who has also in preparation a volume of records relating to the Scottish armies from 1638 to 1650. The other publications in preparation include a volume of foreign contemporary narratives, partly inedited and partly translations of rare tracts which have not hitherto appeared in English, relating to the life and death of Mary Queen of Scots; the Topographical portion of the famous Macfarlane Collection (which will probably extend to three volumes); and the Registers of the Commissions of the General Assembly for the years 1650-1653.

There is an interesting "Note by the Publisher" in "The Life of Abdur Rahman, Amir of Afghanistan," which Mr. Murray is issuing in two volumes. He explains that the work was entrusted by the Amir to his private secretary (or Mir Munshi), Sultan Mahomed Khan, who brought it to England. The first eleven chapters, containing the record of his life up to his accession to the Afghan throne, are written by Abdur Rahman himself and translated from the Persian by his private secretary. The remaining chapters, dealing, among other things, with his domestic and foreign policy, personal life, and advice to his successors, were taken down by Sultan Mahomed Khan from the Amir's own words. "Sultan Mahomed Khan," continues Mr. Murray, "was recalled to Kabul by the Amir before the MS. of this book could be placed in the printer's hands, and the responsibility of revising the proofs and seeing the whole work through the press has devolved upon me. I am, of course, in no way responsible for any statement contained in the book, as I have no direct knowledge of the facts. My work has been confined to the task of verifying names and places, which has been an exceedingly difficult one, and in the circumstances I must ask for the kind indulgence of readers and critics. To attain to complete and systematic uniformity in the spelling of Oriental names is practically impossible; my aim has been to leave as little doubt as may be concerning the identity of the persons and places referred to in the text."

The Cambridge University Press will shortly publish, in two volumes, "The French Monarchy, 1483-1789," by A. J. Grant, M.A., Professor of History in the Yorkshire College, Leeds, in the Cambridge Historical Series. It will be quickly followed by Sir J. G. Bourinot's history of "Canada under British Rule, 1760-1900." From the same house is to come shortly the second volume of Lord Rayleigh's "Scientific Papers." Several of the papers here reprinted were written conjointly by Professor Schuster and Mr. Sidgwick. It is expected that two more volumes will complete the work.

In our history of the Cambridge University Press, published on October 13, it should have been stated that most of the illustrations were courteously lent to us by Mr. Bowes, of Macmillan and Bowes, Cambridge, to whom the original blocks belong. They served to illustrate an interesting account by Mr. Bowes of printed books at Cambridge, which appeared in one of the Cambridge Antiquarian Society's papers.

Next week Mr. Lane will publish the first two volumes of a new edition of Sir Arthur Helps' history of "The Spanish Conquest in America," edited by M. Oppenheim. It is more than forty years since Sir Arthur Helps published the first instalments of his history, which was popular for a time. Sir Arthur was more successful, however, when he reissued portions of this work, as well as of his earlier historical book on "Conquerors of the New World," as separate biographies, such as the Lives of Columbus, Pizarro, and Las Casas, the Apostle of the Indians. The author's notes have all been retained, and those which were printed in the language of the writer quoted have been translated.

Mr. Max Beerbohm is about to appear as a dramatic author as well as dramatic critic. He has made a one-act play out of his book "The Happy Hypocrite," and this is to be acted before *Mr. and Mrs. Daventry*. The idea of giving a place in the evening bill to *The Fantasticks*, George Fleming's version of Rostand's *Les Romanesques*, has been abandoned for some time to come.

"The Life of the Emperor Frederick," edited from the German of Margaretha von Poschinger, with an introduction by Sidney Whitman, will be issued on Wednesday next by Messrs. Harper—simultaneously with the publication of the last part of the German original in Berlin. The single volume of the English edition contains the portions most interesting to English readers.

Messrs. Smith, Elder hope to publish Dr. Fitchett's new book, "Wellington's Men," before Christmas. It is based on four other volumes, by Rifleman Harris, Sergeant Anton, and others—all depicting war as seen by the rank and file.

A set of handbooks, now being published by the American Book Company (in the Scientific Memoir Series, edited by Prof. Ames, of Johns Hopkins University), reprints at reasonable prices important articles on scientific subjects now out of print, or originally published in foreign journals and not hitherto translated, or contained in rare volumes, with notes, explanations, and corrections. It is an original attempt to bring first-hand sources of information before the general reader. Ten volumes have already been issued, and there are now ready or in the press "The Laws of Gravitation," "The Wave Theory of Light," and "Radiation and Absorption." The volumes have had a large general sale.

With its next issue the *New Century Review* will pass into the hands of new proprietors and will be conducted by a new editor, Mr. Douglas Story. It will be published at 1s. by Mr. John Long.

In last week's *Literature* we gave 5s. as the price of Mr. W. H. Hutton's book on "Constantinople," published by Messrs. Dent. We should have said 3s. 6d. net.

In our reviews of some children's books on November 10 we said that "Ten Little Boer Boys," with pictures by Mr. A. S. Forrest and verses by "Norman," "is produced as a companion book to 'Little Englanders' and 'The Baby Patriot's A.B.C.,' by Mrs. Ernest Ames." In case any misunderstanding should possibly arise, Mr. Ames wishes us to state that neither he nor Mrs. Ames is the author of "Little Englanders."

Books to look out for at once.

SOUTH AFRICA—

"'The Times' History of the War." Edited by L. S. Amery, Fellow of All Souls. Vol. I. Sampson Low. 15s.
[See under Authors and Publishers.]

"The South African War, 1899-1900: A Military Retrospect up to the Relief of Ladysmith." By Major S. L. Norris, R.E. With maps. Murray.

"In the Ranks of the C.I.V." By Erskine Childers. Smith, Elder. 6s.

"In the Web of a War." By H. F. Prevost Battersby. Methuen. 6s.

"With Seven Generals in the Boer War, 1899-1900." By Major A. W. A. Pollock. Skeffington. 6s.

"Campaign Pictures." By A. G. Hales. Cassell.

"The Canadian Contingent." By W. Sanford Evans. Fisher Unwin. 6s.

IMPERIALISM—

"Reflections on the Origins and Destiny of Imperial Britain." By J. A. Cramb. Macmillan. 7s. 6d. net.
[Mr. J. A. Cramb, Professor of Modern History in Queen's College, London, has for long been engaged on a work upon "The Origins of Imperial Britain." The present situation has induced him now to publish the more theoretical section of it.]

BIOGRAPHY.

"George H. C. Macgregor, M.A." By the Rev. D. C. Macgregor. Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.

"James Macartney, M.D., F.R.S." By A. Macalister, Prof. of Anatomy, St. John's College, Cambridge. Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.

"Dante Alighieri." By Paget Toynbee. Methuen. 3s. 6d.
["Little Biographies" Series.]

"Life of the Emperor Frederick." Ed. from the German of Margharetha von Poschinger, with an Intro. by Sidney Whitman. Harper. 16s.

HISTORY AND TOPOGRAPHY.

"History of America Before Columbus." 2 vols. By P. De Roo. Lippincott. 30s. net.

"A Literary History of America." By Barrett Wendell. Unwin. 16s.
[Attempts to define the ways in which the nation, character, and thought of America have diverged from those of England.]

"Sources and Literature of English History to about 1485." By Charles Gross, Ph.D. Harvard. Longmans. 18s. net.

"A.M.D.G. History of the Town and County of Wexford." By H. F. Hore. E. Stock. 20s. net.

"The Rulers of the South: Sicily, Calabria, and Malta." 2 vols. By F. Marion Crawford. Macmillan. 21s. net.
[Companion volume to "Ave Roma Immortalis."]

"Dalmatia Illustrated." By W. Royle. Vinton. 12s. 6d. net.

"Bunyan's Country." By A. J. Foster. Virtue. 6s.

THEOLOGY—

"Joseph and Mary to James the Lord's Brother." By A. Whyte, D.D. Bible Characters. Oliphant. 3s. 6d.
[First volume of New Testament Characters.]

"Robert Bruce's Sermons on the Sacrament." Done into English by the Rev. J. Laidlaw. Oliphant. 6s.

"Knowledge, Belief, and Certitude." By F. S. Turner. Sonnenschein. 7s. 6d. net.
[A history of the author's religious development.]

"Words from St. Paul's." By W. Sinclair. Burleigh. 3s. 6d.

"A Soldier of Christ's Army." By A. C. Champneys. Bell. 2s. 6d. net.
[An explanation of Confirmation and the Catechism for Public School Boys.]

"A First Primer of Apologetics." By R. Mackintosh. E. Stock. 3s.

ART—

"Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A." By Sir W. Armstrong. Heinemann. £5 5s. n.
[Uniform with the same author's "Gainsborough," published in 1898. (Also 110 copies with duplicate set of the photogravures on India paper in portfolio, £10 10s. net.)]

"Art Crafts for Amateurs." By Fred Miller. Virtue. 5s.

"The Passing Show: An Album of Drawings." By A. B. Wenzell. Lane. 20s.

POETRY AND BELLES-LETTRES—

"The Professor, and other Poems." By A. C. Benson. Lane. 3s. 6d. net.

"New Rhymes for Old: Parodies." By A. C. Doane. Lane. 3s. 6d. net.

"The Wild Knight, and other Poems." By G. Chesterton. Richards. 5s. net.

"Gisli Sursson: A Drama." By Beatrice H. Barmby. Constable. 3s. 6d. net.
[Ballads and Poems of the Old Norse Days, with some Translations. Introduction by F. York Powell.]

"Sleeping Beauty, and other Prose Fancies." By R. Le Gallienne. Lane. 5s. net.

FICTION—

"Foes in Law." By Rhoda Broughton. Macmillan. 6s.

"Who Goes There?" By R. K. Benson. Macmillan. 6s.

"Committed to his Charge." By R. and K. M. Lizaro. Greening. 6s.

"A Great Temptation." By Dora Russell. Digby and Long. 6s.

"The Ivory Bride." By T. Pinkerton. John Long. 6s.

"The Outcast Emperor." By Lady H. Craven. Hutchinson. 6s.

"Through Life's Rough Way." By B. M. M. Miniken. Digby and Long. 6s.

"A Princess of Arcady." By A. Henry. J. Murray. 6s.

"A Woman's Burden." By Fergus Hume. Jarrold. 6s.

"An American Woman." By A. S. Swan. Hutchinson. 5s.

"The Time of Roses." By L. T. Meade. Nister. 5s.

SCIENCE AND EDUCATION—

"A Treatise on Diseases of the Nose and Throat." By E. L. Shurly. Hirschfeld. 21s. net.

"The Principles of Mechanics." Part I. By Professor F. Slate. Macmillan. 7s. 6d. net.

"Treatise on Elementary Dynamics." By H. A. Roberts. Macmillan. 4s. 6d.

SPORT.

"A Century of Fox Hunting." By G. F. Underhill. Everett. 9s. net.

"Life and Sport on the Pacific Slope." By Horace Annesley Vachell. Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.

BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG—

"Grimm's Fairy Tales" (including Grimm's "Goblins"). Translated by Mrs. Lucas. Illus. by Arthur Rackham. Freemantle. 6s. net.

"Gobbo-Bobo: the Two-eyed Griffin." By H. E. Inman. Warne. 6s.

"Friends Old and New: Fairy Tales." By Sophie Hirch. E. Stock. 6s.

"Story Book of the Shah: Legends of Old Persia." By Ella C. Sykes. Macqueen. 6s.

"The Dream Fox Story Book." By Mabel D. Wright. Macmillan. 7s. 6d.

"Daddy's Girl." By L. T. Meade. Newnes. 3s. 6d.
[Illustrated by Gordon Browne.]

"The Young Woodranger." By G. W. Browne. Jarrold. 3s. 6d.
[A story of the Merrimack River in the 18th century.]

"In Alfred's Days." By Paul Creswick. Nister. 3s. 6d.

"Bruno and Bimba." By E. E. Green. Nister. 2s. 6d.

"Hermit of Hillside Tower." By Mrs. I. Sitwell. Nister. 2s. 6d.

"Old Gold." A Tale. By G. M. Fenn. Nister. 5s.

"Our Bird Friends." By R. Kearton. Cassell. 5s.
[With 100 illustrations from photographs by Cherry Kearton.]

MISCELLANEOUS—

"Official Report of the Church Congress held at Newcastle-on-Tyne." Bemrose. 10s. 6d. net.

"Old Cottages and Farmhouses in Kent and Sussex." By E. G. Dawber. Batsford. 21s. net.

"The Token Money of the Bank of England, 1797-1816." By M. Phillips. E. Wilson. 2s. 6d.

"The Workmen's Compensation Act." By A. Elliott. Stevens and Haynes. 6s. net.

"The Wrongs of Indian Womanhood." By Mrs. M. B. Fuller. Oliphant. 5s.

NEW EDITIONS—

"The Spanish Conquest in America," by Sir Arthur Helps. Ed. by M. Oppenheim. Vols. 1 and 2. John Lane. 3s. 6d. net each.

"The Club; or a Grey Cap for a Green Head." By James Puckle, M.P. Freemantle. 3s. 6d. net.
[Intro. by Austin Dobson, and 50 illust. after Thurston.]

"The Epicurean." By T. Moore. Greening. 3s. 6d.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

ART.

Anthony Van Dyck. An historical study of his life and works. By *Lionel Cust*, F.S.A. 15½×10in., 300 pp. Bell. £5 5s.

The Later Works of Aubrey Beardsley. 11½×9in., 171 pp. Lane. £2 2s.

Sketches and Skits. By *A. Hopkins*, R.W.S. 10½×6in. Elkin Mathews. 5s.

The Work of War Artists in South Africa. By *A. C. R. Carter*. 13×10in., 32 pp. Virtue. 5s. n.

The Art Annual. Vol. for 1900. 13×10in., 376 pp. Virtue. 21s. n.

BIOGRAPHY.

Reminiscences of Morris Steinert. By *Jane Martin*. 8½×5½in., 267 pp. Putnam. 9s.

Daniel O'Connell. (Heroes of the Nations Series.) By *R. Dunlop*. 7½×5in., 255 pp. Putnam. 5s.

Charles Dickens as I Knew Him. By *G. Dolby*. 7½×5in., 366 pp. Unwin. 6s.

Life and Letters of Zachary Macaulay. By *Viscountess Knutsford*. 9×5½in., 496 pp. Arnold. 16s.

Memoirs of Edward Hare, C.S.I. By *Major C. Hare*. 7×4½in., 160 pp. Grant Richards. 5s. n.

Francis Hutcheson. By *W. R. Scott*. 9×5½in., 256 pp. Cam. Un. Press. 8s.

La Vie de Pasteur. Par *Rene Vallery-Radot*. 10×6½in., 602 pp. Hachette.

BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

Britons at Bay. By *H. C. Moore*. 8×5½in., 346 pp. Wells Gardner. 3s. 6d.

Tom Andrews: A Story of Board School Life. By *A. Chandler*. 7½×5in., 217 pp. E. Stock. 5s.

The Book of Dragons. By *E. Nesbit*. 7½×5½in., 200 pp. Harper. 5s.

In the Beginning. Stories from Genesis for Children. By *Mrs. E. R. Conder*. 7½×5in., 125 pp. Stock.

The Book of King Arthur and His Knights. Stories from Sir T. Malory's "Morte d'Arthur." By *Mary Macleod*. 8½×6in., 448 pp. Wells Gardner. 6s.

The April Baby's Book of Tunes. By the Author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden." 7½×8in., 75 pp. Macmillan. 6s.

The Three Wishes. By the Author of "The Peacock at Home." 6×3½in., 13 pp. Birmingham. Cornish. 1s.

The White Shore. By *H. C. Macilwaine*. 8½×6in., 408 pp. Wells Gardner. 6s.

A Noah's Ark Geography. By *Mabel Dearmer*. 9½×7in., 224 pp. Macmillan. 6s.

A Child of the Sun. By *C. E. Banks*. 8½×6in., 166 pp. Pearson. 6s.

Two Boys in War Time. By *J. Finnemore*. 7½×5in., 301 pp. Pearson. 5s.

The Old Woman and Her Pig. 6×3in., 35 pp. Birmingham. Cornish. 1s.

Barfield's Blazer, and other School Stories. By *W. E. Cule*. 7½×5½in., 235 pp. Melrose. 3s. 6d.

The Goblin. By *Catherine* and *Florence Foster*. 8×5½in., 435 pp. Wells Gardner. 6s.

Under the Rebels' Reign. A Story of Egyptian Revolt. By *C. Neufeld*. 8×6in., 382 pp. Wells Gardner. 6s.

CLASSICAL.

Selected Letters of Pliny. Ed. by *J. H. Westcott*. 7½×5in., 285 pp. Putnam. 6s.

The Orestela of Æschylus. Trans. by *C. W. Warr*. 7½×5½in., 230 pp. Allen.

The Captivi of Plautus. Ed. by W. M. Lindsay. 9×6in., 394 pp. Methuen. 10s. 6d. n.

EDUCATIONAL.

C. Sallusti Crispi Catilina. (Pitt Press Series.) Ed. by *H. C. Summers*. 6½×4in., 120 pp. Cam. Un. Press. 2s.

Rome: Its Rise and Fall. A Text Book for Schools and Colleges. By *P. V. N. Myers*, LL.D. 7½×5in., 554 pp. Arnold. 5s. 6d.

The Public School Speaker. By *F. W. Cornish*. 9½×6in., 571 pp. Murray. 7s. 6d.

German Idioms. Trans. by *Myra Taker*. 7×4½in., 268 pp. Macmillan. 3s. 6d.

Daniel. (Cambridge Bible for Schools and Colleges.) By the *Rev. S. R. Driver*. 6½×4in., 215 pp. Cam. Un. Press. 2s. 6d. n.

FICTION.

The Angel and the Demon. By *Ellen F. Fowler*. 7½×5in., 111 pp. Partridge. 1s. 6d.

A Vizier's Daughter. By *Lillian Hamilton*. 8×5½in., 411 pp. Murray. 6s.

A Rogue in Love. By *Tom Gallon*. 7½×5in., 336 pp. Hutchinson. 6s.

From the Scourge of the Tongue. By *Bessie Marchant*. 8×5½in., 207 pp. Melrose. 3s. 6d.

God's Lad. By *Paul Cushing.* 8×5¼in., 336 pp. Pearson. 6s.
His Only Son. By *C. Darrah.* 7×5in., 189 pp. Hood, Douglas. 1s. n.
Deacon Bradbury. By *E. A. D—.* 7½×5¼in., 288 pp. Macmillan. 6s.
Shadows from the Thames. By *E. Noble.* 8×5¼in., 201 pp. Pearson. 6s.
A Year of Life. By *W. S. Lilly.* 7½×5¼in., 401 pp. Lane. 6s.
The Champington Mystery. By *Le Voleur.* 7½×5in., 308 pp. Digby, Long. 6s.
The Vereker Family. By *May Crommelin.* 7½×5in., 351 pp. Digby, Long. 6s.
Adventures of Merryman Brothers. By *W. Palmer.* 7½×5in., 316 pp. Digby, Long. 6s.
Allens Afloat. By *H. E. A. Coate.* 7½×5in., 304 pp. Stock. 5s.
Her Father's Trust. By *Mary Maker.* 7½×5in., 168 pp. Burns & Oates. 2s. 6d.
The Inimitable Mrs. Massingham. By *H. Compton.* 7½×5¼in., 125 pp. Chatto & Windus. 6s.
From Valet to Ambassador. By *P. Treherne.* 7½×5¼in., 211 pp. Sands. 3s. 6d.
The Strength of Straw. By *E. Stuart.* 7½×5¼in., 308 pp. J. Long. 6s.
Jean Keir of Craigniel. By *Sarah Tytler.* 7½×5¼in., 336 pp. J. Long. 6s.
A Daughter of the Fields. By *Katharine Tynan.* 7½×5¼in., 312 pp. Smith, Elder. 6s.
A Scholar of His College. By *W. E. W. Collins.* 7½×5¼in., 379 pp. Blackwood. 6s.

HISTORY.

A Critical Examination of Irish History. By *T. Dunbar Ingram*, LL.D. 2 vols. 9½×6in., 354+350 pp. Longmans. 21s.
Charles III. of Spain. (The Stanhope Essay, 1900.) By *J. Addison.* 7½×5¼in., 156 pp. Oxford, Blackwell. 2s. 6d. n.
The Voyage of Capt. J. Saris to Japan, 1613. Ed. by *Sir E. M. Satow.* K.C.M.G. 9×5¾in., 213 pp. Hakluyt Soc.
Scottish History from Contemporary Writers: The Last Jacobite Rising, 1745. Ed. by *C. S. Terry.* 6½×4in., 322 pp. Nutt. 3s.

LAW.

Lawyers and their Clients. 7½×5in., 110 pp. E. Wilson. 2s.
The Law Relating to Schools and Teachers. By *T. A. Organ.* 7½×5¼in., 350 pp. Leeds. Arnold. 8s. 6d.

LITERARY.

Puritan and Anglican Studies in Literature. By *Prof. E. Dowden.* 8×5¼in., 311 pp. Kegan Paul. 7s. 6d.

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REPRINTS.

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The Analogy of Religion, Natural and Revealed. By *J. Butler*, D.C.L. 8½×5½in., 313 pp. Macmillan. 7s. 6d. n.
The Works of Bishop Butler. Vol. I. Ed. by *J. H. Bernard*, D.D. 8½×5¾in., 352 pp. Macmillan. 7s. 6d. n.
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The Vision of Dante Alighieri Part I.—Hell. (The Little Library). Trans. by *H. F. Cary.* 6×4in., 227 pp. Methuen. 1s. 6d. n.
The Rubá'iyat of Omar Khayyam. Trans. by *E. FitzGerald.* Ed. by H. M. Batson. 7½×5in., 283 pp. Methuen. 6s.
Derrick Vaughan. By *Edna Lyall.* (The Novelist Series.) 9×6in., 121 pp. Methuen. 6d.
Morte Arthure. From the Lincoln MS. by Robert of Thornton. Ed. by *Mary Macleod Banks.* 7×4¾in., 206 pp. Longmans. 3s. 6d.

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Ethical Democracy. Ed. by *S. Coit.* 7½×5¼in., 361 pp. Grant Richards. 6s.
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THEOLOGY.

An Introduction to the New Testament. By *B. W. Bacon*, D.D. 7½×5in., 285 pp. The Macmillan Co. 3s. 6d.
The Confessions of Saint Augustine. Ed. by *Temple Scott.* (Religious Life Series.) 6½×4¼in., 281 pp. Grant Richards. 3s. 6d. n.
What is Catholicism? By *E. Scherer.* Trans. by T. A. Seed. 8×5in., 191 pp. Grant Richards. 3s. 6d.
An Introduction to the Old Testament in Greek. By *H. B. Swete*, D.D. 7½×5in., 529 pp. Cam. Un. Press. 7s. 6d. n.
A Young Man's Religion. By the *Rev. J. Jackson.* 8½×5¼in., 291 pp. Hodder & Stoughton. 3s. 6d.
The Church-Worker. Vol. XIX. 10½×7in., 192 pp. Sunday School Union. 2s. 6d.
Lessons on Israel in Egypt and the Wilderness. By the late *Sarah G. Stock* and *T. Rutt.* 8½×5¼in., 173 pp. Sunday School Union. 2s.
Studies of the Soul. By *J. Brierley.* 2nd Ed. 7½×5¼in., 396 pp. J. Clarke. 3s. 6d.

TOPOGRAPHY.

Reminiscences of Oxford. By *R. W. Tuckwell.* 8½×5 in., 288 pp. Cassell. 10s.
Sussex. (The Little Guides.) By *F. G. Brabant.* 6×4in., 298 pp. Methuen. 3s.

TRAVEL.

Khurasan and Sistan. By *Lt.-Col. C. E. Yate*, C.S.I., &c. 9×6¼in., 512 pp. Blackwood. 21s. n.

CHESS.

Address "Chess": LITERATURE, Printing House Square, London.

PROBLEM No. XCIII.
By B. KEBRANSKI, Berlin.
BLACK.

WHITE.
White to play and mate in two moves.

PROBLEM No. XCIV.
By J. A. MILES.
BLACK.

WHITE.
White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 95, by A. Troitzky. White (3 pieces)—K at Q Kt 4; R at Q B 3; pawn at Q B 2. Black (3 pieces)—K at K 5; B at Q R 7; pawn at Q Kt 7. White to play and draw.

MORE ABOUT THE ORIGIN OF CHESS.—Mr. J. Séguin, *Times Democrat*, New Orleans, is entitled to speak with some authority, and he has recently stated that the origin of chess, like the origin of pretty much everything of the same sort, is a much-mooted point. Until recent years, chess writers were almost unanimous in ascribing its origin to India; but, 1891, Don José Brunet y Bellet, in his work "El Ajedrez, Investigaciones Sobre su Origen," strongly controverts that theory and maintains that Egypt was the true original source of the game. We can hardly venture to express an opinion on such a matter, but are inclined to believe that Don Brunet's case is scarcely made out with legal certainty.

In a match, Röthing *v.* Marshall at New York, the young champion, Marshall, finished off a game as follows:—

BLACK. MARSHALL.

WHITE. ROTHING.
Black to play.

Continued: 35. —, R×Kt ch; 36. K—R, Kt—K 7 ch; 37. K—R sq, B×R, 38. P—R, B—K 5; 39. P—R 3, P—B 7 ch; 40. Kt—Kt 2, Kt—Kt 6 ch, 41. K—R 2, P—B 8 (Q); 42. R×Q, Kt×B ch; 43. K—Kt sq, B—Kt; 44. K—R, Kt—P ch; 45. K—B 3, Kt—Q 4. 46. Resigns.

The following affords further illustration of Marshall's vigorous style (New York Tournament, Manhattan C.C.):—

BLACK. BAIRD.

WHITE. MARSHALL.
White to play.

Continued: 25. B×K Kt P, B—Q 3, (if R×B white wins by Q—R ch followed by R×B) ch; 26. B—K 5 ch, K—R 2; 27. B—B, R—K Kt sq; 28. B—K 7, R×Q, 29. B×Q, R×R; 30. B×R, B—K 5; 31. B×P and soon won.

GAME No. XLV.—A smart contest at Stockholm during a visit of Herr Mieses recently:—

WHITE. B. Lundberg.	BLACK. J. Mieses.	WHITE. B. Lundberg.	BLACK. J. Mieses.
1. P—K 4	P—K 4	10. B—B 4	P—K Kt 4
2. Kt—Q B 3	Kt—K B 3	11. B—K Kt 3	P—Kt 5
3. B—B 4	P—Q 4	12. P×P	Kt×P
4. P×P	B—Q 3	13. Kt—K	Kt×B
5. P—Q 3	Q Kt—Q 2	14. P×Kt	P—K B 4
6. Kt—R 3	Kt—Kt 3	15. Kt×P	B×Kt
7. B—K Kt 5	B—K Kt 5	16. B×B	P×Kt
8. P—K R 3	B—R 4	17. B—R	Q—R 5 and wins.
9. Castles	P—K R 3		

GAME No. XLVI. One of Mr. Pillsbury's celebrated blindfold games in the greatest contest of the kind on record at Philadelphia (20 boards):—

WHITE. H. N. Pillsbury.	BLACK. W. Neuman.	WHITE. H. N. Pillsbury.	BLACK. W. Neuman.
1. P—Q 4	P—Q 4	11. P×B	B×B
2. P—Q B 4	P—K 3	12. Kt—B 6	Q—K sq
3. Kt—Q B 3	Kt—K B 3	13. Kt—B ch	Q×Kt
4. B—Kt 5	B—K 2	14. Kt×P	Q—K 4
5. P—K 3	Q Kt—Q 2	15. Kt—Kt ch	P×Kt
6. Kt—K B 3	P—Q Kt 3	16. B—R 6	Q×Kt P
7. P×P	P×P	17. K—Q 2	Q×P ch
8. B—Q Kt 5	B—Kt 2	18. K—B sq	K—B sq
9. Kt—K 5	Castles	19. R—K Kt sq	Kt—K 4
10. B—B 6	R—Q Kt sq	20. P—Kt and wins.	

Literature

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NOTES OF THE DAY.

We shall publish next week an Illustrated Supplement dealing with Christmas illustrated books and books for the young.

* * * *

The late Sir Arthur Sullivan's musical record is full of evidence of his love of the poets. He wrote incidental music to five of Shakespeare's plays, and it was his music to *The Tempest*, written when still in his teens, that first won him his laurels as a composer and gave occasion to Dickens' warm-hearted congratulations—"I don't pretend to know much about music; but I do know that I have been listening to a remarkable work." His setting of "Sigh no more, ladies" was highly successful, and "Orpheus with his lute," despite a misreading of the words in the last verse, may be ranked with Schubert's "Who is Sylvia?"

* * * *

Tennyson was scarcely less a favourite, though the music written for *The Foresters* seems to have shared the fate of the play itself, and Sir Arthur's dainty renderings of several of the late Laureate's songs have never been so popular as they should have been. The composer gave a good example of his sympathetic appreciation of Scott in his setting of "A weary lot is thine." But the most ambitious attempts made by Sullivan to adapt the subjects of literature to the purposes of his own art were, of course, *The Golden Legend* and *Ivanhoe*; and both of these—whatever may have been the fate of the latter—are highly picturesque and imaginative works, full of the sheer cleverness which, above all other qualities, distinguished the composer.

* * * *

Burns is a poet beloved of literary Boers—for there are such persons—and that both for his matter and his language. Dr. James Colville lately read a paper to the Philosophical Society of Glasgow on "A Boer Admirer of Robert Burns," the admirer being ex-Secretary Reitz, whose translation of the poems was made in 1888, when Reitz was Chief Justice of the Orange Free State. It is, however, less a translation, perhaps, than a suggestion; and in that way it throws the more light on the inner life of the Boers, for Reitz selected the poems which pictured the homely, rural life of the people. As to the question of language Dr. Colville condemned those persons who assert that the "Taal" is a barbarous and unnatural "lingo." He holds that the "Taal" has a closer connexion with lowland Scots than with any European tongue except the Dutch.

* * * *

The number of visitors, by the way, to the Burns' Birthplace at Alloway show that there is no decline in the popularity of the Scottish national poet. During the year ending 20th September last no fewer than 43,827 persons visited the cottage and 56,941 the monument—an increase over last year of 1,328 in the one case and 3,113 in the other. On American Independence Day a large party of Americans visited the shrine, and made this entry in the visitors' book:—"Independence Day. Where could it be better celebrated than under the shadow of the genius of Burns?" Some interesting portraits, and a large picture representing the "Holy Fair" at Mauchline, have been added to the Museum.

* * * *

Professor Courthope, in the last of his lectures from the Chair of Poetry, noted and deplored "a certain effeminacy of taste in the rising academic generation," exemplified in the writings of competitors for prizes, who show "a tendency to cultivate style as a thing desirable in itself," and "a passion for making points and epigrams without regard to perspective and proportion." Are the tendency and the passion either new or specially characteristic of the University of Oxford? The tendency has been discernible in many prize essays—there is an admirable example of it in the excerpt from the Arnold prize essay of 1859, which is printed in Professor Conington's edition of the works of Virgil. The passion has been observed alike in the dramas of John Oliver Hobbes and the novels of Miss Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler. Consequently it is hardly fair to maintain that these characteristics of the prose style of Oxford essayists result from the diminution of "the interchange of intellectual influence between the Universities and the world." The cultivation of manner without sufficient regard to matter is rather the characteristic of writers whom no academic training has chastened. We see it in the case of other popular writers, such as Mr. W. E. Henley, Mr. Arthur Symons, Mr. Richard Le Gallienne. Young Oxford has, on the whole, learnt more literary airs and graces from them than they have had the opportunity of learning from Oxford.

A new Professor of Poetry to succeed Professor Courthope will have to be elected very soon. An influential section of the electors is, we understand, anxious to put forward the name of Dr. Robert Bridges. No choice would give more general satisfaction, but it is not certain that Dr. Bridges will agree to be a candidate.

* * * *

Mrs. Richmond Ritchie, in her introduction to her new series of papers in *Cornhill*, tells of a character of Thackeray conceived but never brought to the birth. There was originally, she says, in the manuscript of "The Rose and the Ring" a rival fairy to the Fairy Blackstick, called Fairy Hopstick. She used to wheedle and flatter and tell lies, and she hated the Fairy Blackstick, under whose sincere and searching glances she seemed to shrivel up and disappear altogether. There is a picture of Hopstick dwindling and dwindling under the gaze of Blackstick. Mrs. Ritchie can still remember seeing the gold pen emphasizing and darkening the lines of the shadows that brought out old Hopstick's pale and malevolent glare as she vanished in bilious spite. She had a great hook nose and hands like claws. Whether this wicked old fairy voluntarily retired from "The Rose and the Ring" or whether Thackeray found no pleasure in following her career Mrs. Ritchie does not know; but it is certain there is no mention of her left in the book.

* * * *

A hundred years will have passed on January 16 since the founding of the first Dundee newspaper, properly so-called—the *Dundee Advertiser*; and on December 4 will appear a centenary number with a supplement giving a full and interesting illustrated history of the paper, of which an advance copy is now before us. The *Dundee Advertiser* was founded in the days of William Cobbett and in sympathy with his views, and it has always been a Liberal organ. It has had many famous contributors, and Thomas Hood made his *début* in its columns. Robert Stephen Rintoul, the first editor of the *Spectator*, conducted the *Advertiser* for sixteen years, but it was the present editor (who took the post fifty years ago)—Sir John Leng, also the founder of the *People's Friend*, the *People's Journal*, and the *Evening Telegraph*—who raised the fortunes of the paper to their present flourishing condition. The use of illustrations in a newspaper was first developed by the *Dundee Advertiser*, though a single attempt in this direction had been previously made by *The Times*, which published a sketch of Nelson's coffin in its account of his funeral.

* * * *

Another instalment, in the December *Cornhill*, of Mr. George Smith's reminiscences contains many most interesting reminiscences of Charlotte Brontë. The impression made on him by the first reading of "Jane Eyre" in manuscript reminds one of a story in that diverting, but not always convincing, book "The Brontës in Ireland," by the late Dr. William Wright, of the Bible Society. Dr. Wright's story was that Charlotte's Irish uncle, Hugh Brontë, decided to submit his niece's book to the judgment of a clerical neighbour, Mr. McKee. Hugh Brontë took tea, while Mr. McKee began on the book and was soon galloping over the pages oblivious of everything but the story. The afternoon wore on and Brontë sat still at the table watching the features of the reader as they changed from sombre to gay, from flinty fierceness to melting pathos. When the servant came in to remove the tea things and light the candles the two men were sitting silent in the gloaming. But Mr. Smith's authentic and first-hand account beats the tale of Dr. Wright's informant. He began immediately after breakfast on a Sunday morning. Presently his horse came round—he had an appointment with a friend; but he could not put the book down. He scribbled a line of excuse to his friend and went on. The servant came to tell him luncheon was ready; he asked to have a sandwich and glass of wine brought in, and still went on with "Jane Eyre." Dinner came; but for him the meal was a hasty one, and before he went to bed he had finished the manuscript. This story should encourage the most dispirited correspondent of the *Author*.

* * * *

Despite Samuel Richardson's close associations with the parish of St. Bride, no tablet to his memory has been erected therein. Mr. Passmore Edwards' offer to place a monument to the printer-novelist in St. Bride's Foundation Institute will, then, be welcomed. From Richardson's printing office in Salisbury-court there was issued the 1739 edition of Maitland's "London," and eighteen years later, before he became an usher at Peckham, Goldsmith worked as press-corrector here. Printers nowadays are not induced to go punctually to work in order to discover a half-crown hidden among the type—a reward frequently held out by Richardson. Another peculiarity of his dealings with his *employés* was that, in order not to speak in undue heat, he made it a rule to admonish his workmen in writing. Richardson died in 1761.

* * * *

The late Mrs. Emma Marshall was the author of nearly two hundred books. We read in the *Globe* that Mr. Percy Fitzgerald is the author of more than two hundred books. Is the latter author's figure a record? And if not, what is the largest number of books ever written by a single author? The answer to that question should have its place among the curiosities of literature. Can any of our readers supply it?

* * * *

Another writer in a morning paper, commenting upon the suggestion made in *Literature* that the new Holborn-Strand thoroughfare should be christened after Dickens, mentions the existence of a "Manette-street" in the neighbourhood of Soho-square, and wonders if that street was so named after the publication of "A Tale of Two Cities," where (it will be remembered) the Dr. Manette of the story is stated to have lived "in a quiet street corner not far from Soho-square." It is fair to assume that Manette-street thus derived its designation, which must have been quite recently bestowed upon it, as it does not appear in the "Streets" section of the London Directory of five years ago. Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, in his "Bozland," alludes to the existence of "a couple of mean alleys, scanty streets," in the Borough, named respectively "Dorrit-street" and "Quilp-street," but, curiously enough, neither figures in the current Directory.

* * * *

The collector of book-plates may have one of two objects in view—either to collect rarities, which may or may not be of intrinsic beauty, or simply to bring together a selection of plates that suit his taste and fancy. The "Ex Libris" Society has sometimes been criticized on the grounds that its members confine themselves too exclusively to rarities and things of the past. The current number of "The Book of Book Plates" announces the formation of a new society, which is definitely to consist of "artists, collectors, and others interested in book-plates from an artistic standpoint—who value a plate according to the merits of its design and execution." The subscription will be 10s. 6d. annually, and the editor of "The Book of Book Plates" (Williams and Norgate), which is to be the organ of the new society, is prepared to receive the names of those who wish to become members.

* * * *

Many medical men have drifted into journalism, but few journalists have left Fleet-street for Harley-street. Dr. J. Mortimer Granville, however, whose death is announced, was one of the few. He was the editor of the *Globe* in the old days before Sir George Armstrong took the paper over, and he lived to be an eminent physician and a great authority on gout. As assistant editor of the *Lancet* he stood, as it were, on the bridge that linked his two occupations.

* * * *

The "light-fingered antiquary" is abroad again. Nobody else would surely think it worth while to steal the brass plate recently affixed on the wall of Waterlow-park, Highgate, to mark

the site of Marvell's cottage. There was an inscription on the plate beginning as follows :—

> Four feet below this spot is the stone step, formerly the entrance to the cottage in which lived
>
> ANDREW MARVELL,
> Poet, Wit, and Satirist ;
>
> Colleague with John Milton in the Foreign or Latin Secretaryship during the Commonwealth, and for about 20 years M.P. for Hull.

* * * *

The cottage adjoined the grounds of Lauderdale-house—built as a residence for the Earls of Lauderdale—where Nell Gwynne stayed, much to the annoyance of the neighbouring poet. It was Marvell who called poor Nell "that wench of orange and oyster," and who described Charles, as he saw him walking in the Lauderdale gardens, as

> Of a tall stature and of sable hue,
> Much like the son of Kish, that lofty grew.

Lauderdale-house, as is well known, now plays the more useful, if less distinguished, part of a refreshment house in Waterlow-park. The poet's cottage was pulled down many years ago; practically all that was left being the stone step leading up to the door. This step Sir Sydney Waterlow had built into the boundary wall, and the London County Council marked the spot with the tablet which has just been stolen. Cromwell-house, which was faced by Marvell's cottage, is still standing. Here lived General Ireton and his wife, the eldest daughter of the Protector, who is believed to have built the house. It still bears Cromwell's name, and is now very profitably employed as the convalescent branch of the Hospital for Sick Children.

* * * *

"The King of Borva," whom lovers of William Black's "A Princess of Thule" will remember, has just died. The King, whose real name was John Hunter, had a small inn at Garrynahine, seventeen miles from Stornoway, when he and his daughter, the Princess, were "discovered" by the novelist, and he subsequently had an hotel in Stornoway. He has died at Bonar Bridge in his sixty-eighth year.

* * * *

The special feature of the library formed by Mr. Henry Newnham Davis, which came under the hammer at Sotheby's on Monday and Tuesday, was the long series of books representing the work of the older printers. Most of these were in exceptionally good condition, especially the Machlinia. Fine copies of books printed by Letton and Machlinia are so rare that to possess one confers distinction on any library, but the gem of the whole collection was the superb Jenson folio, "Pliny." This book has never been surpassed as an example of the printer's art at its best. There were many books in Mr. Davis' library more scarce, but none finer, and its four and a quarter centuries of age had only mellowed, not deteriorated it. The most notable books were the following :—Printed by de Worde, "Dictes and Sayings," 1528—£35 ; Glanville "Bartholomeus de Proprietatibus Rerum," 1496, a fine copy, though much repaired—£212 ; printed by Pynson, "Breviarium Secundum usum Sarum," 1507, on vellum—£175 ; Carmelianus, "Carmen," 1514, on vellum—£160 ; "Dives and Pauper," 1493, a very imperfect copy—£16 10s. ; Brant, "The Ship of Fooles," 1570, printed by Cawood—£24 10s. ; Eliot, "The Image of Governance," 1544, printed by Berthelette, fine copy in a binding by Roger Payne—£8 10s. ; More, "The Apologye of Syr Thomas More," 1533, printed by Rastell—£15 ; Barnes, "The Booke of Haukyng," &c., printed by W. Copland—£39 ; Littleton, "Tenures," 1482, printed by Letton and Machlinia—£400 ; "Horae," 1514, printed on vellum, with the woodcuts coloured, for G. Eustace—£25 ; "Le Jardin de Santé," 1501, first edition, printed by Verard—£49 ; Meschinot, "Les Lunettes des Princes" (Paris, 1493), printed by du Pré—£30 ; "Manuel des Dames," printed by Verard, fine copy—£100 ; Columna, "Hypnerotomachia Poliphili," 1499, printed by Aldus, a perfect copy—£78 ; Pliny, "Historiarum," &c., 1472, printed by Jenson—£21 10s. Among the other books the most important were :—Bidpay, "Directorium Humanæ Vitæ," 1484-85—£21 ; Breydenbach, "Peregrinationem," first Latin edition, 1486—£60 ; Decker, "Satiro-Mastix," 1602, first edition—£95 ; Hakluyt, "The Principal Navigations," &c., 1598-1600—£22 5s. ; Heywood, "The Spider and the Flie," 1556—£25 10s. ; Massinger, "A New Playe, called Beleeve as you List," MS., 1631—£60 ; Prynne, "Histrio Mastix," 1633—£6 5s. ; Whetstone, "A Mirror for Magestrates of Cyties," 1584—£22 ; "Officium Beatæ Mariæ Virginis," a beautiful fifteenth century MS. on 250 ll. of white vellum, with fine illuminations—£130 ; "Horæ," a fifteenth century MS. on 274 ll. of vellum, with eighteen miniatures—£115; and "Horæ," a superb MS. on 162 ll. of vellum, the work of a fifteenth century French scribe, with eighteen clear and finely-painted miniatures and numerous other illuminations—£270. The whole realized £4,168, or an average of over £12 per lot.

Fruits of the War.

The English language is growing at a rather alarming pace. The process of growth as regarded through the spectacles of the purist is a subject which was dealt with in these columns some little time ago. We cannot, of course, as some would seem to think, hold fast to the canons of the Augustan age, and accept for current use no coinage of a later date than that of Addison and Pope. The race is naturally expansive, and, as we stretch our limbs abroad, we pick up, Autolycus wise, various unconsidered trifles in the way of speech. Campaigns yesterday on the Indian frontier and in the Sudan, to-day in South Africa, to-morrow in China—we go through them all, and each adds a little to the labours of the dictionary maker. It does not take long for a new expression to become part of the language. The newspapers give currency to any word that strikes their fancy. First, it appears in italics or with inverted commas, but in a surprisingly short time it stands firmly in ordinary type among its fellows. The Army is one great pioneer in the discovery of synonyms. It hails them upon us in a generous profusion from afar, and at home we assay them one by one, and issue a proportion of survivals with the stamp of approval upon them. A little batch of new terms has come over from South Africa, and the discriminating process is sifting them for common use. Many words have become familiar to all which were before known only to the few. Natural features of the land are already overloaded with synonyms, as any one will agree who thinks of a "copse" or a "bosk." "Spruit" and "kopje" may pass into occasional use as synonyms. We have no true veldt in England, and the word is hardly likely to forego its original signification. Synonyms, unless they express a shade of meaning hitherto difficult of expression, are unlikely to take firm root in the language. The older synonyms as bosk, brook, &c., have come down from the days when there was no free communication between county and county. "Commandeer" belongs to a class of words which take their place by right of convenience ; we have no word at hand which gives just the same idea. The life of "slim" depends on the question whether it is differentiated—to signify, that is, the particular sort of wiliness characteristic of the Boer—or not. At present it hovers upon the borders of slang—but then the slang of to-day is apt to become the classic phrase of to-morrow. To trek has always had a limited vogue, and it does not seem to be increasing it. The pom-pom—a soldier's onomatopoeic name for the quick-firing Vickers-Maxim gun—will last, no doubt, as long as the weapon it so adequately describes ; it very soon gained the honour of being mentioned in despatches. So, too, did the Long Tom, but that was merely the fancy of a moment. We do not hear much of Long Toms nowadays. Indirectly, the Boer war may lay claim to the paternity of the verb to "mafficK," though, unless some poet chances to want a rhyme to "traffic," we doubt whether it will pass into English literature. There is something about its appearance to say nothing of its etymology which prevents us from taking it seriously. We wish we could add that a campaign which adds so many flowers to our language had eradicated *mosile*, but we fear the controversy that arose over this nondescript substantive has not killed though it has, we fancy, somewhat disabled it.

THE CLOUDLET.

O white-wing'd one, that wearest
The sunbeam for thy crown,
And on thy bosom bearest
A snow-bloom freshly blown,
What wonders these thou weavest
All in the sight of men?
What world-old truths retrievest,
And makest new again?

"O human heart, that errest,
No sweetness can be thine,
Until, like me, thou sharest
A something more divine;
Until thou cease to fashion
False meteors in thy night,
And only spend thy passion
In leaning toward thy Light.

"O human heart, that sighest
For beauty and delight,
And still obscurely liest
Where dust deceives thy sight,
In vain thy zeal thou pourest
On things all cold and dead,
Until, like me, thou soarest
Above thy earthy bed.

"O human heart, that mournest
For sin no tears undo,
Think not thy fate forlornest—
I cast a shadow too.
'Tis well thou hast endeavoured:
No good can wholly waste.
If Sin had ne'er dissevered,
Then Love had ne'er embraced.

"Bright soul of man, that burnest
Within the darkened clay;
That feel'st thy bounds, and yearnest
To reach the ampler day;
At last, at last, embosomed
High up in heaven, like me,
White-wing'd, sun-crown'd, snow-blossom'd,
Thy radiant doom shall be."

W. F. YOUNG.

Personal Views.

CONCERNING ANTHOLOGIES.

It is small wonder that the number of anthologies should be increased with every season, since the passion for making them, so far from being a merely literary "fad," has its roots at the very heart of human nature. In one way or another, we are all collectors; and the desire to group together in a single volume our favourite passages of poetry and prose is at least as old as the illuminated manuscripts of the monasteries. Moreover, in the generation immediately preceding our own this taste was particularly luxuriant; and the first anthologies of the current fashion may be found in those albums of our grandmothers, of which every family preserves a few, where the melodies of Moore and the lyrical fervours of Mrs. Hemans are engrossed in the neatest and most angular of calligraphy. And nowadays, when everything that is written and collected seems to find its way sooner or later into print, nothing is more natural than that every man or woman of letters should be represented by his or her own particular anthology, as a sort of sign-manual of taste and erudition. The custom has also conspicuous advantages, for even the most capricious collection must needs contain many indisputable jewels, and for these there can never be too many, nor too frequent readers. Nothing maintains the standard of taste so effectually as the currency of a sound and comprehensive *corpus poetarum*, which indeed corrects the judgment by the fruitful use of example, a method which proverbially excels a whole library of precept. Speaking generally, therefore, it may be said with justice that there can scarcely be too many of these aids to culture, and that the more deeply they penetrate into the leisure reading of the student the more thoroughly will his appreciation for what is best in literature be fostered and developed.

All this is true enough, but at the same time there are risks and responsibilities. "The anthologist's," says Mr. Quiller Couch in the latest of these collections, "is not quite the *dilettante* business for which it is too often and ignorantly derided"; and if (though that is difficult to believe) this sensitive art has ever been treated with derision at all, it can only have been so by the pens of the most casual and unintelligent scribblers. For the art of anthology demands, in fact, the most susceptible exercise of the critical faculty; and, if there is anything to be said against its multiplication, the blame must lie rather with the easy and confident manner in which it is sometimes assumed, than in any lack of difficulty in its performance. Ease and self-confidence are, indeed, the very worst qualifications for the task, for the labour both of selection and of arrangement demands continual application and readjustment of judgment. Nor is it probable that any single anthology was ever prepared which would altogether satisfy a jury of twelve experienced critics; personal predilection and association play so large a part in judgment that there must always be omissions and inclusions which will arouse question. And the chief danger of the anthologist is this, that, feeling the impossibility of satisfying every one, he should be too easily content with merely satisfying himself, without testing those predilections and discounting those associations which are always menacing sound criticism. For it must be remembered that there is a real responsibility in giving to the second-rate the popular currency of association with the first-rate, and that the general injustice which is done to the public taste by obscuring the distinctions of first and second-rate is even more to be considered than the individual injustice which may be done to a doubtful writer by excluding what might possibly have passed muster under a rather generous latitude of choice. Caprice, whether of choice or of rejection, is the cardinal sin of the anthologist; and it can only be avoided by the persistent application of a high and undeviating standard.

Palgrave's standard for instance—the measuring rod of "The Golden Treasury"—could scarcely be improved upon. "That a poem," he writes, "shall be worthy of the writer's genius—that it shall reach a perfection commensurate with its aim—that we should require finish in proportion to brevity—that passion, colour, and originality cannot atone for serious imperfections in clearness, unity, or truth, that a few good lines do not make a good poem, that popular estimate is serviceable as a guide-post more than as a compass—above all that Excellence should be looked for rather in the whole than in the Parts—such and other such canons have always been steadily regarded." How excellent this is! How comprehensive and how clearly correct in judgment! Indeed, its correctness is so clear that at first sight it may appear to be almost obvious; the anthologist, we may argue, who sets out with any less appreciation of his task is scarcely to be reckoned with at all. But it is one thing to appreciate a principle and another to sustain it; and any one who is at the pains to follow

the vagaries of current criticism, in the periodicals and reviews, will soon discover that even the best judgment is hourly disfigured by caprices which would scarcely be possible if a sound standard of excellence were inculcated in anthologies and maintained by the tradition which they subserve.

In the task of selection, it may be noticed, an author may reckon either historically or absolutely; and this is what Palgrave meant when he insisted that a poem must be considered in its relation to its writer's genius. There may be, for example, a poem of Milton which would serve as the highest standard of selection; but it is not, therefore, to be argued that every poem by every other writer which falls short of that standard is to be excluded. This, indeed, is sufficiently clear; there is but one Milton, and, in his own peculiar excellence, he is unsurpassed. But there are results of this principle which lie less upon the surface. It follows that there may be, and are, poems of Milton excellent in relation to the great body of English poetry, but less excellent as measured by Milton's own high-water mark, which are less worthy of inclusion than other poems by writers of inferior capacity, who count historically in their relation to the development of English verse. And it is here that the exercise of the anthologist's judgment becomes most sensitive; it is here that the dangers of caprice are most insistent.

Take Gray, for example; he is, indeed, a typical difficulty. Gray lies midway between the artificial magnificence of the Augustan poets and the radiant simplicity of the Lake School; he echoes the one and heralds the other, and he is not free from the defects of both. But the "Elegy in a Country Churchyard" counts for an immense influence historically, and in its relation to Gray's genius it counts for everything. To exclude such a poem from a representative anthology, on grounds of homeliness of sentiment, would be as grave a caprice as to write off the "Rape of the Lock" from the records of poetry because of its over-decoration and mythological artificiality. Each poem is unsurpassed of its class and period, and in both cases class and period alike were fruitful of poetic progress. And yet a good deal has been said by a certain school of æsthetic refinement for resigning the "Elegy" to the ranks of mediocrity.

This, then, is what one means by the caprice of the anthologist; and it is even more harmful for what it includes than for what it excludes. For the public taste is, or ought to be, largely influenced by the *imprimatur* of a popular collection; and every inferior piece, which such a collection preserves, tends to debase that taste. It must be remembered, too, that the general taste is naturally vicious, and that in these days of rampant journalism it is vitiated more and more every morning by the perpetuation of false standards. The inferior piece, once admitted, is by the persistency of natural selection fastened upon at once for favouritism; and half the influence of the good is dissipated by the bad. There is an admirable collection of the love-poetry of the language, edited by a living poet of distinction and judgment, which, nevertheless, contains one piece of unquestionable inferiority, both technical and spiritual. This is, in fact, but a single blot upon a brilliant page; and, yet, such is the persistency with which poetry avenges herself upon false selection, that one frequent student of that little volume can regretfully declare that he never opens the book without lighting upon the one inferiority, and never closes it without its recollection remaining. So may one pitted speck in the garnered fruit rot inwardly and corrupt the taste!

But the art of the anthologist does not end with selection. There remains the important matter of arrangement; and this is, perhaps, the most generally neglected. The easy method is that of historical succession; but it is by no means the best. Indeed, to see its abuse in full swing we have only to turn to Professor Arber's laborious series now appearing from the press, in which each volume is supposed to represent the era of a single poet, with the result that the whole series overlaps and intersects with bewildering intricacy. Here, again, Palgrave set a rich example, but one beset with difficulty to a less abundant capacity. The poems in "The Golden Treasury" are arranged with a sense of continuity and interrelation so delicate that the taste passes from poem to poem with perpetual refreshment and stimulation. Palgrave's critical faculty and sympathy are here shown at work upon a method which many critics would pass over as unimportant, but which in effect lends to the best anthology in the language a harmony of note and sentiment unapproached for charm and significance. And as the field for selection widens, it is to be hoped that his method may be revived and perpetuated. For by this juxtaposition of interests one poet is made to illustrate another, one poem to strike fire from its neighbour, and the splendid continuity of English verse is displayed in its perfection.

Here, indeed, is the peculiar merit of the anthology; it shows us that the poet stands, not alone, but as one of a goodly company, separated, it may be, by circumstances of time and event, but united in the maintenance of literary tradition and national character. And there are many poets who show to greater advantage as members of a band than as disconnected units, many whose value and influence are best appreciated in relation to their universal brotherhood. To indicate that value and influence, and to trace the harmony of poetic development, are the principal tasks of the conscientious anthologist. Then, when his work preserves that harmony, what a rich and inspiriting companion it makes. The day of the literary worker should, if it is well arranged, include, in its modest way, an hour for most things that have the literary interest at heart; and there should always be an hour for the companionship of the anthology. And, if a "personal view" may be held to justify a personal confession, it may, perhaps, be added that one eager reader of every new anthology has found for himself an hour when its charm is never-failing. For the crowded hours of the day's work we need, perhaps, more actual interests; literary history, literary criticism, the great creations of fiction and the drama, move with us through the period of busy activity, suggesting, instructing, enlarging the active and practical sympathies. But when the stir of the working day is over, what calmer and more penetrating pleasure has literature to offer her children than the silent hour, by a dying fire, with some treasure-house of English poetry open upon the knees? Old influences begin to stir in the broken light; old ideals awaken from the fluttering pages—

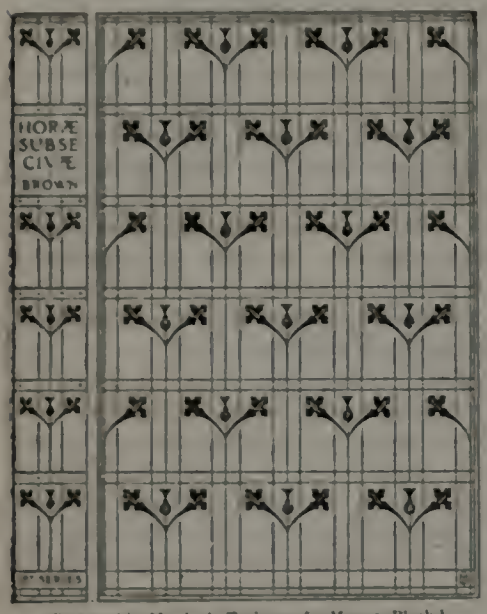
> The old world rings with names that cannot die;
> The old clouds come to colour in the sky.

Spenser, Drayton, Drummond, Carew, Herrick, Crashaw, Vaughan, Collins, and Gray—the Golden Pomp of English Poetry passes before the tired eyes. Here is the majestic form of Shakespeare, at ease in the shadows of Arden; blind Milton touches once more the organ-stops of eternal music; Dryden's "twin-coursers" sweep by in a panoply of triumph. And so to the open fields with Wordsworth, to the glimmering waves with Coleridge, to the dizzy height of the lark with Shelley: we taste in an hour all the joys of Nature, and are made one with her illimitable voice. There is no night there, and no room for weariness. Visions and voices like these make pilgrimage with us through the darkness, and call us to fresh hope and energy with the expected morning.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

BOOK COVERS.

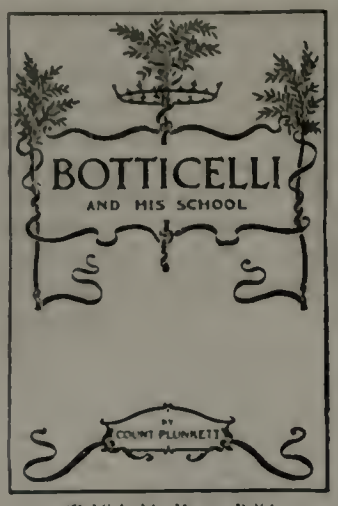
The interest of the educated public in book decoration, and book production generally, has increased remarkably in recent years. The average reader understands more about the mysteries of type and the "get-up" of a volume than he used to do, and he more often takes a proper pride in a well-bound book. This is certainly the experience of Mr. Turbayne, the well-known designer of book covers, who has recently received a medal for his work in connexion with the Oxford University Press exhibit at the Paris Exhibition. Most of the bindings in that exhibit were of his design — many of them valued at £60 or £70 a piece —and he supervised the minutest detail of every exhibit. Publishers are broader-minded in respect of book covers than they were in days gone by. "It is curious how much latitude they will give us now," said Mr. A. A. Turbayne, in the course of conversation on the subject. Even the cookery book comes gracefully dressed from the binders, discarding the old-fashioned view of the kitchen range or the realistic sketch of the family joint for a design which is at least pleasant to look upon. But it is in the more expensive bindings—the tooled and inlaid work such as the Oxford University Press displayed at Paris—that the most interesting developments are taking place. That is a subject with which we hope to deal in a subsequent article; at present we are only concerned with the covers which are turned out by the dozen or so a day—what is technically known as "edition binding."



(Designed by Mr. A. A. Turbayne for Messrs. Black.)

Present Tendencies.

The present tendency in "edition bindings" is towards a more severe and chaste design—as illustrated by the above drawing which Mr. Turbayne has made for the cover of a new edition of "Horæ Subsecivæ," Dr. John Brown's series of essays, which Messrs. Black are preparing in three volumes. These volumes, by the way, will be printed on thin Bible paper, uniform in size with Nelson's New Century Library. Cover designs are becoming so elaborate, and the bewildering [illegible] of lines are often so meaningless, that the reaction in favour of the simpler style can be [illegible] bound, to [illegible]. It must be remembered, too, that cloth is only intended as a temporary binding, and that people who possess fine libraries remove whatever cover, however ornate, a book may be in, and bind it in leather—if it be worth keeping. Consequently Mr. Turbayne considers that the simpler the design the better it will answer its purpose; lettering alone, for preference, if well done. But lettering, unfortunately, is too often scamped by book decorators, and its artistic possibilities overlooked. It makes all the difference in the world if, for instance, the lettering of a cover for a new edition of "Don Quixote" is chosen from an old Spanish model or a modern English pattern. These are little technicalities which would have passed unnoticed at one time, but book-lovers are quick to discover and appreciate them to-day. The most artistic bindings at the present time are produced in England and the United States, and Mr. Turbayne would place England first. Mr. Joseph Shaylor, however, in a timely article "On the Manufacture of Books" in the *Publishers' Circular*, gives the lead to the United States, not only in the matter of bindings, but in printing, paper, and illustrations. "Many of the books recently produced in this country," he writes, "are lacking in style and originality; the page is wanting in that finish for which American books are justly celebrated; the binding lacks design, and, indeed, is frequently quite out of harmony with the nature of the contents, while the illustrations have little or no artistic merit, and are devoid of both force and power." The Americans have advanced more rapidly of recent years because they had more to learn than English publishers, and now, perhaps, they can in return give us one or two ideas on the manufacture of books; but things are not quite so bad as Mr. Shaylor would have us believe. It may be true that many of the illustrations of our higher class books come from France or Germany; but Germany now sends to England for designs for her best covers, while French experts gave the highest praise to the English bindings at the Paris Exhibition.



(Published by Messrs. Bell.)

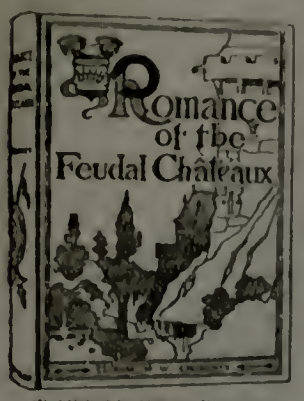
(Published by Messrs. Bell.)

(Published by Messrs. Putnam.)

Novels and Other Books of the Season.

In English novels the tendency of the day is too self-evident to need much notice. The great idea, of course, is to provide a cover which will catch the eye at once, no matter how grotesque the design or glaring the colour; for a striking cover helps considerably to send such a book into a second edition. The two American covers which figure among our illustrations are, in the originals, excellent examples of landscape work in book decoration. In "Camping in the Canadian Rockies" (of which Messrs. Putnam are bringing out a third edition under a slightly altered title), the rich effect of the sky, printed, like the letters, in gold, is necessarily lost in the black and white reduction. The rest of the cover is printed in blue, black, and white. The "Romance of the Feudal Châteaux" is also published by Putnam, but it only appears in America. We understand that too much copyright matter has been included to

make it possible to bring out an English edition of the work.



(Published by Messrs. Putnam.)

Messrs. Bell have produced some of the most artistic designs of the season on this side of the Atlantic, two of their best being Mr. Christopher Dean's cover for Count Plunkett's "Botticelli and his School" and Mr. Walter Crane's "Line and Form." In the Botticelli design the lettering and crown are in gold on a dark green ground, the rest of the design being printed in a lighter shade of green. The new Walter Crane cover is very similar to that of his companion work on "Bases of Design"—gold on a blue ground—the "Crane blue," which is one of the artist's favourite colours.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM LIBRARY.

Although Dr. Garnett has taken up the cudgels on behalf of [his] old colleagues of the British Museum Library in the subject-index controversy, no official notice has apparently been taken of the various criticisms which have been passed upon the national reading room by the correspondents of *The Times* and *Daily Chronicle*. We have succeeded, however, in the course of a conversation on the subject with the present Senior Assistant Keeper of Printed Books, Mr. Arthur Miller—whose services in editing the general catalogue since 1890 were generously acknowledged by Dr. Garnett in *The Times* of October 30—in clearing up one or two points which seemed to need elucidating. It may be said at once that a subject-index of the whole library, which we spoke of in our article of September 29 as a possibility, is not actually under consideration at all. At present the authorities are only concerned with the continuation of the subject-index of modern works (1881-1895), compiled by Mr. Fortescue, Dr. Garnett's successor as Keeper of Printed Books—a further instalment of which will carry on the list until the beginning of 1900. This instalment has now reached to about the middle of the letter B. As the Trustees were not at present considering the question of a subject-index on a larger scale the matter could not very well be discussed; but in any case the estimate of £50,000 as the cost of such a catalogue, and of ten "wasted" years in compiling it, was stated to be quite imaginary.

With regard to the complaint that the period which elapsed between the day of publication of a book and its inclusion in the catalogue was unnecessarily long, it was pointed out that publishers were by no means absolutely regular in sending their new books promptly. Some delivered at once; others at lengthy intervals, and this delay necessarily means delay in cataloguing. The list of accessions—containing about twelve or fifteen hundred entries, sometimes more—is printed every fortnight, and includes, as far as possible, all works received up to the time of going to press. It takes a fortnight to receive the list from the printers ready for the catalogue, but a proof is available within a week, and—though the fact may not be generally known—any reader can examine it upon application to the reading room officials. Even if new books are not in the list every effort is made to find them for those who ask for them. At the end of a fortnight copies of the list are placed on stands conspicuously situated in the reading room, and are cut up and inserted in the general catalogue with as little delay as possible. Another complaint is that the officials fail to get all the books which ought to be in the collection. To keep an eye on every publication throughout the kingdom is difficult, if not impossible. The "English Catalogue" and advertisements are the only means the officials have of ascertaining what books are published, and as many provincial publications are not announced in either form certain books are bound to escape them. Publishers, as a whole, however, give them little trouble—most of the leading firms sending their books promptly, without waiting to be asked. The suggestion made by one correspondent that a catalogue should be compiled of all books known to have been published before the Copyright Act, and not in the Museum Library, is regarded as impracticable. It would be impossible to compile such a list with any pretension to completeness, and in any case it is considered probable that the labour involved would be out of all proportion to the value of the work.

THE DRAMA.

Reviewers have every temptation to speak well of *The Wisdom of the Wise*. It is the work of a very nimble-minded, witty woman, and who likes to admit that his intelligence lags behind or that he cannot seize a sly joke as quickly as his fellows? It has an air of high fashion, and we can all do our best to be fashionable on paper, though in real life we may find the expense prohibitive and our dress trousers too baggy at the knees. It has the "note of modernity," and do we not all make desperate efforts to be modern? Not to be amused by a play of this sort is almost to write oneself down a Philistine or at least a fogey. And yet the truth will out. Though I have the weakness, in my vainer moments, to think myself not very much more stupid than my neighbours, I cannot pretend to be enraptured by Mrs. Craigie's play. It has been hinted here and there, I see, that those ought to revel in *The Wisdom of the Wise* who admire *Le Monde où l'on s'ennuie*. Why? Because both, it seems, are comedies of wit and character rather than of plot. I reply, let us distinguish. It is true that the plot is the least important element in M. Pailleron's play, but such plot as it does offer *is* a plot—that is to say, a story that arouses expectation and leaves the spectator properly curious as to what is going to happen next. And it is a good theatrical plot, too, so far as it goes, with bustling action and one really good game of blind man's buff which comes straight from *Le Mariage de Figaro*—not generally reckoned a plotless play. In Mrs. Craigie's comedy all the plot consists in the business of bringing the Duchess of St. Asaph close upon the heels of her husband to Miss East's room at the Continental Hotel. But long before she gets there we know precisely what is going to happen; Mrs. Craigie never condescends to arouse our curiosity. Then, again, M. Pailleron's wit is good theatrical wit, wit of the obvious emphatic sort, that "carries" over the footlights. His characters, too, are broadly, not subtly, drawn—the "precious" hostess, the "larky" sous-préfet, the "serious" young man intent on his career, the "sénateur inamovible," the gushing ladies of fashion: familiar types all. Some of them, the "Bellac des dames" and the grey-haired "young poet of promise," are fiercely satiric caricatures of actual, well-known people. Others, like Suzanne and, above all, the Duchess, are deliberate embodiments of average humanity and the commonsense point of view. All this makes M. Pailleron's play robust, strongly outlined, easily comprehensible to the man in the pit. For M. Pailleron, though a brilliant writer, had an essentially commonplace mind.

Now Mrs. Craigie is also a brilliant writer, but beneath the brilliance there is not that substratum of workaday thought, thought of the kind for all to share in, which is an indispensable foundation for a play. She is super-subtle, elusive, paradoxical; her personages are always saying the unexpected thing—when it is not the wholly irrelevant thing or the wholly puzzling thing. Examples. Lord Appleford and Miss East have met and loved in Florence or Venice. Each says (out of the other's hearing) they might have been "like the Brownings." I see (or flatter myself I see) the point; it is just the literary analogy which suggests itself to any one contemplating this pair of hyperæsthetized sentimentalists. But would the pair themselves give expression to it—before strangers—in a wholly unliterary, merely mundane, London drawing room? I think not. That is an instance of the unexpected thing. So is the little passage in

which a gentleman whom we have scarcely seen and about whom we know nothing falls into rhapsody of pseudo-æsthetic jargon over a lady's dress. That is both an unexpected and an irrelevant thing. We were not prepared for it, and it "has nothing to do with the case." The man seems quite sincere in his foolishness; but presently he lets out that it was merely assumed, because he thought the lady liked it. And we were not prepared for that, either. Again, the Duke of St. Asaph is reported to be dining with the "Cut of Mutton" club. At the word "club" Lord Appleford at once starts off at a tangent to remark that "the Carlton was a club, and is a crowd; the Athenæum was a stronghold, and is a waiting-room." That is an instance of the wholly irrelevant thing. Somebody declares sententiously that woman (or man, I forget which) is "uncertain like the quail." That is (to me at least) an instance of the wholly puzzling thing. Why are quails uncertain? Perhaps they are not; perhaps it is only Mrs. Craigie's fun, a satire on the fatuous things people will say when they are resolved at all costs on making an epigram? If so, I can only say that what is fun to Mrs. Craigie is irritation to the audience.

Further—and this is more serious—her characters lack humanity. And this I would maintain, even though she were to tell me that they are all faithful portraits of actual persons. For the humanity proper to the stage is the humanity that we all know and recognize at sight. There are, I hasten to admit, two exceptions: the Duke and his Duchess are both recognizably human—simple, straightforward people whom the merest commoner, though he may never have even bowed to a ducal couple in his life, can understand. But Mrs. Wuthering, who makes mischief out of sheer wantonness, and "hates" the Duchess without the slightest reason? I do not recognize this lady. And Mr. Bradgers, M.P., the man who has superseded the Press by the penny pamphlet? I do not recognize Bradgers. And Lord Appleford and Miss East, and the two aunts, and the two nondescript husbands? They are, to be sure, all characters—or rather they are "characters" in the colloquial sense—oddities, exceptions, not members of the easily recognizable humanity I have spoken of. It may be that I lack social experience (at any rate, I will make a present of that suggestion to any one who wants a retort), but I feel at the St. James's that I have been spending the evening with a queer, almost uncanny, set of people. Perhaps they are (to borrow a piece of Mrs. Craigie's own slang), the *dernier cri* of London drawing-rooms; perhaps they are all talking and behaving like that just now in the ducal mansions of Mayfair. I venture, however, to conjecture that they are not.

I can only hope this play will be printed. With time to familiarize myself with its people and to turn their "good things" over and over in my mind, I anticipate an enjoyment from reading, which I did not feel in seeing, *The Wisdom of the Wise*. For, one must say it again, Mrs. Craigie is a very nimble-minded, witty woman; she always has something to say, though it may not always be just the thing to say in the play-house. Meanwhile, at the St. James's, there is the excellent acting of Miss Fay Davis and Mr. Alexander (the St. Asaph couple), Mr. H. B. Irving and Miss Julie Opp (hyperæsthetized sentimentalists aforesaid), Miss Granville (mischief-maker), and the rest of the St. James's company.

A. B. WALKLEY.

Reviews.

UTILITARIANISM.

THE ENGLISH UTILITARIANS. By LESLIE STEPHEN. Three vols. (Duckworth. 30s. n.)

We are never more grateful to Mr. Leslie Stephen for his gift of adorning what he touches than when he exercises it upon the history of philosophy. It is the subject which sets the hardest task to literary art. Of course it is easy to write pleasingly about philosophic opinion, or anything else, if one is content to be superficial. The difficulty is to be thorough without being dull. Philosophy in all ages has been concerned with the same circle of facts, with God, Man, and Nature, their leading characteristics and mutual relations. The problems which Plato and Aristotle worked at we are busy with still. We have made good progress with them, but have not yet reached a final solution. And thus any history of philosophy has the disadvantage that it is history written before the record is closed. To exhibit human thought adequately as a continuously developing effort to solve the world-problems we must have reached a point of finality, as Hegel thought he had done. From such a point we could see the whole plan of successive solutions lying below us, and could exhibit them as gradual approximations to the truth. Without such a point the procession of systems has the air of a number of more or less unsatisfactory guesses at a riddle whose answer is unknown; and in reading their chronicle we feel a certain suggestion of futility. There is only one way in which this more or less inevitable impression can be corrected, and that is by increasing the human interest of the story. The thought of each several thinker must be shown not only in its articulation with the abstract scheme of human thought, but in its living connexion with his character and times, his fortunes and adventures, his personal affections and antipathies. But this enormously increases the difficulty of the task. It is not enough to resolve to put life into a story. One needs not only sympathy and imagination but minute and comprehensive learning. Such are the arduous conditions of success, and it is Mr. Stephen's achievement to have met them. It is true that in choosing the history of a definite movement the difficulties are proportionately lessened. They are lessened too when, as in the present case, the movement is one which has risen, culminated, and, practically, closed its career.

That the Utilitarian theory is obsolescent is really implied by the present publication. Mr. Stephen, himself a disciple of the theory, does not make that implication plain, but it must occur to every one who sees these three stately volumes. No one in the thick of a great controversy can sit down to write a long history of it. By a pathetic coincidence the work appears almost contemporaneously with the death of nearly the last great Utilitarian, Henry Sidgwick. Now that he is gone there are none left but Mr. Stephen and one or two veterans like Professor Bain. And it is fitting that the former with the sympathy of a last disciple should sum up the movement, and say what it has done for the practical improvement of life and the better understanding of human nature.

In its effect on practice there can be but one opinion. The English Utilitarians did a great and most beneficent work. Armed with their principle that the promotion of general happiness is the touchstone of laws and institutions, and fired with an enthusiasm for that general happiness which their philosophic principles could never explain, they attacked obscurantism, stupidity, sentimentalism, and sinister interests in their ancient strongholds in Church and State. They were indeed one of the main causes which make the nineteenth century better to live in than the eighteenth. In the sphere of theory their services to political, economic, and legal doctrine were epoch-making. Moral philosophy, with which their name is specially connected, really owes less to them—to the older Utilitarians—next to nothing. But for the later members of the school, who have modified the rigid hedonism of their predecessors, it may be claimed that they have vindicated man's claim to happiness in a new and striking way; and by discrediting a sour asceticism have indirectly contributed once more to our practical welfare.

Not only were the Utilitarians highly serviceable men but they were men of English qualities. This is a characteristic which Mr. Stephen brings out clearly. It is true that they were for the most part unpopular in their lives; but popularity-hunting is not an English failing. Now that they are gone we can see that the peculiarities which their contemporaries disliked were superficial, and that the basis of their thought and work was decidedly agreeable to the English genius. In any

case a great deal of their thought has entered permanently into our stock of national ideas. This is more than may be expected of that prevalent form of idealism which we have borrowed from Germany. At present, no doubt, it is current in our schools; but in its distinctively German features, its pantheism, its depreciation of personality, its illusionism, its tendency to dissipate fact into category, we may question if it really suits the national character. Certainly it puts itself at a hopeless disadvantage by its obscurity of phrase. This is a fault the Utilitarians were never guilty of. Bentham was admirably clear and pithy before he forced himself to write like a Parliamentary draftsman; James Mill was the most lucid of expositors and most forcibly direct of controversialists; J. S. Mill was a careful student of the skilful French methods of expression. Suited to their style was an unwearied effort towards clearness of thought. They did not want to be clear because they feared to be profound (the French weakness), but because they loved truth. Above all, their aims were practical. Philosophizing to them was not a sort of fine intoxication or dim uplifting of the spirit somehow akin to tobacco-smoke and beer (the German weakness), but a means of doing solid benefit to their native country. In the pursuit of this noble end they were staunch in facing much abuse and misunderstanding, and won their way to general respect through calumny.

Altogether they were a noble line of men and deserved to have a stately memorial raised to their memory. The only doubt is whether the monument is not too stately—we had nearly said too ponderous. A thinker's best monument is surely his own published works. If they are not obscurely written their content may surely be left as he left it. A disciple and commentator should not try to say it all over again in his own way. Mr. Stephen might have been content with less summarizing. He has made abstracts of most of the writings of Bentham and the Mills. Apart from this excess of zeal we cannot help feeling, especially in the later volumes, that he often lets his pen run away with him. We do not find this fault in his "History of English Thought in the Eighteenth Century," written a quarter of a century ago. There the sections are concise, a page or half a page long, and the careful section-analysis helps the attention. Now the sections are twenty times as long, and the paragraphs run into pages. Mr. Stephen has not escaped the snare of facility. But, though he has told us much that is superfluous, he has told us yet more that is indispensable and cannot be had elsewhere. The genesis of Utilitarianism, its political and social environment during its hundred years of vigour, its opponents and friends, the attacks upon it and its ramifications into other fields are told with admirable learning, accuracy, and literary skill. And the personal interest is not forgotten. Mr. Stephen can make the dry bones live. He fulfils the second condition of philosophic history and shows that the Utilitarians were not only theorists but men.

Of the three volumes the first is much the best reading. There is less summarizing of Bentham's books and more proportionately of Bentham's life and environment. The introductory survey of his times is masterly. Moreover, Mr. Stephen's style is here better suited to his subject. In manner, at least, he is always the reverse of ponderous. His writing has the light touch of the literary *causeur*, the after-dinner speaker, the unobtrusive humourist who understands mankind. This just suits Bentham with his odd, childish, fanciful character, deep in thought and shallow in feeling, a man of no vices and a philanthropist half by accident. With James Mill and his son, men of deeper natures, it is obviously less successful.

As we get into the last volume we begin to feel the disadvantage of a history written by a disciple. For Bentham, Mr. Stephen has a perfect perspective; he knows exactly how far Bentham was right and where he was wrong. From the vantage ground of time Mr. Stephen can see right over his head. Not so with J. S. Mill. In some points, it is true, Mr. Stephen has got clear beyond his master. He has quite emancipated himself from the political and psychological atomism which mars so much of J. S. Mill's work; but he ought to have put the difficulties of it in a sharper and more scientific way. He has mostly thrown his criticism into the form of a running commentary of dissent, which is not concise or conducive to understanding. However, Mr. Stephen has a perfect grasp of the conception of organism which in his "Science of Ethics" he has applied so brilliantly to explain man and society. He can, therefore, appreciate J. S. Mill's uneasy struggles under the incubus of the individualism which he inherited from his teachers. He points out what Mill was really groping after, and puts in a clear light that excessive docility which made Mill prodigious as a pupil, but half-hearted as an innovator. It is on J. S. Mill's attitude to the traditional hedonism of his school that Mr. Stephen's guidance rather fails us. Mill began, of course, with the doctrine that each man's conduct is determined by the pursuit of his own pleasure, and assumed, like his father and Bentham, that the greatest pleasure of the individual would be sure to coincide somehow with the greatest pleasure of the community. This is egoistic Utilitarianism. From this he travelled to the quite different position that a man ought to pursue the pleasures of others just as much as his own; which is universalistic Utilitarianism. Now, though near akin in name these two Utilitarianisms are, as Sidgwick points out, two totally different kinds of ethical theory; so that you cannot get by any logical transition from one to the other. Some sort of transition Mill does, indeed, attempt, but the reasoning is so lame that no one takes it seriously. The best plan for the Utilitarian is to admit, as the more clear-sighted and candid do, that we are here confronted by a "final inexplicability"; in other words, that there is an incurable leak in the system. Much as this explicit change of theory means, the real change in Mill's mind was greater still. He never got rid of his social atomism because the conception of organic evolution had not dawned upon him. But, under cover of a sort of legal fiction, he really got out of the old narrow profit-and-loss ethics into the standpoint of unselfish devotion. To so docile and conscientious a nature the wrench from the old idols gave grievous pain. The crisis in Mill's life came as soon as he reached intellectual maturity, and the story of it, in his "Autobiography," forms one of the most interesting pieces of self-revelation in literature. The experience is parallel to that which happens in a religious conversion of the kind we know from Bunyan. But it is unique to see it happening to a freethinker. Professor Bain, an old-school Utilitarian, who describes this event in his "Personal Recollections" of J. S. Mill, is quite unable to understand it, and puts it down to "overworking the brain." Mr. Stephen, less dogmatically, follows him. It was really Mill's Slough of Despond. His renewal of interest and activity was his victorious resumption of his pilgrim's progress with the burden rolled away; or, as Carlyle phrases it, rejection of the Everlasting No and passage through the centre of Indifference to the Everlasting Yea. Mr. Stephen, in essential points, is behind Mill as a moralist and does not feel the bond that nearly choked his master.

Still, with all shortcomings, this is a book we must be profoundly thankful for. The work will never be done again with equal thoroughness and appreciation. Mr. Stephen has made a permanent addition to English philosophical literature; one that will be not only quoted in the future, but read.

BOOKS ON THE WAR.

The Times History of the War in South Africa. Edited by L. S. Amery. Vol. I. (Sampson Low. 15s.)

A history of the South African war, published at a time when our mounted troops are still engaged in hunting down the last of the bush-whackers, and ex-President Kruger is touring in Europe with the lingering hope of foreign intervention, must necessarily appear to some extent a journalistic enterprise. Many passions are still excited; many facts are still obscure; many motives are still doubtful; about much that has happened it is still difficult to speak with candour; posterity will, no doubt, review and revise many judgments now passed with confidence

by those who seem most competent to judge. But this is the moment at which the public prepared to welcome a careful study alike of the military operations and of the political events which paved the way to them is at its largest; and this is an age in which journalism habitually bursts the bounds assigned to it by past conventions, and overflows into books. The need for such a work existed, and it is not easy to see how that need could have been better met than by the volume which Mr. Amery has edited and written with the assistance of Miss Flora Shaw, Mr. W. F. Monypenny, and another contributor who has preferred to remain anonymous. It does not aspire to be a work of art in the sense in which Kinglake's History of the Crimean Campaign is a work of art. The great protagonists, Paul Kruger and Cecil Rhodes, do not stand out with dramatic distinctness like the figures of Napoleon III. and the great Elchi in that memorable book. But that was inevitable in the circumstances. In attempting nothing of the kind, the writers were properly recognising the limitations imposed upon them by the conditions under which they worked. What they have done is to give, first of all, a concise but adequate synopsis of the events in South African history which led up to and "conditioned" the more striking events which they had undertaken to narrate in detail, and then an admirably full and admirably lucid presentation of the case for Great Britain and the two Republics. Until the day comes, perhaps in the very distant future, when some man of genius shall survey the story of the struggle not as living politics but as human drama, there will be no room for any other history of the same events on the same scale.

The volume now issued carries the history only a little further than the publication of the Ultimatum. It is difficult to analyse the contents of so large a volume covering ground with which every reader of this review is sure to be tolerably familiar. When one has said that it is clear, readable, complete, and written from the imperialistic point of view, one has said nearly all that it is strictly necessary to say in order to characterize and recommend it—though it should be added that the editor has discharged his task so well that the composite character of the work would be detected by few readers, if it were not announced in the preface. But there are a few points—there could not in the nature of the case be many—on which, in spite of the great mass of literature on the subject, new light of some importance seems to be thrown. It is light that will be particularly welcomed by those of us who wish to be able, without doubt or hesitation, to allocate the responsibilities for the war. In a sense, of course, Mr. Gladstone is responsible for it. If the fight had been fought out in 1881, there would have been no need to fight it out in 1899 and 1900. In a sense, again, Lord Salisbury is responsible. If he had prevented Mr. Kruger from enacting his stringent franchise laws in 1890, he would not have had to quarrel with Mr Kruger about them nine years afterwards. By permitting the enactment of those laws, he was, in effect, letting slide guarantees for the well-being of British subjects which the great Liberal statesman, for all his misplaced magnanimity, had secured. But these are old responsibilities. It is the recent responsibilities that interest the average man. Those who have been accustomed to believe that Mr. Chamberlain was determined to force a quarrel, and deliberately shaped the course of the negotiations to that end, should read carefully the account of his attitude towards the *pseudo*-concession of the seven years' franchise offered on July 18, 1899:—

> The real advance made on July 18 was but a trifling one, as Sir Alfred rightly judged. But to Mr. Chamberlain at a distance, and less closely in touch with Boer chicanery, the news of a seven years' franchise, retrospective and prospective, seemed at first sight welcome tidings indeed. The Boers, so defiant and unconciliatory a week ago, had suddenly conceded what, after all, was not so very different from Sir Alfred's Bloemfontein suggestion!

"While still in the first flush of elation," Mr. Chamberlain met the Lobby Correspondent of *The Times* and told him, as it would appear from the "Political Notes" of *The Times* of July 19, that the crisis might be regarded as at an end, and that he had achieved the object he had in view. He had, as a matter of fact, not achieved it; but a High Commissioner who desired above all things to keep the peace might easily have let him think he had. Instead of doing so, Sir Alfred Milner promptly sent home a despatch to the effect that "the Bill as it stands leaves it practically in the hands of the Government to enfranchise or not to enfranchise the Uitlanders as it chooses." He was the man who could not be hoodwinked, and would not let his Government be hoodwinked. But for him, illusory compromise might have been possible, and the outbreak of hostilities might have been postponed.

Both the Bloemfontein Conference and the negotiations which succeeded it are admirably described and summarized. It is a long story with many intricacies. There is no attempt to simplify it by omissions; but the narrative is a model of lucidity. Certain prevalent impressions regarding the Ultimatum are rudely brushed aside. It is often represented as "an act of despair provoked by the steady refusal of the British Government to formulate their demands while they were assembling a large force to crush the Boers." As a matter of fact, as Mr. Amery points out, the document was drafted within a few hours of the receipt of the British despatch, and only held over for reasons that had nothing to do with a desire to preserve peace. And the draft then drawn was far more arrogant than the amended Ultimatum ultimately presented. The following, Mr. Amery assures us, "was its substance":—

> Sir,—In the name of the Government of the South African Republic I have the honour to bring to your information that this Government, with an eye to the breaking off of friendly relations by her Majesty's Government, as shown by the constant bringing up of troops to the borders of this Republic, and the sending of War reinforcements from all parts of the British Empire, herewith informs you that unless they receive within forty-eight hours an assurance (1) that the troops on the borders of this Republic shall be instantly withdrawn; (2) that all reinforcements which have arrived in South Africa since June 1, 1899, shall be removed within a reasonable time; (3) that her Majesty's troops which are now on the high seas shall not be landed in any port of South Africa—my Government will consider such action of her Majesty's Government as a formal declaration of war, and will not hold itself responsible for the consequences thereof.

We have no space to dwell further on particular points dealt with in the course of the history. Its chief merit is, perhaps, its thoroughness; and in virtue of this merit, which it exhibits in an eminent degree, it stands alone, not, of course, in the history of literature, but certainly in the history of journalistic enterprise. Since the Franco-Prussian War, if not from an earlier period, histories of wars and other events of public interest have been issued, often enough, from newspaper offices. But they have generally been slight and scrappy—mere collections of articles or letters, scissored and pinned together. Here we have, for the first time, the attempt to do the thing on a really grand scale, with a full use of all the resources which a great daily newspaper commands, and to say, so far as the information accessible at the moment permits, the last word upon the subject taken in hand. At a season when the public interest in the subject is intense, the story can be told better by the journalist in his office than by the historian in his study; for though the journalist may know less than the historian about the past, he is apt to know more about the present. The new departure, therefore, is one of great importance. It deserves success, and we cannot doubt that it will win it.

The History of the Boer War, by F. H. E. Cunliffe (Methuen), was issued in fortnightly parts, some of which we noticed at the time of their publication. Now appears Vol. I. (15s.) in plenty of time to be given away as a Christmas present. It is a stately, and should be a welcome, gift-book. The illus-

trations are good, numerous, and various. So are the maps and plans. The narrative carries the Orange River campaign down to the battle of Magersfontein, and the Natal campaign down to the relief of Ladysmith; and we are assured that the history will be completed in a second volume of the same size as the present one, but that, owing to the difficulty of obtaining exact information, the serial issue will be abandoned. Mr. Cunliffe writes well, though he does not attempt the rhetoric of Dr. Conan Doyle. He is lucid, and careful not to commit himself to criticism which it may be necessary to revise in the light of fuller knowledge, or to reproduce the more hysterical outpourings of special correspondents. Among other things he shows that there were sound reasons for Sir Redvers Buller's decision to divide his forces instead of concentrating either in the colony or in Natal. Pietermaritzburg was in danger on the one side and the De Aar line of communications on the other. It was important that both should be saved.

It looks as though one of the results of the war would be to make the reputation of Australian war correspondents. We have mentioned Mr. Hales in the past, and we shall probably have to mention him again very soon. To-day it is the turn of Mr. Donald Macdonald, of the *Melbourne Argus*. His How We Kept the Flag Flying (Ward, Lock, 6s.) is the most "live" by far of all the many books on the siege of Ladysmith that have come before us. He has none of the conventional diction or loud mouthed rhetoric of the war correspondents of the old school, but writes just as a good talker talks. His fund of anecdote would make the fortune of a score of after-dinner speeches. His reflections are shrewd, and he can rise to a great occasion. The account of the great assault on Ladysmith is far the most graphic and convincing that has appeared. It is even better—because more realistic and more sustained—than Steevens' description of the charge at Elandslaagte. It will stand comparison with some of Zola's pictures in *La Débâcle*. No one, save an unfortunate reviewer condemned to specialize, can be expected to read all the books by all the correspondents; but this is a book that no reader, whose nerves are strong enough for horrors, ought to miss.

International Law in South Africa, by T. Baty (Stevens and Haynes, 5s. n.), is a reprint of a course of lectures recently delivered at Oxford. The precedents that bear upon points that have lately assumed prominence, such as the seizure of the Herzog and the passage of the bushmen through Portuguese territory, are cited and examined. Seeing that international law is not much more international than the Holy Roman Empire was holy, discussions of its application to particular cases are necessarily tentative and hypothetical, and the lecturer who presumes to decide whether, in a given instance, pillage or the destruction of private property was internationally legal is very much in the position of the judge who declared that his policy was to let commonsense guide him in his decisions and to cast about for legal reasons for them afterwards. This Mr. Baty does, and on the whole he does it well, though he sometimes uses a principle to cover a case in which, in practice, it is likely to be almost invariably ignored. Few soldiers, for instance, will agree with him that "the refusal of quarter is a worse offence against modern warfare than is pillage," even in the case of a sharpshooter who kills nine men from behind a rock and then steps out to surrender to the tenth. "Sharpshooters cannot make war with limited liability," would be the soldier's reply to that suggestion, in spite of all the remonstrances of Heffter, Phillimore, and Vattel. It should be added that Mr. Baty's book differs from the average law book in being readable. There is a delightfully sardonic humour in his criticism of Napier's proposal to minimize the horrors of capture by storm by detailing a select body of troops to shoot any of the stormers who engaged in excesses:—

> Whether a general would like to employ his best troops in policing his storming party and whether the knowledge that a pistol was at their heads would stimulate the ardour of the latter is a question for military experts.

EDUCATIONAL.

EDUCATIONAL THEORY.

Comenius.

Already a whole literature has grown up around Comenius, the genial Moravian who did so much to infuse sympathy and kindliness into the Spartan severity of seventeenth-century education. It may be doubted whether English readers will feel the need of any further acquaintance with Comenius than can be obtained from Mr. Keatinge's translation of the Great Didactic and Professor Laurie's exhaustive monograph. Comenius was not a thinker of the calibre of an Aristotle, a Bacon, or an Aquinas. In Comenius (Helnemann, 5s.) by Prof. Will. S. Monroe, his various works are analysed carefully, and the results presented in accurate and painful summaries. In America, where education is a subject of academic study to an extent that seems strange in England, the book will probably be in demand among University students. We must confess that we think America has carried the study of educational methods to excess. The American teacher threatens to become a person who is deeply learned in all the technique of teaching, and insufficiently instructed in the matter to be taught. As Comenius has been so much written about, it seems to us that Professor Monroe would have done well to exercise a nicer discrimination. What alone remained to be done was to give a clear and effective sketch of the conditions of education when Comenius undertook to reform it, and to mark out distinctly where he made an advance. What useful end can be served by such analysis as that which tells us that Comenius undertook to answer the following questions:—(1) How can a single teacher instruct a large number of children at the same time? (2) How far is it possible for pupils to be taught from the same book? (3) How far is it possible for all the pupils in a school to do the same thing at one time? (4) How is it possible to teach everything according to one and the same method? (5) How can many things be explained in a few words? (6) How is it possible to do two or three things by a single operation? No doubt satisfactory answers to the two last questions would be priceless, but what are we given as Comenius' solutions? "The purpose of education is not to fill the mind with a dreary waste of words from books." "It may be laid down as a general rule that each subject should be taught in combination with those which are correlative to it."

Professor Monroe has some acute remarks on the Jesuit education, and the substitution of rhetoric and dialectic for studies which, by a wider outlook and more searching examination, might have endangered theological authority. We are reminded of M. Dupanloup and his sytem of education as it is described to us by Renan. Still, it is possible to slight, as well as to magnify, the importance of rhetorical training, and there is little doubt on which side the danger lies in English education. Like most of the educationists whom he quotes, Professor Monroe wrests the anti-Aristotelian movement into a reaction against classical culture. The classical studies of the Renaissance were as revolutionary in their effects as the physical inquiries of Gilbert and Galileo. The re-appearance of Platonic ideas and of the Greek worship of Beauty gave a far ruder shock to mediævalism than did the Baconian theory of Induction. In adopting Oscar Browning's distinctions of humanism, realism, and naturalism, Professor Monroe has been guilty of reading into the thoughts of the Renaissance and Reformation the polemics of the Normal School. We have the authority of one of the ablest of English educationists for our view that Comenius is only interesting as a personality. It is amusing to see prefigured in this pedagogic Odysseus of the seventeenth century the ideal of the modern Board School teacher. To pour into a receptive memory a quantity of information on every topic—that is a modern ideal; it was also the ideal of Comenius' *Pansophia*, but it is as old as the Encyclopædic Sophists of the time of Socrates.

Mr. Horatio Dresser has in many former books shown a power of preaching in a popular and suggestive way the gospel

of a free, intelligent, and spiritual life. A great number of stimulating thoughts on the subject are thrown together in his latest work, EDUCATION AND THE PHILOSOPHICAL IDEAL (Putnams, 5s.). The philosophical critic will hardly find in it a carefully-reasoned system. He will perhaps question Mr. Dresser's "necessary presuppositions"; he will detect possible fallacies in the remarks about "pre-natal influences"; he will wonder at the author's unhesitating belief in "warnings" conveyed by the subconscious mind. But the book is an able plea for a high social ideal, and the two chapters directly concerned with education emphasize the protest, which Professor Blackie did so much to bring home to the minds of his generation, against pedantic and material methods of training the young.

It would be so easy to find fault with the manner of Mr. W. H. Winch's PROBLEMS IN EDUCATION (Sonnenschein, 4s. 6d.) that the value of its matter runs the risk of being over-estimated by careful critics and under-estimated by careless readers. The title-page alone, disfigured by what comes little short of appearing to be a condensed biographical note on the author, is enough to prejudice other University graduates against the book; and Mr. Winch revels in the abuse of modern philosophical terminology to an extent which is (happily) rare even in educational literature. Yet much that Mr. Winch has to say is well worth uttering in any fashion rather than leaving unsaid, for the writer's experience as an Inspector of Schools for the London School Board has taught him the difference between paper theories of education and plans that will work. Headmasters of elementary schools would do well to give careful attention to at least one chapter in Mr. Winch's book, that "On Following Nature"; and they should especially notice the author's admission of the failure of "sociological instruction of a generalized character" in the Evening Schools of the London School Board. If Mr. Winch would take the business of book-making more seriously, correct his proof-sheets carefully, and realize the need of an index to a work which quotes many specific authorities, he could give us an excellent treatise upon practical elementary education.

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES.

Two College Histories.

Of the two Oxford colleges last issued in the Oxford University Series (F. E. Robinson, 5s. n.) ORIEL, owing to the share it took in the "Oxford Movement," probably "bulks the larger" in the view of the outside world. During the reigns of Copleston and Hawkins (at any rate during the earlier years of the latter's long term as Provost) Oriel Common room could boast of a larger array of distinguished names than any other college in the University. Copleston's appointment, in 1814, as Provost was followed by the election, in the year after, of such Fellows as Hampden (afterwards Bishop of Hereford) and Thomas Arnold, of Rugby. Later on came, for a short and not too well-spent period, Hartley Coleridge, whose Bohemian manners did not consort at all with the habits of his rather punctilious colleagues. Whately, as Dean, signed the entry that vacated his Fellowship, after a year's probation. Keble came back to his college in 1818 as tutor, and within five years more R. W. Jelf and John Henry Newman had also entered the fold. Hurrell Froude and that curious figure Joseph Blanco White came later. It was Froude who says of himself in his "Remains":—"Do you know the story of the murderer who had done one good thing in his life? Well, if I was ever asked what good deed I had ever done I should say that I had brought Keble and Newman to understand each other." While Mr. Walrond Rannie's history of his college is naturally filled with the names of these later lights—it is impossible to do more here than mention such men as Pusey and J. A. Froude and Mark Pattison—the most interesting figures in Mr. Stride's volume on EXETER College are chiefly of the distant past. Founded by Walter de Stapeldon in 1314 and known for some time under the name of Stapeldon Hall, Exeter preserves its founder's memory by bearing the name of the Bishopric to which he was appointed. West country men have gravitated naturally to the Devonian Bishop's college. Indeed, even at the present day, after the Universities' Commission has done its worst, nearly half the college scholarships and exhibitions are restricted to natives of Stapeldon's old diocese. It is to the credit of Exeter that many of her famous sons have made use of the opportunities thus afforded to raise themselves from lowly estates to the highest positions in the University. Of such was Dr. John Prideaux, fourth son of a yeoman of Stowford, in South Devon, who set out from his native village in the autumn of 1596 "in habit very poor and sordid (no better than leathern breeches)" and presented himself thus clad at the gate of Exeter. Beginning his academical career in the humble position of *subpromus* or "scouts-boy," in 1612 he was made Rector of the college, a post which he held for thirty years, and subsequently, just before the outbreak of the Civil War, was raised to the Bishopric of Worcester. Dr. Benjamin Kennicott, the famous Hebrew scholar, who flourished about the middle of the eighteenth century, was of no less lowly extraction—being, in fact, son of the parish clerk at Totnes. Until his twenty-fifth year he supported himself as a village schoolmaster, and it was the merest stroke of luck that enabled him to proceed to the University at that rather advanced age. Of later names perhaps that of William Sewell stands as high as any—Sewell who was accused of always lecturing upon himself, whether his subject was Plato or Bishop Butler, and whose fanciful derivations drove etymological students to despair. It was at Exeter, too (history does not scorn to repeat it), that "Parson Jack" Russell became possessed of Trump—"such a terrier as he had as yet seen only in his dreams"—who became the ancestress of the famous "Jack Russell" breed. We have done little in this short notice but mention a few outstanding names. Indeed, these histories make such fascinating reading that it would be easy enough to write at length on the architecture, the statutes, or even the athletic records of the two societies, or on any of the subjects so exhaustively handled by the compilers of these volumes. But we have said enough to show that the books are not without interest even to those who may not have had the fortune to matriculate either at Oriel or at Exeter.

Eton.

ETON, by Mr. A. Clutton-Brock (Bell, 3s. 6d. n.), is one of the series of "Handbooks to Great Public Schools." The author labours under the disadvantages of having had many predecessors in the same field, and of having to compress much matter within a small compass. About one-half of the book is historical, twenty-six pages are devoted to an account of the buildings, and the remaining seventy, out of a total of two hundred and forty, to Eton as it now is. It will not be obvious to the non-Etonian reader that "sense and nonsense" were the names of Divisions of Lower School, so called from different stages in the construction of Latin verse; and the process of "shirking" also requires explanation. Amongst omissions we notice that there is no mention of Boveney Weir, the sixth form bathing place, nor, except obscurely, of "pepper-box," the most distinctive feature of an Eton fives-court; nor of Catechism in Chapel; nor again of private tutors, who, more frequently in old days than now, accompanied to Eton younger members of noble families. It is a much worse blemish that the author should have thought it necessary to quote once more Kinglake's amusing but one-sided, not to say ill-natured, description of Keate. A more generous appreciation of the famous Head Master will be found in "Eton of Old," the author of which spent under him all the eleven years of his school life. "Eton" appears to have been somewhat hurriedly put together; there are several unnecessary repetitions and the arrangement of matter leaves something to be desired; the index, too, is meagre—a serious fault. The illustrations are numerous and good. We should like, by the way, to know how the author explains the irregularity in the arch of the east window, about which there used to be a legend; the defect is obvious enough in the illustration facing p. 144. On the whole, the book is readable and will no doubt serve its purpose. A list of works on Eton would be a valuable addition to it.

SCHOOL BOOKS.

Chemistry.

Three books on chemistry lie before us. The first, CHEMISTRY FOR EXAMINATIONS (Allman and Son, 2s. 6d.), is by Mr. H. W. Hill. It should serve its purpose, for without being a "cram-book" in a bad sense, it contains a large number of facts expressed in the briefest manner possible. Special attention is bestowed on points which experience shows examinees are particularly liable to forget or to misunderstand. The other two books belong to different types. Mr. Joseph Torrey, jun., the author of ELEMENTARY STUDIES IN CHEMISTRY (Constable, 6s. net) well remarks that from some proposed courses of chemistry one might suppose there is something weird and uncanny about the subject, at which the student should only be allowed "to peek through a very small crack." He also animadverts with some sense on the "mechanical and demoralizing" system of note-books. This leads us to expect Mr. Torrey to be of opinion that his readers can grasp a simple fact even though it has not been repeated half-a-dozen times, and may occasionally be trusted to draw a correct inference that is not explicitly drawn for them in their book. This is surely the right method. Mr. Telford Varley in his PROGRESSIVE COURSE OF CHEMISTRY (Black, 2s. net) writes for a lower order of intelligence, which, it seems to be assumed, will of a certainty stray from the right road of reason if the smallest loophole of escape is left. Doubtless books of both sorts are useful, though one would fain hope that the former are the more frequently required of the two.

Zoology.

Mr. Gilbert C. Bourne's COMPARATIVE ANATOMY OF ANIMALS (Bell, Vol. I, 4s. 6d.) forms a most clear and interesting introduction to the study of animal organization. It has a distinct individuality of its own, both in matter and arrangement. Mr. Bourne does not agree with the common assumption that the best way in every case to explain a given object is to begin with the simplest elements to which it can be reduced. Instead of burdening the beginner at the start with the intricacies of the cell theory, he leads him up gradually to them by way of first the anatomy and then the histology of the common frog, afterwards reviewing various typical members of the Protozoa and Coelentera. We have one fault to find, and that is the deliberate omission of all references to original authorities. This is to be deprecated, if only on the ground that Mr. Bourne does not always adhere to the generally accepted accounts of certain phenomena; but, to regard the matter from a wider standpoint, it seems a pity that a student, who if he knew the way might be inclined to go to the fountain head, should be discouraged from his laudable intention merely because no signposts have been provided.

Dynamics.

In THE STUDENT'S DYNAMICS (Bell, 3s. 6d.) Professor Minchin has produced an elementary text-book which may be most cordially recommended. He presents the subject in a delightfully real and fresh manner, and has been eminently successful not merely in expounding general principles but in applying them to concrete examples, or rather in using concrete examples as helps towards grasping the general principles. We were perhaps most struck with the chapters on Impulse and Momentum, Work and Energy, Blows and Collisions. Many men who have taken good Mathematical Honours at Cambridge would here find much that is helpful. Professor Minchin is adopting the right educational method in attaching great importance, from the very first, to arithmetical illustration and calculation; and teachers who follow his guidance will find that their pupils make much more intelligent and rapid progress than those who adopt the traditional method of learning the formulæ first and applying them afterwards. The book contains an index and a useful series of examination questions at the end of each chapter, but for class use the number of examples for the student to solve should be increased.

Mechanics.

Mr. F. Rosenberg in FIRST STAGE MECHANICS OF SOLIDS (W. B. Clive, 2s.) deals with so much of the subject as is necessary for the Science and Art Department Examination in the Theoretical Mechanics of Solids (Elementary Stage). He takes dynamics first, and uses the second law of motion to establish the parallelogram of forces in statics; we have the usual discussion of uniform and uniformly accelerated velocity, and a chapter on Energy, which, though short, is sufficient for the purpose. A good chapter on Properties of Matter prepares the way for the statical part, which is very ably dealt with. It is much to be wished that examining bodies would either confine their syllabus to rectilinear motion or else require a slight knowledge of trigonometry—very little would suffice; as it is, the writer of an elementary text-book is continually hampered by being debarred from using a notation which is really essential to a right understanding of the mechanics of two dimensions. We must congratulate Mr. Rosenberg on the skill with which he has evaded this vexatious difficulty and the aids to the memory which he has devised. His warnings against common errors will be very useful. His illustrative examples are excellent, and so are the summaries which are given at the ends of the chapters; there are plenty of exercises well-chosen and well-graduated, and any one who has mastered this book will be able to sit for the examination with considerable confidence.

Geometry.

The continuation of Mr. Blythe's book on GEOMETRICAL DRAWING, PART II., SOLID GEOMETRY (Cambridge University Press, 2s. 6d.), is of equal merit with the first part. His directions are clear, and are reinforced by well-drawn diagrams, and he supplies just the right amount of explanation. It is almost impossible for the student to get a grasp of solid geometry without actual models, and the next best thing is to have perspective pictures accompanying and exactly corresponding to the projections under discussion; this help is here provided and greatly enhances the usefulness of the book. A collection of examination questions is added, with notes and hints for solution. The book seems to us to provide an excellent preparation for the South Kensington, Cambridge Local, and similar examinations.

Geography.

A GEOGRAPHY OF ASIA (1s. n.) completes a series of School Geographies, written by Mr. L. W. Lyde, and published by Messrs. Black. In expounding his plan Mr. Lyde announces the discovery that "an excessive variety of type and other mechanical devices for classification are apt to confuse the average pupil." The thing has certainly been overdone of late, and Mr. Lyde's return to simplicity is a move in the right direction. Another feature of his method is that he gives no maps, believing that the presence of maps in text books "has led to a regrettable neglect of the atlas." On the whole we think his geographies good, though we question whether the parents will like the necessity of paying for a separate geography for each continent, for the British Isles, and for the British Empire.

In THE SPHERE ATLAS (Sphere Atlas Co., 1s. 6d.) Mr. Reginald Gill, the editor, devotes a great deal of space to the British Empire and to England in various aspects—its industries and railways, &c., and there is a good map of the new County of London. Mr. Gill has tried a new experiment in doing away with the framework which shuts in the ordinary map, giving it an artificial boundary. PHILIP'S LONDON SCHOOL BOARD ATLAS (1s. n.), which adopts the same method of colouring for high and low land as the "Sphere Atlas," is well adapted to its purpose. Here also is a map of the County of London, as well as plans of different parts of the metropolis, and there is a good deal of explanatory reading matter. Both atlases err in making too little colour distinction between sea and land.

Greek Exercises.

Advanced Greek prose composition is usually taught by setting before the pupil—occasionally with some hints—a piece of English prose which he is required to turn into Greek. Such pieces will present, on the average, eight or ten of those special difficulties, due to differences of syntax and idiom, which make translation from one language into another so valuable a means of education; and the editors of EXERCISES IN THE SYNTAX AND IDIOMS OF ATTIC GREEK (Rivingtons, 3s. 6d.)—Messrs. W. H. D. Rouse and J. M. Sing—are of opinion that boys might be taught to deal with such difficulties more readily and rapidly by means of *short single sentences*, each of which has been selected because it illustrates one or two special points. They have therefore collected, and arranged in groups, a large number of such sentences, also adding several short *Appendices*, of which the second (on the "uses of some Greek verbs") and the fourth (on "Metaphors") are especially good, while a brief, but very skilful, vocabulary completes the book. Such a work will naturally not be welcome to the boy who wishes to meet as few difficulties and at as great intervals as possible, but to a good teacher it should be really useful. He can take, almost at random, any one of the 108 exercises it contains and test, *in a short time*, the ingenuity of his form. Occasionally he may find something which is too hard—*e.g.*, "The policy of the open door"—but on the whole the sentences are singularly well chosen, and, with the aid of the vocabulary and appendices, no boy in a fairly high form should find any insurmountable difficulty in them, while, after going through them, he would be in a fair way to become a really good writer of Greek prose.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOL SPEAKER, compiled by Mr. Warre Cornish, of Eton (Murray, 7s. 6d.), gives selections for recitation. It is very comprehensive, including Greek, Latin, English, French, German, Italian, and contains an immense number of well selected passages. The book is bulky and the print small, but we suppose it is meant as much for the teacher as for the pupil. We are surprised that the Greek orators find no place, but we are glad to notice considerable space given to English oratory.

Mr. Pelman's little pamphlet THE NATURAL WAY OF LEARNING A LANGUAGE (Pelman's School of Memory Training, Berners-street, 1s.) has some useful hints on picking up languages when the acquisition of them is an end, not, as it is largely in the case of the classical languages, a means. Listen, imitate, converse—that is the main secret; and the last process must be undertaken with all the persistency of the German schoolboy recently described by Mr. Jerome in these columns. It is interesting to hear, by the way, that professors of modern languages in Germany are too often defective in their knowledge, and quite incapable of teaching pronunciation. We are afraid this is sometimes the case in England also; and some further study of the "natural" method—the method of the child acquiring its native tongue—is certainly needed.

THE LAW RELATING TO SCHOOLS AND TEACHERS, by T. A. Organ, B.A. (Arnold, 8s. 6d. n.), is a manual intended for the guidance of members of School Boards, school teachers, &c. It collates, for their benefit, all the Acts, Minutes, and Regulations, and quotes with references many illustrative cases and decisions of the Courts. The ground is satisfactorily covered, and the book should be widely useful.

OTHER NEW BOOKS.

Romeo and Juliet.

Professor Dowden's edition of ROMEO AND JULIET (Methuen, 3s. 6d.), though rich in comment and allusions, is marked by a studious respect for accepted readings. He abstains from rushing in between the Montagues and Capulets of criticism, and hides his suggestiveness in appendices. The only alterations in the text are two—the use in one disputed passage of a helpful comma, and the insertion of two judicious hyphens in the line—

Jul.—Art thou gone so? love-lord, ay, husband-friend.

This is generally read "love, lord, ay husband, friend" (First Quarto—My lord, my love, my friend)—which is not without a touch of bathos. But the Professor suggests in an appendix a drastic alteration in the curious passage about "runaway's eyes"—

> Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,
> That runaway's eyes may wink, and Romeo
> Leap to these arms, untalk'd of and unseen.
> Lovers can see to do their amorous rites
> By their own beauties:

For want of a better interpretation the "runaway" to whom Juliet alludes may be taken to mean the sun, though swiftness is the last attribute one would expect a lady, anxious for the fall of night, to assign to the light of day. This is Professor Dowden's suggested reading:—

> Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night!
> That [—yonder] runaway's eyes may wink—and Romeo,
> Leap to these arms! Untalk'd of and unseen
> Lovers can see to do their amorous rites
> By their own beauties;

As Juliet has already referred to the sun in the same speech, the above punctuation which makes "that" demonstrative, *e.g.*, "that runaway (of whom I have spoken)" would be more natural than that of the universal text; but the term "runaway" still remains inappropriate to the sun. Moreover, the words "untalk'd of and unseen," as applied to lovers in general, are less dramatic than when they refer, as in the ordinary reading, to Romeo in particular.

Romeo and Juliet is, of course, rich in allusions (*i.e.*, Mercutio's references to the "five wits"), etymological puzzles (*e.g.*, the derivation of cock-a-hoop), technical terms (*e.g.*, "lanthorn," used by Romeo in the architectural sense), and fabulous, as in the lines, "Then the death-darting eye of cockatrice," and "some say the lark and loathed toad change eyes," or in the Queen Mab speech. On all these matters Professor Dowden is an admirable guide; his notes are, indeed, if anything, too full. Romeo says that the moon "is already sick and pale with grief"

> That thou her maid art far more fair than she.

The comment, "'her maid'—a votary of Diana," is superfluous. The explanations of "dwell on form" (adhere to conventional manners), and of "garish" (excessively bright, glaring) are equally unnecessary. The introduction provides a good example of Professor Dowden's power of imparting sound information in a lucid style. The extract from Garrick's version of the play is very aptly introduced, and the points in which Shakespeare improved upon Brooke's poem—"Romeus and Juliet"—as in the development of the humour of the Nurse, and the creation of Mercutio from a passing hint of Brooke's, are well brought out. In the history of the legend there is no allusion made to the story in the Decameron (II., 7), and it would have been interesting to note that Lope de Vega adapted the tale in "Castelvines y Monteses," although this, of course, cannot have had any influence upon Shakespeare.

The Oxford Movement.

THE STORY OF DR. PUSEY'S LIFE, by the author of "Charles Lowder" (Longmans, 7s. 6d.), does not claim to take the place of Dr. Liddon's voluminous "Life of Edward Bouverie Pusey." That work may be rather regarded as an exhaustive history of the Oxford Movement, with Pusey for its central figure, than as an attempt to portray his life. In handing over the papers to his biographer, Dr. Pusey's daughter expressed the wish that the Life should take the form of a history of Pusey's times; she also shrank from permitting the more personal letters of her father to be published while his death was still recent. With the lapse of years, however, Mrs. Brine seems to have felt an increasing desire to let the home-life of Dr. Pusey be known. The task was entrusted to the lady whose life of Father Lowder has been so deservedly popular, and the new work is in every respect worthy of her. From a mass of materials she has chosen exactly those which best contribute to the portraiture of a character noble and lovable in the highest degree. In dealing with Dr. Pusey's domestic sorrows her fine discrimination is most clearly apparent. It is hard to lift the veil from a great human sorrow without vulgarizing it, but here there is nothing that could offend the most sensitive taste. With the controversies in which Dr. Pusey was engaged, so far as they come within her scope, she deals clearly and ably. The chapter on the foundation of Sisterhoods in the English Church—the cherished scheme of Pusey's life—owes its interest to the writer's intimate acquaintance with the community at Ascot, under whose roof Dr. Pusey passed away. There is a human interest in the "Story" before us which gives it a peculiar charm. As regards method, the writer deals with the life of Dr. Pusey day by day, omitting anything like a detailed account of his literary work. Various letters of a personal kind are printed for the first time. We may draw special attention to the letter to his son in which Dr. Pusey describes the death of his child Lucy (printed in an appendix to chapter 12). Another most interesting document is the touching account of the closing scene at Ascot, given here for the first time by Dr. Pusey's daughter, who was present to the last. This book is sure to be popular, and if the writer's aim has been to enhance the impression which Pusey's life made upon his contemporaries she has succeeded in a remarkable degree.

We mentioned last week the curious attention now being given in France to the Oxford Movement. The book of Mlle. Lucie Félix Faure, daughter of M. Loubet's predecessor, having run its course by successive chapters in the *Quinzaine*, the organ of Liberal Catholicism in France, now appears in accessible form from the house of Perrin—NEWMAN, SA VIE ET SES ŒUVRES, embellished by a photogravure of the beautiful head in the drawing belonging to Mr. H. E. Wilberforce. This study of Newman was begun before the publication of M. Thureau-Dangin's "Renaissance du Catholicisme en Angleterre" which

we reviewed last February; but there need be no comparison between the two books, the one dealing with the external aspects of the Oxford Movement, the other—that of Mlle. Félix Faure—being mainly an endeavour to reveal the inwardness of that movement by tracing the soul-life of Newman. Mlle. Félix Faure regards Newman's life as "one of the finest works of apologetics bequeathed to future times" by the present century.

Topography.

Sussex, by F. G. Brabant (Methuen, 3s.), is the latest addition to Messrs. Methuen's series of "Little Guides." The alphabetical arrangement of the places gives the book more or less the character of a gazetteer, but it is the sort of gazetteer, as regards alike the *format* and the contents, that the tourist will be glad to have. Now and again, as was inevitable, one notices omissions. The omission of the names of William Black and George Augustus Sala (not to mention Florence Marryat) from the list of literary luminaries associated with Brighton is one case in point; the failure to warn the wayfarer to keep his weather-eye open for Mr. Rudyard Kipling at Rottingdean is another; the neglect to mention the passenger service from Newhaven to Caen is a third. On the whole, however, the book is accurate, complete, and agreeably written. Old memoirs have been ransacked, where necessary, for historical and literary associations. In the case of Brighton, for instance, we are reminded not only that Charles II. slept there on his way from Worcester to exile, but also that Clive and Ethel Newcome (whose name, by the way, Mr. Brabant spells Newcombe) were "falsely suspected of kissing in the tunnel." Similar suspicions have no doubt sometimes been better founded. The architectural notes, which are numerous, are very carefully done, and Mr. New's pictures are as pleasing as usual. The notes on climate would have been more useful if there had been some indication of the period of the year at which the Sussex watering places are most salubrious and "Dr. Brighton's" practice shows the best results.

Readers who open Kent, Past and Present (2s.), by Mr. G. F. Bosworth, in Messrs. Philip's County Readers' Series, at the passage where he describes "Charles II., on the very night our ships were burned in the Medway, keeping bad company and idling his time by hunting a poor moth," may be misled as to the character of the book. It is not really in the least sentimental. As we should expect in a book by Mr. Bosworth, the maps are a very good feature. The interesting topography of the Kent marshes is especially well treated. But Mr. Bosworth can adapt himself from the atmosphere of the Geographical Society to that of the school-room. The past history of Kent is clearly told with the aid of illustrations of its old abbeys and castles, and is enlivened with a good account of Chaucer and the Canterbury Pilgrims. Other features, such as an explanation of the dialects and proverbs of the county and a chapter on the homes of Kent, not forgetting Dickens' home at Gad's-hill-place, remove the volume from the conventional paths of the school-book.

The Shakespeare Country, illustrated by photographs, by John Leyland (Newnes, 10s. 6d. n.), is not the first book of its class, but it deserves high commendation for the abundance and excellence of its photographic views, while the descriptive letter-press is throughout readably, sensibly, and carefully put together.

Mr. Norman Heathcote in St. Kilda (Longmans, 10s. 6d. n.) gives a good account of that strange island, the home of the Fulmar petrel, which knows neither tree nor shrub nor dairy, which conducts its business by barter, and despatches its letters by letting them drift across the ocean. He supplements Mr. Kearton's account of St. Kildan ornithology (in "With Nature and a Camera"), and gives some interesting matter about Lady Grange, whose husband imprisoned her in this lonely island. The photographs and drawings are excellent.

Whether the attractions of Devon need to be brought more conspicuously before the public may be doubtful. That is, however, the opinion of the United Devon Association, which exists "for the purpose of improving the accommodation and facilities of the county of Devon as a place of residence and as a touring ground." With this view they have issued a book, which we have received from Messrs. Hutchinson, Sons, and Stuttaford, called The Book of Fair Devon (2s.), which as a zealous and popular guide to the county will be acceptable. There are plenty of photographs and fine illustrations, and the information is well put together. If we must criticize we would suggest that some tourists might be attracted by a rather fuller account of what Devon boasts in the way of antiquities.

Indians of the West.

There is, perhaps, no sadder history in the world than that of the tribes who once held what are now the United States, and Mr. George Bird Grinnell in The North American Indians of To-Day (C. Arthur Pearson, 21s.) certainly does not dispel the melancholy which surrounds them. But this author, at any rate, knows his subject, even if he is rather apt to ignore the brutal and vindictive side of some of the Indians, such as the Apaches. He has worked and travelled, hunted and camped with them, as we know from other works of his, and has sought patiently to understand them. It is a pity that the United States Government can hardly be said to have even tried to do its best with the children of the soil. Without attributing to the authorities all the dishonour with which a fervent advocate of the Indian might be pleased to plaster them, the whole history of the agency system has been one of brutal and greedy exploitation—with only a few honourable exceptions. Even now the agricultural and pastoral populations of the West have their eyes fixed on the last remaining reservations, and in a very little time there will be no earthly happy hunting ground for any tribe. To those who have met and camped with Blackfeet and Crows, with Arapahoes and Chickasaws, the excellent photographs, mostly of chiefs, in Mr. Grinnell's book will be of exceedingly great interest. It is a pity indeed that he did not see his way to giving fewer of one tribe. Among the sixty photographs seven are Arapahoes, and thirteen Sioux. And some of them are certainly not of pure Indian blood. A wider selection which included a few of the more purely Canadian and British Columbia tribes would have increased the value of Mr. Grinnell's work. There is, for instance, no portrait of a Ptwan, from which tribe all the belles of the Pacific Coast once came. The author's choice of the most striking subjects for his camera has one danger for the incautious reader who is not acquainted personally with the Indian. The average intelligence of the Indian is not to be gauged from the pictures of White Buffalo, Sleeping Bear, or even Kicking Horse Charley. There are many tribes, especially among the fish-eating Indians, of a very low type of intellectuality.

How to be Well.

The modern medical officer of health must be an expert bacteriologist, microscopist, and chemist; he must also be able to manipulate mathematical formulæ and statistics. The wide range of his work is admirably described in Hygiene, by W. C. C. Pakes (Methuen, 15s.), a laboratory text-book intended for candidates for the Diploma of Public Health. Clear and concise directions for the various methods of analysis and investigation are given, and explanations of the chemistry involved or technique adopted are added where necessary. The book is well up to date, especially in the Bacteriological section; but it seems curious that in discussing the examination of the air for microbes only the antiquated "ballon barboteur" of Miquel should be mentioned, and that no room should be found for any of the more recent and accurate filtration methods.

Food and the Principles of Dietetics, by R. Hutchison, M.D. Edin. (E. Arnold, 16s. n.), is a well-written and complete treatise on that most important of all daily questions, what to eat and drink, and can be heartily recommended to all those for whom it has been written—medical men and the general public alike. Every kind of diet is discussed, from that of the Esquimaux, who consumes his twenty pounds of flesh and blubber, down to the daily pint or so of milk that satisfies the month-old

baby. Dr. Hutchison is no believer in the food value of the soups, beef-tea, or jellies usually given to "strengthen" invalids; at most, such preparations can only serve to rouse the appetite. He condemns alcohol as an unnecessary article of diet in complete health, though it is certainly of use for the old and the overworked; and discredits a theory that many people must have blessed unawares in their youth, that bread-and-jam is a cheaper and a better food for children than bread-and-butter. Several chapters are devoted to the diet of infants and children, and also to the principles of feeding in disease; the book ends with a very good index.

In Essays on Consumption (The Sanitary Publishing Co., 10s. 6d. n.), Dr. J. E. Squire, M.D., discusses the causation, prevention, and treatment of consumption in a simple but very adequate manner. The book opens with an introduction by Sir William Broadbent, who points out that Dr. Squire was one of the first English physicians to show how completely the observance of a few hygienic precautions would prevent the spread of tubercular disease, and to urge the necessity for preventive legislation directed towards its diminution. The Londoner of the fourth generation is said not to exist, so wide-spread and fatal is the malady. It is satisfactory to learn, in view of the diversity of the cures and treatments advocated, that "recoveries can take place under a great variety of remedies, the underlying element of success in all being mainly attention to the general health." The book can be recommended to the general reader.

Mr. Fisher Unwin publishes a translation by Dr. Michael G. Foster of Dr. Oscar Bernhard's First-Aid to the Injured, with Special Reference to Accidents Occurring in the Mountains (2s. 6d.). The subjects treated are various, ranging from "contusions" to "heat apoplexy," and from "snow blindness" to "drunkenness." It may seem singular to some to find this last condition classed among "accidents occurring in the mountains," but there is no doubt that it sometimes "occurs" there whether by accident or otherwise. We ourselves know a case in which it occurred to a guide on the Dent Blanche, and was treated with a dose of stick as soon as the party descended to a position in which their equilibrium was sufficiently stable for the purpose. But this is not the treatment advised by Dr. Bernhard, who proposes the gentler alternative of tickling the throat with a feather. We do not agree with Dr. Bernhard that when a climber has mountain sickness very badly "it is useless to urge him forward." As other writers have pointed out, there are cases when this course, as the lesser of two evils, must be adopted. This is a small objection, however, and by no means hinders us from warmly recommending the pamphlet to the study of mountaineers.

Mr. R. E. Dudgeon, M.D., who writes on The Prolongation of Life (Chatto and Windus, 3s. 6d.), refers, still without a touch of irony, to another "prominent writer on the subject . . . who insisted that the normal duration of life was a hundred years," and who, unfortunately, "died a short while ago at the age of sixty-seven." Mr. Dudgeon, who is himself an octogenarian, is forearmed against such a severe test of his opinions on the best means to attain old age. His advice, which is for the most part sound, is a little startling at times. Swimming in the open air is among the forms of exercise that the author says should be kept up by old men. The statements that "the wholesomeness of flannel as an underwear is a popular delusion," and that all food is wholesome in moderation may also meet with some incredulity. The book is not without some touches of old-fashioned humour, and is adorned with quotations from the classics such as thrilled the Houses of Commons in the writer's youth.

Early Methodism.

We have nothing but commendation for Mr. Frank Banfield's short life of John Wesley (Westminster Biographies, Kegan Paul, 2s.). In about 120 pages he has presented the reader with all the principal facts of Wesley's life and work, duly emphasizing the points of difference between Wesley and Whitefield, and showing clearly enough how the Wesleyan body inevitably separated itself from the Church after the death and in spite of the wishes of its founder, who was not a Wesleyan. A sketch of the condition of the Church in Wesley's time seems almost a necessary adjunct and complement to a life of Wesley, but we presume that Mr. Banfield has not had the space requisite for so difficult a chapter. He has done his work of condensation with judgment and impartiality, and would have done it better still but for one or two lapses into slang phrases. These ought to be corrected when the book reaches, as we hope it will, a new edition.

There is not much that is new to be said about the leaders of the early Methodists. It was therefore not to be expected that anything very novel would be found in George Whitefield, M.A., Field Preacher, by James Paterson Gledstone (Hodder and Stoughton). The subject was, indeed, practically exhausted by Mr. Gledstone himself in his comprehensive "Life and Travels of George Whitefield," published nearly thirty years ago. The present volume, which is on a smaller and handier scale, gives a sufficient and well-written account of this remarkable, if not very attractive, personality. There was much that was oddly contradictory in Whitefield, who, despite his burning zeal for souls, never realized, or even recognized, that there could be anything other than perfectly right and proper in slavery. He was himself, indeed, a slave-owner in Georgia, for he spent much of his time in America, whither he journeyed something like a dozen times. Alternately the friend and the hammer of the Wesleys, Whitefield is a curious study in psychology as well as in religious enthusiasm, and Mr. Gledstone's capital sketch forms a very useful and, on the whole, judicial account of a man whose influence still counts for more than is generally supposed.

Naval History.

A sea-book by a man who not only knows it, but is also competent to speak of its literature and history as well as its remarkable manners and customs, is so rare that one might well greet Mr. Walter Jeffery's book A Century of our Sea-Story (Murray, 6s.) with some effusion. As a general rule books about the sea and seamen are written by men who know nothing of anything else, or by those who know remarkably little of a seaman's character. Mr. Jeffery, however, has evidently been soaked by the spray of many seas, and yet knows the inside of a library as well, let us say, as how to make a Matthew Walker on a four-stranded rope. Hardly anything comes amiss to him, from the origin of press-gangs to the early history of the "she-oak net" of Sandridge Pier, and he writes as lightly and as fluently of one as of the other. Indeed, the only fault to be found with the book is its shortness, considering the astonishing way Mr. Jeffery ranges over the whole sea history of this century, including the Navy as well as the merchant service, during his investigations. We venture to suggest that a writer has at length been found to do a really popular and inclusive history of the English seaman, even if it runs into several volumes the length of the present one.

A Subject Index.

A Contents-Subject Index to General and Periodical Literature (Stock, 7s. 6d.) is a work which deserves a welcome if only for the excellence of its intention and the circumstances under which it has been produced. It is the result of the labour, freely given in his leisure hours, of Mr. Cotgreave, the well-known Librarian of the West Ham Public Libraries, and of the enterprise of the Public Library authorities of West Ham, who, having decided to publish the Index for their own libraries agreed to print extra copies for the use of the public. As it is, we presume, founded on the contents of the West Ham Libraries, it is not surprising that it is incomplete, sometimes curiously so—under St. Paul's, for instance, we do not find Milman's "Annals of St. Paul's," and under Gypsies there is no reference to Borrow. Moreover, it attempts to combine a subject index to periodicals and a subject index to books, and more space is devoted to the former than the latter. Still the arrangement is

good, and particularly the way in which the reader is guided to references on different aspects of a subject. As a cheap attempt at a general subject index it is likely to be useful to general readers and journalists, and Mr. Cotgreave's labours certainly deserve recognition.

Not every one will have time to read the long official life of Huxley which we reviewed the other day. Those who desire a shorter account of the man and his work will find exactly what they want in THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY, by P. Chalmers Mitchell, in Putnam's Sons' "Leaders of Science" Series, 5s. The book is as well written as Grant Allen's somewhat similar manual on Darwin; one could hardly give it higher praise. Not only is there a clear and adequate account of Huxley's contributions to natural science, but the "gladiatorial" incidents in his career, for which he is more widely renowned, are also depicted with eloquence and humour.

GORDON'S CAMPAIGN IN CHINA (Chapman and Hall, 1s.) is a reprint of some notes written by General Gordon for the information of his brother officers, and contributed in 1871 to "The Professional Papers of the Corps of Royal Engineers." The style is severely professional and technical—much less emotional, in fact, than Lord Roberts' despatches—and the book, in spite of the interest which current events give to the subject, will hardly attract a wider public than that originally addressed. There is nothing in it, for instance, about the famous quarrel with Li Hung Chang, whom Gordon is generally believed to have desired to "shoot on sight." An introduction by Colonel R. H. Vetch gives a short account of the origin and history of the Taiping rebellion, from which the thread of Gordon's own narrative may be picked up and followed by the reader.

A very few years ago AFTER WILD SHEEP IN THE ALTAI AND MONGOLIA by E. Demidoff, Prince San Donato (R. Ward, 21s. net) would have appeared as one or two articles in some such paper as the *Field*, and every one, including the author, would have been thoroughly satisfied that the *Ovis Ammon* had not been treated disrespectfully. We frankly confess to having no sympathy whatever with sportsmen who kill a dozen or so every day for the mere sake of the heads, even when a record pair of horns at last comes into the bag by the process rather of exhaustion than that of intelligent choice and selection. The latter is the true sportsman's real claim to consideration, and we cannot say that Prince Demidoff has earned more than some respect for his steady perseverance in trying to extinguish the wild sheep of the Altai.

Mrs. Donaldson in LEPCHA LAND, OR SIX WEEKS IN THE SIKKIM HIMALAYAS (Sampson Low, 10s. 6d.) gives another rather flagrant example of the expanded article. Although her book certainly contains some minor matters of interest, it is hardly worth while exploring for them among eighty thousand words describing the common incidents of travel in the foothills of the Himalayas.

As a popular description of a scramble through some of the highlands of North-West Africa, AMONG THE BERBERS OF ALGERIA, by Anthony Wilkin (Unwin, 16s.) may serve its turn. Mr. Wilkin, indeed, is here so determinedly popular that he omits all mention of the history of the Berber clans described. The general reader, indeed, might almost close the book with the impression that the Showirs and Kabyles were two tribes of prehistoric Anglo-Saxons who had been forced to embrace Islâm and were now "writhing" under French dominion. In spite of a few such unnecessary and absurd words as "musculature" the book is lively and humorous.

ENGLAND EXPECTS—BUT! (Macqueen, 2s. 6d.) is a collection of anonymous tirades on a great variety of subjects, ranging from the diplomacy of Lord Salisbury to the romances of Mr. Silas Hocking. We should imagine that the authors are very young men. At all events they have yet to learn to distinguish the accidental from the essential and to recognize the obvious when they see it. Some of the essays are better than others, but we are afraid that it is no high praise.

ART.

VAN DYCK.

1. ANTHONY VAN DYCK: AN HISTORICAL STUDY OF HIS LIFE AND WORKS. By LIONEL CUST, F.S.A., Director of the National Portrait Gallery. With 61 Photogravure Plates and 20 Collotypes from Drawings and Etchings. (Bell and Son. £5 5s. n.)
2. FIFTY MASTERPIECES OF ANTHONY VAN DYCK IN PHOTOGRAVURE. Selected from the Pictures Exhibited at Antwerp in 1899. Described and Historically Explained, with a Sketch of the Life of the Artist, by MAX ROOSES. Translated by FANNY KNOWLES. (S. Low and Co. £3 13s. 6d. n.)

It was natural that the celebration of the third centenary of Van Dyck's birth at Antwerp last year, followed as it was by representative exhibitions of the great Flemish master's works both in his native city and in London, should be marked by the publication of a memorial volume. But it was hardly to be expected that the double event should produce two books as sumptuous as those which have been published almost simultaneously by Messrs. Bell and Messrs. Sampson Low. The one is the work of Mr. Lionel Cust, the well-known Director of the National Portrait Gallery and the author of an able monograph on Dürer. The other is edited by M. Max Rooses, the distinguished Curator of the Plantin-Moretus Museum at Antwerp, a great authority on Flemish art, and has been translated into English by Miss Fanny Knowles. Both are costly and richly illustrated volumes, adorned with a profusion of admirable plates; but we have no hesitation in saying that the palm must in this case be given to the English work, both for the beauty of the photogravures and the excellence of the letterpress. Seldom, indeed, has the process of reproducing pictures from the originals been carried to so high a degree of perfection as in the plates which decorate Mr. Cust's study of the life and works of Charles I.'s gifted Court painter. Not only has the texture of the stuffs, the gloss of the silks and satins, and pattern of the lace collar been accurately reproduced, but the effects of atmosphere, the delicate gradations of light and shade, the golden haze which floats over sky and landscape, and floods the scene with radiance are all given with wonderful reality in the photogravures of such masterpieces as the Althorp group of George Digby, Lord Bristol, and William Russell, Duke of Bedford, or the Tsar's half-length of Philip Lord Wharton. Again, while M. Max Rooses' sketch of the painter's life is barely twenty pages in length, and he is naturally unable to discuss many questions on which his opinion would be of value, Mr. Cust gives us a full and exhaustive biography of Sir Anthony in which the latest discoveries of French and Flemish scholars are embodied together with many interesting particulars as to the date and production of the master's works. Each of the fifty plates of M. Rooses' volume is an admirable example of its kind, but the scope of his work, which is limited to those paintings exhibited at Antwerp in 1899, excludes many of Van Dyck's masterpieces, and, in consequence, gives a less complete idea of his art. Mr. Cust, whose choice was bound by no such limitations, has wisely included several of the finest portraits in foreign galleries among his selection. We are grateful to him for giving us not only the superb Charles I. of the Louvre and the most charming of all Van Dyck's different groups of the Royal Children, from the Turin Gallery, but also the fascinating Maria Luigia de Tassis in Prince Liechtenstein's collection, the sight of which is in itself worth the journey to Vienna, and the portrait of the romantic Marquis Antonio Brignole-Sala, who may still be seen, in the picture which hangs on the walls of his ancestral palace, mounted on his white horse and lifting his cap with courtly gesture to the spectator. On the other hand, M. Max Rooses' work contains one or two less known and very interesting portraits, such as the noble bust of Ambrogio Spinola in M. Rudolphe Kann's collection in Paris, or the full-length of Lord Wharton's father-in-law, Arthur Goodwin, which in its rich golden-brown tones and soft harmony of colour

rivals the Hermitage portrait. Although a Chatsworth picture, it was not among the Duke of Devonshire's contributions to the Exhibition at Burlington House. Another important and well-preserved picture which was at Antwerp and is finely reproduced in M. Max Rooses' volume is the full-length of Lady Rich, which formerly belonged to Lord Hardwicke, and which, after changing hands for a large sum at the Sieurdan sale in Paris, has now become the property of M. Ferdinand Bischoffsheim. Mr. Cust, strange to say, does not even include this portrait in his Catalogue of Van Dyck's works, although a spirited sketch by the master's hand is in Mr. Heseltine's collection. The portrait in question, we may remark, has always borne the name of Anne Cavendish, Lady Rich, but it differs in many respects from the Petworth picture of this winsome lady, whose early death inspired some of Waller's most graceful verses.

Critics are not yet agreed, it appears, as to Van Dyck's early training. M. Max Rooses holds to the old idea, that after receiving his first instruction from Hendrik Van Balen, whose pupil he became at the age of ten, the precocious boy worked under Rubens until February, 1618, when he was admitted as a master-painter to the Guild of St. Luke. Mr. Cust, on the other hand, is "quite clear that Van Dyck was never in any way a pupil or apprentice of Rubens." It is true that we have no positive proof that this was ever the case, but the fact that in 1518 Rubens himself speaks of young Van Dyck as his "best pupil," while a contemporary writer, Bellori, mentions him as having worked in the Rubens school, seems to lend colour to this theory. Whether Van Dyck was the actual pupil of Rubens or not, it is certain that during several years he was his best assistant, and that his style was entirely modelled on that of the great Flemish master, at whose feet he worshipped. He painted copies or replicas of his master's works, carried out his designs, and, no doubt, executed a considerable portion of the colossal compositions which Rubens turned out in such amazing quantity at this period of his career. Many well-known pictures, formerly ascribed to Rubens, such as the St. Martin at Windsor, the Dead Christ in the Liechtenstein Gallery at Vienna, and the portraits of Susanne Fourment and Isabella Brant, the sister-in-law and first wife of Rubens, at St. Petersburg, are now recognized to be the work of his "best pupil." It was the example of Rubens and the sight of the Italian paintings which the master had copied at Venice and Mantua which prompted Van Dyck to undertake that journey to Italy which exerted so marked an influence on his future career. In the autumn of 1621 he started for Genoa, and, after visiting Milan, Venice, Florence, Rome, and Palermo, returned to that city, where he spent the next five years, and painted the magnificent series of portraits which rank not only among his finest works but among the noblest pictures in the world. The fame of Rubens and his own talent speedily procured him employment from the merchant princes and patricians of "Genova la Superba." In Rome he had already executed portraits of Cardinal Bentivoglio and Cardinal Barberini, afterwards Urban VIII. Now the princes of Savoy, and the members of the proud houses of Doria, Spinola, of Lomellini, and Brignole-Sala all vied for the honour of being painted by his hand. Many of these portraits, mostly full-length, seated or standing figures, still adorn the palaces of illustrious families at Genoa, but some of the finest have found their way to this country—amongst others, the charmingly vivacious Marchesa Balbi, in green velvet robes, at Dorchester-house, the lovely group of Balbi children at Panshanger, the fair Paola Adorno in the Duke of Abercorn's collection, and the Brignole-Salas at Warwick Castle. In these noble and refined works we feel at once how strong and enduring an effect the sight of the great Italian masters had produced on the impressionable young Northern painter. A sketch-book in which he put down notes and made drawings of famous pictures is still preserved at Chatsworth, and bears witness to the immense admiration which Titian's masterpieces in Rome and Venice excited in his heart. Paolo Veronese, Giorgione, Leonardo, and Albert Dürer occasionally arrest his attention, but to Titian to them he returns with increasing delight.

We see the influence of the painter of Cadore not only in the portraits which Van Dyck painted in Italy, but in many of the religious subjects which he executed after his return to Antwerp towards the end of 1626. During the next five or six years he painted the great majority of the altar pieces which are still to be seen in the churches and galleries of Belgium, and which were so fully represented at the Antwerp Exhibition. M. Guiffrey, indeed, gives a list of no less than 235 of these sacred subjects, most of which belong to this period, and were called forth by the sudden revival of religious fervour which swept over the Netherlands under the rule of the Infanta Isabella. In his frequent representations of the Crucifixion or of the Holy Women weeping over the Dead Christ—in the great altar piece at Mechlin, which Sir Joshua called the finest religious picture in the world, or in that other Calvary with St. Francis kneeling at the foot of the Cross in the Notre Dame of Dendermonde—Van Dyck impresses us by the intensity of grief and ecstatic expression which he imparts to his kneeling saints, as well as by the strong human interest that is always present in his compositions. If he lacks the creative powers and brilliant colouring of Rubens, he surpasses him in tenderness of feeling and solemn devotion.

"In the dramatic momentariness," Mr. Cust writes, "and in that which Mr. Claude Phillips has rightly called the rhetorical quality of the Passion, Van Dyck shows strongly the influence of Italian art and Italian religion. Sometimes he suggests a reminiscence of such dramatic works in sculpture as the groups by Mazzoni at Modena, or those on the Sacro Monte at Varallo. His paintings of the Passion and Agony of the Saviour are rather direct, poignant appeals to the feelings of the spectator than great decorative compositions, such as those of Tintoretto or Rubens." Unfortunately, in his anxiety to give these large compositions that sense of all pervading light and colour which was the glory of Rubens' art, Van Dyck employed a drier kind of paint, and made great use of certain pale tones of blue and silver grey, and it is just these colours which have suffered the most seriously from damp and neglect, or have been ruined by clumsy restoration. In his Holy Families, again, it is chiefly the influence of Titian that prevails, while in the Mystic Marriage of St. Katherine, which was presented to Charles I. by his envoy at Brussels, and is now at Grosvenor-house, the gentle smile and downcast eyes of the youthful Virgin, as well as the golden glow pervading the atmosphere, recalls Correggio's art. During the spare intervals that elapsed between these large religious compositions, this prolific master found time to paint some of his most graceful mythological inventions, the Rinaldo and Armida, which was bought by Endymion Porter in 1629, and is now at Clumber, and the allegory of Time clipping the Wings of Love, which charmed our English artist Millais by its delicate poetic fancy. Many excellent portraits also belong to this period (1627-1632), amongst others, that of Ambrogio Spinola, Lord High Admiral of the Netherlands fleet, of Maria Luigia de Tassis, and the full-length of Abbé Scaglia that is the pride of Dorchester-house.

In April, 1632, Van Dyck came to London and was appointed Court painter to Charles I. He was given a salary of £200 a year, a house in Blackfriars, and a country residence in the Royal palace of Eltham. Three months later he received the honour of knighthood from his Kingly patron. As a further token of favour, in the following spring Charles presented him with the gold chain which he wears round his neck in his portrait at Grosvenor-house. During the remainder of his short life Van Dyck painted the King and Queen, their children and courtiers, and all the chief personages who after his death were to play a leading part in the tragic history of the Civil War. That he idealized his sitters to a certain extent must, we think, be admitted. The King, who appears in Mytens' portraits as short of stature, with something of the clumsiness and Scottish *bonhomie* of his father, is invested by Van Dyck with Royal grace and majesty, and bears in his face that indefinable look of sadness which is as it were a foreboding of the dark fate that was

awaiting for him. The Queen, who was *petite* and graceful, with no special beauty, but a fine pair of dark eyes and a clear complexion, is transformed into a stately and elegant woman, with the same distinguished and romantic air as her Royal lord. We can hardly wonder that her niece, Princess Sophia, confessed to a sense of bitter disappointment when she met Queen Henrietta Maria at the Hague in 1641 and wrote :—

> Les beaux portraits de Van Dyck m'avaient donné une si belle idée de toutes les dames d'Angleterre, que j'estois surprise de voir la reine que j'avois vue si belle en peinture, estre petite femme, les bras longs et secs, les épaules dissemblables, et les dens comme des défenses lui sortant de la bouche ; pourtant, après que je l'eus considerée, je lui trouvais les yeux très beaux, le nez bien fait, le teint admirable.

During the first few years of his residence in London the popular and fashionable master painted many of his finest pictures—the charming double portrait of the Queen giving a spray of myrtle to the King, in the Duke of Grafton's collection ; the great Louvre picture of Charles, the striking group of Strafford and his secretary, as well as many portraits of noble families—the Villiers and Sidneys, Herberts and Whartons—who were closely connected with the Court. Lord Wharton's portrait bears the date of 1632, as also does the full-length picture of Lord Leicester at Penshurst. A brother-in-law of the last-named nobleman, James Hay, Earl of Carlisle, had known Van Dyck at Antwerp in 1628, and his illustrious relatives, the Percies and Sidneys, were among the master's earliest friends and patrons in England. A remarkably fine collection of family portraits is still preserved at Petworth, the ancient seat of the Earls of Northumberland. There we see Algernon, Lord Northumberland, High Admiral of England, with his wife and child ; the sprightly face and form of Lucy, Lady Carlisle ; her more sedate sister, Dorothy, Countess of Leicester, with her fair daughter, Dorothy Sidney, the Sacharissa of Waller's adoration ; and a group of youthful beauties closely connected by marriage and friendship. M. Max Rooses remarks that Van Dyck never succeeded as well with women as he did with men, but these comparatively little-known Petworth portraits are among his most attractive works. The delightful half-length of Sacharissa, in deep red satin and black lace scarf, far excels the later portraits of the young Countess at Althorp and Devonshire-house, and may well have inspired Waller's famous lines ; while those of Anne Carr, Duchess of Bedford, drawing on her tan gloves, and of Elizabeth Cecil, in white silk and blue ribbons, are equally captivating.

In later years the execution of Van Dyck's portraits betrays great inequalities, and a distinct falling-off is perceptible in the hands and other accessories, which are too often mere lifeless and mechanical repetitions. No doubt many of these pictures were partly painted by assistants, of whom Van Dyck always employed a large number and respecting whom Mr. Cust gives us some interesting particulars. Chief among them was William Dobson, who probably painted the likeness of Endymion Porter, in the National Portrait Gallery, and of Sacharissa in the costume of a shepherdess, at Penshurst, as well as countless replicas of his master's well-known portraits ; and the Dutchman Adriaen Hannemann, to whom the fine Lord Falkland and Charles Cavendish at Devonshire-house are ascribed. Unfortunately, Van Dyck's love of pleasure and luxury not only interfered with the practice of his art, but seriously injured his health. "Sir Anthony," writes a contemporary, "always went magnificently dressed, had a numerous and gallant equipage, and kept so noble a table in his apartment that few princes were more visited or better served." His mornings were spent in hard work, the rest of his days in banquets and merry-making with gay courtiers and fair ladies. Women above all proved a fatal attraction to him, and encouraged him to waste both his money and his health. In vain the King, in his anxiety to restrain his favourite painter from injurious dissipation, found him a wife in Mary Ruthven, whose sweet and gentle face lives in the portrait painted by her husband, now in the Pinacothek at Munich. Little more than a year after his marriage, however, the great painter, who was only forty-two, came home ill from Paris and died in his house at Blackfriars on the 9th of December, 1641. It is, as Mr. Cust remarks, natural to compare Van Dyck with his contemporary Velasquez, who was born in the same year, and enjoyed the patronage of another art-loving King and of his Court. In some ways, no doubt, the Spanish and Flemish masters are alike. They had the same accuracy of eye and hand and the same cultivated tastes. They both studied in the work of their forerunners with the same close attention, and showed the same marvellous command of the resources of their art. But the difference between the two men remains very great, and on the whole Mr. Cust may be right when he says that of all famous masters the one with whom Van Dyck may most fitly be compared is Raphael. Both painters had the same feminine temperament, as shown in their personal aspect, their character, and the general spirit of their art. They both early attained wide renown, and led a life of luxury and splendour at a Court where they were surrounded by friends and admirers of high rank and position, and they both died in the flower of their age, worn out by art and love before their time.

For the first time in its history the Royal Cambrian Academy of Art has deserted its sixteenth century "great mansion" at Conway for a very modern building. A special exhibition is now being held in the Lord Leighton Memorial Art Gallery in South London. The Academy contributes about 150 pictures to the exhibition, and the show is a very creditable one. Mr. Clarence Whaite, the President, Mr. Anderson Hague, and Mr. S. J. Hodson are well represented.

No one looking at the etchings of Rembrandt can fail to appreciate the saying of Sir F. Burton that Van Rhyn was "in the mystery that underlies the surface of things." It hardly needs a small and choice collection such as that which has been gathered together by Mr. Gutekunst in his cabinet gallery in King-street, St. James's, to emphasize this truth ; but it does need such a collection to show that the finest of the Rembrandt etchings are not all of necessity in the national museums. Most of these etchings have their counterparts at the British Museum, but in nearly all cases the impressions here are as good as those at Bloomsbury, and in two instances at least—the "Jan Six" and "The Old Haaring"—much better. Mr. Gutekunst also exhibits an impression of "The Phœnix," of which, we believe, only six other prints are known ; and the second state of the "Landscape, with a Milkman" is so fine that nothing better could be wished for. Rembrandt etchings are the first and last word to be said of the art, and this small collection has been collected with enthusiasm and is shown with reverence.

Mr. Moffat Lindner occupies the recesses of Mr. Robert Dunthorne's small gallery just now with a series of water-colour drawings of the Harbours of Bergen and the Rivers of Dordrecht. From some of the drawings of Bergen it would seem that Mr. Lindner had been fortunate during the past year in visiting the Norwegian harbours during all of the fine days—popularly estimated at three—which fall to its lot during the course of a single year. If there is a fault to be found with Mr. Lindner's water-colours it is that they are too optimistic ; that they seem too frequently to present Nature on her best behaviour. Any artist less gifted than he would degenerate, in this pleasant tolerance, into the merely amiable. As it is the pleasant little collection would be the better for an occasional effort to do something more direct and broad and less pleasing and scholastic. Mr. Lindner seems to lack courage to make those "mistakes" which are the salt of the artistic life.

The possessors of early Italian masters, for example, whose Messrs. Lawrie have laid under contribution for the nucleus of their exhibition, will confess that the little masters they love made mistakes in plenty. Nevertheless, the portraits by Moroni, Bellini, de Predis, and the somewhat rare Girolamo now—in the fulness of incongruity—being exhibited in Old Bond-street cannot fail to interest. Their freshness, weight, and vigour lift them above all considerations of technical defects and leave them as worthy examples of fine portraiture.

The Company of the Butterfly has given up its rooms for the present to an exhibition of the work of Mr. William Nicholson. It is a comprehensive collection and shows Mr. Nicholson in the fulness of his talent. His "Characters of Romance" are here, and, although they are much superior to the reproductions, they confirm us in our opinion that they are yet themselves reproductions which have not gained greatly by Mr. Nicholson's interpretation.

FICTION.

London Jews.

We should describe Mr. Samuel Gordon's Sons of the Covenant (Sands, 6s.) as an agreeable, but not particularly exciting, story of modern Jewish life in London. The author evidently knows his subject, and writes with confidence of the best type of Hebrew character, justly crediting it with energy and honesty; but his plot is so slender that from the first few pages one is able to anticipate the rather ordinary conclusion. In this the reader will be a little disappointed; and in another respect also, for the author, omitting the poverty and pathos of the Ghetto, turns a steady stream of prosperity upon a poor family, and finally leaves them, after no very moving adventures, in commonplace affluence. It is a readable book, all the same. The characters are strongly marked, and at least two of them are humorous, which is something to be thankful for in a modern novel. The heroes are two very dissimilar brothers, one of whom is adopted by a rich widow and helped in every possible way, while the other has to work for himself and support his mother as best he can. Both succeed, the one as a brilliant scholar, whom we leave on the threshold of a good practice at the Bar, and the other as an extremely shrewd money-maker, who begins with a tray of penny toys and ends with a large house of business in the City. As they are not tried or tempted in any way, it is a little difficult to sympathize with them in their blameless careers and their invariable good luck. They are, however, well drawn, though perhaps some of the minor characters are still better, especially an old Scotchman, who is the only Gentile among the comfortable and unromantic people to whom Mr. Gordon has introduced us.

Miss Geraldine Hodgson.

Miss Geraldine Hodgson is a lady who possesses distinct merit as a novelist, but two novels in one year is rather a dangerously large output. In Anthony Delaval, LL.D. (John Macqueen, 6s.), there is much good work, but the slightness of the plot hardly justifies its three hundred and fifty pages. Apart from the plot, Miss Hodgson shows much power of character-drawing, and she gives us what is not common in fiction, an interesting background in her picture—a little exaggerated perhaps—of the scandal-loving society of a country village. The heroine has a distinct and interesting individuality, and her martinet of a father is excellently drawn; but Anthony Delaval himself is, we are afraid—unconsciously both to himself and to Miss Hodgson—an unmistakable prig. There is also a delightful, though rather impossible, child of the excessively mature kind, who brightens up the story considerably. A Tragedy of Errors (London, George Allen, 6s.), by the same author, is a not unattractive study of another little child with a stern father, brought up by a hard and uncongenial aunt. She also is rather too sharp and elfish for real life, but yet succeeds in winning our affections. We regret that Miss Hodgson felt bound to terminate the small tragedies of her childhood by causing her to be drowned at an age when love and life—and a lover—were opening their arms to her.

One of the first books of the new firm of publishers, Messrs. Hood, Douglas, and Howard, is His Only Son, by Cyril Darrah. Those who care for a rapid succession of incident will find it here. The scene is laid in very modern London, in the offices and the luxurious home of a City financier, and the incidents deal mainly with the struggles of a very wealthy man to keep safe from Boer bullets a brainless son who has been reluctantly compelled to go with his regiment to the front. The story is full of stirring incidents somewhat loosely strung together, and its chief fault is that there is no character in whom the reader can take a sympathetic interest. Otherwise, as railway fiction goes, it is by no means a bad specimen of its class.

The White Battalions, by Fred M. White (Pearsons, 6s.), is an ingenious variation on the overworked theme of an imaginary war between ourselves and our friends across the Channel. A wonderful inventor with a new explosive blows up enough of Central America to let the Pacific Ocean into the Atlantic by way of Nicaragua. The result is to suppress the Gulf stream, and plunge both France and England into the horrors of an Arctic winter. The English are ready for it, and have a "good time," skating and tobogganing. The French are not ready, and their army retires on Paris in circumstances more horrible than those of the retreat from Moscow. One can imagine that such a story would be very effective if handled by Victor Hugo or by Jules Verne; the one would have given it human, the other scientific, interest. It is not so effective when handled by Mr. Fred M. White, who, nevertheless, deserves some credit for having hit upon an idea that would not have occurred to every one. There is a certain vigour about Mr. White's prose, though it is not always constructed in accordance with the rules prescribed by the grammarians.

Paul Bourget.

The third volume, published by the house of MM. Plon, Nourrit, et Cie., of the definitive edition of the works of M. Paul Bourget (a book of extracts from whose writings has just appeared) will be studied with interest. A painstaking collation of texts will be necessary in order to see how M. Bourget, whom the Catholic journals have been congratulating on his complete conversion to Catholicism, reconciles his past with his new found faith. He has undertaken the expurgation of his work in order to bring it into harmony with the dogma and moral ideals of Romanism. We gathered the other day from a story published in the *Revue des deux Mondes*, "L'Échéance," and now reprinted by Plon in an admirable book, "Drames de Famille," the proof that henceforth M. Bourget's first idea will be to teach and to edify. With M. Brunetière and President Magnaud he has become a martyr to the notion of the writer's responsibility as a member of a specially organized social world. This attitude may be easy enough for M. Bourget in the future, but how can he introduce an odour of sanctity into the old pages of "Cruelle Enigme," "André Cornélis," "Mensonges," and the rest? M. Bourget, converted, counts, no doubt, on the assistance of a superhuman grace. *Literature* was the first to point out how in the "Essais" the internal economy of these pages had been entirely upset. The revelation created some surprise and even evoked contradiction at the time in France. Lately the *Cri de Paris* wrote:—"Les 'Essais' demeureront intacts. Là il y aurait eu pas mal à reprendre. Pas de chance, Monsieur l'Abbé; c'est imprimé *ne varietur*." This is an utter mistake. The "Essais" have been so bowdlerized as to wear an entirely different complexion. Since Racine no such sensational evolution, implying so Quixotic a courage in self-humiliation, has taken place in any French writer of the first rank. To those, however, who read his preface to this new edition too hastily his sacrifice may seem not so complete. "Why do you not take morphine to ease your pain?" a friend said to him the other day. "Because it will prevent me from suffering," he replied. "But why suffer?" was his interlocutor's inquiry. "Because we must expiate." These startling little retorts sum up all M. Bourget's new philosophy. They are the motive of the tale "L'Échéance" in his "Drames de Famille," and they explain why he is now offering us a revised text of his old novels. The excuse which M. Bourget offers to his new *clientèle* of the Church is that his novels illustrate the diagnosis of social evils; that diagnosis must precede therapeutics; and that it is necessary for a moralist to collect a large number of cases before generalization. This, says M. Bourget, permits the writer to paint the seamy side of life, *des tableaux coupables*, and no one need accuse him of *complaisance*. M. Bourget fancies himself in the past to have been engaged in an occupation which he calls "experimental apologetics." This belated discovery is amusing. He tells us that "Madame Bovary" or "Pierre et Jean" are works of "experimental apologetics." On this principle life itself is "experimental apologetics." Since M. Bourget began using the idiom of M. Homais he is losing his grip. His new attitude is distressing, and his attempt to account for it is an essay in apologetic experimentation.

Correspondence.

JOHN DONNE AND THE ANTHOLOGIST.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—May I be allowed to correct a small inaccuracy which appears in your issue of Saturday last in your review of Mr. Quiller Couch's anthology? Your reviewer states that "Donne makes no appearance at all in 'The Golden Treasury.'" As a matter of fact, if he will only turn over the first nine pages of "The Golden Treasury" he will find Donne's most nearly perfect poem, that on "Absence." Taking into consideration the great though brilliant unevenness of the best of Donne's poetic work this little poem is the just proportion of representation which should be allotted to Donne in such a miniature Treasure House, where every corner is so precious and so many singers must find a place. It is not a little unfortunate, however, that the authenticity of this particular poem is open to suspicion, and Mr. E. K. Chambers places it in the appendix to his edition of Donne's poems amongst the doubtful ones. Mr. Palgrave's extract from this poem affords another instance of the offence of which your reviewer accuses him, for, although the whole of the poem only consists of four verses, only three are quoted. On the other hand, if there is choice of two renderings the anthologist, if he is worthy of his hire, is bound to choose the daintier, and the concluding line in Mr. Palgrave's version is certainly more pleasing and effective than the ending chosen by Mr. Quiller Couch. The omitted verse in Mr. Palgrave's version is the weakest of the four; the poem gains by its omission and the diamond sparkles all the more for the cutting. The success of Mr. Palgrave's innovation almost would be its own justification, but the first quality which readers of anthologies have a right to demand from their guides is fidelity, and the compilers are not justified in trimming any poem where the effect of such a course is to give an impression of uniformity of excellence out of proportion to the real merit of the whole.

The writer of the article makes a somewhat sweeping proposition when he suggests that "where a writer cannot be worthily represented by his shorter poems, he is, perhaps, best omitted altogether." There is no reason why the perfect anthologist, when such a being is evolved, should not be able to detach suitable pictures from the canvasses of the Memlings and Titians of poetry which will be an index to the characters of the masterpieces from which they are taken. Mr. Saintsbury, in a burst of enthusiasm, declares, for instance, that no short extracts will show Donne, but that he must be read (presumably in his entirety). While Mr. Quiller Couch in my humble opinion deals too liberally with Donne, if he had acted in accordance with your reviewer's suggestion and Mr. Saintsbury's statement "The Oxford Book of English Verse" would have been the poorer for the exclusion of one of the most remarkable figures in English poetry and some of the most striking passages in Elizabethan verse.

Yours, &c.,

Southport, Nov. 26, 1900. A. H. GARSTANG.

LONG NOVELS.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Your article on this subject is very interesting; but does it go to the root of the matter?

It is easy enough to take a long novel, whether by Tolstoy or another, discover how a sub-editor with a blue pencil could have cut it down, and then say that it has been made long by such and such devices. But this is not proof that its length was an artistic blunder, or that the instinct of the leisurely person who desires a "good long read" is not a true instinct after all.

So far as I can make out, the objection to long novels is only entertained by readers who regard them from one of two points of view:—

(1) The point of view of the reviewer, who reads, not for pleasure, but for profit (in the narrow sense of the word), and prefers short novels for the same reasons for which people in all walks of life prefer "soft jobs."

(2) The point of view of the academic mind which is trained to admire and aim at conciseness of statement, and is apt to forget that a novel is at once something more and something less than a series of statements.

As a matter of fact, the issue between short novels and long novels can only be decided by raising the question, Are the novels which have won a permanent place in literature short or long? The answer is that they have been long almost without exception. The most memorable novels of Dickens, Thackeray, and George Eliot are all long. So are those of Flaubert, of Dumas, of Victor Hugo. So are those of Tolstoy and Turgueneff. The writers seem to feel that, if their characters are to become the friends of their readers, readers and characters must see a great deal of each other. It is not enough merely to introduce the characters, put them through their tricks, and then hustle them off the stage. To do this is to confuse the art of fiction with the art of drama. Would the world remember and be interested in d'Artagnan, or Jean Valjean, or Colonel Newcome if it had only had 80,000 words of them? It would no more do so than one remembers and is interested in the casual acquaintance of the railway journey or the seaside hotel.

Short stories, it is true, have sometimes taken their place in literature. One thinks at once of the short stories of Poe, Maupassant, and Kipling. But this is work of another *genre*. Its success proves nothing on behalf of the short novel.

If a novel is bad, then, of course, the shorter it is the better. Most long novels are bad, because most novels of whatever length are bad. But the facts remain, not only that the great novel is always a long novel, but also that even ephemeral success—other than the success of books of the "Mystery of a Hansom Cab" class—is hardly ever attained by short novels. The case of "Ships that Pass in the Night" is almost the only exception that occurs to me. One has plenty of cases to set against it in illustration of the rule. Those of "Robert Elsmere," "The Christian," and "The Heavenly Twins" are only a few among many.

I conclude that the long novel will continue, and ought to continue, to flourish among us.

Yours obediently, CRITICUS.

LORD ROSEBERY'S "NAPOLEON."

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—*A propos* of the question whether Sir Hudson Lowe was or was not a gentleman.

He had, in 1808, while at Capri, to sustain a bitter defeat at the hands of General Lamarque. Had his Blücher, in the form of the Anglo-Sicilian fleet, arrived some forty-eight hours earlier there is every reason to believe that the tables would have been turned. But that he showed gentlemanly instincts can scarcely be denied by any reader of his letter to General Lamarque, dated October 21, 1808, from her Majesty's frigate Ambuscade. In that letter he thanks General Lamarque for various courtesies accorded after the capitulation. He at least could recognize an honourable foe. And yet his position was a very humiliating one. Had English troops been there to resist the landing at Orico, on the western side of the island, the French and Neapolitan forces could never have scaled the heights of Anacapri. But the craven Maltese placed there to oppose them turned tail in the most cowardly manner and gave General Lamarque the advantage. Sir Hudson Lowe held out against him in the town of Capri for several days, and did not capitulate till his ammunition was well-nigh spent. He showed gentlemanly instincts, surely, when he refused to treat for a capitulation on the terms first proposed—namely, that a safe conduct should be given to himself and to a few of his officers, and that there should be an unconditional surrender of the rest of his forces. He intimated that he would rather be shot than accept such terms. Does not this considerate conduct compare favourably with that of Napoleon in the retreat from Moscow, when he left troops behind him to suffer all manner of hardships and die by thousands?

Yours faithfully, ALGERNON WARREN.

17, Welbeck-mansions, Inglewood-road, West Hampstead, N.W.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—"The Reviewer" considers his views on Napoleon and on Sir Hudson Lowe to be *expressions of opinion* rather than *allegations*. This is a point that would require a knowledge of the fineness of language which Napoleon would not allow to his brother Lucien, and I fall back gratefully on my supports—the chief definitions of "allegation" in Murray's Dictionary, viz., "an assertion without proof, a mere assertion"; or (3) "affirmation, averment."

The suggestion that the non-perusal of the "Suppressed Letters" seriously blunted Scott's judgment of Napoleon is most unlikely. For Scott enjoyed what our new historian, Conan Doyle, calls the "most liable advantage" of visiting the scene of the drama once, twice, and again: he had feasted with Marmont and Macdonald, had received MSS. from Wellington, and was almost "called out" by Gourgaud. Yet Scott was not one of those "many intellects of the highest order" who, as Sir Herbert Maxwell points out, "have been deterred from the work of history by the drudgery of research"; but we have in him, as Goethe has declared, "the richest, the easiest, the most celebrated narrator of the century" undertaking "to write the history of his own time . . . . clearly, truly, and with all the skill of a great artist."

It is difficult to see again the allusion to the Josephine correspondence without stating a conviction that Napoleon's dealings with his first wife are much more easily defended than those whereby Providence and King Harry brought about the English Reformation, although the history and amours of the hot-blooded but kind-hearted Creole are not savoury reading. A world in arms instinctively rushes to the aid of a female in distress, even when, like so many others, from Helen of Troy to Josephine, she has been "a wrong 'un" from her early years. Still, the mistress of Theseus seems to have been, like the chaste-doomed daughter of Austria, a good housewife, while the colossal extravagance of Josephine was, for nearly eighteen years, the bane-canker of the thrifty Corsican.

Finally, I have, in deference to "The Reviewer," sent for the "Suppressed Letters" (both originals and Lady Loyd's), but fear that they will only have, in relation to the first edition (32 vols.) of "Official Correspondence," the somewhat doubtful value of those *risqué* excisions from Suetonius, Apuleius, &c., that are grouped together at the end of the old French translations. Bacteriology threatens to become a craze, and Napoleon is the only great man who has lived under the modern microscope; but, nevertheless, literary scatomancy is hardly a science worthy of the twentieth century.

Yours faithfully,

Sheffield, Nov. 25. H. F. HALL.

P.S.—Lady Loyd's translation of the "New Letters" to hand. Surely "The Reviewer" does not form his opinions or allegations respecting Josephine's ill-treatment on the very temperate letter (No. 380) sent by Napoleon to the Minister of the Public Exchequer in November, 1811, from the banks of the Rhine, in the midst of worries anent the resurrection of Germany and preparations for the Russian campaign; £10,000 a year was surely ample, even for an ex-Empress!

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—In relation to the discussion raised by Lord Rosebery's review of Napoleon in your correspondence column as to whether Napoleon deserved the name of gentleman, I wish to bring before you an opinion on the subject which is not originally my own, but which was expressed by one great man, Wellington, and endorsed by quotation by another, Tennyson. I quote the following anecdote from Tennyson's Memoirs by his son:—"Tom A. spoke of Napoleon coming in hot and dusty from battle, and seeing the Duchess of Weimar, and saying, 'Êtes-vous la Duchesse de Weimar?' of her simple answer 'Oui, Sieur'; and of his thereupon shouting savagely, 'J'écraserai votre mari.' 'Wellington said of Napoleon,' A. added, 'that he was "emphatically not a gentleman."'" I personally agree with this view on the ground that though ancestry be one qualification to the right to such an epithet, chivalry towards women is just as much so; and that this anecdote, though only a single incident in Napoleon's life, is an indication of the man's disposition. I send these remarks to you inasmuch as I think that such men as Wellington and Tennyson have a right to a voice in a discussion of this kind.

I remain, Sir, yours faithfully,

WALTER W. SETON.

Derwent House, Anerley, S.E.

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

After the rush of books during the last few weeks the autumn tide is on the turn. But the season is by no means over. Of late years the autumn book season has shown a tendency to spread itself over Christmas, and join hands with spring—another sign, perhaps, that the publishing seasons are beginning to distribute themselves more evenly over the year. Certainly in the last few years January and February have been far busier than used to be the case.

Many obituary notices of Sir Arthur Sullivan seem to have overlooked the biography by Mr. Arthur Lawrence, which was written under the supervision of the composer, who gave the author material and information for the work. The volume was published before the war by Mr. James Bowden, and was afterwards taken over, we believe, by Messrs. Chappell. Sir Arthur also gave his biographer some assistance in preparing the life of Mr. Sims Reeves, upon which Mr. Lawrence is now engaged.

The City of London, by a melancholy coincidence, lost two of its most popular clergymen last week by the death of the Rev. Samuel John Stone, rector of All Hallows-on-the-Wall, and of Prebendary Whittington, who had been chaplain to more Lord Mayors and sheriffs than any man living. Mr. Stone belonged to the band of famous hymn-writers which has been steadily dwindling for years past. One hymn alone, "The Church's One Foundation," will prevent his name from being forgotten; "Weary of earth and laden with my sins" is almost as famous; and both have found their way into the hymnals used by members of nearly every denomination. They were written at Windsor nearly forty years ago—on two successive evenings. A few years later, while still a curate, Mr. Stone published his first volume, "Lyra Fidelium," to be followed in 1872 by "The Knight of Intercession," which includes the original version of "The Church's One Foundation." "The Knight of Intercession" (published by Longmans) was his most successful volume, reaching its seventh edition in 1892. His charming little poem, "Deare Childe: A Village Idyll" (Wells Gardner), is now in its fourth edition. His other publications include "Sonnets of the Sacred Year" (1875) and a more ambitious volume of "Lays of Iona," which Messrs. Longman published in 1897. His hymn beginning "Lord of our soul's salvation" was the Thanksgiving Hymn written by command of the Queen for the service held at St. Paul's in 1872 for the recovery of the Prince of Wales.

Two useful additions to their "Illustrated Guides to the Art Treasures of England" are promised by Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode—a guide to the British and Modern Schools at the National Gallery, with an introduction by Mr. Lionel Cust, and another to the permanent collection of the Walker Art Gallery at Liverpool, under Mr. Charles Dyall's editorship.

Mr. Henry Frowde is about to publish an "Anthology of French Poetry," tenth to nineteenth centuries, translated by Henry Carrington, M.A., Dean of Bocking, and a tale of Rugby in the forties, entitled "The Three Friends," by A. G. Butler. The Dean of Bocking is the author of a volume of translations from Victor Hugo (Scott) now in its third edition. Mr. Butler's "The Choice of Achilles and other Poems" and his "Harold and other Poems" (now out of print) were also published by Mr. Frowde.

"Egypt under the Saracens,' by Prof. Stanley Lane-Poole—Volume VI. in "The History of Egypt," which Professor Flinders Petrie is editing—will shortly be published by Messrs. Methuen. The third volume, written by Professor Flinders Petrie, and profiting by the results of his latest researches, will complete the history next year. There is a steady demand for the earlier volumes in the series, Vol. I. being now in its fourth edition and Vol. II. in its third.

Books to look out for at once.

BIOGRAPHY—
"Life of Richard Wagner." Trans. and edited from the German by W. A. Ellis. Kegan Paul. 16s. net.
[Based on the third edition of Herr Glasenapp's life.]
"Napoleon III. at the Height of his Power." By Imbert De Saint-Amand. Hutchinson. 6s.
[In the New Series of books by the author of "Famous Women of the French Court."]
"Lord Kitchener," by W. P. Aitken, and "Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain," by A. Wallace. Drane. 6d. each.
["Bijou" Biographies.]
"Virgin Saints and Martyrs." By S. Baring-Gould. Hutchinson. 6s.
[Gift book for grown-up girls. Illus. by F. Auger.]
"Short Lives of the Dominican Saints." By a Sister of the Congregation of S. Catherine of Siena (Stone). Edited by Father Proctor, Provincial of the English Dominicans. Kegan Paul. 7s. 6d.

LITERATURE—
"Old English Glosses." Chiefly unpublished. Edited by Prof. A. S. Napier. Oxford Univ. Press. 17s. 6d.
"Architects of English Literature." By F. Sharp. Sonnenschein. 5s. net.
[Shakespeare to Tennyson. With a series of autograph MSS. from the British Museum.]

POETRY AND THE DRAMA—
"A Little Book of English Lyrics." Edited by Mrs. P. A. Barnett. Methuen. 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. net.
["Little Library."]
"Love's Argument and other Poems." By Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler. Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.
"Anthology of French Poetry, 10th to 19th Centuries." By Dean Carrington. Oxford Univ. Press. 2s. 6d.
[See note under Authors and Publishers.]
"Treasury of Irish Poetry in the English Tongue." Edited by the Rev. Stopford A. Brooke and T. W. Rolleston. Smith, Elder. 7s. 6d.
[Among the contributors are Mr. Lionel Johnson, Mr. A. P. Graves, Professor W. McNeile Dixon, Dr. George Sigerson, Dr. Douglas Hyde, Mr. D. J. O'Donoghue, Mr. W. B. Yeats, and Mr. George Russell ("A. E.").]
"Herod." By Stephen Phillips. Lane. 4s. 6d.
[Uniform with "Paolo and Francesca" and "Poems."]

ART AND ARCHÆOLOGY—
"Giorgione." By Herbert Cook. Bell. 5s. net.
[Great Masters in Painting and Sculpture. With 10 Illustrations.]
"Tiberius's Villa and other Roman Buildings." By C. Weirhardt. Wohlleben. 10s. net.
"Alfred the Great, His Abbeys of Hyde, Athelney, and Shaftebury." By J. C. Wall. E. Stock. 5s.

THEOLOGY—
"Lines of Defence of the Biblical Revelation." By the Rev. Prof. D. S. Margoliouth. Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.
"Suggestive Thoughts on the Daily Lessons (New Testament)." Mowbray. 6s. net.

SPORT AND WAR—
"Sport in Europe." Edited by F. G. Aflalo. Sands. 42s. net.
[A collection of articles on the shooting and fishing of each country from the pens of eminent sportsmen, including Prince San Donato, the Duke of Frias, Prince Nikolas Ghika, W. A. Baillie Grohman, Sir Henry Pottinger, Baron O. Schönberg, and others.]
"Principles of Skating Turns." By H. C. Lowther. H. Cox. 1s.
"Shadow of the War." By Mrs. Josceline Bagot. Arnold. 10s. 6d.
[An account of the author's experiences while engaged in hospital work in South Africa. Photographs by Mrs. Bagot.]
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White mates in two moves.

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BLACK.

WHITE.
White mates in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 98, by A. Troitzky.—White (4 pieces)—K at Q B 7; R at Q Kt sq; Kt at K B 4; pawn at K R 7. Black (6 pieces)—K at K B 3; R at K 4; B at K Kt 2; pawns at K B 4, K 5, Q B 4. White to play and win.

GAME No. XLVII.—A Two Knights' Defence played in the Munich tournament:—

WHITE. W. Cohn.	BLACK. S. Billecard.	WHITE. W. Cohn.	BLACK. S. Billecard.
1. P-K 4	P-K 4	13. P-Q 4	Q-Kt 5
2. Kt-K B 2	Kt-Q B 3	14. P-K B 4	Q-B 5 ch
3. B-B 4	Kt-B 3	15. K-Kt sq	Q R-K sq
4. P-Q 3	B-B 4	16. B-Kt 5	Q R-Q sq
5. Kt-B 3	P-Q 3	17. P-Kt 3	Q-R 3
6. B-K 3	B-Kt 3	18. P-B 4	Kt-B 4
7. Q-K 2	B-K 3	19. P-B 5	Q P×P
8. Kt-Q 5	B×Kt	20. P×B P	B×P
9. P×B	Kt-K 2	21. Q-B 2	Kt-Q 5
10. B-Kt 5	Q-Q 2	22. Q×B	Kt×Kt
11. B×Kt	P×B	23. Q×R P and wins	
12. Castles Q R	Castles Q R		

GAME No. XLVIII.—Played in the New York tournament, 1900:—

SICILIAN DEFENCE.

WHITE. E. Hymes.	BLACK. S. Lipschütz.	WHITE. E. Hymes.	BLACK. S. Lipschütz.
1. P-K 4	P-Q B 4	38. B-B 3	B-B 3
2. Kt-K B 3	P-K 3	39. Q-Kt 2	R-B 3
3. P-Q 4 [a]	P×P	40. R (K)-K 2	K-Kt 2
4. Kt×P	Kt-K B 3	41. Kt-Q sq	P-Q B 5
5. B-Q 3	Kt-B 3	42. R-Q Kt 2	K-Kt 3
6. Kt×Kt	Kt P×Kt	43. P×P	B×P
7. Kt-B 3	P-Q 4	44. R×R	Q×R
8. Castles	B-K 2	45. R-Kt 2	Q-B 2
9. P-Q Kt 3	Q-B 2	46. B×R	Q×B
10. Q-K 2	Castles	47. Kt-Kt 2	B-K sq
11. K-R sq	B-Kt 2	48. Q-Q 2	P-B 5
12. B-Q 2	K R-K sq	49. Kt-Q sq	B-R 6
13. Q R-K	Kt-Q 2	50. K-Kt 2	B-R 5
14. Kt-R 4	Kt-K 4	51. K-B 2	Q-Kt 8
15. B-K B 4	B-B 3	52. B-K 2	B-B 4 ch
16. B×Kt	Q×B	53. K-Kt 2	B-Q B 7
17. P-K B 4	Q-B 2	54. Kt-K 3	B-K 5 ch
18. P-K 5	B-K 2	55. B-B 3	B×B ch
19. Q-Kt 4	P-K Kt 3	56. K×B	Q-R 8 ch
20. R-K 3	P-Q B 4	57. K-K 2	Q-R 7 ch
21. P-B 3	B-K B sq	58. K-Q sq	Q-Kt 8 ch
22. R-Kt 3	B-Kt 2	59. K-K 2	Q×P
23. P-R 4	P-K R 4	60. Kt-B 2	Q-R P
24. Q-K 2 (b)	Q-K 2	61. K-Q sq	Q-Kt 5 ch
25. R-R 3	B-Q B 3	62. K-B sq	Q-Kt 8 ch
26. Kt-Kt 2	Q R-Kt	63. K-Kt 2	P-R 5
27. K-R 2	K R-Q sq	64. Kt-Q 4	B×Kt
28. R-K Kt	P-B 4 (c)	65. P×B	P-R 6
29. Q-K B 2	B-K B sq	66. Q-R 5	Q×P ch
30. R-K sq	Q-Q B 2	67. K-R 3	Q-K 6 ch
31. Kt-Q sq	P-R 4	68. K-R 4	Q×B P
32. B-B 2 (d)	B-K sq	69. Q-B 7 ch	K-R 3
33. R-Q 3	B-K 2	70. Q-Q 8	K-R 4
34. P-Kt 3 (e)	R-R sq	71. Q-B 5	P-R 7
35. Kt-Kt 2	R (Q sq)-Kt sq	72. K-Kt 5	P queens
36. B-Q sq	Q-Kt 2	73. P-R 4	P-B 6 and wins
37. R-Q 2	K-B 2		

(a) Several opening moves may often be varied, in this Sicilian defence, without any real disadvantage to either side. Here possibly, before advancing P-Q 4, Kt-Q B 3 might well be played.

(b) Afraid, perhaps, that if K-Kt 5, the queen would not get free afterwards. However, the text move seems a little timid, and the possibility of a king's side attack were promising for white (see diagram). White is soon put on the defensive, as will be seen.

(c) This leaves the white centre pawns strong, but Black must prevent the threatened P-K Kt 4.

(d) The same move comes if Black P-B 5 earlier.

(e) There is no immediate danger, and therefore K-R 3 seems better than shutting up the square. He has now no opening for attack on the king, and the point of the very well-played ending is the way in which Black gets a successful opening in the Queen's side. We do not care for long games generally, but this is worth following in all its details.

BLACK — LIPSCHÜTZ.

WHITE. HYMES.
White to play—move 24.

Literature

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NOTES OF THE DAY.

We publish this week, gratis, a Christmas Supplement, containing—besides articles on the Illustration of Christmas Books, Old Children's Magazines, "Literary" Games, and the mystical element in Child-poetry ("The Road to Babylon")—reviews of Picture Books, Story Books for Children, Girls' Books, Books for Boys, "Classics Re-dressed," &c.

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To-day is the sixty-eighth birthday of Björnstjerne Björnson; and it is perhaps the occasion to recall to mind how considerable a literature has been produced, as Mr. Gosse has before now reminded us, by a people whose population is less than that of London; and to remember that before the star of Ibsen rose upon Europe to attract and to repel, the exquisite country tales of Björnson, so simple, so fresh, so enchanting, attracted the foreign reader to Norwegian literature. Björnson has since played many parts, literary and political, but for most foreign readers at all events they remain of all his works the most fragrant in the memory.

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Nearly every one has a sentimental corner in his heart for Joan of Arc, and this makes it the more difficult to write a book or a play on her that will satisfy. Southey's epic on Joan of Arc, written with Coleridge's assistance, has few readers nowadays. More people, we think, have recently refreshed their school memories of Joan's life in Mark Twain's well-known book; but her newest literary champion is, we understand, Mr. Louis N. Parker, who is said to be at work on a play with Joan as the central figure. We wonder how Mr. Parker will treat the final scene in the story. "Booing"—the bogey of the St. James's—was the greeting offered to Tom Taylor's realistic rendering of it years ago. One difficulty in representing Joan of Arc on the stage is the impossibility of introducing the element of poetic justice. A play in which an immaculate heroine is disgraced and burnt is not likely to appeal to a British audience. We doubt if they will ever like to see on the stage more than a glimpse of Joan's story, such as Shakespeare gives us. The French seem to have scarcely attempted any literary treatment of Jeanne—their most conspicuous effort being the scandalous production of Voltaire.

* * * *

M. Edmond Rostand—from his poem on Mr. Kruger in the *Figaro*—would appear not to belong to the new school of French poets lauded by Mr. Fullerton in our columns. Rhetoric—the old Adam of French poetry—is the besetting sin of M. Rostand's muse. The author of "Cyrano" and "l'Aiglon" is a hero-worshipper, and in his sympathy for his hero—in the present instance Mr. Kruger—he is apt to run a little wild:—

> Pardon pour cette Europe effroyable qui laisse
> Opprimer les faibles toujours,
> Tuer les Arméniens, assassiner la Grèce,
> Et massacrer les pauvres Boers!

Without stopping to quarrel with the last line, one cannot help observing that "faibles" is the last epithet we, for our part, are likely to apply to our determined antagonists. But there is a fine satirical touch in the following lines, which Mr. Kruger will be the first to appreciate:—

> J'espère à ton retour, qu'après ce long martyre
> Tu déclineras les clameurs:
> Tu ne permettras pas que l'Europe s'en tire
> Avec quelques gerbes de fleurs!
>
> Tu diras, en rendant aux fillettes, je pense,
> Les gros bouquets aux nœuds flambants:
> "Je n'étais pas venu demander à la France
> Des mots écrits sur des rubans."

* * * *

Mr. Newbolt's *pièce de resistance* in the *Monthly Review* for this month is Lord Rosebery's article on William Pitt's love-story. The letters which passed between Pitt and Lord Auckland present a fine specimen of the old style of correspondence, with its polished circumlocutions, which Lord Rosebery attributes partly to eighteenth century ideas of dignity, and partly to "the apprehension that letters might be opened and so should not be too explicit."

* * * *

Those who read Mr. Jerome's "Personal View" on German Schoolboys will be interested to see the same subject treated by Miss Catharine Dodd in the *National Review*. Miss Dodd "cannot help respecting the German boy," but, on the whole, she thinks less highly of him than Mr. Jerome does:—

> He is a person of character, of aspirations, and dreams. His love for his Fatherland is as sincere as his devotion to scholarship. The English boy is far below him in aspiration, yet in the matter of forming a healthy judgment the English boy is immeasurably his superior. German boys live too much in the schoolroom among their books. They create for themselves airy worlds of theories and ideas, and they never gain a

practical knowledge of the real world which English boys get in jostling their minds and bodies together on the playground. The German boy does not play; he has no playground. He becomes introspective and argumentative at an early age. While the English boy is a healthy young barbarian, the German boy is rapidly becoming a mature thinker. The English boy passes out of his stage of barbarism and becomes almost civilized in time, but the German boy never civilizes. At best the German man is still half-child, half-philosopher, and often, whole pedant.

* * * *

One also learns from Miss Dodd that, while English boys have no definite opinions about the Germans, German boys are, almost without exception, rampant young Anglophobes. In a recent examination a number of them were asked the question: "Which man or woman of whom you have ever heard or read would you most wish to be—and why?"

As these papers were given to the German boys during a time of intense feeling concerning affairs in South Africa, we get many allusions to the political situation.

"I wish to be Kruger," writes a boy of twelve, "because he has made war on the greedy English." "I wish to be President Kruger," writes another, "because he is brave enough to fight the impudent and avaricious English. I hope he may gain a victory."

"I should like to be Kruger," says a third, "because he has won three battles over the English and taken a lot of prisoners. It is a glorious thing to beat the English."

One wonders if they are still of the same opinion now that their Kaiser's telegrams to the ex-President have changed their tone.

* * * *

When actors agree it may seem carping to find fault with their arguments. But we must confess that the speeches at the Playgoers' Club the other night in favour of stage representation of Scriptural stories will hardly convince any but a postprandial audience. Mr. Martin Harvey was indignant because a play by the Rev. George Walters, of Sydney, dealing with Joseph of Canaan was not allowed on the English stage. "If one might represent the Jew of Malta, why not the Jew in 'Joseph?'" And Mr. Osman Edwardes called it the climax of absurdity that whilst *Salomé* was refused because it was adapted from a Scriptural source, *Herod* was allowed. But the vengeance of Barabas the Jew of Malta on the Christians, his enemies—the *motif* of Marlowe's play—has no connexion with the Bible, and there is, therefore, no parallel between the Jew of Malta and the "Jew in 'Joseph'"; and whilst in the Bible Herod is first of all a King, in Mr. Phillips' play he is first of all a lover—the lover of Marianne, a quite unscriptural person. The censor is hardly to be won over by these illogicalities. Moreover, we can hardly trust the stage to deal with such subjects. Supposing—and the case is a possible one—a manager's only aim is to make money by providing drama more sensational than any other manager, nothing would stop him from outraging our feelings by parodies, suited to his own idiosyncrasies, of anything that we hold sacred or beautiful.

* * * *

The Elizabethan Stage Society having recently, at any rate, given up the Elizabethan drama, their work is now taken up by Mr. Charles Fry, and taken up to very good effect. Mr. Fry follows Mr. Poel in dispensing with scenery, though he does not attempt to copy the Elizabethan form of theatre. His series of performances which ended last Saturday at St. George's-hall included *Henry VIII.*, *Twelfth Night*, *As You Like It*, and, finally, *Love's Labour Lost*. The last was naturally the most interesting since the play is so very seldom acted nowadays. It provided a delightful afternoon's entertainment as a comedy full of charm and refined fun, and throwing light upon the youth of Shakespeare. We can see how the world struck the poet when he came to London, what his ideas of construction were, what his power of writing verse and drawing character. Mr. Benson, by the way, might find in Mr. Fry's company some promising recruits. With enthusiasm such as Mr. Fry's and Mr. Benson's actors show, and with constant practice, a school of Shakespearean actors could speedily be trained.

* * * *

The first of the new series of "Dolly Dialogues" will not, we think, disappoint any of those who long since fell under the fascination of Dolly, Lady Micklehan. The charm of the dialogues was that the speakers did not, as in most dialogues, sit down and fire off epigrams at one another, but were perfectly natural, and yet humorous withal. And this may be said of the new dialogue, called "Ancient History." Here is a brilliant idea of Mr. Carter's which finds special favour in Dolly's eyes:—

"I always tell the truth now, except to the Dowager," said Dolly presently.

"It doesn't do to be Quixotic," I agreed. "Telling the truth to people who misunderstand you is really promoting falsehood, isn't it?"

"That's rather a good idea," said Dolly.

* * * *

In imitation of Mr. Sheldon, of Kansas, Dr. Parker, of the City Temple, is about to take charge, for a week, of our contemporary the *Sun*. The experiment will at least be interesting, and may revive discussions as to the possibility of a "Christian" daily paper. Some advocates of Christian journalism go a little far, it must be admitted, in desiring to suppress the sporting and dramatic intelligence because they disapprove of sport and the drama. By parity of reasoning they might conceive it to be their duty to suppress all accounts of the fighting in South Africa because they disapprove of the war; and the analogy indicates that a flaw lurks somewhere in their argument. We believe, however, that Dr. Parker's conception of Christian journalism is that it should ignore no topics, but treat them all in a Christian spirit, and make the teaching which may be extracted from them palatable by lightness of touch. We wish Dr. Parker every success in his enterprise.

* * * *

Monsieur Valfrey, who has just died, was one of the most deservedly distinguished members of the French Press, and obtained throughout Europe, under the *nom de guerre* of "Whist," a reputation for probity and moderation in his comments on foreign affairs. M. Valfrey was a Conservative and entered early upon the diplomatic career. If his party had remained in office, he might no doubt have died in harness as a representative of France at the Courts of Europe. But when the Conservatives were banished from power in 1878 he followed his friends into retirement, and, although he remained a member of the Commission of Archives at the Quai d'Orsay, his practical connexion with the French Foreign Office was thus for ever severed. In the old Conservative organ, the *Moniteur Universel*, he became one of the best known figures of the contemporary European Press. Afterwards he became the head of the Foreign department of the *Figaro*, and obtained for his signature "Whist" a renown which was the more noticeable as he had so few rivals in the Press of Paris. He was not a man of rancour, nor was he capable of venality. His knowledge of affairs preserved him from those rash appreciations which disfigure so often the comments of his colleagues. Honesty and reasonableness were his merits rather than any great perspicacity or insight. His death is, therefore, a real loss to French journalism, because they are few in the Paris Press who judge questions of foreign politics on their merits, without attempting to subserve some cause to which they or their journals are bound.

* * * *

A sad chapter in literary history closes with the death in Paris of Oscar Wilde. The "æsthetic movement" which he represented has—in so far as its less wholesome developments which were pilloried by Du Maurier, and of which we are now hearing

The echo in *Patience*, are concerned—passed away. For him it began at Oxford, and the undergraduates who "scotched" it were wiser than they knew. The Oxford Union refused a presentation copy of his poems for the library, and defeated a proposal to discontinue the society's subscription to *Punch* on account of Du Maurier's caricatures of the æsthetes. At Magdalen—the headquarters of æstheticism—the undergraduates put one of its disciples under the pump, and "ragged" the rooms of others, and pitched their blue china out of window. Next day all the æsthetes in Oxford had their hair cut, and put on stand-up collars.

* * * *

Evanescent also was the vogue for caustic paradox, in which, however, its chief exponent sometimes combined shrewdness with wit. When they enshrined literary judgments, as in the following instances, they at least arrested attention:—

The ancient historian gave us delightful fiction in the form of fact; the modern novelist presents us with dull facts under the guise of fiction.

M. Zola is determined to show that, if he has not got genius, he can at least be dull.

As one knows the poet by his fine music, so one can tell the liar by his rich rhythmic utterance.

The horses of Mr. William Black do not soar towards the sun. They merely frighten the sky at evening into violent chromolithographic effects. On seeing them approach the peasants take refuge in dialect.

Ah, Meredith! Who can define him? His style is chaos illumined by flashes of lightning. As a writer he has mastered everything except language; as a novelist he can do everything except tell a story; as an artist he is everything except articulate.

* * * *

These things have passed away; and yet, despite the black shadow which justice drew across the career of Oscar Wilde, it is difficult not to recall regretfully the high promise, in younger days, of the man who succeeded alike in poetry and in drama, in fairy tale and in novel; or the fine classical taste which could produce such a poem as the *villanelle* on Theocritus:—

O Singer of Persephone,
In the dim meadows desolate
Dost thou remember Sicily?

Still through the ivy flits the bee
Where Amaryllis lies in state,
O Singer of Persephone.

Simætha calls to Hecate,
And hears the wild dogs at the gate;
Dost thou remember Sicily?

Still by the light and laughing sea
Poor Polypheme bemoans his fate,
O Singer of Persephone.

And still in joyous rivalry
Young Daphnis challenges his mate,
Dost thou remember Sicily?

Slim Lacon keeps a goat for thee,
For thee the jocund shepherds wait;
O Singer of Persephone
Dost thou remember Sicily?

* * * *

The late Herr Tycho Mommsen, the brother of the historian, and from 1861 to 1885 the director of the gymnasium at Frankfort, made a reputation as a philologist by his translation of Pindar. But he was more widely known as one of the long list of German scholars who have helped us in our study of Shakespeare. Besides writing critical essays on the poet he did most useful work in publishing a reprint of the first quarto of *Romeo and Juliet* which differs so remarkably from the second quarto, the basis of our modern readings.

What may fairly be considered a new departure in illustrated journalism is to be found in the Christmas number of the *Royal Magazine*—viz., an article entitled "In the Footsteps of Barnaby Rudge," the pictures in which are editorially described as forming "the most remarkable series of photographs ever taken." The scenes are laid in Chigwell, the most prominent being the old "King's Head" Inn—the original of the "Maypole" in the story. Certain incidents relating to the "Maypole" are here pictorially rendered in realistic fashion, the personages being represented by Mr. Bransby Williams, who, attired in the correct costumes of the period, posed before the camera in the characters of "Maypole" Hugh, Sir John Chester, Joe Willett, Solomon Daisy, Lord George Gordon, Rudge, John Willett, and poor Barnaby himself. These illustrations, which are very successfully carried out, are by Mr. Frank Foulsham, who is also responsible for the letterpress.

* * * *

Dickens is also to the front in *Harmsworth's* Christmas number in an article by Mr. Walter Maclaren on "First Lines of Famous Books," illustrated by facsimiles of the manuscripts of some well-known authors. The few lines given from "Martin Chuzzlewit" and "Barnaby Rudge" are full of the corrections which are so numerous in some of Dickens' manuscripts. The specimen taken from Macaulay's early essay on Gladstone's "Church and State" is also black with revision. In contrast to these the opening lines given from "Adam Bede," "Childe Harold," "Lorna Doone," the extracts from "Kenilworth," "The Idylls of the King," and Charlotte Brontë's unpublished novel, "The Spell," are neatly written and with little alteration.

* * * *

Right-minded people will applaud Mrs. Severn's action in buying in Ruskin's juvenile work, "The Puppet Show," which it had been announced would be sold by auction by Messrs. Sotheby. Mrs. Severn, who, of course, is well-acquainted with Ruskin's private feelings and scruples in matters of this kind, is sure that in thus anticipating the public sale and rescuing this early work for preservation with other Juvenilia at Brantwood she is acting in accordance with what would have been Ruskin's own wishes.

* * * *

With the end of the year Mr. G. S. Street ends his *causeries* in the *Pall Mall Magazine*. Many readers will miss them, for they have been bright and entertaining. His last shaft, *àpropos* of Mr. Gilbert Parker's election to Parliament, is an expression of opinion that the political is more pleasant than the literary life. Mr. Street would rather sit in the Cabinet than have his books consistently praised by those who sit in judgment upon novelists. Many popular literary men have felt the same thing, just as many popular politicians, from Fox downwards, have wished that they could withdraw from public life and live in their libraries. But it is doubtful whether the man of action and the man of letters would really be so happy if they changed places as they sometimes fancy. Gladstone was always retiring to a library, but he never stayed there long, and when he returned to public life he was as exuberant as a child let out to play. And, on the other hand—if one may invert the application of a well-known saying—while Gray may at certain moments have thought that he would rather storm the heights of Abraham than write elegies in country churchyards, one can also picture the consternation that would have overtaken him had he actually been ordered to burn his elegies and go and take Quebec.

* * * *

Mr. Francis Griffiths, of 135, Strand, is bringing out a new "progressive" monthly to be called the *Twentieth Century*. What will Mr. Knowles do, we wonder? After all, titles do not mean much. As one morning paper points out, we already have a *Fortnightly* published monthly; and we might put up with a *Nineteenth Century* published in the twentieth. It would in time become a mark, at any rate, of venerable age.

Purchasers of the original and more expensive edition of Stevenson's Letters may be somewhat chagrined by Messrs. Methuen's announcement that the new cheaper edition is to contain additional letters, including letters addressed to Mr. Meredith and Mr. Kipling. Do the additions include the letter from Alan Breck to Terence Mulvaney which Mr. Cope Cornford printed in his little book on Stevenson? Perhaps the publishers might see their way to print off an appendix of the hitherto unpublished letters to be procurable by possessors of the earlier edition. The publishers of Mr. J. H. Bridges' "Opus Majus" of Roger Bacon—Messrs. Williams and Norgate—recently issued a supplementary volume which may be had free of cost by purchasers of the original work.

* * * *

In the article, "An Academy of the Dead," in the current *Monthly Review*, Mr. William Archer allows himself to fall into one noticeable little blunder (apart from the inevitable little "g" in FitzGerald). He is enumerating the names of those eminent writers and artists who within the past half-century have not been buried in Westminster Abbey, and coming to George Eliot he observes:—

> It may almost be called a scandal that her resting-place should be hidden in the crowded purlieus of Kensal-green, even though she have Thackeray to keep her company.

By any one not acquainted with Mr. Archer this conjunction of the two names might almost be taken to imply that he did not know that George Eliot lies in the less crowded and far less dismal cemetery at Highgate.

* * * *

A writer in the *Standard* under the name of "Bill Sikes" complains of the irreverent use of his patronym, and one cannot help feeling some sympathy with him. The ancient family of Sykes, or Sikes, is, as he says, "a large and most respectable one." It was probably, however, not mere chance which made Dickens light on the name, for there was an historical housebreaker who bore it, and was a contemporary of the immortal Jack Sheppard.

* * * *

D'Annunzio, it is understood, has nearly completed his tragedy *Francesca da Rimini*; the title-rôle of which he has written especially for Signora Duse. His next novel "Trionfa dell' Nomo" is to be devoted to an exposition of the points of antagonism between the Latin and the Teutonic character. It has been arranged between D'Annunzio and Karl Skraup, late manager of the Zurich Stadt-Theater, that a German company shall tour for three years with *Città Morta*, *Gloria*, and *Francesca da Rimini*, playing these three plays only. At the same time this indefatigable author is writing two other dramas with a view to exploiting the histrionic talent of the Italian baritone opera singer, Leone Fumagalli, who has made his farewell appearance at the age of 35 as a singer at Strasburg, and has resolved, under D'Annunzio's encouragement, to adopt the career of an actor. D'Annunzio's last novel has made him more popular than ever in German literary circles, owing to the long eulogies in it of Wagner and Lenbach; and his professed discipleship of Nietzsche has won him many admirers in Germany, where his earlier novels appeared in translations long before they were known here. Some German critics doubt his good taste, but what can be said of the Munich publishers, who advertise *Il Fuoco* as "the stirring love-tragedy of the two most eminent living Italians, 'Gabriele d'Annunzio and Eleanora Duse'"?

* * * *

Rome has now a theatre worthy to rank with those of other European capitals. All the *élite* of Roman society were present recently at the opening of the "Casa di Goldoni," which owes its existence entirely to the efforts of the great actor Ermet Novelli. Carrera's *Last Days of Goldoni* and the Venetian dramatist's own *Barbero Benefico* were the pieces chosen to inaugurate the new theatre. Novelli appeared before the curtain at the close and made a speech in which he said Goldoni, "the immortal father of Italian comedy," had died abroad in penury without a roof to cover his head. It had been his ambition, now fulfilled, to give him at least a home after his death befitting his genius.

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The experiment of introducing on the stage at Munich the figure of Schopenhauer as the young firebrand of the Weimar society of his day appears to have been an interesting failure. The play in which he appeared was by Helene Böhlau, the German novelist whose book "Halbthier" created a sensation last year. She is a native of Weimar, who has lately married Ali Raschid Bey, a Mahomedan Turk, and resides in Constantinople.

* * * *

During the last thirty years Mexico has been in possession of a flourishing national literature. The period of peace that followed the fall of the Empire produced a "pleiades of poets"—for it is almost easier to write verse than prose in Spanish, the rhythm of the idiom and the construction of sentences lending themselves so happily to poetic handling. Love of nature, woman, and fatherland is the eternal theme of Mexican poetry. Lyrics both patriotic and amatory abound, but the *conte* and the novel have also a vogue. Justo Sierra and Pedro Castera are the present favourite writers of fiction. Absolute freedom of the Press and innumerable newspapers help to circulate in Mexico all that is freshest and most modern in European thought.

* * * *

Women have taken to artistic book-binding with remarkable aptitude. Although their aspirations in this direction did not take much definite shape until the Hampstead Bindery and the Guild of Women Binders were founded, two and a-half years ago, they have already made their influence felt. Flushed with their success at the Paris Exhibition, where they won the silver medal, they have sent a hundred volumes to Sotheby's for sale on Monday next. The Hampstead Bindery and the Women's Guild are for all practical purposes one establishment, the distinction being that the work of the Hampstead Bindery is done by men—who also give lessons to pupils of the Guild—while the work of the Guild is done exclusively by women, from the stitching of the book to the preparation and decoration of the cover. The advantage which the girls and women have over the men (apart from the fact that they belong to a higher social grade) is that they have all passed through schools of art and can work from their own designs. Their headquarters are pleasantly situated at Hampstead, their studio almost overlooking Keats' garden. The Endymion edition of Keats' poems, by the way, is among the books now offered for sale, bound in dark green morocco, covered with a gold-tooled design containing sixty-eight inlaid blind-tooled roses, in two shades of crimson, and fawn-coloured morocco doublure, tooled with the "Hampstead" lily. A special design is made for every volume, the only instance of duplication in the collection at Sotheby's being a replica of the visitors' book bought by the Prince of Wales. The Queen, we understand, is also numbered among the purchasers of bindings executed by the Guild. Some of the most interesting work is seen in the "mediæval morocco bindings"—a revival of the monastic bindings of four hundred years ago, the difference being that instead of being stamped after the manner of the monks, the undressed leather is worked by the members of the Guild entirely by hand. The African bindings form another feature of the collection. The leather, a new morocco from the Niger territories, is dyed by the natives with the bark of trees, a very beautiful Venetian-red colour being obtained without the destructive aid of sulphuric acid. The gilt tooling is also particularly fine, the process having been acquired by the Guild from certain French binders, who alone, so it is said, possessed the secret of doing work of this kind.

The Teaching of Journalism.

At irregular, but not infrequent, intervals the question is raised—"Can the art of literature and the business of journalism be taught?" It is a question which derives a certain topical interest from the death of Mr. David Anderson, the founder of the "School of Journalism," to which we referred the other day; but it can hardly be said that the fortunes of that academy

finally solved the problem. The School closed its doors not because it had failed—for it could show results—but because the journalist who had originated it found it more profitable to retire from the enterprise and resume a lucrative position on a daily paper; and no successor of equal rank in the newspaper world has attempted the task which he abandoned. The question, therefore, remains whether it is not possible and desirable to discover some means of offering adequate practical training to young men who aspire to earn their livings with their pens. So far as the art of literature is concerned it certainly seems strange that literature should be the only art for the teaching of which no proper machinery is provided. A professor of painting teaches his pupils to paint, and a professor of music teaches his pupils to perform specific tunes upon specific instruments. On the other hand, a professor of poetry does not teach poetical composition, but gives critical addresses on English classics; and a professor of English literature is satisfied if those who follow his courses can read Beowulf with their feet in the fender, and descant upon Tennyson's indebtedness to Virgil and Apollonius Rhodius. Yet one knows that more than that is possible, seeing that Flaubert notoriously trained Guy de Maupassant, and that the elder Dumas directed the profitable labours of a whole army of feuilletonists. Possibly, however, the practice of literature as an art calls for such special aptitudes that these notable examples cannot be regarded as proving any general rule. Let us allow that it does. Yet why is there not some proper machinery for providing instruction in the business of journalism? It can by no means be said that the journalist is born not made. Journalism is successfully practised by hundreds of men who are very far from being men of genius. In the main it is not a matter of doing anything particularly difficult, but of knowing what is the right thing to do, and what is the proper way of doing it. To the practised writer, for instance, it is much easier to write a "par" than it would be to pack up half a dozen books of different shapes and sizes in a neat brown-paper parcel. His "par" serves its purpose; but it is not a work of genius, it is a work of journalism. Any reasonably smart young man might write it if he knew how, and get paid for it if he grasped the fact that it was the sort of note that suited the journal he was writing for; if, for instance, he did not write for *Literature* what would be more suitable for the *Sporting Times*. It seems to follow that the trick of journalism is a thing that a journalist can teach to another man who wants to be a journalist. In fact it often is so taught in an informal way, not for money, but from motives of private friendship. On this subject an ounce of fact is worth a pound of theory. We ourselves have known a case of private training in which without using any influence with editors, or giving any introductions, a journalist showed an old college friend who had failed in another walk in life how it would be possible for him to make money by writing for the papers; and that college friend, who was not particularly brilliant, and who, left to himself, would never have known how to begin, quickly proceeded to earn a modest and irregular income which averaged about £2 a week. Now £2 a week would have been about that young man's market value if he had paid a premium and articled himself, for three years, to a firm of solicitors. And this word "articled" brings us to the root of the matter, and perhaps to the solution of the difficulty. A school of journalism will always be hard to find, because all the men who are capable of presiding over such a school are already profitably occupied, and hesitate to abandon a certain for a speculative income. On the other hand, there must be many journalists who would be able and willing to take articled pupils who would pay them fees and to whom in return they would give the benefits of their guidance for an agreed period. It seems as well worth while to pay a premium for learning journalism as for learning, say, the tea trade, and more worth while to pay that fee to an unattached journalist of eminence than to one of those editors of obscure provincial papers who alone, so far as we know, take articled pupils at the present time. This, at all events, is a suggestion which seems worth making.

Personal Views.

THE STEVENSON SPIRIT TO-DAY.

The fiftieth anniversary of the birth of Robert Louis Stevenson has just gone by. To Stevenson himself, wrapped in the indifference of death these five years, the circumstance is of no account; but in his short life he bequeathed so much of himself to his fellows that for many of them the event is one of almost personal significance.

Stevenson's appeal was made to a generation which can hardly yet be said to have "risen." There was, doubtless, much that was immature about the work he left us. He was still a young man when he died; and it cannot be expected of young men, particularly of one whose later life was passed in circumstances so fantastically out of the common, that they should exert any powerful influence over men of mature years and experience. Stevenson was essentially the young men's prophet. He not only spoke their thoughts and realized their ideals, but he lived the life they would have lived had they been free from the chafing restrictions of modern times. He wandered in his person over seas and into lands where they could only wander in their dreams; but, though a common temperament identified his readers with himself, he possessed that loftiness of soul that exalts a man from the familiar level of a comrade to the *status* of a leader. A comparison with Byron is impossible in many respects; but the hold he obtained upon his following was due to a remarkably similar picturesqueness of personality. Both men attained to a rare intimacy of communion with nature, into which their readers, through their work, were enabled to struggle for a few brief moments at a time; although, of course, the manner in which each man attained to that height, and the point of view to which each introduced his readers, differed most materially.

In one very important respect the generation to which Stevenson addressed himself differed from all preceding generations of Englishmen. It was the first—of a great many to come, as it seems to me—that framed its religion upon its contemporary Press rather than upon its contemporary pulpit. We are a religious people, and the time is yet far distant when our main inspiration as a nation will cease to be derived primarily from religion. France is suckled upon art, and has a pretty talent for caricaturing us as a nation of hypocrites—a gibe at which, it seems to me, we wince too much, for we should know that what appears to our neighbours as hypocrisy is but the assertion of a higher ideal than we have managed to realize. But the pulpit has lost touch with the nation to an appalling extent; it has lagged far in the rear of our intellectual advance, and we have been driven for our spiritual food chiefly to the novel and the drama. The descendants of the followers of Wesley, Calvin, Knox, Spurgeon, and other Church leaders, have become Meredithians, Ibsenites, Emersonians, Hardyites, Kailyarders, Stevensonians—yes, and Corellians! The responsibility thrust upon our novelists—leaving the dramatists out of the question—who find themselves face to face with a demand to stand and deliver their souls to the publishers that they may be ransacked for their opinions and philosophies, is grave indeed; but, fortunately, they are men in whom we may see such responsibilities vested without undue trepidation—even with hope.

It is interesting, then, to speculate how far Stevenson's message—if a word that has fallen into considerable disrepute of late may be thus applied—has been received into the character

and philosophy of the nation. As I have suggested, the generation that listened to Stevenson has not yet "risen," but we are at least on the eve of its day, and what deductions this article may help us to draw will speedily be put to the test. Frankly, it appears to me incredible that such a message should miss its mark. The fact that it appealed to a (comparatively) few is rather in its favour than otherwise, for, by eluding the encumbrance of a vulgar popularity, it went straight to the hearts of its chosen recipients, unembarrassed by any cloud of popular misconception. It was easy to be enamoured of the romance and humour with which Stevenson clothed it, but it needed an eye of peculiar clearness to penetrate beneath the exquisite trappings, and recognize the beautiful soul which illumined the mere form, and which, once recognized, added significance to the whole.

What, then, is the Stevensonian's profit of his Stevensonianism? I should define it pre-eminently as a brave heart. He may bring away from the study of Stevenson many other things; but if its primary effect be not to make him show a braver front to the world, to bear a sturdy part in the battle of life, and to face whatever lot may be his with zest, he has read Stevenson in vain. The cheery optimist of the ordinary type, is a somewhat irritating personage whose optimism comes of a mind too superficial to comprehend the gravities of life. Blind men don't fear ghosts. But the man whose outlook upon life is clear, and who can see black as well as white, has a title to preach hope and courage if his convictions so instruct him; and your Stevensonian is precisely that type of optimist. How can he help it, having learnt it from a man who preached faith and courage, and the joy of life, while constantly tethered to a sick bed? "The true conclusion of this paper," said he, in the second part of his "Virginibus Puerisque" (and we might justly add—the true conclusion of all Stevenson's work), "is to turn our back on apprehensions, and embrace that shining and courageous virtue, Faith. Hope is the boy, a blind, headlong, pleasant fellow, good to chase swallows with the salt; Faith is the grave, experienced, yet smiling man. Hope lives on ignorance; open-eyed Faith is built upon a knowledge of our life, of the tyranny of circumstance and the frailty of human resolution. . . . In the one temper, a man is indignant that he cannot spring up in a clap to heights of elegance and virtue; in the other, out of a sense of his infirmities, he is filled with confidence because a year has come and gone, and he has still preserved some rags of honour."

That is a noble philosophy, finely stated; and it is, moreover, a valuable pronouncement, because it typifies, with absolute justice, the whole spirit of his work. It is so obviously his personal ideal; and not only gives us the key to his own heroic bearing towards a tragically adverse fate, but explains the warm-hearted charity with which he viewed the whole compass of human nature. He had a supreme faith not only in himself, but in his fellow men, and desired you to learn that "you yourself are composed of infirmities . . . yet you have a something in you lovable and worth preserving; and that while the mass of mankind lies under this scurvy condemnation, you will scarce find one but, by some generous reading, will become to you a lesson, a model. . . . So thinking, you will constantly support your own imperfections, and easily forgive the failings of your friend."

The disciple of Stevenson is thus bidden to look upon a lovable world, and, while not blind to its drawbacks, to regard them as of little account in proportion to its excellencies. Stevenson's fiction abounds with rogues, yet, by virtue of his "generous reading" of their poor rogueries, we "can scarce find one but becomes to us a lesson, a model," though all the time their portrayal carries with it no sense of special pleading on the part of their creator, so skilfully does he beguile us to his own indulgent standpoint. We view Long John Silver, the Cockney Clerk of "The Ebb-Tide," Herrick, Captain Nares, Harry D. Bellairs, the men who fought the duel with the scissors in "St. Ives," Jim Pinkerton, and the rest, not so much as men who played an evil part in a history, as men with our own faults and vices driven to extremes by stress of circumstances. We are not called upon to sit in judgment on so many criminals whom the author has dumped in the dock; we are, rather, by the recognition of so much of ourselves in them, brought to a sense that we all stand in the dock before God's justice together, in which position of humility Stevenson heartens us to believe that the mercy of God will cover even such a row of world-stained reprobates as we find ourselves in line with.

HORACE THOROGOOD.

SCANDINAVIAN EPIC.—THE STORY OF BURNT NJAL.

When Gunnar of Lithend disregarded the doom foretold by Njal of Bergthorsknoll and turned back from the voyage that should have ensured to him long life and an old age of honour, it is told in the saga how Gunnar's brother Kolskegg took ship and fared away, knowing that he should never return to Iceland; how a dream came to him in Denmark telling him he must become God's knight; how he was baptised, fared thence out to Micklegarth, and then took service with the Emperor; and the last that was heard of him was that he wedded a wife there and was captain over the Varangians.

It is only by such slight links as this, which connect the outlying Scandinavian islands with the main course of European history that we realize our time-distance from the events of the Njals Saga. But the true distance is not one of time; Njal and Gunnar, Flosi and Skarphedinn are contemporaries with Ajax and Ulysses, or with the sheikhs who to-day defy the rule of Morocco in the country of Sus, or cut off French detachments in the Sahara. The Tuaregs have their saga singers, according to M. Hourst; in Abyssinia there exists a system of atonement by blood fine for slaying not unlike that which provides half the matter for the Icelandic stories. And it is pretty clear that we should be no more likely to look to Abyssinia or to Timbuctoo for our literature than to Iceland, were it not that the Scandinavian genius compelled a hearing. Mr. Ker in his work on Epic and Romance has praised the prose epics of the North as they deserve, and there are few books for which one should be more grateful than for the admirable reprint of Sir George Dasent's version of "Burnt Njal" (Grant Richards, 6s.). The work has hitherto only been accessible in the two-volume edition; here it is conveniently packed in one, only so much being preserved of the introduction as is necessary to explain the Icelandic customs. But indeed the saga explains these to any reader of intelligence. You have a people, turbulent indeed, yet theoretically law-abiding, and at all events passionately concerned about the forms of law. Moreover, Gunnar, the Achilles of Iceland in his day, is no Achilles in temper, but a man slow to wrath and no delighter in bloodshed; terrible in defence rather than in attack; while Njal, the man of good counsel, loses no honour because he takes no life, and has power enough to be potent in the bringing in of Christianity. The friendship between Gunnar and Njal is one of the finest things in literature; women's spite may breed bloodshed between the houses, women's tongues may be bitterly at work, but the men never for an instant impair the dignity of that deep and loyal trust. These two main figures stand out, unaccented in the drawing, real, yet presented in somewhat ideal outline as

two standards of manly perfection—the fighter and the counsellor. But beside these a whole throng is suggested, each with a few masterful touches—even to bodily details. Who that has read it can forget the picture of Skarphedinn as he comes for the last time to the Althing, and each who sees him asks the name of that sharp-featured, fierce, unlucky-looking man. Throughout the whole you have an art not less matured than the art of Homer—an art that always concentrates on the telling trait. Never was dialogue more terse, more poignant, than the few words exchanged when Njal and Bergthora are summoned to parley with the burners at the door of the blazing house, and leave is offered them to depart.

"I will not go out," said Njal, "for I am an old man and little fitted to avenge my sons, but I will not live in shame."

Then Flosi said to Bergthora:—

"Come thou out, housewife, for I will for no sake burn thee indoors."

"I was given away to Njal young," said Bergthora, "and I have promised him that we would both share the same fate."

After that they both went back into the house.

"What counsel shall we now take?" said Bergthora.

"We will go to our bed," says Njal, "and lay us down; I have long been eager for rest."

Again, in the other great scene of Gunnar's death-fight, when we have forgotten all but the struggle, the fighter turns to his wife Hallgerda, and bids her take two locks of her long hair and twist them—his mother helping—into a bowstring.

"Does aught lie on it?" she says—and instantly other thoughts than those of the combat rise up—we see, not Gunnar only, but the menacing sinister face of the long-minded woman, cause of so many manslayings.

"My life lies on it," he said, "for they will never come to close quarters with me if I can keep them off with my bow."

"Well," she says, "now I will call to thy mind that slap on the face which thou gavest me, and I care never a whit whether thou holdest out a long while or a short."

The trait is true yet unexpected, dramatic in the highest kind. And Gunnar's answer when he has sung his stave is not less terse and pregnant. "Every one has something to boast of," says Gunnar, "and I will ask thee no more for this."

It is extraordinary what a contrast presents itself between the naked directness of the Scandinavian prose and the extravagant though truculent imagery of the verse; where nothing is said plainly, nothing is called by its own name; where gold is "Frodi's flour," or "the sea's bright sunbeams," ships are "skates that skim the sea-belt," and a woman is "Snakeland's stem." That is the difference between the Scandinavian and the Celtic work of that same period; the Celt was everywhere redundant, the Scandinavian only in song. And yet if you take both at their best, and set the burning of Njal's house against the fight in the House of the Red Branch, where the three sons of Usna defended themselves and Deirdre against the host of Concobar, it is hard to know where to assign superiority. But neither should be unknown to any one who professes to study literature.

FRENCH COURT COOKERY.

Long ago, soon after the Revolution, some exiles of an old and noble family returned to France, and were able to recover part of their property. They were not rich: the old château needed serious repairs; and they set up their household in a quiet and simple style far from former grandeurs. The Marquise was inquiring for a cook. One day an old man presented himself, shabby in appearance, but his dignified manner suggested a *chef* of the most distinguished. Quite impossible, the lady at once declared. In such times she could afford nothing better than an humble woman cook. But the old man was not to be discouraged. He had been cook to Madame du Barry, perhaps 30 years before; his brain had devised suppers for Louis Quinze. He offered himself to Madame la Marquise, and would rather serve her without wages than resign himself to an ordinary situation.

This is a true story, told to me many years ago, and I was reminded of it the other day, when chance brought into my hands four volumes in the most charming old French binding, published by Guillyn of Paris in the year 1755, *avec approbation et privilege du Roi*:—

"Les Soupers de la Cour, ou l'Art de Travailler toutes sortes d'Alimens, pour servir les meilleures Tables, suivant les quatre Saisons."

The author or compiler of this wonderful cookery book remains in the dark; it may have been Monsieur Pierre Guillyn himself, at the sign of the Lys d'Or on the Quai des Augustins. In the *privilège*, which gives him six years' copyright and commands that the MS. of the book shall be copied and placed in several public libraries, no name but his own appears; and the preface, evidently written by himself, seems to indicate that he was first an artist in cookery, then in bookselling. The book is meant, he says, for those *officiers de cuisine* who are *amateurs de leur art*. Not for those ignoramuses of narrow mind and mediocre knowledge who scorn to be taught, and who even carry absurdity to such a point that they blush to be seen reading a cookery book. Imagine, he says, a doctor, a lawyer, an architect, who is ashamed to read works on the special subject of his profession.

Theory and Practice—the Art of Cookery, says M. Guillyn, like other arts, includes both. Even a cook with genius and imagination cannot do without study. The work of the hands, *manipulation*—if M. Guillyn may be permitted to use the term—is of course most necessary in *le laboratoire d'un officier de cuisine*; and he confesses that this cannot be learnt from books; but yet practice and theory are inseparable. A good artist should understand chemistry; he will then make wiser and happier combinations, and will add harmony and delicacy to his dishes. Health and taste will profit alike by his studies in salts and savours, by the fine touch and finish of his works of art.

With such a solemn grace does M. Guillyn introduce his subject. He then proceeds to the four seasons, and becomes a little sad and poetical. From the point of view of an *officier de cuisine*, spring is not very satisfactory. She is deceptive. She gives us hopes and promises, but does not fulfil them. She is poor in poultry, in game, in fruit, in vegetables. All meat, except beef, is less good than usual. However—he seems to shrug his shoulders and smile—there is always bread, and of seven or eight different kinds; there is always wine, *l'âme du repas, la source de la joie quand on en use avec modération*; and he gives a list of the best wines of the day. Then he goes on to encourage his readers; and after all, when he has finished his spring lists of meat, poultry, ducks, pigeons, river and sea fish, early vegetables, late apples and pears, possible early strawberries and raspberries—for he includes May in spring—we feel that under the care of such officers of the kitchen Louis Quinze and his Court had no need to dread the early months of the year. Neither was summer a quite ideal season to the soul of the Parisian cook. Poultry of course and some small game; not much fish; the impossibility, in hot weather, of bringing the best mutton to Paris—a touch which makes one realize a good deal—fruits and vegetables of course in perfection. Autumn is the favourite time of the year. Then all sorts of provisions flow into Paris from the most distant provinces; game of every kind abounds; the fruits and vegetables of summer linger on, and there are various cheeses, a great delicacy, especially those of Brie. In winter the provinces send a variety of pies, hams, tongues, and sausages; there is plenty of meat and game; there are preserved vegetables and sweetmeats and *confitures* of every description.

M. Guillyn proceeds to give about fifty pages of *menus*, both *gras* and *maigres*. A *maigre* supper must have been a comfortable repast, making the best of both worlds. Louis

Quinze and Madame de Pompadour, who was actually reigning when this book came out, no doubt kept *maigre* religiously; and certainly the rest of the Court did. One of these *menus* for twenty-seven people includes five courses and seventy dishes. And we may trust the genius of M. Guillyn to see that these dishes had variety. For curious combinations of fish, eggs, and vegetables, such a *menu* is worth study.

Greater oddities still are to be found when the artist-cook devotes himself to a supper all of the same material. One may, he says—supplies being capricious and uncertain, even at Court in 1755—find one's self with a good deal of the same thing on hand. In this case the great thing is to please the eye; it is easy to arrange a variety of seasonings. So we have five courses and twenty-two dishes of beef; the same of veal, of mutton, of pork. More difficult, perhaps, a supper entirely of eggs, of which he gives twenty-nine varieties. It is the joy of the painter with his harmony in red or blue, of the poet with his perfectly constructed sonnet.

The rest of the four volumes is full of minute directions how to cook the many wonderful dishes to be found in the *menus*. From broths and soups to ratafias and chocolate and preserved fruits, nothing is left out. The very names of the dishes have a certain romance and originality. You may have *potage à la Mousquetaire*, *à la Marquise*, *à la Rhinocéros*, *sauce au Pontife*, *au Révérend*; veal cutlets *à la mariée*, mutton cutlets *sans malice*, and so on. One suspects that of some of the many dishes the name is the best part, and now and then one comes across something really horrible, such as a pie in which young pigeons lie side by side with *alouettes*, *rouges-gorges*, *toutes sortes de petits oiseaux*. If

> A robin redbreast in a cage
> Puts all Heaven in a rage,

what can be the celestial view of a robin redbreast in a pie!

But this kind of sentimentality is English, and would not have troubled M. Pierre Guillyn, King Louis Quinze, Madame de Pompadour, Madame du Barry, or that dignified old officer of hers who could not resign himself to an ordinary or inferior situation.

E. C. PRICE.

Reviews.

A STUDY OF MILTON.

MILTON. By WALTER RALEIGH. (Edward Arnold, 6s.)

Pure criticism is a form of literature which seems to offer so few attractions to the younger generation of writers that a work so conscientious and intelligent as this of Mr. Raleigh's invites particular attention. For while there has never been a time in which so much was written about literature, it is becoming more and more the fashion to write of it and regard it from the outside; so that, in our interest in the literary man, we are in danger of losing appreciation of the literary art by which alone the artist presents subject for controversy or curiosity. The multiplication of biographies, and the persistent recurrence of *personalia* in the columns of literary gossip, are things harmless enough in themselves, and indeed often illuminative and of value to criticism; but when they are allowed to overrun the field of critical discussion, and to obscure the work in a jungle of facts pertaining to the worker, they constitute a grave menace to the sense of literary proportion and literary aim. It is, therefore, an encouraging augury for the preservation of the literary spirit that a critic should be seen working so patiently and wisely as Mr. Raleigh in the succession of thoughtful and suggestive volumes which he has already given us. For his concern is entirely with the criticism of pure literature; and when, as in the case of this study of Milton, he has to use biographical *data* to clear the ground, he is careful to employ only such material as is essential to the task. He tells us so much of the man as is necessary to an understanding of the man's work, and his inquiry is free alike *from* "chatter" and impertinence. It is conducted with the best traditions of criticism before its eyes, soberly, thoroughly, and with judgment. It is a self-respecting and deliberate piece of work, and it demands respectful and deliberate consideration.

This being so, it would be pleasant to dismiss the book with unaffected praise, if to do so were not to be unjust to the very traditions which Mr. Raleigh himself essays to preserve. But those austere traditions, always difficult to follow, are becoming yearly more difficult in the passion for effective writing, for display of intellect, and for the reputation of wit; and, if we were to pretend that Mr. Raleigh is uniformly successful in avoiding dangers, we should do scant justice to the height and integrity of his aim. In point of fact, the blemishes of his work are the natural outcome of a severe effort to avoid dull and commonplace effects; they are nowhere faults of carelessness or conventionality. A University professor, to be sure, should not talk about "The Book of Revelations," which is a vulgarism; but such a slip is isolated. The chief fault of Mr. Raleigh's workmanship lies at the other pole, and consists in too much striving after effect, in too persistent an effort at phrase-making, and in a consequent dislocation of style and want of harmony in manner. Mr. Raleigh has, indeed, written a clever essay on "Style" (in which he leads off with the phrase "time and again"), without maturing or harmonizing his own; and his workmanship is occasionally marred by abrupt changes of note and manner which are often disconcerting and vexatious. Here, for instance, is one manner, familiar to every student of criticism. "I have tried to understand Milton; and have already praised him as well as I know how, with no unstinted admiration, I trust, and certainly with no merely superstitious reverence. If I must round my discourse by repeating something that I have already said or suggested, it shall be this—that, as he stands aloof from his contemporaries, so in the succession of great figures that mark for us the centuries of a literature he is seen once more singular and a stranger." This is the Arnold manner, pure and simple; and an excellent imitation of a highly individualized style. But Mr. Raleigh's style is by no means modelled on Arnold as a whole, and it has passages which Arnold would have read with amusement and deprecation. "In one sense, of course, and that not the least important, the great works of Milton were the products of the history and literatures of the world. Cycles ferried his cradle. Generations guided him. All forces were steadily employed to complete him." The idea which these sentences seek to convey is indisputable, but the language is tortured beyond all decent moderation. "Cycles ferried his cradle" is a violent attempt at expressing a simple thought in a complex manner, and it ends in expressing nothing at all.

The same straining after originality leads Mr. Raleigh to frequent illustrations, far sought and over-ingenious, which, seeking to arrest the attention, do so merely by a sense of incongruity. Thus, when speaking of the sententiousness of Milton's Adam, Mr. Raleigh points the moral with an instance. "He (the poet) even goes so far as to make Satan afraid of Adam, of his heroic build and intellectual power. This last, it might be said, is a fear not explained by anything we are privileged to hear from the lips of Adam himself; but, perhaps, in the case of our great ancestor, we shall do well to remember Hamlet's advice to the players, 'Follow that lord, and look you mock him not.'" Now, to illustrate Adam by Polonius is a violence to Milton's dignity, and the illustration has the further disadvantage of being entirely "out of the picture." It offends the taste, and adds nothing to the imagination. A few pages further on we find a similar example. "It is a great loss to literature that Mrs. Millamant, the delightful heroine of Congreve's comedy, was no reader of Milton. Her favourite author was Suckling. . . . If she had a copy of the *Paradise Regained*, doubtless it stood in some conspicuous place, and was never opened," and so forth. This is incongruous frivolity, and it spoils a fine passage of criticism. And once again (to have done with instances), when treating of the question of plagiarism:—"If the original genius of a poet is to be sworn away at this rate, there will soon come a time when no man is secure. Any

one who confesses to 'considerable difficulty' in getting upstairs might hereafter be accused of plagiarism if it should be found that a Latinist of repute has stated that 'the difficulties of translating Persius are considerable.'" This is, we take it, one of the feeblest and most pointless illustrations ever offered by a responsible critic. It is incredible that Mr. Raleigh should have let it pass in proof. We have, very reluctantly, pointed out the failings of the author's style, because they seem to us to illustrate a prevalent vice of modern writing, and to be of more than individual significance. There is so much weak and "sloppy" writing nowadays, that the temptations to the critic towards over-elaboration and violence of illustration are very insistent, and may well intrude themselves upon even the most conscientious workmanship. But the foundations of a sound style can never be laid till rubble of this sort is cleared away; and as long as reputed critics are content to say that "cycles ferried a poet's cradle," we cannot expect the herd of imitative and unintelligent writers to get clear of the violences against taste and sentiment which disfigure certain branches of "literary" journalism.

But even to remind Mr. Raleigh of the dangers of example is an ungrateful duty, since the standard of his general criticism makes for an appreciation of the highest qualities of literature and life. Apart from these passing aberrations of taste—many of which are, indeed, due to what Arnold called "the isolated position of the critics in this country"—apart from these, his study of Milton is marked by sensitive and supple judgment, and by an uncommon sense of poetic workmanship no less than of poetic imagination. His analyses of the scheme, actors, and epic harmony of *Paradise Lost* are full of luminous and original observations, and the chapter which deals with the metre and diction of the poem shows that Mr. Raleigh's appreciation of style in others is, at any rate, irreproachable. His consideration of the development and decay of blank verse in England is full of acute remarks, and contains in brief space the fruitful result of considerable observation and reflection. Excellent, too, is his dissection of the Miltonian method:—

> In a long poem variety is indispensable, and he preserved the utmost freedom in some respects. He continually varies the stresses in the line, their number, their weight, and their incidence, letting them fall, when it pleases his ear, on the odd as well as on the even syllables of the line. The pause or cæsura he permits to fall at any place in the line, usually towards the middle, but, on occasion, even after the first or ninth syllables. His chief study, it will be found, is to vary the word in relation to the foot, and the sentence in relation to the line. No other metre allows of anything like the variety of blank verse in this regard, and no other metrist makes so splendid a use of its freedom. He never forgets the pattern; yet he never stoops to teach it by the repetition of a monotonous tattoo. Hence there are, perhaps, fewer one-line quotations to be found in the works of Milton than in the works of any other master of blank verse. De Quincey speaks of the "slow planetary wheelings" of Milton's verse, and the metaphor is a happy one; the verse revolves on its axis at every line, but it always has another motion, and is related to a more distant centre.

This is admirable metrical criticism, and it is prolonged through several pages of suggestive comparison of the qualities of Miltonian blank verse with those of the Elizabethans, of the metaphysical poets, and with the fluent line of Tennyson's Arthurian idylls.

And to see Mr. Raleigh's style at its best, we must take it where it rises to its subject, as in the eloquent peroration to the volume. Here it is entirely free from eccentricities, and is marked by melody, warmth, and colour:—

> The wind bloweth where it listeth; the wandering fire of song touches the hearts and lips of whom it will. Milton built an altar in the name of the Lord, and he made a great trench about the altar, and he put the wood in order, and loaded the altar with rich exotic offerings, cassia and nard, odorous gums and balm, and fruit burnished with golden rind. But the fire from Heaven descended on the hastily piled altars of the sons of Belial, and left Milton's gorgeous altar cold. . . .
>
> We breed Shakespeare in our Midlands; he was nourished from the soil that still grows our daily bread. But Milton was an alien conqueror. The crowd of native-born Puritans, who sometimes (not without many searchings of heart and sharp misgivings) attempt to claim him for their leader, have no title in him. It is a proof of his dominating power, and no credit to their intelligence, that they accept him as their representative. His influence on the destinies and history of our literature might be compared to the achievement of Napoleon while he was winning the victories that changed the map of Europe. He could not change the character of a people, nor perpetuate his dynasty. But nothing is as it would have been without him. Our literature is as hospitable as the Hindoo pantheon; the great revolutionary has won a place even in our creed. And the writer has this advantage, at least, over the conqueror and legislator, that he has bequeathed to us not maps, nor laws, but poems, whose beauty, like the World's unwithered countenance, is bright as at the day of their creation.

This is a fine and stimulating passage. It contains a bold and arresting illustration, which, despite its unexpectedness, has nothing of violence or caprice, but, on the contrary, adds fuel to the train of thought. It is conceived throughout with insight, and expressed with dignity; in a word, it is in harmony with the best models of English prose. Of such a passage one may say, as Dr. Johnson said of Gray's "Elegy," that, had its author written always thus, "It had been vain to blame and useless to praise him."

MR. HARE'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

The reviewer who seeks to appraise justly the fourth, fifth, and sixth volumes of THE STORY OF MY LIFE, by Augustus J. C. Hare (George Allen, 31s. 6d.), must approach his task with diffidence. Mr. Hare does not love reviewers—he says so, frequently and with emphasis. He suggests that they are simply the vehicles of an editor's contumely, and he asserts that they read only the first chapter of a book and copy the sentiments and criticisms of the first "notice" that is published. Mr. Hare is an attractive writer, and we can only suppose that his readiness to accept this preposterous theory is to be accounted for by that credulity and that obvious lack of knowledge of the world which are noticeable here and there in his book. "The Story of My Life" (second series) fills 1,191 crown octavo pages, without counting the Index, and we can honestly assure Mr. Hare that we have read every one of them, and that we have read most of them with pleasure. The real blot on the book is not its length, but Mr. Hare's readiness to publish his grievances against individuals; and the asperity of some of his casual remarks, in the case of references to living persons, leads him into statements which no one ought to dream of putting into print. Every man is entitled to write what he chooses in his diary; but before he publishes his memoranda, which are necessarily based, to a great extent, upon hearsay, it is his duty to erase such passages as those we refer to. We refrain from illustrating our criticism because the worst of the remarks which incur it are in such bad taste that we ourselves should fall into Mr. Hare's error if we did so. As to minor lapses we may note that a duchess whom he met struck him as "hideous"; yet another great lady—always a living one—if we may believe an ill-natured story, polished off aspirants to her hand with a businesslike precision which is incredible; one of Mr. Hare's hosts is pilloried for not knowing how to treat a guest; he "does not much like" another family into whose house he goes; in yet another "the women are infinitely superior to the men"; a lady of his acquaintance has a "piteous little white-mouse aspect"; the life of a foreign Prince, who is carefully identified, "has an Eastern license"; another one

is "quite hideous"; a third royal personage lady, of course—is "a fine piece of flesh," which is quite as offensive in Mr. Hare's Italian as in our English; the father of a living and distinguished politician and diplomatist could never be "persuaded to cleanliness"; at a house in which Mr. Hare stayed the servants were "arrogant and presumptuous." And even now the corpse of these offences remains unquoted. We do not suppose for a moment that Mr. Hare intended to be offensive—we are willing to believe it has never occurred to him that his remarks would, or could, cause pain or anger to the victims. He is intensely scornful of editors; but a very small allowance of editorial sagacity would have saved him from thus disfiguring his "Story." His other books prove that he is not naturally this kind of person, and he has himself only to blame if his disposition is misunderstood. Happily there is here very little of those family squabbles which left so unpleasant an impression in Mr. Hare's first three volumes. It is not malice, but self-consciousness and want of knowledge of the world which has caused him to set down particulars of his treatment by his earlier publishers, just as it is the lack of that general information about men and things that is often possessed by far inferior writers which has led him into many inaccuracies about places and persons. How pleasant a topographer Mr. Hare can be, if you do not need to be over-precise about facts, a dozen guide-books are at hand to show; but his account of Boscobel House, for instance, is a striking example of the vice of depending upon hearsay. There are six mistakes in half a page. "A Mr. Lawes" is Mr. Hare's way of referring to the greatest agricultural chemist of his time; he speaks of "Percy Fitzgerald, who wrote so many capital articles," when he means Edward Fitzgerald; Dr. Jessop becomes Dr. Jephson, and Miss Beatrice Harraden Miss Harynden. These are not slips of the pen—they result from sheer ignorance of contemporary life.

We have pointed out Mr. Hare's errors of taste and inaccuracies with reluctance; but their existence explains, to a great extent, why reviewers sometimes fall foul of his books. It is pleasanter to turn to what can be honestly praised. Some portion, no doubt, of these entertaining volumes is trivial; but, in the main, they form agreeable reading. Mr. Hare has seen more or less of a number of people worth knowing, from Don Francis d'Assisi—who, although a Roman Catholic, declaimed to him against the Confessional—to Lord Salisbury. As a diner-out and a visitor to country houses he is indefatigable, while as a collector of ghost stories he is unapproachable. We know no better budget of creepy legends about old families and old houses than he has here gathered together. These tales about spooks are all too long to quote; but the vampire story in the fourth volume, its *habitat* being Croglin Grange, in Cumberland, is the most blood-curdling thing of the kind that we remember. Nor are these narratives confined to hoary ghosts in panelled chambers. A lady, whose name Mr. Hare gives, vouches for having seen the apparition of Lady Augusta Stanley in Westminster Abbey. On the other hand, Dr. Jessop told Mr. Hare he had come to the conclusion that the famous ghost he saw in the library at Mannington Hall, the seat of the Earl of Orford, was an optical illusion. The possessor of these volumes will have no difficulty about making his friends' "flesh creep." The present and the distant past are often linked together by so few lives that it is always rash to express doubts about anecdotes of such matters; but the story the late Lord Redesdale told Mr. Hare is certainly startling. His father, Speaker Mitford, was acquainted with a man in Swaledale who as a child knew an ancient who, as a boy, was present at the battle of Flodden! Now Lord Redesdale died in 1886 and Flodden was fought in 1513. Thus, for this story to be probable, four lives would have to cover 373 years, or, say, 385 to allow for the youthful warrior being at least twelve years old when he first went campaigning. This gives nearly a century to each life which, although not absolutely impossible, is extremely unlikely. Nor are we helped by the assertion that Blevely, the man of Flodden, lived to 160—eight years longer than "Old Parr." Mr. Hare, however, is an admirable *raconteur*, and we can quite believe that his friends the duchesses are, as he engagingly admits, never satisfied unless he is telling them stories.

The book is by no means destitute of more serious matter. It would be valuable, if for nothing else, as showing how small is the part which what is called "smart society" really plays in contemporary life. The real "Society" of which Mr. Hare has so much that is pleasant to tell us is very different. Mr. Hare is a man of many friends, and his loyalty to them does not cease with their death—perhaps, indeed, he dwells over much upon the tearfulness of things. But there is a real charm in the tender melancholy of his reminiscences of the past which cannot but appeal to every reader of good feeling. It is therefore the more regrettable that Mr. Hare should have disfigured an otherwise most attractive book with numerous and conspicuous lapses from good taste.

OTHER NEW BOOKS.

Biography.

Zachary Macaulay was a great man though his fame has been overshadowed by his son's; but he was not the particular kind of great man about whom it is easy to write at length without wearying the reader. The LIFE AND LETTERS OF ZACHARY MACAULAY (Arnold, 18s.), which we owe to the piety of his granddaughter, Viscountess Knutsford, will hardly be read without fatigue even by the most whole-hearted admirers of the Clapham set which he adorned. The chief objection to it is that it is so much too long. We are given, for instance, pages after pages of the illustrious abolitionist's love letters. And such love letters! Let a passage be picked at random:—

> My dear Selina,—I owe you some account of the particular manner in which I spend my day. . . . After my devotions I read a passage in the original Greek Testament in order, comparing it, as far as I am able, with our translation and Doddridge's very excellent exposition. Having done this I consider it for a few minutes in a practical or devotional point of view, and perhaps put into words a few of those desires which the scope of the passage suggests. . . . I also make a point of employing ten to fifteen minutes in casting my eye over the passage which I am to read to my family, and considering whether there be anything peculiar in the state of any of them, or in the state of the place in general, which ought to be noticed in one's prayers.

In the history of love-making such a letter should certainly have its place as a type—but that is all. Lady Knutsford has printed far too many of them. Nor can it be said that Zachary Macaulay's voluminous correspondence with other people is very much more interesting, though there is occasionally something from or about his distinguished son which has the charm of being new and characteristic. This, for instance, is from Hannah More's report on Macaulay at the age of ten:—

> Since "Childe Hugh," a long poem on Hunt's election, really a good parody, has been shown us, I have discovered in the writing-box an Epithalamium of many folio pages on Mr. Spragge's marriage. I do compel him to read two or three scenes of Metastasio every day, and he seems to like it.

Macaulay's first letter home from Cambridge, too, bears the recognizable Macaulay imprint in every line of it:—

> The evils of Cambridge, from all that I have been able to learn, are evils which must be sought, and from such a depth of moral degradation I trust that the goodness of God, my own education, and *the connexions which I have formed* will preserve me.

Such interesting passages, however, are few. One fails to be profoundly moved by Zachary Macaulay's anxiety about the soul of Madame Necker de Saussure—an excellent woman against whom there is nothing to be said except that she improperly paraded Madame de Staël's genius as an excuse for her peccadilloes—or by his fears that the French nation would be punished in the next world for breaking the Sabbath in this. In fact,

what is now in the biography is not highly important, and what is important is not new, and we can only once more insist that the book is much too long.

Plenty of amusing anecdotes may be found in the Rev. W. Tuckwell's Reminiscences of Oxford (Cassell, 9s.), together with much of the lighter history of the University for many years past. Mr. Tuckwell has known Oxford since his boyhood, so that his effective recollections may be said to begin about the year 1830. There cannot be many now living who remember Oxford in the thirties, when the Mayor shook Queen Adelaide's hand with "How d'you do, marm: how's the King?"; when ladies set out card tables in their drawing-rooms; when Dr. Bull was the "show" don at Christ Church; when Dr. Buckland and Dr. Daubeny, the latter now at rest beneath the stone pulpit at Magdalen, represented Oxford science; when the place held, besides the great men of the Oxford Movement, a number of minor eccentries and oddities. In a gossiping book such as this, there is necessarily a good deal that is not new, but Mr. Tuckwell's anecdotes also include many that we have not seen before. We will not challenge contradiction and controversy by quoting them. It will be enough to assure our readers that the book is full of entertaining stories and sketches of the Oxford of the past. It becomes serious, however, where it is proper to be serious, and treats men like Newman, Pusey, Pattison, and Jowett with the sober criticism that is their due. As to modern Oxford, Mr. Tuckwell heartily laments both its continual growth, which is inevitable, and the many architectural barbarisms that have been committed in and around the colleges themselves. "The lovely Museum rose before us like an exhalation," but nothing north of it has his approval—that is, nothing in the Norham Gardens style of architecture. Elsewhere, in the heart of Oxford, he rightly denounces certain modern buildings, to which, as they are not likely to be pulled down, it seems useless to call attention. The book contains several interesting portraits, mostly reproduced from old drawings; but Kett, whose well-known caricature by Dighton is dated 1807, died in 1824, and, we suppose, is not, strictly speaking, among the author's reminiscences.

If Canon Rawnsley's Memories of the Tennysons (Maclehose) adds nothing very important to what is already known of the late Laureate, it may at least be praised for its excellent descriptions of Lincolnshire people and scenery. Not all poets have been as susceptible to local influences as Wordsworth and Tennyson, the one drawing much of his inspiration from mountains and lakes, and the other from the large skies, the quiet landscapes, and the rich bird-life of the Fen country. One may understand Tennyson's poems well enough without knowing Lincolnshire; but for their fuller appreciation, and for the recognition of his powers as an interpreter of nature, it is necessary to realize the surroundings of his boyhood. It was Lincolnshire, the home of his early days, of which he wrote and thought, not of Farringford or Aldworth, except now and then. For this reason, we welcome what the author, himself a Lincolnshire man, has written of Somersby, and its neighbourhood and its natives. Of the poet himself he has less to say; he did not even see him until 1881; but in Tennyson's native district he is thoroughly at home, and this is the real merit of the book. Its title includes the whole family, and especially Charles Tennyson Turner—like his brother, a poet—of whom we have a memoir and a portrait. By the way, the spelling of the names of Edward FitzGerald and Sir Andrew Clark might be corrected in another edition.

Mr. George Dolby's Charles Dickens as I Knew Him (Unwin, 6s.) is an old book reissued, giving a detailed account of Dickens' reading tours. The full number of the readings was 423. "Of these," says Mr. Dolby, "111 were given under the management of Mr. Arthur Smith; 70 under the management of Mr. Headland (who succeeded to the post of manager on the death of Mr. Smith), and 242 under my management. These latter were delivered in England, Ireland, Scotland, and America, between April 10, 1866, and March 15, 1870." With this intimate knowledge of the matter, Mr. Dolby has produced a good description of Dickens' successes in public, particularly in the great cities of America, and has recorded many incidents and personal traits that will interest the reader. One hardly realizes, perhaps, what it was to deliver 242 readings in less than four years. It meant incessant travelling, either by expresses, which made Dickens nervous, or by slow trains, which he found tedious. From these evils, and from the other inconveniences of travel, and from the excitement of continual popular enthusiasm, no manager could save him. They told seriously upon his health. Latterly, too, Dickens himself was unwise enough to overtax his powers by repeatedly reading the scene from "Oliver Twist," in which Nancy is murdered by Bill Sikes. Mr. Dolby believes that this scene actually shortened his life. It is certain that he persisted in his renderings of it in spite of the entreaties of his friends and doctors, and that physical prostration was the invariable result. It was so perfectly given that "Macready was as much affected by the reading as if he had given it himself." The pecuniary results—though the total profits of these 242 readings, to Dickens himself, were nearly £33,000—were dearly purchased, after all, by death at the age of 58.

The Rev. R. Patterson, the writer of Richard Elwyn (Gardner, Darton, and Co., 3s. 6d.), seems to have had plenty of materials, assistance, and advice, but does not understand what a biography ought to be. He gives a full account of Elwyn's early days and of his Cambridge career, with letters from Elwyn himself to illustrate this part of his life. That is well enough, but, after these Cambridge days, we have scarcely anything to show at first hand what Elwyn said or wrote or thought. Mr. Patterson describes his parish at Ramsgate, and others speak of his work at Charterhouse or York; but these are the appreciations of friends, and not real glimpses of the man himself. Of Elwyn's own expressed opinions on important subjects there is no trace whatever, beyond one memorandum on the educational course at Charterhouse. He was a senior classic and a schoolmaster; we look in vain for a single specimen of his scholarship. We have, instead, an invitation to lunch at Lambeth Palace on Thursday at 1.30, and many other irrelevant trifles which have no place in a properly written memoir. Mr. Elwyn married, but his biographer does not think it worth while to mention the lady's name. He prefers to write:—"In December, 1855, we find him announcing the date of his marriage to a friend, and showing in this, as in all his life, a deep piety and earnestness, which was the more remarkable as being combined with such a cheerful and lively disposition." Mr. Patterson's sense of humour should have saved him from this style of writing, and from a reference to the present Regius Professor of Greek at Cambridge as "well-known for his classical attainments." There are footnotes, too, some of which will provoke more than a smile. In short, we fear that our notions of relevance and irrelevance in biography are not those entertained by Mr. Patterson.

Travel and Geography.

In the Ice World of the Himalaya (Unwin, 16s.) relates the mountaineering experiences of Fanny Bullock Workman and William Hunter Workman, both members of the French Alpine Club. A good deal of the ground had been previously covered, though the chief ascents had not been made, by Sir William Conway's expedition. The chief result of this last excursion seems to be that Mrs. Workman has now been higher above the sea-level than any other woman, and that the site on which she broke the record has been named after her, Mount Bullock Workman. It is a matter of opinion whether this system of nomenclature produces, in this instance, a more satisfactory result than the system of the trigonometrical surveyors who refer to mountains as K² or B⁶. The book itself is dull and disappointing. An account of an ascent of Primrose Hill could hardly be more tedious. But, of course, it is not given to all writers to write as well as they climb; and the illustrations, at any rate, are meritorious.

In Arabia: The Cradle of Islam (Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier, 7s. 6d.) the Rev. S. M. Zwerner does not profess to do more than epitomize the results of other travellers and

explorers in the interior of Arabia, but he writes at first hand on the provinces bordering the Persian Gulf, where he has been established for some years as a member of the American Arabian Mission. His compilation is well executed, and his personal contributions are valuable and interesting. It is pleasant to find a cultivated American of scholarly training writing with such admiration of the influence of England on the Arabian littoral. The future of the neglected peninsula obviously lies, in his opinion, in the hands of Great Britain. The government by Turkish officials is corrupt and oppressive where it prevails, and even were it efficient its power is so slight that in Yemen no one values a Turkish passport or collects Turkish taxes twenty-five miles away from the chief city. The Arabs abhor the Turks, and should the Ottoman Caliph be driven out of the Golden Horn, Mr. Zwemer is confident that he could expect no welcome in the holy city of Mecca. The descriptive parts of this well-illustrated volume are by far the best. The historical sections—except as regards quite recent history—are too sketchy; and the account of the Mohammedan religion and its founder is naturally biased by missionary prejudice. Mr. Zwemer believes in the conversion of Moslems, but we do not observe that he is able to produce satisfactory statistics to bear out his belief. The modern Arab is, perhaps, too thoroughly pagan an animal to care much about any religion; and if he does care, by hazard, he becomes a Moslem so bigoted that no argument will shake him. But this volume may be commended as a useful and concise summary of the chief characteristics of the country and its inhabitants, expressed in good English, and adorned by numerous process-cuts from photographs and from other books. The references to authorities and the bibliography at the end are valuable aids to readers who wish to know more about special departments than could be included in the brief compass of this painstaking and instructive work.

It is impossible to speak with entire satisfaction of the new volume of the British Empire Series, AUSTRALASIA (Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co., 6s.), and that is probably because fifteen well-known people at least have contributed to it. Had the book been written by one man he might have been conscious of some responsibility, but in these rather casual contributions to the lecture room it is quite obvious that the influence of a strong editor is lacking. In many instances a far better choice might have been made of contributors. What claim, indeed, has Mr. Wilson Hall to speak on the subject of Australian aboriginals? It is hardly possible to credit the fact that he practically dismisses the subject of marriage and the implied classificatory system of relationship with the irrelevant and absurd remark that the aboriginals "are not believers in close marriages, but prefer crosses." It is rather a pity that Mr. Lorimer Fison was not asked to contribute to the book. Nor is the contribution of Mr. Macfie very satisfactory. His views as to State emigration to Australia are prehistoric, and obviously belong to the time when unlimited migration was held to bless those who give and those who take. In his desire to open the great Southern Continent to the outsider he even includes the Chinese, Japanese, and Indian. It is such ill-considered remarks as these which frequently play directly into the hands of selfish capital, and produce the bitter distrust with which the labouring classes of Australia view employers. It is a pity that so much of the matter in this volume has been compiled by men from the cities. How else, indeed, could Mr. Bonwick affirm that snakes are not uncommon in the bush, but that they are rarely of poisonous kinds? It is notorious that Australia is the only country in the world where poisonous snakes largely outnumber the harmless sorts. Out of some sixty-five species at least forty-five are venomous, and in many parts of New South Wales the only common snake is the black snake, perhaps the most venomous of them all. There are certainly many large districts where an innocuous snake is utterly unknown. Mr. Harry Vogel contributes an interesting, if rather inconsecutive, chapter upon the Maoris. He, at any rate, speaks from first-hand knowledge of these remarkable people. We see, however, that he repeats the usual error of making Abel Tasman name Cape Maria Van Diemen from the Governor of Batavia's daughter. He had no daughter, and the promontory was named after his wife.

Beauties of the Desert.

Only a Frenchwoman could have written AMONG THE WOMEN OF THE SAHARA, "from the French of Mme. Jean Pommerol," by Mrs. Arthur Bell (N. D'Anvers) (Hurst and Blackett, 10s. net). We do not refer merely to its bright vivacity and seizure of the essentially effective points in character and customs, but still more to the intuitive comprehension, the sympathetic insight, of a woman who knows the world and understands her own sex. An Englishwoman would have blundered or been shocked—she would not have won the confidence, we feel sure, of the wild beauties of the desert. That they are wild in every sense of the word Mme. Pommerol does not affect to conceal. No doubt it is very wrong, but we cannot help being glad to hear that the shut-up wives of the desert frequently evade their husbands' jealous ward and amuse themselves like other folks' wives. Indeed, the Arab wives of the Sahara seem to be much better off than most Mohammedan women. Of course, there is hardly any polygamy—that is a delusion which Europeans are slow to get rid of; but the fact is that extremely few Moslems have more than one wife. It was so among the Arab harems Mme. Pommerol visited, and the absence of concubines made the one wife as supreme as in any other country. She is said to be as happy and as free as she need be; she has very little work to do except what she pleases; is never ill-treated, and has only too much influence over her husband and sons. "I shall always be ready to assert," says Mme. Pommerol, "that the women of the Sahara, the women of the kusûr (or fortified villages), however childish and limited their ideas may be, are not to be pitied. I consider them, indeed, far less to be pitied than the work or peasant woman of Europe, less to be pitied than the female clerks at home. The household work the Saharian women have to do is very light, and they have plenty of the leisure they enjoy so much. Above all, they have what our European women certainly lack, and what at first sight no one would expect of the simple children of the desert—a true appreciation, an intense love for the beauty of the brilliant sunshine, the soothing shade, the sublime harmony of their native land. This feeling for beauty makes up to them for the intellectual tastes with which nowadays we try to imbue the women of Europe. It gives them a taste of the very highest joy of which a human creature is capable." This may be a trifle highly strung, especially after what the same writer records of the Arab ladies' morals. "It seems to me," she observes, "that the women have no code of morals properly so called." Intrigues are quite common, especially in the wandering camps, where the corner of a tent is easily lifted. "But what of that?" asks our philosophic guide. "It is not fair to judge these children of the desert by our own European standard; they are of a type so utterly different to any with which we are familiar. The sensuality is physical only; it does not affect the soul in the least. Highly nervous, impulsive, and passionate, with but little intellect, the women of the Sahara are not depraved, and their lapses from the straight path do not leave any real stain upon them." In fact, the thing is a matter of course, just human nature, and though, if found out, the lady has to be fetched away by her stern papa and taken over the desert to the paternal tents, she is ready to risk it, and, as a rule, it is not noticed and nobody seems a penny the worse. In spite of indiscretions, however, the Arab woman as depicted by Mme. Pommerol is an engaging child. It is a desperately narrow life that she describes, but it has its pleasures, decidedly more frequent than its duties, and the social amusements of the Sahara appear to content their votaries. That Mme. Pommerol is able to write so intimately of these remarkably shy birds is astonishing, for every woman who tries to penetrate the reserve of a Moslem harem knows its blank obstruction. The author had sympathy, insight, and, above all, patience, besides an unusual share of venturesomeness, and the result was success. Her account of this little-known variety of the genus incomprehensible deserves to be widely read, and Mrs. Arthur Bell has rendered it so sympathetically that it is hard to realize that it is a translation.

On the Banks of the Seine.

THE LIFE OF PARIS, by Richard Whiteing (Murray, 6s.), is a pleasant book, and to stigmatize it as superficial would be to complain because it is not something that it was not meant to be. Mr. Whiteing's purpose evidently was not to tell us everything that he knows, but to gossip agreeably round the subject. He is a sympathetic rather than an enthusiastic critic, indulgent to faults of the national character, but by no means blind to them. He smiles at French athletic sports. He is very just to the Frenchwoman, who when she is good is very, very good, and when she is bad is horrid. He explains the position and importance of the Faubourg Saint Germain; and he sums up the history of modern French literature in a paragraph:

> The schools generate just as the midges do, and each may suffice for its hour. One springs out of the other. "Rousseau," said Tocqueville, "begat Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, who begat Châteaubriand, who begat Victor Hugo, who, being tempted of the devil, is begetting every day." It might be put in another way. Zola hunted Hugo, Huysmans hunted Zola; and now Saint Georges de Bouhélier hunts Huysmans, and with him the Symbolists and the Decadents. . . . It is all very well, but it tends to bring literature down to a question of mere procedure, and to reduce its entire priesthood to a gang of workmen squabbling over the make of their tools.

It is true, but not the whole truth, and that sentence may almost stand as a criticism of the book as a whole. It does not go very deeply into any subject except the housing of the poor, but it tells a part of the truth—the picturesque part—about many subjects. And the omissions are very often, we fancy, the result not of ignorance but of consideration for the feelings of the reader.

A. M. F. is full of Parisian stories—stories of the Second Empire at first hand, and dread stories of the Terror handed down to her by tradition. The fount of revolutionary anecdote seems well-nigh inexhaustible, and the authoress of ON THE BANKS OF THE SEINE (Longmans, 6s.), had the good fortune, when in France some forty years ago, to meet with at least two survivors from those old days. Hence the strange story of "La Dame Blanche," whose mother had come over in the suite of Marie Antoinette, and whose brother had been one of the only survivors of the Swiss Guard. But all the curious tales in this collection are interesting; most of them absorbing. They deal with history in the making; they bring before us figures like Henry, Cardinal, and Duke of York, the last of the Stuarts, and Hortense, ex-Queen of Holland, and many others. The anecdotes are always well worth telling, both for themselves and for the personages with whom they are concerned. A. M. F. may be assured of as warm a welcome for her new book as for her "Foreign Courts and Foreign Homes."

The War.

CAMPAIGN PICTURES (Cassell, 6s.) is by the ebullient and flamboyant Mr. A. G. Hales. One finds in the book no connected account of the war as a whole, or even of those incidents of it at which Mr. Hales was present as a spectator. His work, in fact, is not narrative but impressionism. Those who do not like it might parody another famous criticism and accuse the author of flinging a bottle of ink in the face of the public. Those who do like it may compare it to the work of G. W. Steevens. Mr. Hales, in fact, writes very much as Steevens might have written if he had not been a scholar. His pictures certainly stand out, though he now and again oversteps the boundaries of good taste in his descriptions alike of the haughty manner of British officers (some of whom seem to have regarded Mr. Hales as a sort of wild man from the woods) and of the charms of the Boer hospital nurses. As for his cock-sureness in matters of military criticism, which has given offence to many, we are disposed to hold that, though it would have been out of place if Mr. Hales had been writing a military history, it is an excusable feature in a work of this kind. We observe, moreover, that a good many of the trenchant observations which were printed in the *Daily News* are not reproduced in the volume before us.

IN THE WEB OF A WAR, by H. F. Prevost Battersby (Methuen, 6s.), takes up the story of the campaign at the moment of Lord Roberts' great turning movement. It ranks among the better books of the war correspondents, though hardly among the very best of them. Much of it bears upon the interesting question whether the typhoid outbreak at Bloemfontein ought not to have been expected and prepared for. Mr. Battersby, for his part, claims to have foreseen it, and says that he drafted a telegram to England, but was not allowed to send it.

Games.

Mr. Franklin K. Young has already published three books on the theory of chess, and the fourth, CHESS STRATEGETICS ILLUSTRATED (Sampson Low, Marston, and Co., 12s. 6d.), is the crown and consummation of them all. We can only admire Mr. Young's ingenuity; the practical value of his work is, to our mind, open to doubt. A strong player, when he has mastered the meaning of such strange phrases as topographical horizons, tactical horizons, strategic horizons, logistic horizons, logistic radii, prime logistic operations, prime strategetic factors, and many others, will be inclined to think that Mr. Young is only telling him what he knew before, in terms with which he was previously unacquainted. The fact is that if these theories and laws and demonstrations are translated into ordinary language, they lose their apparent scientific profundity, and are at once recognized as truths familiar to all players. For example, the First Law of the Art of Chess Play is thus stated by Mr. Young: "Whenever two undefended kindred pieces having no line of communication are simultaneously attacked by an adverse force, then one of the given kindred pieces is lost." No doubt; but can anything be more obvious? Again, the Fourth Law is: "In every situation and at every turn to move, always manœuvre either with that kindred Prime Strategetic Factor which has the advantage; or with any kindred Factor to make subordinate a dominant adverse Prime Strategetic Factor." In plain English, "follow up your own advantage, or seek to reduce that of your opponent." Surely, every chess player in the world has done all this from his youth up. The book is dedicated to the memory of Morphy, and the illustrative situations are from Morphy's games. An amateur will find the study of such games as these much more instructive than theoretical strategetics.

We have received three small books that form part of the Burleigh Library (Sands, 1s. 6d. each)—namely, CHESS, POKER, and DICE AND DOMINOES, all of them by Mr. R. F. Foster. They are attractively got up, and are written with admirable clearness. Poker, of course, is a game of skill, but there cannot be much difficulty about dominoes, and it is better, on the whole, not to show great familiarity with dice, which have never been respectable, in spite of their antiquity. Mr. Foster takes a line of his own in his little chess book. He virtually ignores the gambits and openings, and directs the learner's attention especially to model formations, exchanges, and theories of attack and defence. It may be that these matters are not studied early enough by beginners, but if a beginner neglects the regular openings, he will find himself in trouble before he can develop his model formation. We note, by the way, a new and entirely wrong definition of a "passed pawn," illustrated, too, by a diagram.

A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF AUSTIN DOBSON (Derby, Frank Murray), has been "attempted" by Mr. Francis E. Murray, and the volume produced contains a mass of detail which will be of much interest and of some value to the ever-widening circle of the lovers of poetical work that will endure for ever as a witness that the English tongue is capable of being used in dainty verse with Gallic precision. It is somewhat unfortunate that Mr. Murray should follow a preface, wherein he attacks the accuracy of Mr. W. Davenport Adams (upon insufficient grounds), by a long list of his own *errata* which does *not* exhaust the mistakes to be found in his own text. A thorough revision of this "bibliography" by some one who has the gift—which (we can assure Mr. Murray) is not bestowed upon every lover of literature—of literary accuracy would furnish a reference-book permanent importance to public libraries and book-collectors.

ART.

Sodoma. By the Contessa Priuli-Bon. (Great Masters in Painting and Sculpture.) (Bell and Sons. 5s. n.)

This little volume from the pen of an accomplished English lady living in Italy is of especial value and interest, since it deals with a painter whose life and works are less familiar to English readers than most of the artists whose biographies have appeared in this series. Giovanni Antonio Bazzi, generally known by his nickname of Il Sodoma, is one of the many excellent sixteenth-century masters whose fame was eclipsed by greater painters who flourished in those golden days. His name was almost forgotten a hundred years after his death, and until quite lately several of his best works bore the name of Leonardo or of Raphael. But modern critics have fully recognized his merits, and have done something more than justice to his rare gifts of drawing and expression. Both Morelli and Signor Frizzoni have studied his works carefully and shown a keen appreciation of their beauties, while M. Muntz has pronounced him to be worthy of a place by the side of Correggio. This assertion may be reasonably disputed when we compare the frescoes of Monte Oliveto or the Farnesina with the marvels of Allegri's conception at Parma. The Lombard painter lacked the great creative powers and skilful composition of the master of Correggio, and it is only in his single figures that the charm and beauty of Sodoma's art are fully revealed. Such pictures as the famous St. Sebastian of the Uffizi, the fainting St. Catherine in the fresco of S. Domenico at Siena, or the wonderful fragment of the Christ bound to the column in the gallery of the same city justify this master's claim to a high place among the secondary artists of his day. But it is only very rarely that Sodoma rises to these heights. His natural indolence and carelessness, as well as a certain vein of frivolity in his nature, may explain his failure to fulfil the promise which he occasionally displays, and account for the feebleness and inferiority of his later works.

On the other hand, M. Muntz's contention that Sodoma was one of Leonardo's most brilliant disciples may, we think, be accepted without reserve. The son of a shoemaker of Vercelli, Bazzi was born about 1477, and, as Morelli conjectures, probably went to Milan in his youth and came under Leonardo's own influence. Certainly such works as the Madonna and Saints in the Turin Gallery, and the lovely little Virgin with the Child caressing a lamb, in the Brera, are distinctly Leonardesque in type and sentiment. When the French invasion and downfall of Lodovico Sforza drove the great Florentine from Milan and scattered his followers in all directions, Sodoma was fortunate in finding liberal patrons at Siena, which became his home during the remainder of his long life. It is in the churches and Palazzo Pubblico of Siena that his chief works are still to be found, although several of his panel pictures may be seen in other cities, and a few good paintings, including the delightful little group of St. George and the Dragon, in Sir Francis Cook's collection, are now in England.

Twice over in the course of his career Sodoma was united to Rome. In 1508, his wealthy patron, the Papal treasurer, Agostino Chigi, recommended him to Pope Julius II. before young Raphael came to work in the Vatican; and it is no small proof of the esteem in which the Lombard master's art was held that the Urbinate refused to destroy Bazzi's work on the ceiling of the Camera della Segnatura, and at the same time introduced his portrait side by side with his own in the School of Athens. Five or six years later, Sodoma visited Rome again, when he lived in the house of Agostino Chigi, among the leading artists and men of letters of the day, and painted the frescoes of Alexander and Roxana, which adorn the upper halls of the Farnesina villa on the banks of the Tiber. After that, Sodoma seldom left Siena, where he married the daughter of a rich innkeeper, attained wealth and renown, and enjoyed great popularity among his fellow-citizens. Unfortunately, he squandered his gains on gay and riotous living, and indulged freely in his favourite pastime of horse-racing, frequently sending horses to run in the Palio or annual races, both in Siena and Florence. These extravagances led him into difficulties and distress, and, if Vasari is to be trusted, the once fashionable painter died poor and miserable in the hospital at Siena, at the age of seventy-two. But Vasari, we must remember, was prejudiced against the Lombard artist, and does his best not only to vilify his personal character, but tries to disparage his artistic excellence. There seems to be no truth in the historian's charge that he forced his wife to leave him by his neglect and misconduct. On the contrary, it has been proved that she was living with him in 1541, and it was only after her death and his daughter's marriage that he was left to a lonely old age. In the same way Vasari exaggerates Sodoma's wayward character and eccentric habits, and cannot forgive his love of animals, a peculiarity which he shared with his great master Leonardo. He filled his house with strange pets of every description, and the return which he made of his property to the municipal authorities in 1531 is as original as it is entertaining.

> Be it known to you, honourable fellow-townsmen, by me, Master John Sodoma, that I have, first of all, a garden by the Fonte Nuova, where I sow and other folks reap. Then in Vallerozzi a house, as a residence, not to mention a law suit with Niccolò de' Libri, and a stable, with eight horses which are called my lambs, while I am their bell wether. Further, I have a monkey, and also a raven, which I keep in order that, from his cage, he may teach a theological jackass next door how to speak. Also an owl to frighten the witches, two peacocks, two dogs, two cats, a hawk, six fowls, eighteen chickens, two moorhens and many other birds, to name all of which would only cause confusion. And besides these, I have three wicked beasts—to witt, my three women. Your Excellencies will doubtless admit that I am a proprietor in a large way.

This document may well have scandalized the grave magistrates of Siena, but we confess that the gaiety and humour of the writer strikes us more than what Contessa Priuli-Bon calls "the excessive bad taste" of Master Sodoma's joke. The illustrations of this carefully-written book have been selected with taste and judgment, and give an excellent idea of Sodoma's peculiar merits. They include a fine photogravure of his St. Sebastian, and a characteristic portrait of the painter as he appears in at Monte Oliveto, clad in the new velvet cap and mantle which had been bestowed upon him by the Benedictine monks.

Mr. Van Wisselingh seldom fails to interest the visitor to the Dutch Gallery in Brook-street. The gallery is small, but, although the quantity of pictures shown is limited, the quality is, as usual, superabundant. Taken by themselves the series of pictures by Corot, even the fine "impressions" of Don Quixote by Daumier, would be enough to make an extraordinary exhibition, but Mr. Van Wisselingh exhibits a drawing by Mathew Maris which is sufficient by itself to do so. The atmosphere of the two dimly discernible figures, the grace, the certainty of the draughtsmanship in the somewhat "loose" medium of black chalk, almost leave this drawing above criticism.

Mr. Walter Sickert is rejoicing in a representative exhibition of his works in Paris, concerning which we may have something to say later on.

Several of the pictures which were in the British Pavilion of the Paris Exhibition are now being shown by Mr. Stephen Gooden in Pall-mall. They are better hung than when in Paris, and include Reynolds' "Snake in the Grass," Romney's "Mrs. Clay," Constable's "Opening the Lock," and good examples of Gainsborough, Morland, and Nasmyth.

We publish in our Supplement some remarks on the artistic qualities displayed in the season's output of children's books. The illustrated editions of English classics are not this year quite so numerous or so good as they were last year. One of the best is an edition of Poe's poems, illustrated by W. H. Robinson (Bell), which is of extremely high quality, and which we reserve for further consideration.

FICTION.

Life, Love, and Politics.

We have not always agreed with those who consider Mr. Zangwill a great novelist. "The Master" seemed to us occasionally tedious, and no writer of fiction can be that and live; "Ghetto Tragedies" and some other books of Jewish life unnecessarily sordid and forced; but in THE MANTLE OF ELIJAH (Heinemann, 6s.) we are delighted to recognize the true spirit of the novelist at his best, the skill of the artist, the fine sympathy of the poet, the verbal wit and the constructive humour of the dramatist. The extremely knowing people of the Press have already given us a key to Mr. Zangwill's work, and hinted of portraits of Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Labouchere, Mr. Rhodes, and others. They have also sought to connect the Boer wars with those which in the novel are spoken of as the Novalbarbese. This is an easy and futile exercise of the imagination. Mr. Zangwill would, we feel sure, not desire to make so cheap a claim upon attention, and "The Mantle of Elijah" need depend on no such meretricious qualities; the sources of its charm and power are to be found in the vigorous intellect of the author, in his knowledge of life, his accomplished style, and genuine wit.

The "mantle" falls from the shoulders of a famous Cabinet Minister, the aristocratic, radical, and peace-at-any-price Thomas Marshmont—the father of a delightful family and of the heroine Allegra—on to those of the Elisha, Mr. Robert Broser, who eventually becomes his son-in-law. The interest of the earlier part of the book lies in Allegra's belief in the obviously false prophet, Broser. The leading motive of the second part is her disillusionment. But interesting as is the story of Allegra's soul, the surrounding incidents and characters are the points at which Mr. Zangwill's skill gives forth the most brilliant light. Marshmont, whose fine nature, quiet humour, and complex interest in the tragedy of man are revealed with a thousand telling strokes; his wife, mysterious, splendid, impossible; his bevy of carefully individualized daughters; his sister, the admirable duchess, the duke, their vaguely sketched but still wonderful daughter; these are but a small part of the galaxy of arresting personages with which Mr. Zangwill jewels every chapter, almost every page, of his engrossing book. But there are depths as well as surface brilliancies. Beneath the life of a gay and busy world one sees the workings of a woman's soul; through its laughter and commercial greetings one hears the faint low cry of a woman's broken heart. No doubt life is like that; we begin with humour and illusion and in losing one the other is lost. But with all his pessimism and suspicion of the common ideals, Mr. Zangwill does not lose his power to laugh. Although the second half of the book, dealing with Allegra's married life and her connexion with the altruistic Jew, Raphael Dominick, and Margaret and Katharine Engelborne, naturally takes on a more sombre air, the verve of the earlier part of the story never wanes; the author never for a moment nods; his grip upon his men and women never relaxes; his style is always equal to the occasion; his verbal restraint is as telling as his singular power of flashing into a vivid enfranchisement of language when the situation demands it. Mr. Zangwill's people are not the puppets of a clever *joueur de marionnettes*; but, good and bad alike, living people one would like to have known. Thus their brilliancies are welcome, and their succinct wit never wearies. But apart from the occasional fireworks, there are many more extended passages in which the humour is sustained and the semblance of life upheld with a masterly hand—such a scene is that in which Mr. Fitzwinter, the gay and clever supporter of Marshmont and owner and editor of the *Mirror*, ends by asking Allegra to be his wife. We have one small grievance against the author. That he should have permitted Allegra, the wise and witty, the young Allegra with whom every reader will be in love, to contradict so much of her character and accept Broser at so ridiculously high an estimate as the one he fitted to himself, appears untrue to his own creation. This blurs us for a while, but in the hurrying events of the story—which covers more than 20 years—it is forgotten, swallowed up in the general interest of a work which is, undoubtedly, one of the most significant novels published of late years. "The Mantle of Elijah" will live for many reasons, not least among them being the excellent comedy of the earlier part of the story. The novel is the work of a man who has thought and laboured and known the inner and outward meaning of life. There are few novelists who could tell in so masterly a way so wide-reaching and manifold a story.

An Italian Novel by an Englishman.

It has long been an open secret that "Il Risveglio"—a novel of conspicuous merit which we reviewed a year or so ago—was the work of an Englishman who has devoted himself to the study of Italian letters. Gian Della Quercia (or Mr. E. H. Capel Cure, for we fancy the author has now no objection to the disclosure of his name), has followed up his success with a new romance, SUL MERIGGIO (Fratelli, Treves, Milan), which is to be, according to the modern fashion, the second volume in his Trilogy of Life, whereof "Il Vespero" will be the last. In "Sul Meriggio" the author concerns himself entirely with English life; his hero, in fact, is an English baronet, who has won the Victoria Cross in Africa, and the point on which the interest of the story hangs is, when stated in its baldest form, this hero's infatuation for another man's wife and the course of their passion. We cannot help thinking that it is a pity an English writer could not find a subject more fresh than that of the eternal matrimonial triangle which is the blight of Italian as of most Continental literature. It is true that Mr. Capel Cure obscures the developments of his story by the aid of that very English machinery—a family curse. But if there is no great originality in the plot the manner in which it is dealt with is deserving of praise for a merit by no means too common in Italian novels—it lures the reader on from page to page with an interest which, though it may be mild, is never failing. "Sul Meriggio" is even better written than "Il Risveglio," and we fancy that the most exacting of native ears will only detect in it a very slight foreign accent. We shall look forward with interest to Gian Della Quercia's completion of his trilogy.

May Crommelin.

In THE LUCK OF A LOWLAND LADDIE (John Long, 6s.), by May Crommelin, we find ourselves in the first chapter exhorted to read lightly. "So skip, dear reader, skip along; and give the writer plenty of rope" is the fair author's petition, expressed with a somewhat forced vivacity. Presumably the reviewer is included in her invitation. At any rate, we, too, have skipped—we trust wisely—landing, at about the fourth jump, right into the clutches of the Lamparagua or Beast-tree of Chile, which held us (as it so nearly held the hero of the story) in a vice for some three chapters. The writer betrays a pleasant acquaintance with these far-off climes; she chatters glibly of peonies, haciendas, and the rest; and she assures us that this Beast-tree is not merely indigenous in the pages of fiction, but infests the marshy edges of many a Chilian lake. She accurately represents its appearance, as described by natives, and her description does her considerable credit. The hair on Jock Ramsay's flesh stood upright when he beheld the dreadful thing slowly approaching him. But he escaped—to marry Elsie, and we breathe again. The business of the old will discovered in a secret chamber—but there! the world will never see the end of these old wills. Perhaps this one is a more remarkable will than most, but we will pass it over, and the attempted forgery, for the sake of a certain unconventionality in the rest of the story. It is jerky, but not unamusing, and something is always happening.

Social Satire.

THE SLAVES OF SOCIETY, by "The Man who heard Something" (Harpers, 6s.), is a slight tale built on a familiar foundation, but told with a good deal of skill. It may be read with amusement as a satire on the "ways of society," as illustrated by the schemings of a marchioness to place her perfectly indifferent and

candid daughter in the matrimonial market, and her defeat by a music-hall artiste of the respectable type, who turns out to be the marquis's daughter. The wit of the author is a good deal more effective when he gets well under way and lets his characters talk, than when he is introducing them with rather laborious smartness to the reader. The dialogue is good, and we fancy the author could do more solid work with success. The book reads rather like a comedy for the stage transformed into a novel – the "situations" are arranged with an eye to dramatic effect, and the last scene with all the characters brought to the front is the very thing for a final curtain.

The House of Giants, by Yorick Everett (Ward, Lock, and Co., 3s. 6d.), is a pleasant little collection of sketches, many of which have already appeared in periodicals. The most ambitious effort, which gives its title to the book and has not hitherto challenged criticism, is a detective story of a familiar type, ingenious and cleverly constructed. There is much unevenness among the shorter tales. Some are too trivial to justify republication, but "Dandelion Bingles" is effective and has a completeness in itself which the short story only too often lacks.

King of the Rocks (Hutchinson, 6s.) is a good tale, well constructed and well told. It is melodramatic in places. Mr. Ambrose Pratt seems to have resolved that in the making of this story expense should not be spared. He has held nothing in reserve. The characters are strong—some of them, Karl Siegbert, for example, as well as the hero himself, are original and striking. The incidents are numerous and uncommon, and carry the story rapidly along. It looks, from the outside, as though the author had consulted some experienced hand before tackling his work. "What sort of stuff do the public like just now?" we might imagine him saying, and the reply would be, "Oh! plenty of incident, and make it hot, and strong, and sweet." Mr. Pratt has succeeded in carrying out these imaginary instructions. The "King of the Rocks" is that rare bird, the story of adventure acted by characters that are interesting in themselves.

LIBRARY NOTES.

A number of annual reports from the public libraries are before us, among which those of Blackburn, Bradford, Cardiff, Gloucester, Hyde, Leamington, and Watford call for some notice. In Blackburn school libraries have been formed with most satisfactory results. Bradford has tried free lectures on books in the reference library, but will not do so again. The question of rating is agitating the Hyde Library, as its certificate of exemption is not recognized by the Stockport assessment committee. This is certainly exceptional, and there is much force in the chairman's indignant comment that so anomalous a law requires amendment.

The first report of the Gloucester Library gives a concise account of the movement which led, after two defeats, to the adoption of the Acts in 1891. The library appears to be worked satisfactorily on the "open access" system. The Leamington Public Library is to be removed to "adequate, convenient, properly planned, and beautiful new premises." There is a large balance of funds in hand, and Sunday opening has been highly successful. The Library and Technical School at Watford shows a record of first-rate work. The educational department has obtained striking successes in examinations, and the library is to be enlarged at an estimated cost of £7,000.

We called attention the other day to the work of the Cardiff Libraries. They are an example of the growing powers of libraries as advanced educational institutions. The connexion between libraries and schools, elsewhere tentative, is here an accomplished fact, and upwards of 116,000 volumes have been issued from the school libraries during the year. Many additions have been made to the collection of Welsh manuscripts, which is now the most extensive in existence. Mr. Ballinger, the librarian, is on the committee of the Welsh Literary Society—a society formed to preserve and publish Celtic manuscripts of literary excellence. This is an undertaking which gives promise of a genuine Celtic revival, which shall be of deeds not words.

The popularity of the village public library at Middle Claydon has been so marked as to induce the neighbouring parish of East Claydon to adopt the Acts, and, on the 10th of November, Lady Joan Verney opened the library, which occupies a part of a block of new buildings intended to serve as a public hall and for the offices of the parish council. The new library has received substantial support in the shape of books and liberal subscriptions.

The library movement flourishes in Canada, if we may judge from an article to the November number of *The Canadian Magazine* by Mr. James Bain, librarian of the Toronto Public Library. The premier position is occupied by Ontario with 439 libraries, containing some 860,000 volumes. Both in Ontario and Quebec the Universities and colleges have fine libraries—the Laval University at Quebec including an unrivalled collection on early Canadian history. British Columbia "in library matters is one of the progressive provinces." There are three public libraries; and twenty-four travelling libraries, each of 100 volumes, have circulated through the mining camps and backwoods communities.

Correspondence.

JOHN DONNE AND THE ANTHOLOGIST.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Mr. Garstang accuses me of inaccuracy in saying that Donne is unrepresented in "The Golden Treasury"; but the facts, I think, support my statement to the full. In all the early editions the piece called "Present in Absence" was signed "Anon."; but, in the last edition he revised, Palgrave was persuaded to attribute it boldly to "J. Donne." Nothing, however, in the history of the poem justifies this. The poem was first printed, anonymously, in Davison's miscellany, called "The Poetical Rhapsody," in 1602. None of the seventeenth century editors of Donne, who had his authentic MSS. before them, recognized it as his, although it was printed several times. On the other hand, there is a copy of it among the Hawthornden MSS., where it is signed "J. H." This has been plausibly thought to stand for Sir John Harington. It occurs, it is true, in some MS. collections with other pieces certainly by Donne; but the best authorities are highly doubtful of its authenticity, and what evidence there is goes all against its being his. I submit, therefore, that I was more than justified in saying that Donne is unrepresented in "The Golden Treasury," since Palgrave, when compiling it, included nothing that was *definitively* Donne's, and only one anonymous poem which could by any ingenuity be described as *possibly* from his pen.

Obediently yours,

Dec. 3, 1900. YOUR REVIEWER.

LONG NOVELS.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—May I remind "Critics" that the "Vicar of Wakefield," the "Legend of Montrose," "Barry Lyndon," "Silas Marner," and "Cranford" are all of them short novels? Many people would think them great novels also. Yours, &c., B.

CROMWELL-HOUSE.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—In your issue of December 1st, speaking of the historical associations of Highgate, you say of Cromwell-house:—"Here lived General Ireton and his wife, the eldest daughter of the Protector, who is believed to have built the house."

In this you are at variance with Dr. Gardiner, who writes (Civil War, Vol. II., p. 59, note 1)—

> Ireton has been traditionally connected with what is now called Cromwell-house at Highgate. It was certainly the pro-

perty of his brother Alderman John Ireton, but I do not know of any evidence that it was ever owned by the Lord Deputy. The signatures in a book of the proceedings of the governors of Highgate School alleged to be those of Henry Ireton are really John's, and that, too, written some years after Henry's death.

Have you simply followed "the tradition," or can you or any of your readers produce evidence that the house at Highgate belonged to Henry Ireton or was inhabited by him? If such evidence can be produced, it would be very interesting to all who cherish the memory of a great but somewhat neglected Englishman. Yours, &c., E. J. SEWELL.

34, Arundel-gardens, W., Dec. 1, 1900.

*** We are much obliged to Mr. Sewell for his correction. The statement that General Ireton and his wife lived at Cromwell-house appears in Prickett's well-known "History and Antiquities of Highgate," and is taken from Prickett by later typographical works. Howitt, in his "Northern Heights of London" (1869), draws an interesting contrast between the house of Cromwell and of that simpler and purer republican Andrew Marvell, and says that the former was built by the Protector "about the year 1630, for the residence of General Ireton who had married one of his daughters."

Ireton, as a matter of fact, did not marry Bridget Cromwell until 1646—just before the capitulation of Oxford. Walford, in "Old and New London," repeats the mistake. Yet there seems to be no direct evidence that the Lord Deputy ever lived at Cromwell-house; in any case he could not have occupied it long, as he went to Ireland three years after his marriage, and died there in 1651. John Ireton, his brother, was Lord Mayor of London in 1658.

ONE-HUNDRED-BOOK AUTHORS.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—With reference to your note as to authors who have achieved a record in the number of their publications, a comparative analysis of the *maximum* output of the more prolific authors of the present day is not without interest. The two modern authors who have recently been mentioned as having produced the greatest number of books are the late Mrs. Emma Marshall and Mr. Percy Fitzgerald. But it must be remembered that this prodigious "spawning forth of literature," as Anthony Trollope rather brutally termed it, does not refer only to separate and distinct publications, but avowedly, in the case of Mr. Fitzgerald at all events, includes all editions—so that one book might conceivably count as ten—and even those books which he merely edited. The idea, indeed, of a man producing, say, 200 novels in the course of, say, fifty years, would, indeed, be calculated to "stagger humanity."

With these limitations and confining ourselves to authors of the second half of the present century there can be little doubt that Mrs. Henry Wood, with the innumerable editions of her more popular novels, would head the list. Other popular authors who have produced between one and two hundred books would make a respectable list. It is only necessary to give the first few names that occur to us—Baring-Gould, Miss Worboise, Ascott R. Hope, R. M. Ballantyne, W. H. G. Kingston, G. P. R. James, Davenport Adams, Annie S. Swan, though one or two of these might perhaps be more accurately termed bookmakers, their work having been more in the nature of compilation than authorship pure and simple. But even the *dii majores*, Dickens, Thackeray, and Wilkie Collins, might have a right to be included among the hundred-book authors of the past fifty years, considering the great number of new editions of their novels which have been published within that period, though no doubt some of their best work was produced before 1850.

This inquiry into the *maximum* output of authors of the day is not, however, very profitable, though in an age of personal statistics it is not without interest. At all events, it has its place among the curiosities of literature.

Yours faithfully, F. A. REYNOLDS-BALL.

"BY THEIR OWN BEAUTIES."

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Your review of Professor Dowden's edition of *Romeo and Juliet*, in the course of some remarks on the editor's construction of a passage in Juliet's speech, Act. III., Sc. II., quotes the lines as follows—

> Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,
> That runaway's eyes may wink, and Romeo
> Leap to these arms, untalk'd of and unseen.
> Lovers can see to do their amorous rites
> By their own beauties.

May I take this opportunity of calling attention to the authoritative reading of the last line? The imperfect first quarto of 1597 does not contain the passage at all. The second quarto of 1599, which is admitted to be the first correct edition of the play, reads "And by their own beauties." So does the third quarto of 1609, and so does the first folio. Against this overwhelming force of early authorities the accepted reading "By their own beauties" rests only on the inferior authority of the fourth and fifth quartos and the later folios.

We ought, then, if possible, to begin the line in question with the conjunction "and." It will be objected that this would be to destroy the scansion of the line. Only, I answer, to our modern ears, accustomed to the common reading. The authoritative reading scans perfectly well thus:—

> And bý their own beauties; or if love be blind

It scans, indeed, exactly as a line just before it—

> That rúnaways' éyes may wink, and Romeo

In both these lines the trisyllabic foot heightens the excited impatience of the whole speech. The truth is that the reading, "And by their own beauties" is the authoritative reading, scans as well as the accepted reading, and gives the most pointed sense. Juliet first states a paradox, and then explains how this paradox becomes a fact. It is to be hoped then that future editions will read, and Juliets say—

> Lovers can see to do their amorous rites,
> And by their own beauties.

I remain, Sir, yours faithfully,

Oxford, Dec. 1, 1900. THOMAS CASE.

P.S.—With regard to the construction of the whole passage, Dr. Schmidt, in his "Shakespeare Lexicon," shows that "runaway," like "runagate," is a synonym for "vagabond," as in *Richard III.*, Act V., Sc. III.—

> A sort of vagabonds, rascals, and runaways.

If we read, not "runaway's," but "runaways'," the construction is simple. Juliet wishes for night, that runaways' (or vagabonds') eyes may be closed, and Romeo may come untalked of and unseen by them; while lovers can see well enough, and by their own beauties. The ingenious interpretation accepted by Professor Dowden is as unnecessary as it is forced, and is rightly doubted in your review.

LORD ROSEBERY'S "NAPOLEON."

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—The letter of Mr. Algernon Warren in your number of 1st December seems to show his complete misapprehension of the difference between Lowe and Napoleon in the circumstances to which he refers.

Lowe at Capri was commanding a small detachment, and it was his duty to remain with it. If he had obtained his own release, he could have done nothing at Naples that any other officer could not have done as well.

Napoleon in Russia was not merely in command of an army; he was also Emperor of a mighty State. He had plenty of men with him fit to command the army. On the other hand, he alone, by going back to France, could have raised the fresh army with which he soon swept back the Russians and Prussians to the further edge of Germany. Indeed, one of the best military critics, Marshal Saint-Cyr, considers he would have done better by sending a Marshal on Moscow, and not going himself.

As I am writing on the subject, may I point out that in birth and education Napoleon was on a level with most English officers? He was an officer of the old Royal army, a fact he never forgot. After long years of absolute authority his manners were often brutal. So are, too often, those of men with not one-tenth of his power. But he well knew what a gentleman was, and he hit the weak point of Lowe when he refused to consider that general as having had the usual experience of an English officer commanding Englishmen.

If Mr. Warren would read my Introduction (unsigned) to O'Meara in Messrs. Bentley's edition of 1888 he will see this point explained. Would any ordinary English officer have objected to Napoleon receiving a present of green vegetables, because the Emperor's colour was green. Fancy the danger latent in "haricots verts!" This was to forbid the "eating of the green" with a vengeance.

I remain your obedient servant,

RAMSAY PHIPPS,
Colonel, late Royal Artillery.

The Stone, Chalfont St. Giles, Dec. 4, 1900.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—I honestly believe that nearly every accusation against Napoleon can be satisfactorily rebutted, or at least palliated, by those who will be at the trouble to examine the full circumstances under which each alleged crime or cruelty occurred.

Mr. Warren's comparison is a case in point. Since Trafalgar a French fleet had been practically non-existent, and there was every reason to expect an English squadron at Capri any day. Sir Hudson Lowe had probably sufficient knowledge of history to have heard of the surrender of a neighbouring island, owing to Admiral Byng's want of tenacity, and of his hapless home-coming; so that the instincts which guided Lowe not to accept the shameful terms offered may have been gentlemanly, but were certainly discreet. With regard to Napoleon's return from Wilna to Paris, it had become absolutely necessary from the moment he received the nineteen despatches in one day, including those referring to the Malet conspiracy. Moreover, he had refused to leave his army, although begged to do so by his Marshals, at the Beresina, on the morning when Ney told Rapp "our situation is unparalleled; if Napoleon extricates us to-day, he must have the devil in him." Lastly, when Napoleon finally left the army, it was close to the Russian border and to its supports; and he showed more courage in his journey through the whole of hostile Germany to France, than by remaining in the midst of his army where all acute danger was past. I have looked into Rapp, Marbot, and Bourgogne as being typical reflexes of the opinion of the army at the time, from general's tent to sergeant's mess, and I find them all in accord as to the necessity for the Emperor's action. He had endured their hardships, but had no time to share their rest.

I have to thank Mr. Seaton for helping me to prove my point that "rudeness was a weapon in the hands of Napoleon, and usually his sole punishment, if the victim had the sense to take the hint." What are the facts of the Weimar episode? Duchess Wurtemburg (whose ruler, by the way, had married our Princess Charlotte, but who had been the ally of Napoleon in the Austerlitz campaign), Saxe-Weimar had thrown in her lot with Prussia, and its capital had been the prize of victory, after battles in which Napoleon had lost some of his best men. Its Duchess gets in the conqueror's way at a most inopportune moment and at first receives a snub, which she probably expected.

But if Mr. Seaton will turn up the article Saxe-Weimar, in the Encyclopædia Britannica, he will find that from the first "the war with France was fraught with danger to the continued existence of the principality, and, after the battle of Jena (1806), it was mainly the skilful management of the Duchess Louise that dissuaded Napoleon from removing her husband from among the reigning princes." In fact the very next year Napoleon promoted the State from a principality to a duke dom.

During this campaign there are other instances where Napoleon's love was more than his life, especially one where, in respect to two ladies, he showed himself, by his voice and his pen, more of a gentleman in practice than, to my knowledge, Wellington ever did. The story has been told by Rapp and others how Prince Hatzfeld had been well received by the Emperor at Potsdam, but, later, by an intercepted letter, had been proved to have been a spy, and of course sentenced to be shot forthwith. But, although all accounts agree as to what took place, I prefer to give the sequel in Napoleon's own words, in a letter to his wife, which (unfortunately) is not so well known, and is also a defence against his rudeness to other women. It is dated 9 p.m., on November 6th, 1806, and begins, without the customary salutation:—

> Yours to hand, in which you seem annoyed at the bad things I say about women; it is perfectly true I hate intriguing women more than anything. I am used to kind, gentle, charming women; these are they whom I like. If I have been spoilt, it is not my fault but yours. Besides, you shall see how kind I have been to one who showed herself sensible and good, Madame d'Hatzfeld. When I showed her her husband's letter, she said, amid her sobs, with profound emotion, and ingenuously, "Ah, that is indeed his writing!" When she said this, her voice went to my heart, it gave me real pain. I said to her, "Ah, well, madame, throw that letter on the fire, I shall then no longer have the power to punish your husband." She burned the letter, and seemed very happy. . . You see then how I like kind, unaffected, and gentle women, but it is only because such alone resemble you. Adieu, mon amie, je me porte bien.—Napoléon."

Yours faithfully, H. F. HALL.

Sheffield, Austerlitz Day, 1900.

P.S.—Sir William Fraser, in "Words on Wellington," tells us, on the authority of his father, that Sir Hudson Lowe was "wanting in many of the essentials of a gentleman."

"PREMIER VOYAGE, PREMIER MENSONGE."

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—The book "Premier Voyage, Premier Mensonge," published as one of Daudet's posthumous works, to which you refer in a recent issue in a paragraph in which my name is mentioned, is a translation from my English manuscript. Daudet told me the story; I took notes and wrote it out in English. After Daudet's death his executors asked me for my notes and the complete English text—and the present volume is the result. It was always clearly understood that my name was to appear on the book—in some such form as "Told by Alphonse Daudet to his friend Robert Sherard"—for though the tale is Daudet's, the construction and writing are mine. I was surprised to see that my connexion with the work was altogether ignored, and I did enter a mild protest. I suppose a French Court of law would grant me an injunction, were I hankering after *la gloire*, but I have far too much reverence for the memory of my dear dead friend and master to evoke over his grave any unseemly wranglings.

I have the honour to remain your obedient servant,

ROBERT HARBOROUGH SHERARD.

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

A certain distinguished Irishman, speaking of the writings of Sedulius, the Latin poet of early Christendom, who was born in Ireland, wittily remarked that if any corroborative proof were needed that the poet was Irish, it was to be found in the fact that, while editions of his works had been published in most European cities, no edition had ever been brought out in Ireland. This remark was a well-merited rebuke to the Irish booksellers who call themselves publishers and yet never publish anything except under extreme pressure; but, as far as one branch of Irish literary activity is concerned, it is beginning to lose its force. One of the most remarkable results of the movement for the revival of the Irish language is the astonishing enterprise of several societies in Ireland which are publishing Irish-Gaelic lite-

rature every week. Within the past few months several notable additions have been made to the available reading matter in Irish, and quite a number of new books are announced. The poems of Geoffry Keating, one of the most classical of Irish writers of the seventeenth century, were brought out the other day, and it is a fact not known that it was the first collected edition of an Irish poet's writings ever issued. Besides the complete collection of the poems of Egan O'Rahilly, the leading Munster poet of the early eighteenth century, edited and translated by the Rev. P. S. Dinneen, which is now ready, the Irish Texts Society promise a complete edition of the "Duanaire Finn," a collection of Ossianic poems preserved in the Library of the Franciscan Monastery, Dublin. The larger number of the incidents related in these poems will be new to the public, and their publication will shed light upon the development of Ossianic romance. Mr. Dinneen has in preparation an Irish edition of another notable poet, namely, Owen Roe O'Sullivan, and has also in the press an original novel of his own, written in Irish. Meanwhile, the Gaelic League of Dublin is sending out a shower of penny booklets in Irish, and has decided to publish a story by the late Denis Fleming, an accomplished Irish-Gaelic writer who died the other day. Moreover, the text of Keating's great "History of Ireland," written over two hundred years ago, is in course of publication (for the first time, though several English versions have been issued), and one or two Irish dictionaries and grammars are on the way, as well as a remarkable collection of unpublished Ossianic literature. Altogether, the output of Gaelic literature for this winter and next spring will be not merely abnormal, but also highly important to all who are interested in the old language and literature of Ireland. It seems a pity, however, that money should be spent on the recent Gaelic literature, a school of which is slowly springing up, while such an enormous number of unpublished and valuable texts lie unknown in all the great libraries of Europe.

Mr. Robert H. Sherard recently made a study of the condition of the poor in various big towns. The result will be published after Christmas in a syndicate of newspapers by Messrs. Tillotson under the title of "The Cry of the Poor—being a faithful account of a three months' tour amongst the Pariahs of the kingdoms of England, Scotland, and Ireland, in the last half-year of the Nineteenth Century." We regret to hear that his work has seriously affected Mr. Sherard's health.

Principal S. D. F. Salmond's "The Christian Doctrine of Immortality" (T. and T. Clark) will appear shortly in an entirely new form and at a lower price.

Messrs. Ward, Lock, and Co., have just bought the business of Mr. James Bowden, of Henrietta-street, Covent-garden. Mr. Bowden was formerly managing director of Messrs. Ward, Lock, and Bowden, and later became managing director at Routledge's, but now confines his energies to the Religious Tract Society, of which he is lay secretary and business manager. The books taken over by Messrs. Ward, Lock, mainly consist of four novels by Mr. Joseph Hocking—his other books, nine in number, were already the property of Messrs. Ward, Lock—and Bowden's Popular Series of cloth-bound shilling books, including the four volumes by "Madge"—"Manners for Men," "Manners for Women," "A Word to Women" and "How to be Pretty though Plain"—of which close upon a hundred thousand copies have been sold.

We understand that Mr. Arthur Lawrence is engaged upon another Life of Sir Arthur Sullivan. "The Life Story, Letters, and Reminiscences," to which we referred last week, was written under the composer's authority and with his assistance; the new biography will be entirely re-written and contain much new matter.

Books to look out for at once.

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"Studies in Foreign Literature." Oxford University Press. 7s. 6d.
[Taylorian Lectures, 1889-1899.]

"Conferences on Books and Men." By the Author of "Pages from a Private Diary." Smith and Elder. 6s.
[Reprinted from the *Cornhill*.]

"Mrs. Gaskell and Knutsford." By G. A. Payne. Gay and Bird. 3s. net.

"Pages from a Journal," with other Papers. By M. Rutherford. Unwin. 6s.
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"Home Poems." By the Rev. Walter Earle. G. Allen. 10s. 6d. net.

"A Little Book of Scottish Verse." Ed. by T. F. Henderson. Methuen. 1s. 6d. net; leather, 2s. 6d. net.
[The Little Library.]

BIOGRAPHY—

"Joshua Clarkson Harrison." A Memoir. By One Who Knew Him. Preface by Dr. Horton. Hodder and Stoughton. 3s. 6d.
[Joshua Harrison was for many years Pastor of Park Chapel, Camden-town.]

"Paul Jones, Founder of the American Navy." 2 vols. By A. C. Buell. Kegan Paul. 12s.

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"The True Christ and the False Christ." By Colonel J. Garnier. 2 vols. G. Allen. Each 3s. net.

"The Spiritual Significance." By Lilian Whiting. Gay and Bird. 4s. 6d. n.

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"Salvation beyond Death." By G. W. Hunt. Mowbray. 2s. 6d. n.

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[Mediæval Towns Series.]

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SCIENCE AND EDUCATION—

"Scientific Papers." Vol. 2, 1881-1887. By Lord Rayleigh. Cam. Univ. Press. 15s. net.

"The Romance of the Earth." By A. W. Rickerton, Professor of Chemistry and Physics, New Zealand. Sonnenschein. 2s. 6d.

"Outlines of the History of the English Language." By T. N. Toller, Prof. of English in the Owens Coll., Manchester. Cam. Univ. Press. 4s.

"The Self-Educator in Botany." By R. S. Wishart, M.A. Edited by John Adams. (Self-Educator Series.) Hodder and Stoughton. 2s. 6d.

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By S. M. JOSEPH, U.S.A.
BLACK.

WHITE.
White mates in two moves.

PROBLEM No. C.
By V. NIELSEN, Copenhagen.
BLACK.

WHITE.
White mates in three moves.

"PROBLEM No. 101, by A. Troitzky.—White (4 pieces)—K at Q 3; Q at K R 3; Kt at K Kt 4; pawn at Q R 4. Black (5 pieces)—K at Q 4; Q at K Kt sq; R at K B 2; pawns at Q B 3 and Q Kt 5. White to play and win.

"I must admit that Troitzky fairly beat me in No. 77; but if I may say so you have not published the cream of the solution. I knew from the first that if 1. B—Kt 3 ch, K—B 3, White would win by 1. R×P ch; but I imagined Black to be less obliging than to move his king. It is after 1. B—Kt 3 ch, B—B 5 that the real Troitzkyism of the problem comes in; and this is where I failed. Thanks to the shortened form of solution you have given, I have now had the pleasure of discovering that after 1. B—Kt 3 ch, B—B 5; 2. B B ch, whether 2.—, K B or 2.—, Q×B, White wins by the beautiful move 3. R—Q 4. For if 2.—, K×B; 3. R—Q 4 ch, Q R. 4. Kt P ch, &c., and if 2. —, Q : B, 3. R—Q 4, and the Black Q is caught in a way that no one but Troitzky could devise. This is undoubtedly *the* position of the problem. If 3. —, Q—B sq; 4. Kt—B 6 ch, K—B 3; 5. R ch, &c."—A.C.W.

BLACK.

WHITE.
White to play.

SOLUTIONS.—Problem No. 86, by W. H. Gundry (2), key, B—Kt 6. No. 87, by Valentin Marin (3), key, Kt—B 3, threatening 2. Kt (Kt 6)—R 4, &c. If 1. —, K×Kt; 2. Q—Kt 3 ch, K—Q dis ch; 3. P—K 4 mate. No. 88, by G. Reichelm, White wins by 1. K—B 6, K—R 4; 2. Kt—Kt 5, K—R 3; 3. Kt—B 7 ch, K—R 4; 4. K—Q 5, &c. No. 89, Jespersen (2), Kt—Q 5. No. 90, Kohtz and Kockelkorn (3), key, Q—B 4, followed by Kt—K 8, or Kt—Kt 8, Q—Q 5 ch, &c. No. 91, Troitzky, White wins by 1. Kt—R 6, B—B sq; 2. B—B 6 ch, B—Kt 2; 3. K—K 5, P—Kt 4; 4. K—K 6, P—Kt 5; 5. K—B 7, B×B; 6. K B, P—Kt 6; 7. K—B 7, P—Kt 7; 8. K—B 8, P—Kt 8—Q; 9. Kt—B 7 mate. No. 92, Troitzky, White wins by 1. Kt—Q 7 ch, Q×Kt; 2. Q—K 3 ch, K—Q 4; 3. Q—Q 3 ch, K—B 3; 4. Q—B 4 ch, K—Kt 3; 5. Q—B 5 ch, and soon wins.

Correct solvers are:—A. C. Waters (Bromley), 86 to 92; J. A. L. (Worcester), 86, 90, 92; L. Mead (Westminster), 90, 91; Otto Wurzburg (Grand Rapids), 77 to 85; J. M. W. Maston (Liverpool), 86 to 92; J. D. Tucker (Ilkley), 81 to 87, 89, 91, 92.

GAME No. 49.—Played recently to test the Gambit invented by Professor Rice (New York), White being conducted by Messrs. Lasker and Rice, and Black by Messrs. Maroczy and Hoffer.

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
1. P—K 4	P—K 4	16. R—K 4	B—K 3
2. P—K B 4	P×P	17. P×Q B	Kt—B 7
3. Kt—K B 3	P—K Kt 4	18. P×P ch	K—Q sq
4. P—K R 4	P—Kt 5	19. Q—R 5 ch	K—B sq
5. Kt—K 5	Kt—K B 3	20. B—K 6 ch	K—Kt 2
6. B—B 4	P—Q 4	21. B—R 3	Kt×R
7. P—P	B—Q 3	22. P×B	Kt—B 3
8. Castles	B—Kt	23. P—B 4	K R—Q sq
9. R—K sq	Q—K 2	24. Kt—Q 4	P—Kt 5
10. P—B 3	P—Kt 6	25. P—K 6	Q—B 3
11. P—Q 4	Kt—Kt 5	26. Q—K B 5	R×Kt
12. Kt—Q 2	Q×P	27. B×P	Q—Q sq
13. Kt—B 3	Q—R 3	28. R—K B sq	R—B 5
14. Q—R 4 ch	P—B 3	29. B—K 3	Q—Q 6
15. Q—R 3	P—Kt 4	30. Q—B 3	Resigns

Literature

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NOTES OF THE DAY.

A new point has arisen in connexion with Canadian Copyright. It has hitherto been taken for granted that Imperial Acts bearing on the subject apply to the colonies as well as to the United Kingdom. Our Canadian correspondent, however, tells us that Mr. Justice Rose, of the Superior Court, has just held that no such Imperial Act is a part of Canadian law unless "either by express words or at least by necessary implications it extends to the Dominions of the Crown," and that the Act of 1862 relating to artistic copyright does not so extend. This decision is, of course, subject to appeal, and the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council may reverse it. But it introduces a difficulty which those who drafted Lord Monkswell's Bill do not seem to have anticipated, and that Bill will probably be amended in consequence.

* * * *

Plato's quarrel with the poets is an old grievance, but the poets are at last avenged. The philosopher has been described by a speaker of the Society of Women Journalists as "the first interviewer." Mrs. Stannard (an "interviewer" of experience, we learn, as well as the author of "Bootles' Baby") read a paper on interviewing at a recent meeting of the society, and in the discussion which followed Mrs. Tooley upheld this form of journalism, and "claimed Plato as the first interviewer." After that no one need be surprised by Mrs. Jack Johnson's confession that she felt no embarrassment in going to interview any one, because the "interviewee" (what is the Greek equivalent, we wonder, of "interviewee"?) ought to feel grateful to the interviewer for her attentions. The late Mr. Pater called Plato the first essayist; but the "first interviewer" makes the philosopher something still more modern. And to think that poor Nietzsche used to despise Plato as the antiquated post-philosopher of the dressers!

* * * *

Henry Russell's death has given a slight spurt to the sale of some of his best-known songs, but for the most part the demand for them has for many years been insignificant compared with the enormous sales of their earlier days. "Cheer, Boys, Cheer," now the property of Messrs. Chappell—was at one time so popular that thirty-nine printing-presses had to be kept at work night and day to meet the demand. The strains of "Cheer, Boys, Cheer," helped to encourage our soldiers as they left England for the Crimean War, but very little was heard of it while the troops were pouring out to South Africa a year ago; Sir Arthur Sullivan's music to Mr. Kipling's words was then the song of the hour; and it is a coincidence, after an interval of forty-five years, that both composers should die within a week of each other.

* * * *

"Cheer, Boys, Cheer," to which Mr. Russell referred with mistaken modesty as one of his poorest compositions, belongs to a type of song in which our English musical répertoire is peculiarly rich. Purcell's "Britons, Strike Home!" "Come if You Dare," and "Mad Tom" were the first in a long list of tunes which for sheer heartiness both in words and music have few parallels in other countries. Handel himself, the special favourite of the English people, is said to have been affected by our Falstaffian spirit of good cheer which has vented itself again and again in songs of the "flowing bowl" and of the "roast beef of old England." But the sea has always been a deeper source of inspiration. Our epic and narrative poets have been too little inspired by the waves that beat on our shores; but our song writers, Dibdin, Campbell and the rest, have more than made up for the deficiency. Mr. Russell's "A Life on the Ocean Wave" was not so good as "Hearts of Oak," "Ye Mariners of England," "The Bay of Biscay," or "Tom Bowling"; but it belongs to the same tradition, and it compares favourably, for instance, with "The Death of Nelson," or with lighter naval ditties, such as

> I'm married to a Mermaid
> At the bottom of the deep blue sea.

* * * *

Another of his popular songs was "The Ivy Green," the words of which are so familiar to readers of "Pickwick." This ballad, perhaps the favourite of all Dickens' verse, was, however, first set to music by the novelist's brother-in-law, Mr. Henry Burnett, at the author's request, and was sung by him (Mr. Burnett) scores of times among literary men and artists, Landor being particularly fond of it. The ballad was not written for "Pickwick," but on its being so much admired, Dickens said it should go into a monthly number, and it appeared in the sixth chapter. A writer in the *Daily News* declares that "'The Ivy Green' was sung—or pretended to be sung"—by Dickens at his farewell reading at St. James's Hall in 1870, and it would be interesting to know his authority for this statement. No allusion is made to such an incident in Forster's "Life," nor in Charles Kent's "Charles Dickens as a Reader," nor in George Dolby's

"Charles Dickens as I Knew Him." Indeed, there is (we believe) no reason, as far as we know, for supposing that The Novelist ever attempted to sing—at any rate in public.

* * * *

For the historian of English music great interest attaches to a Mass being given at the Brompton Oratory during the present Advent. If we except a recent performance at the College at Downside, this composition probably has not been heard before. It is not generally known that Tallis, or Tallys as he spelt his name, the father of English Church Music, wrote a Mass. No mention of it appears either in Dr. Burney, Sir John Hawkins, or even in Grove's Dictionary of Music. It has, indeed, only lately been discovered in four part MS. in the British Museum, and has never been printed. Queen Mary may have heard it sung in the Chapel Royal if, as is often stated, Tallis was organist there; or the Monks at Waltham Abbey may have listened to it, for Tallis was their organist at the dissolution of that monastery. But from that time to the present it has remained only in the notation of the composer. Although Tallis and his pupil Byrd had a joint monopoly of printing music from Queen Elizabeth, they were presumably unwilling to produce a work in print that might savour of Popery. Yet, though carelessly written, it is of great interest to the technical musician, besides being a work of extreme beauty. The *Benedictus qui venis* is amongst the noblest things of the finest time of music. The whole work is of extreme importance to the historian of music, for it shows a school of music existing in England independent of the great school of Palestrina in Rome. Palestrina's first Mass, the Missa Papæ Marcelli, was written in 1563. That Mass, even if it was prior to this one of Tallis, was certainly unknown to him then. And this reflection may well be made—that as both Tallis and others of our early musicians, as well as Palestrina himself, founded their exquisite style on common predecessors, how is it we never hear, nowadays, the music by which these great masters were educated? The Mass is perfect except that it has no kyrie; the kyrie used at the Brompton Oratory is an adaptation of a Motet of Tallis.

* * * *

We seem to have done some injustice to Professor Thatcher of Chicago in a note which we recently published on a lecture he was supposed to have delivered on Charles I. Mr. Edward Osgood Brown, Counsellor-at-Law, writes to us from Chicago to assure us that the Professor's "worst offence in the way of 'slang' was an instance or two of colloquial expressions, in his teaching work, which would have passed entirely unnoticed if uttered from any chair in England, but which the 'priggishness,' so to speak, of certain of his female auditors made a subject of criticism which accidentally reached the newspapers." The quotation which we gave was, as Mr. Brown supposes, "taken from some American newspaper, where it was jocosely ascribed to Professor Thatcher." This, says our correspondent, is "a very common form of American humour." The jocosity of the newspaper which gave the extract had, we fully admit, escaped us. For us in the old country the true inwardness of the Chicago humorist is somewhat subtle; we have hardly yet risen to what may be called "the higher jocosity." But we are much obliged to Mr. Brown; and the more so because he assures us that "those of us in America who have most attachment to the 'old home' and its people are often obliged to defend your fellow-countrymen from the charge that they have a very poor sense of humour, and find it difficult to take a joke."

* * * *

Last week we touched on M. Rostand's poem on Kruger and some of its absurdities, and we notice that even the most "nationalist" of the more purely literary journals of Paris has been exercising its irony on the poem. The *Echo de Paris* has published an article by M. Lucien Descaves, entitled "Have we a National Poet?" M. Descaves is constrained to admit that, in spite of M. Rostand, France has not yet a national poet, not yet an emulator of Mr. Rudyard Kipling.

The position he says evidently tempts M. Rostand. . . . But he has understood with much good sense that his successes as a dramatist did not suffice to confer upon him a privilege which belongs to no one in France since the death of Victor Hugo. . . . Much was expected of M. Rostand, but I am bound to admit that his *débuts* in the *rôle* of national poet are not looked upon as a *coup de maître*. . . . "Ah," say his admirers, "if you only heard Coquelin or Mme. Reichenberg declaim:—

> Je dis que l'empereur aux moustaches en pointes
> Sourira quand cet être clair
> Paraîtra sur le seuil en disant, les mains jointes—
> 'Mon cousin, c'est monsieur Krüger.'"

Certainly the scene would gain by being played, even if only by a pupil of the Conservatory as clever at repeating "Mon cousin c'est M. Krüger" as "le petit chat est mort." A national poet must be able to do without such assistance.

Some of the poetry in *L'Aiglon* is equally dependent upon stage rendering, and this explains, quite as well as M. Rostand's recent illness, the long delay in the publication of *L'Aiglon*, which is now at last accessible to every reader (Fasquelle, 3f. 50c.). Its workmanship too often betrays the laborious hand of the "Ode to Kruger." There is lyric and dramatic energy to spare, astonishing ingenuity, and also a meridional flow of words. But poetry is more than this, and such utterances as these show what it is not:—

> Oh! d'abord, l'amitié, tante aux yeux de cousine,
> L'amitié de l'amour est toujours trop voisine.
> Entre les tantes et les neveux, les filleuls
> Et les marraines—oh! sentez-vous les tilleuls?
> Entre les colonels et les chocolatières,
> Pour qu'il n'y ait jamais d'incidents de frontières.

* * * *

Whence sprang that peculiar product Gilbertian wit, if not wholly in the brain of Mr. Gilbert? Some answer to this question may be found in the "Théâtre de Meilhac et Halévy," just published by M. Calmann Lévy in two small volumes, *Frou Frou*, *La Belle Hélène*, *L'Été de la Saint Martin*, and *Le Roi Candaule* being in the first; and in the second, *La Petite Marquise*, *La Veuve*, *La Grande Duchesse de Gérolstein*, *L'Ingénue*, and *Les Sonnettes*. When Kergazon in the *Petite Marquise* says:—"Il n'est pas indispensable que je soupe. Il suffira que j'ai l'air d'avoir soupé," one seems to be listening to the violins of the old Savoy. The rollicking note rings almost as wittily from the printed page as from behind the footlights. What a contrast to the theatre of the North—to the "When We Dead Awake" of Ibsen, which appeared in a French translation published by MM. Perrin on the very same day as the "Théâtre de Meilhac et Halévy."

* * * *

Among Mr. Lane's announcements is that of a new edition of the late Sir Arthur Helps' History of "The Spanish Conquest in America," edited by Mr. Michael Oppenheim. One is pathetically reminded of the transitoriness of literary fame by the remark of a contemporary that Helps is probably now best remembered as the editor of the Queen's "Journal of My Life in the Highlands." Thirty years ago there were few more accepted essayists than Sir Arthur Helps. His "Friends in Council" attained so much of the position of a classic as to be a favourite school prize; and no gentleman's library was complete without it. Nor was the favour undeserved. Dialogue has been much in favour since Helps' day, yet few writers have managed the difficult business of serious dialogue more naturally than he, and his skilfully contrasted group of talkers, notably Ellesmere, the witty lawyer, was well conceived. To the last generation it seemed a natural thing that, when the Franco-German War broke out, Ellesmere and his friends should be invited to discourse at large in the leading review on "The War and General Culture."

* * * *

Dr. Momerie, who died suddenly last week, was known as an eloquent preacher and a theologian of the sort that is sometimes called "advanced" and "daring." He objected to what he

called "mechanical theology," but claimed the right to prefer his objections without quitting the Church of England to cultivate heresy while drawing the line at schism. His opinions necessitated his retirement from two appointments—a Professorship of Logic and Metaphysics at King's College, London, and the morning preachership at the Foundling Hospital. His best known books are "The Origin of Evil," "Personality," "Dogmas of Modern Christianity," "The Basis of Religion," "Belief in God," "Inspiration," "Church and Creed"—all written from a standpoint hardly compatible with membership of the Church. As an ornate pulpit orator Dr. Momerie had a considerable following.

* * * *

The homes of Dickens are slowly but surely disappearing. Might we not therefore make the most of those that are left? In Mr. Hammond Hall's article on "The Writing of 'Pickwick,'" in the New York *Book Buyer*, there is an illustration of No. 48, Doughty-street. Here, in the back room on the ground floor, it is said that the concluding chapters of "Pickwick" and nearly all "Oliver Twist" and "Nicholas Nickleby" were written. This fact surely justifies the fixing of a tablet on the front of the house, recording the above particulars. We commend the suggestion to the Society of Arts.

* * * *

It is announced that the houses in Fleet-street, from Nos. 23 to 28, will shortly be demolished for rebuilding purposes—which presumably means the removal of Messrs. W. Clowes and Sons, who publish (at No. 27) "The Law Reports" and "Hymns Ancient and Modern." No. 27 is interesting for other reasons; it occupies the site upon which the "Hercules Pillars" once stood, famous in the days when tavern life was in its glory, and well-known to Pepys. The tavern faced St. Dunstan's Church, now partially eclipsed by the building which has blotted out the memorial to Izaak Walton and given the church a lamentably one-sided appearance, with the statue of Queen Elizabeth looking grimier than ever in the background. Pepys first mentions the tavern on October 11th, 1660, when, after going to the cockpit to see Burt act the Moor in *The Moor of Venice*—which was so well done that "by the same token, a very pretty lady who sat by me called out to see Desdemona smothered"—he adjourned "with Mr. Creed to Hercules Pillars, where we drank." Another day he took his wife there, with Betty Turner, Mercer, and Deb, "and did give them a kind of supper of about 7s., and was very merry," and, again, after staying about the Court at St. James's for a while, he "went to look for a dinner, and had it at the Hercules Pillars, very late, all alone, costing me 10d." There is no visible sign of these associations to-day, and the passer-by is usually too busy to bother his head about such things; but it is well to perpetuate some memory of the spot before the pick-axe gets to work again.

* * * *

Apropos of the uncut edition of Browning's "Pauline," sold last week for £120 (see under "Sales of Books and MSS.," page 490), readers of *Literature* may be glad to have details of the defect whereby the value was considerably diminished. A small hole was discovered on page 21 which robbed the text of sixteen letters. The following line on page 21 lacked the italicized letters:—

And then I shall show how *these elements*.

Behind, on page 22, a line was similarly marred:—

And of my *powers*, *one* springs up to save.

What sum the first uncut copy sold by auction would have realized had it not been for this defect it is difficult to say.

The Claim to be Booed.

There are certain aspects of the question of booing and being booed at theatres on first nights which give it an interest somewhat wider than the purely professional one. The theatrical side of it is still exercising the correspondents of certain newspapers.

It is a curious question, and not the least curious thing about it is the fact that intelligent people talk as if it were a question on which opinions could reasonably be divided. The right to boo has, we believe, been declared by a Judge sitting to interpret the common law of the land, and one would have thought that the right of an author to stay away from the theatre rather than take the risk of being booed was as clear as his right to stop indoors in cold weather rather than take the risk of catching cold. Yet Mrs. Craigie, the intelligence of whose attitude towards most questions cannot be disputed, declares, with the concurrence of some other playwrights of repute, that an author is guilty of "cowardice" if he or she declines to face the music and smile benignly in response to the catcalls of the gallery. This is to confound the functions of the artist with those of the showman. It also implies the erroneous view that the actor and the playwright stand in a similar relation towards the public. Actors, living by applause, must confront, with such equanimity as they require and can command, the alternative possibility of being hissed. It is a part of their education—one of the means by which they rise on stepping-stones of their dead selves to higher things. In France it used even to be argued that this necessity was one of the reasons for degrading actors to a lower social scale. That view has happily passed away, and indeed, in these democratic days, it would have to brand platform speakers with an equal ignominy. But where is the law, written or unwritten, which obliges the dramatist to submit himself to this ordeal? It certainly cannot be deduced from the practice of those who follow other branches of art. Painters and sculptors do not think it necessary to unveil their pictures and statues before the eyes of mixed assemblages that will yell at them if the work does not happen to meet with their approval. Poets are generally careful to make sure of their audiences before they begin reading their poems aloud. They know, of course, that whoever publishes a work of art invites the reasonable criticism of the public; he is held to do so by the law, and the law accords with common sense. But authors do not invite it in circumstances in which they are liable to be exposed to any public condemnation. Why, then, should the dramatic author make a law for himself, and make it a point of honour to obtrude his personality, as well as his work of art, upon a fortuitous concourse of self-elected judges who have paid a shilling each for their places on the judgment seat? There is no reason why he should do so, and some dramatic authors, we are glad to say, are careful not to do so. Nor is the reason why the practice, on the whole, gains ground entirely creditable to those who follow it. It is, in fact, of a piece with the common tendency of the day, particularly conspicuous in literary circles, to use the personality of the artist as a means of exploiting his art, and to satisfy the public curiosity on matters on which the public has no right to be curious. The tendency has grown largely of late years, and editors imagine that they pay an author a compliment by publishing his portrait when they review his books. Instead of letting his message rest on its own merits they help him to gain a hearing by describing his appearance and unveiling his personal history, by telling the world that he lives in Kensington and owns a motor car. It is a depressing tendency wherever one sees it. In the case of authors a certain excuse may be made for their concessions to the idle inquisitiveness of their readers; for, strange as it may seem, these self-revelations have a certain market value. There are readers who would sooner read a novel by a man who drives a motor car than a novel by a man who only drives a donkey cart; so that the novelist with an eye for business acts wisely, not only in buying the motor car, but also in letting the world know that he has bought it. But this plea is not available for dramatists in the case under consideration. Their appearances before the curtain have no more market value than artistic value. The suggestion that vanity may have any share in these appearances is indignantly repudiated by Mrs. Craigie, and, indeed, her literary and dramatic position may be said to have passed the stage at which the indulgence of such a feeling may be excused or expected. But when we analyse the matter from a purely impersonal standpoint, it is hard to arrive at any other explanation of the desire on the part of dramatic authors to "bow before the curtain."

Personal Views.

THE MAN OF LETTERS AND THE PUBLIC.

That he who lives to please must please to live is indisputable. All writers of books who depend upon their writings for a livelihood must gratify the taste of some section of the reading public. The only alternative to "pleasing to live" is for the writer to be independent, either by private fortune, or by exertion in some other sphere of toil. Then he can follow his own bent. "I have often thought," wrote Sir Walter Scott to good old Parson and Poet Crabbe, "I have often thought it is the most fortunate thing for birds like you and me to have an established profession and professional character, to render us independent of those worthy gentlemen, the retailers, or, as some have called them, the midwives of literature, who are so much taken up with the abortions they bring into the world, that they are scarcely able to bestow the proper care upon young and flourishing babes like ours. That, however, is only a mercantile way of looking at the matter; but, did any of my sons show poetical talent, of which, to my great satisfaction, there are no appearances, the first thing I should do would be to inculcate upon him the duty of cultivating some honourable profession, and qualifying him to play a more respectable part in society than the mere poet."

Whatever we may think of the "respectability" of the poet's career, there is sound sense in Scott's words, as there generally was in anything Scott took the trouble to say. A writer who has a squalling, starving family around him, like the poor wretch in Hogarth's picture; who is forced to write for sheer life, cannot do his best. "Having the prospect and terrors of poverty constantly before his eyes," he is only too likely to follow the example of Perugino, who, according to Vasari, "undertook works for gain on which he would probably not have cast his eyes if he had possessed wherewith to support himself." It is one of the endless controversies whether the best work is likely to be produced by men who have their living to gain or by those whose present and future are assured. Would Goldsmith have left us more "Vicars of Wakefield" and more *She Stoops to Conquer* if he had not been perpetually harried by improvidence and the booksellers? Possibly he would. On the other hand, it is quite likely that, except under the spur of need, Goldy would never have troubled himself to write a line of anything more serious than letters to his tailor ordering plum-coloured suits or scarlet breeches, like the famous pair in which he presented himself for ordination. Look at Fielding's career. When he wanted a dinner, he wrote the plays which no one except Mr. Bernard Shaw now pretends to care for. It was not until he was removed from immediate anxiety by his magistrate's salary that he wrote "Tom Jones," that exquisite picture of humour and manners which, in Gibbon's magniloquent phrase, "will outlive the palace of the Escurial and the Imperial Eagle of Austria."

The best work is done, as a rule, by those who are not compelled to struggle against actual want. Now there are a great many writers of the present day who are obliged to make a living out of their work, and the steady deterioration of the standard of public taste is for them a calamity. The serious, sincere man of letters is not greedy of gain. "A literary man," P. G. Hamerton said, "ought to be satisfied with earning £500 a year." That income, small as it may be reckoned nowadays, is enough to put him beyond reach of actual want. But it is becoming more and more difficult every year for literary men to earn £500 a year, and this is one reason why so very little literature of any value is produced. The men who, with time at their disposal, might produce it, are forced to take service with the Tenth Muse and to spend their strength upon ephemeral instead of permanent labours. Oliver Wendell Holmes hit off the ideal for the man of letters in his verses on "Contentment":—

> I care not much for gold or land;
> Give me a mortgage here and there —
> Some good bank-stock — some note of hand,
> Or trifling railroad share.
> I only ask that Fortune send
> A *little* more than I shall spend.

The literary man to whom Fortune denies even the little that he needs must spend can do no good to himself nor any service to his time.

So depressing is the outlook at this moment that a suggestion was lately made that we should revive the "patron"—that poets should attach themselves to some modern Mæcenas or Chesterfield, and work to please his taste and their own instead of the taste of the public. But we cannot go back to the methods of past ages. The individual patron gave way to the State as patron; the State gave way to the bookseller; and the bookseller in his turn gave way to the public. The public is now the only patron writers can hope to win — that is, if their object is to make writing support them. Personally, if we were to go back to any of these methods, I would sooner have the State as patron than the individual. It is true you had to find some individual to introduce you to the State with due appreciation of your great claims upon the State's gratitude. But, as soon as this was over, you were your own man again. When Addison got his Commissionership of Appeals, when Steele was made surveyor of the Royal Stables, when Matt Prior became Secretary of Embassy, they had no longer to bear themselves as suitors. They stood up straight in their square-toed shoes. They had done their party some service, and their party knew it, and they had their reward. So things went on comfortably enough, literature holding on behind the state-coach of politics until Walpole found out an easier trick. Instead of bribing the wits to influence opinion, Walpole bribed the House of Commons itself. It cost a little more money, but it was more effective. The poor wits found themselves left out in the cold. Here was the bookseller's opportunity, and he took it.

The bookseller's day—and a hard, moiling day it was for the poor hacks—ended somewhere about the end of last century. By that time writers had begun to find that there was a public to which they could appeal direct. They threw off the yoke of Grub Street. They became the masters instead of the servants—or rather they changed their servitude. Far-sighted booksellers, if there were any such, accustomed to the "intelligent anticipation of events even before they occur," must have chuckled grimly at the author's exultation to be free. "Thou hast appealed unto Cæsar," they might have said, "unto Cæsar shalt thou go." And the state of the author to-day amply justifies their malevolent chuckles. The Cæsar, to whom the author appealed, was the public which can read. So long as it was such a public as he had at the time of his revolt, his state was the more gracious. He did not contemplate the development of the sort of public he has to face to-day.

From this body of readers taken in the mass the man of letters can expect neither support nor sympathy. But it is a mistake

to suppose that the public in the mass is the only body to which an appeal can be made. There are in reality many publics. There is even a public, strange as it may seem, for good work. But it is a public widely scattered. The difficult task before those who produce and those who care for good work is to consolidate it, to establish lines of communication, to find some means of bringing the best that is thought and felt to the notice of those who have an appetite for it. In this lies our only hope. There are many men of letters who would be content with Mr. Hamerton's £500 a year, and the section of the public which would stand by them is large enough to provide this modest income by purchasing their books, if only it were made aware of their merits. Unless the producers and the amateurs of good literature can be brought together, the supply must inevitably cease so far as those are concerned who are obliged to live by their pens. Good work, it is true, is done by men who are under no such obligation. But the growing tendency amongst the latter class is to the predominance of what the American calls the "freak-author," an Ignatius Donnelly, for example, or a Mr. Augustus Hare, who writes his uneventful life in innumerable stout volumes. Authors must be subject to a healthy criticism if we are to have the best that is in them—and the criticism they need can come only from the wise few not from the foolish many. The only test that can be applied to the work of a man of letters during his lifetime is—does it win the sympathy and admiration of the majority of intelligent readers? In the present day it is difficult for men of letters to be sure that their work will reach this class. If they persevere in face of discouragement, as Mr. Meredith persevered and Mr. Henry James (to take two obvious examples), they are recognized in the slow course of time, and the mass of intelligent opinion ranges itself solidly upon their side. But where a few fight on, many give up the battle in despair.

The man of letters is seldom sufficiently business-like to establish personal relations with his public. What we want is a class of middlemen who would make it their business to supply the wants of the intelligent alone. A publisher who made up his mind to do this would soon create a position for himself. He would, of course, decline to publish on commission; to lend his name—that is to say, to authors who pay for the pleasure of foisting on the public their unsaleable wares. He would equally decline to issue lives of minor celebrities, living or departed, at the charges of themselves or of their friends. He would ask his "reader" to recommend to him, not the kind of book that would sell at once in enormous numbers, but the books which give genuine pleasure to cultivated minds and which seem likely to yield a fair profit. He would be content, in short, with moderate gains. The satisfaction he would feel when he reviewed his publications (for we assume him to be a man of taste and conscience in literary matters) would compensate for the loss of a "palace in Park-lane" and any other magnificence he might have missed. I believe a publisher working on these lines would have no cause for regret. I believe that a theatrical manager who set about catering consistently for the intelligent playgoer would find it a paying as well as an honourable employ. Around such a publisher and such a theatre, informed, cultivated opinion would concentrate. They would serve to focus intelligent criticism, intelligent interest in books and plays. They would stimulate artistic and intellectual effort; they might, in time, re-establish the standards we solely need. The way lies open. Are there no enterprising, far-sighted men of the coming generation who will follow it?

H. HAMILTON FYFE.

STUDIES IN RECENT FICTION.

II.—THE WEIRD.

I heard it said recently that the "Uncle Silas" [illegible] of novel was dead and gone. It has not so much disappeared as changed its aim. It exists in the basement and the cellar-room (with occasional direful results to the latter!), but the drawing-room no longer thrills to the creak of the hidden trap-doors or the sough of the wind in the moat. It may be due to a refinement of our sensibilities; it may be only one more sign of degeneracy. The fact remains that our nerves refuse to be affected any longer by what I might call the natural-heir trick, the commonly terrifying. When Mrs. Williamson is brave enough to [illegible] her inconvenient gift of humour and write book after book in the style of "Lady Mary of the Dark House," we read with only a mild interest in the author's ingenuity how somebody came to a bed-room in the Dark House, swept away the hair from the temples of somebody else, and proceeded to hammer in a death-dealing nail. That nail would have probably made our flesh creep even so short a time ago as the year in which appeared "The House on the Marsh." To-day it leaves us calm. When Lord Ernest Hamilton tells of "The Perils of Josephine" and leads that unhappy young person through a series of excursions with bolting horses, sliding panels, crazed cousins, [illegible] priests, and burning houses, we are sensible of being mildly entertained by what reviewers call "the assured fluency of the style." We even call it "a pleasant little story." Poor Lord Ernest Hamilton, with his well-meaning horrors! Mr. William Le Queux deals also in deserted houses, miscellaneous corpses, strangely changed at birth (so to speak), and deadly drugs that suspend consciousness. A strong impression remains with the reader that "these things are not done." In our well-policed days, the most malevolent of wicked uncles whom our father's will is keeping out of his rights is hardly the cloaked and sinister figure that he was. Our rival in love is not so likely to drop poison into our tea as to pity us for our unfortunate taste in collars. Our athletic young women, with their inches and their biceps, cannot be counted upon to swoon when the panel slides back, but would probably make things unpleasant for the slider. When Dr. Arabella Kenealy gives us a heroine like "Clarissa Renée," who suffers from mysterious visitants and blood-stained knives as if the century were only middle aged, we do not shudder with Renée, we only wonder at the anachronism.

The world has begun to realize that the true horror is not fear of death, of dangerous weapons, or of violent persons, but of the unknown waters that for ever lap our feet, chilling us as no cold steel can chill if we step but an inch too near. It needs no fantastic background, no conventional adjuncts. For a serpentine effect one need not produce a serpent. The age wants no trappings of secret staircases or sheeted apparitions. The more ordinary the surroundings, the more effective the terrible incongruity, the sudden revulsion from the commonplace. Among modern writers, Mr. Arthur Machen has fully realized the value of incongruity in the weird. In "The Inmost Light," his sequel to "The Great God Pan," it is among "the rows of red houses and the rows of white houses and the bright green venetians and the blistering doorways and the little backyards they call gardens"—in modern, unspeakably new and unghostly Harlesden, in short—that he sees the face at the window, and the inhuman something that made that face so awesome. Throughout the book the actual horror is kept, like Queen Elizabeth in "The Critic," outside upon the door-mat—but none the less it is a Presence—for we still respect that capital P—and it makes itself felt. Put the horrid thing into definite, descriptive words, and its power is gone. It ranks with "the ills we know," instead of filling us with the vague terror of "those we know not of." Of this unnerving suggestive power Mr. Machen's books are among the best modern specimens, and are, moreover, written in admirable English. True, he condescends in his "Three Impostors" to red-hot irons and the slow burning of human flesh, with other engaging tortures. But he by no means depends for a gruesome

effect upon mere pain. The "clumsy movement, as of a beast's paw," that pushes aside the blind in Leicester's room is more horrifying in its suggestion than the catastrophe that follows. Mr. Machen's reviewers pronounced him impressively appalling. The *Hartford Courant* (U.S.A.) went so far as to draw a moral inference from him. "The implied lesson," it said, "is that it is dangerous and unwise to seek to probe the mystery separating mind and matter." The story certainly proved the great unwisdom of any such attempt!

Mr. Hichens can juggle with most styles, and he is at home with the weird. In the parrot tale in his "Tongues of Conscience" there is a horror about the unseen third person in the servant's house, and the longer it is kept vague the more "creepy" it is. First we find ourselves regarding the parrot itself with some uneasiness. We have a horrid fear, skilfully encouraged by Mr. Hichens, that he is the third person. When the supernatural element is dragged into the light of day and its mannerisms and voice described our interest cools off. But the thing is well done. Mr. Henry James' taste in the weird needs no description and hardly admits of it—a fact which shows its genuine quality. "Q's," too, has a quality of its own. One of his less important tales, "The Real Householder," shows it best, I think. The moment when the unwonted silence of the house-dog strikes the visitor and sends him straight to the room where "the real householder" lies, a murdered man, is a moment which remains with one, at any rate till dinner time. The reader who can recall his creepy moments will probably think of Mr. Richard Marsh. His "Beetle" really effected a little curdling of the blood. Since then, he has turned out some half-a-dozen books a year. His rate of writing is prodigious, and, naturally enough, the work suffers. Sometimes, though by no means always, he is utterly dreary. Nothing could be more unequal than the tales in "The Seen and Unseen." They begin with a foolish, far-fetched, altogether unimpressive reptile story. The next has atmosphere; it is about the figure of the convict's absent wife who invariably appeared in all photographs of the convict. The Tipster again is a good story. Given time, Mr. Richard Marsh's weird should hold its own; but he does not give it time, or trouble enough.

But the weird is a subject difficult and elusive to discuss; you mar its potency by criticism, even by admiring criticism. If you can say that a book has the true touch, the true horror, there is nothing more to say. If a writer would describe cold, all the icebergs he can pile up will not convince you like a thin draught of freezing air, creeping between hair and collar. So with the really successful weird novel. Its horror must be unanalysable, instant, inevitable; at the right moment we must shudder and catch the breath; and the old machinery has become inadequate for the purpose. A. H.

EARLY BOOK AUCTIONS.

The copy of William Cooper's first catalogue, lately acquired by the British Museum, recalls an interesting chapter in the history of English bookselling. To William Cooper belongs the honour of having introduced the "Auctionary Way" into this country, though the method seems to have been practised by the Elzevirs at Leyden at least seventy years before it came to England. "Reader," says William Cooper in the preface to the catalogue of his first sale—which began on October 31, 1676, at his bookshop at the sign of the "Pelican" in Little Britain—"It hath not been usual here in England to make sales of Books by way of Auction, or who will give most for them; But it having been practised in other countreys to the Advantage both of Buyers and Sellers; It was therefore conceived (for the encouragement of Learning) to publish the Sale of these Books this manner of way; and it is hoped that it will not be unacceptable to Schollers." The catalogue deals with between five and six thousand lots—forming the library of Dr. Lazarus Seaman, one of the Assembly of Divines—and Cooper realized about £1,600 by them. The second sale, which was also held by Cooper in Little Britain, was that of the library of the Rector of Hitchin: and these first attempts, according to the catalogue of the third sale—which took place at the Turk's Head Coffee House in Bread-street—gave "great content and satisfaction to the gentlemen who were the buyers, and no discouragement to the sellers."

Other booksellers then followed suit, and the sales soon became common in London; but it was apparently ten years before the method found its way to the provinces—introduced by Edward Millington—and twelve years before it reached Scotland. John Dunton, the Quixotic bookseller, "who," in the elder Disraeli's words, "boasted that he had a thousand projects, fancied he had methodized 600, and was ruined by the fifty he executed," took a shipload of books in 1698 to sell by auction in Dublin. He had proved unsuccessful as a regular bookseller in London, as well as unfortunate in his second marriage; but he returned to London boasting that he had done greater service to literature by his auctions "than any single man that had come into Ireland these hundred years." His financial troubles increasing, Dunton took to scribbling, although he declares that he "could not stoop so low as to turn author"—which he nevertheless thinks was what he was born to. His "Life and Errors of John Dunton, late Citizen of London, written in Solitude," in which, "out of mere gratitude," he says something pleasant about "the characters of the most eminent of the profession," has been described as the "maddest of all mad books," but it is an extremely useful volume in the bibliography of bookselling. Edward Millington was one of Dunton's most distinguished contemporaries:—"He had a quick wit and a wonderful fluency of speech. There was usually as much wit in his 'One, two, three!' as can be met with in a modern play. 'Where,' said Millington, 'is your generous flame for learning? Who but a sot or a blockhead would have money in his pocket, and starve his brains?'"

There is no doubt that the new system greatly encouraged the love of reading throughout the country. One catalogue mentioned in Mr. Lawler's little book on the subject ("Book-Auctions in England in the Seventeenth Century") specially invites the country clergy to buy at low prices for distribution among their parishioners, and a bid of one penny was frequently accepted. "The Life and Trial of Sir W. Raleigh" could be bought for 1s. 6d.; Walton's "Life of Hooker" went for 9d.; Lancelot Addison's "Life of Mahomet" for 4d.; "Paradise Lost" for 3s.; "Bacon's Essays" for 2s. 4d.; and theological works for 6d. and 1s. each. The book auction was soon a regular feature at the country fairs, and gradually became a distinct branch of the bookselling trade. There were book-lotteries as well, and sales by inch of candle, announcements to that effect being found in the newspapers of the period. The first English auctioneer to compile good, classified catalogues was Samuel Paterson, of King-street, Covent-garden, who died in 1802—"a man," wrote Johnson, who was godfather to his son Samuel, "for whom I have long had a kindness." Samuel Paterson was a first-rate bibliographer, but he loved his books too well to make a good business man. We are told that when he came across a book that was new to him he would sit reading it for hours, and the time appointed for the sale could go by for all he cared. No wonder he frequently failed in business. Samuel Baker, in 1744, founded the first auction room instituted in this country (in York-street, Covent-garden) exclusively for the sale of books, MSS., and prints, and it was here that Baker's nephew, John Sotheby, entered the business—the first of the long line which has been inseparably associated with the history of book auctioneering for considerably more than a century.

AN IDEAL NEWSPAPER.

We mentioned last week Dr. Parker's forthcoming experiment in the way of a Christian daily paper. The question of a reform in daily journalism has also been agitating New York, where another minister of religion has given his views on the subject. A correspondent in America writes:—

Some of the New York papers have recently discussed

the subject of "An Ideal Newspaper." The discussion was begun by a statement made by Dr. Parkhurst, the well-known minister and reformer, to the effect that certain capitalists were considering the publication of such a paper. Dr. Parkhurst lays down, in substance, the following principles which ought to guide an ideal paper :—

It must print all the news.

It must tell the truth and nothing but the truth.

It must have enterprise and courage, and be conducted without fear or favour of any man or party.

It must not pander to the profits derived from advertisements or business, and to guard against such temptation must be amply endowed.

It must lead public opinion and be so conducted as to be believed by the public.

In short, it must be "a newspaper with a high moral purpose which is unshakable and unpurchasable." Parenthetically, I trust this paper when published will be written in grammatical English, a merit which cannot be ascribed to some of the learned Doctor's reported utterances.

The average editor would probably feel some modesty in at once claiming for his own paper the title of "The Ideal Paper," and its readers might even hesitate to give it that title. It is satisfactory, therefore, to have all doubt on this subject removed and all hesitation set at rest by the authoritative announcement of the *Journal* of New York (in their issue on the day following the publication of the Doctor's statement) that "it (the *Journal*) answers every item of his description," with the somewhat caustic remark added, that "it never hesitates to nail a mountebank and humbug on sight, even if he occupies a position in which he brings disrepute on an otherwise respectable pulpit." The *Journal* certainly prints a great mass of detail; but for an ideal paper the Doctor's *dictum* must read, "all the news that is fit to print"—a rule actually followed by the *New York Times* and other papers. And news of general interest should have its due space; too much attention should not be given to local and temporary matters. A paper with "a high moral tone" should adjust its news columns so as to educate the people to a truer knowledge of the world's progress. It should also not print details which pander to depraved tastes or create an unhealthy curiosity. I examined with some care and in a hopeful spirit the next day's evening edition of the *Journal* with the following results:—It consisted of twelve pages of seven columns each. Of these 84 columns, two were deemed sufficient for the news of the world outside of America, two for American news other than that of New York, 34 were given up to advertisements, two to "comic" pictures, the best part of a page to a story entitled "The Burying Alive of Nais," two to a leading article, and the remainder to New York news. The character of this news may be gathered from the headlines. The first page begins with the motto, in letters 1½ inch high, "I will shock Wall Street." Other headings on this page are:—

Girl forger, in jail, took moonlight rides.
Mystery in failure of W. L. Strong's firm.

High moral purpose is further carried out on the following page by paragraphs on—

Seeks divorce from wife whom for years he thought dead.
Widow shot dead by assassins in ambush.
Woman fears father will steal children,

and the like. The greater part of a page is given up to an account of "Multi-millionaire J. Pierrepont Morgan's daughter's marriage," with a scheduled statement of the exact cost of the trousseau, breakfast, and other items. Opinions may differ whether all this adequately carried out Dr. Parkhurst's ideas.

As to truthfulness, there are certainly very successful newspapers which prefer sensation and amusement to accuracy. They attract advertisers and business; but (to quote the *New York Times*) :—"Truthfulness is not only a clear moral obligation for a newspaper, but in the long run, and for the solid and lasting prosperity of the paper, it is essential." The Doctor's *dictum* as to price seems to me fatal to his scheme. He says:—"In the summer I read the London *Times* . . . and I feel as a rule that I am reading what is true . . . I recognize that it is not as enterprising, but I get more out of it than I do out of the New York papers. I would gladly pay six cents (threepence) for a good paper here. I do not like to see penny papers; they do not signify anything." Now, if the ideal paper is, according to the present proposal, to be richly endowed, the price would be, more or less, a matter of indifference to the proprietors; but if it is to compete in New York or in other cities with existing papers it would have to be a penny paper. It is just the class that cannot afford a high-priced paper, or will not pay that price when other papers can be obtained for a penny, whom it is desirable to educate, and who form the public opinion which the Doctor wishes to influence. To lead public opinion it must be low-priced, and to have a large circulation it must be attractive. I doubt whether such a paper will really be strong or independent. It must necessarily reflect the opinions of those who endow it, and their continued support could not be relied on if it advocated or gave undue prominence to views which did not harmonize with those of the founders. A paper so conducted would not be on a solid and lasting basis. A somewhat similar discussion, by-the-by, was started in America in February, 1789, when the *Monthly Museum of Knowledge and Rational Entertainment*, of Boston, published an article advocating the establishment of a newspaper on as elevating principles as those laid down by Dr. Parkhurst.

THE DRAMA.

"THE SECOND IN COMMAND."

Isolation from one's fellow men, especially when it is accompanied by a strict and strange rule of life of another's choosing, curiously alters one's mental perspective. The monk and the convict are, I suppose, the extreme instances; but I can speak without conjecture for the invalid. If I allude to the sick-room it is with no impertinent idea of teazing the reader with my private concerns, but merely to put him on his guard against anything I may have to say about Captain Marshall's Haymarket comedy *The Second in Command*, which, recalled to memory after an intervening fortnight of solitude and medicine bottles, can hardly seem to me the thing that it did. The truth is that the theatre and all its works come to appear in the eyes of the isolated man very easily negligible. To be denied tobacco or solid food is tiresome enough; not to be able to read is a really terrible privation; but one very readily makes shift to do without the theatre. It is so bustling, so garish, one has to elbow so many strangers there! There are men I know who are born passionate lovers of the theatre, men who after ten years' penal servitude would make straight from the prison gates to the nearest penny gaff. I have seen these men, pursy and portly citizens some of them, at the corner of the street standing in rapt enjoyment before a Punch-and-Judy show. The huge and hideous posters on the hoardings are set up to please these men—to say nothing of the miserable theatrical chit-chat and scandal and photographs and interviews in the newspapers. For these people, of course, physicians are in vain. As a rule these people do not read books; nor for art of any kind, in itself, do they care much. In reality they exhibit a peculiar form of the gregarious instinct. The playhouse means for them primarily a congenial crowd, just as a dance does to others, and to others yet again a public dinner, a procession, or a fashionable church service. And note that what the born theatre-lover loves most in the theatre is precisely the most theatrical part of it. He dislikes what he calls "literary" plays because they remind him of the books and solitary cogitation which his soul abhors. He dislikes plays which offer him a faithful transcript of life because these subsume the superiority of life to the theatre. No; what he likes is the theatrical, that which is written solely from the point of view of the theatre, characters that are readily recognizable theatrical types. No matter that they are false—*faux à crier*—in

the broad light of day, so long as they "make up" well for the footlights. For your true theatre-lover they cannot be too exaggerated in outline and colour, too stilted in language, too strained in sentiment. It is significant (and from the "isolated" point of view which I am driven to adopt just now it is damning) that not a "boo" was heard, not a funeral note, on the first night of Captain Marshall's comedy. For here was an adroit combination of all the theatrical things that delight the born playgoer.

I will take a capital instance. The most effective scene in the play is that at the end of the third act, when Major Bingham's regiment departs for South Africa, drums beating and colours flying, while the major himself, always unlucky, always passed over, is the one man left behind. He sinks into a chair and buries his face in his hands and, in the consecrated phrase, there was not a dry eye in the house. And yet no sooner has the curtain risen on the next act than we learn it was all a false alarm. The major, having successfully importuned the War Office, *did* go to the front after all; and so we had been cheated out of our emotion. From the point of view of real drama, then, this great scene was nothing else than fraudulent. But as a passing theatrical trick it was eminently successful.

Another example. The major has resigned the heroine, suggested to him by an unhappy bungle but not in love with him, to the colonel, whom she does love. Then, upon suspicious inquiries from the colonel, the major, in a fit of momentary weakness, lets it appear that he was really the girl's love. Subsequently, ashamed of this lie, he determines to make a clean breast of it. To the colonel? Oh, no; for if the colonel knows the truth there is at once an end of the play. To the girl? Yes; but how? Not by word of mouth, for the girl would at once tell the colonel, and again there would be an end of the play. No, the major actually is at the pains to leave the girl's presence in order to write her a note of confession; and being agitated at the moment she lets the note go unread. By this artifice the colonel is packed off safe to Africa without the revelation of the play-ending secret. Now plays that can only be spun out to a conclusion by the device of making every participant in them act at a critical moment without a particle of common sense are conspicuously "theatrical" plays. I say nothing of the music lover who is taunted by his sweetheart into enlisting; he comes from a long line of Adelphi ancestors, and we saw him only a few weeks ago in *Colonel Cromwell* at the Globe. I say nothing of the extraordinarily tall talk of the officers of the Tenth Dragoons—their Della Cruscan tropes and metaphors, their "libations at the altar of Hymen," their "battered hearts, laid in the lavender of memory and wrapped up in the brown paper of experience," and all the rest of it. This sort of talk is not only not military, it is not even human; but it is eminently theatrical. The born theatre-lover has heard it from a boy, and feels he can never have heard enough of it.

But, as I warned the reader, he must set down all these comments as those of the temporarily isolated man. And even my most of aloofness from the theatre cannot induce me to remember Mr. Cyril Maude's humorous-pathetic Major Bingham with anything but gratitude or to find the whole play, however flimsy or artificial it may be, anything but sweet and kind in taste and tone.

A. B. WALKLEY.

Reviews.

CHURCH, CHAPEL, AND LITERATURE.

PURITAN AND ANGLICAN: STUDIES IN LITERATURE. By EDWARD DOWDEN. (Kegan Paul. 7s. 6d.)

This is a volume of essays, united by a common subject, but not built upon a common plan. Some of them do little more than extract the essence of old books seldom read except by the professional students of literature and theology. Some of them, too, though extremely well-considered and judicious, exhibit that sort of sustained and somewhat didactic gravity which a reader who remembers Stevenson and Sainte Beuve may sometimes feel in the case of some of our modern literary critics—especially in America—to be a little excessive. This, however, is the only criticism, if it be a criticism, which we feel inclined to pass on these essays, which well display Professor Dowden's scholarship, wealth of phrase, and originality of view. They treat an interesting subject from many points of view, and in a sound and suggestive manner. The question at issue is the influence on English literature of Anglicanism and Puritanism. To a certain extent, perhaps, the battle between the two points of view covers the same ground as the old battle, celebrated by Matthew Arnold, between Hellenism and Hebraism; but the issue which Professor Dowden has chosen for examination is more circumscribed. The Hellenism of the most characteristic Hellenists, like Keats and Shelley and Mr. Swinburne, was quite uninfluenced by any Church, whether free or by law established; and at the period when Puritanism most successfully exalted its horn, the writers who might be taken to have a savour of Hebraism were often better Hellenists than their opponents. Milton is the great example; Professor Dowden cites Colonel Hutchinson and sundry others. His attention, therefore, is concentrated upon those contributions to literature which have obviously been produced under the direct influence of religion as expressed in a creed. And thus the question arises: Why is it that, though the Puritans deliberately opposed themselves to every poetical and artistic adjunct to religious worship—breaking stained glass windows, destroying images, vulgarizing Church music—they were yet able to write masterpieces of imaginative religious literature which have impressed and moved the world far more than the imaginative works of Churchmen?

The fact that they have done this is beyond doubt or argument. Among men of culture, Puritanism produced John Milton, whilst Anglicanism only produced George Herbert. Among writers who were not scholars, Puritanism can point to Bunyan, and Anglicanism can only point to allegorists of the calibre of "A.L.O.E." The difference in achievement is palpable, and can hardly be dismissed as an accident, which occurred because two men of genius "happened to be" Dissenters. That explanation would only suffice if one were discussing the purely accidental accomplishments of Puritans and Anglicans—if we were comparing, for instance, Puritan and Anglican chess players, or Puritan and Anglican mathematicians. It does not suffice in the case of literature, which is the direct mirror of the spiritual life and the direct presentation of its points of view. In part, perhaps, one might find the explanation in the fact that Puritanism, at the time of its supreme literary achievements, was the party of revolt; and that such a party, when the cause is worthy, naturally attracts the best type of intellect. It was so in the age of Rousseau and Voltaire, and in the age of Shelley. It may very well have been so in the age of Milton and Bunyan. But Professor Dowden rightly goes further than this, and discovers, in the Puritan attitude towards the Unseen, certain potentialities of high literary performance.

The early Puritans, be it remembered, struck against forms, and insisted upon realities. They would have no priest standing between man and God as revealed in His Holy Scriptures. Religion for them lay not in the docile acceptance of the teachings of the fathers of the Church, but in the special experience of the individual soul. They sought to realize God as well as to believe in Him. And so

> In the Puritan inwardness of spirit, in its vivid realization of the unseen, if only these could find a suitable medium of representation and vehicle of expression, lay important possibilities for literature. If Hellenism served to broaden, Hebraism served to deepen the national consciousness of England. The inward drama of the spiritual life became more tragically earnest; its lyrical cries of hope and fear, of anguish and joy, became more poignant. God and the soul were the chief actors in the drama, but for the Puritan imagination a world of magic lay around the human soul—blessed angels,

demons of the pit, special interpretations of Providence, miraculous words of Scripture, preternatural voices echoing in the heart. In the introspective habit which scrutinized and searched the soul for intimations of loss or gain there were grave dangers; it might pass into a diseased fascination; but it might also be a great discipline; it might discover a world of marvellous phenomena hidden from those accustomed only to turn the eye outward on the world of action.

It comes to this—that the Puritan writer was the religious writer who "let himself go," and that the Anglican writer was the writer who was bound by the fetters of formalism. They might be beautiful fetters, chased and jewelled, but they were fetters all the same. The Puritan, in short, was to the Anglican very much what, in secular literature, the Romantics were to the Classicists; for the Romantics, too, the distinguishing note is the demand for a free untrammelled expression of emotion. And, of course, this habit of "letting oneself go" does not always lead to equally admirable results. It may undoubtedly lower the general standard of performance, and it certainly leads to the ridiculous more often than to its next door neighbour the sublime. But it does lead to the sublime now and then; and that, no doubt, is the secret of the fascination which Puritanism had for the religious writers who, like Milton and Bunyan, were capable of attaining to the sublime. At any rate, it is a high and interesting theme which has hardly received sufficient attention. And it is one well worthy of the careful attention here given to it by one of the few living critics who is adequately equipped for the task.

PRINTING IN ENGLAND.

A Short History of English Printing, 1476-1898. By Henry R. Plomer. Edited by Alfred Pollard. Vol. II. of "The English Bookman's Library." (Kegan Paul. 10s. 6d. n.)

We wish we could say all we had hoped to say of this book. We came to it with every desire to be pleased, but we put it down feeling that the "Bookman's" history of printing has yet to be written. The book is packed full of information, a good deal of which is new, but the grouping lacks perspective. In fact, "A History of British Printers and Records of their Books" would have been a far more correct title for this work. But dealing with it even as it stands, we think Mr. Plomer would have been better advised had he taken quite a third of his material and thrown it into two columns, one of printers' names, the other of the books they are known to have printed, with the dates. That is all the record that a great deal of the representative work of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries deserves. English printing, especially in the early and middle stages, is, generally, not a thing of which we have any reason to be proud. On the Continent the art reached perfection almost at once. In England it was often in the hands of third and fourth rate men who seldom rose above the mere artisan. Few of them were artists. To make, therefore, their history attractive is not an easy matter, and what little chance the author of this book had is nearly wrecked by the slovenly manner in which a good deal of it is written. One hardly expects to meet in a work of this kind such a sentence as this:—"In 1528, John Scolar, no doubt the same with the Oxford printer, is found at Abingdon" (p. 125). A rather irritating thing to the reader is the topsy-turvy use of the tenses throughout the greater part of the book. Thus:—"The Psalterium which he (Faques) printed in octavo was in a large well-cut English black letter. The statutes of Henry VII. are also in the same type." "His device *has* the double merit of beauty and originality. It *consisted* of two triangles."

The really great names illuminating the history of English printing are not many. Caxton, Pynson, Day, Baskerville, Foulis, Whittingham, Morris, and the best printers of our own day do not make a great number when all are told. In the pages of Mr. Plomer's book the work of these men is fairly and sympathetically dealt with. Interesting also are the all too brief surveys of the history of type-founding and the development of the printing press from the old hand machine to the "Walter" and the other wonderfully ingenious presses of to-day. It is in place of so much of the dreary material that fills the gaps between that we could have wished to see such things as the art of stereotyping and its kindred crafts, as well as the various causes which have led to the present minute subdivisions in the printing trade, dealt with. These are matters which, one would think, should be treated more or less fully in any "history" of printing. Mr. Pollard says in his preface that "in a sketch of a large subject there is no room for digressions." If the points indicated above are "digressions," then, in our opinion, this book would have been truer to its intent had it possessed more of them. It is often by means of the sidelights that the clearest conceptions of history are obtained. We will mention only one point—and that not touched upon in this book—the practice of printing at one place and publishing at another. As early as the middle of the sixteenth century the printer Griffith was printing books at de Worde's old place, "The Falcon," in Fleet-street, and selling them by Pynson's old shop in St. Dunstan's Churchyard. But what led men in those early times "to buy their bookes in grosse of the said printers, to bynde them up and sell them in their shops"? The answer to that question supplies much of the material which must go to the making of a history of printing; besides which it gives scope for the introduction of just that amount of the personal element which attracts the student and interests the bookman, and without which history cannot nowadays be written with success.

"AN ENEMY OF THE PEOPLE."

Mr. Belfort Bax has set himself the congenial task of whitewashing Jean Paul Marat, the People's Friend (Richards, 10s. 6d.). And he would be more successful than he is but for two errors of judgment. He has had authentic portraits of his hero reproduced, and one does not need to be much of a physiognomist to read in every trait, in every line of face and figure, that which stamped Marat as an enemy of the human race. Open the book at the medallion frontispiece; look at the receding forehead, the bird-of-prey nose, the simian upper lip. In the portrait after Langlois observe the wild, fanatical eye, the loose cheeks, the cruel and sensual mouth. And remember that in both these portraits the sitter was on his guard, knew that he was being painted; in the medallion, has obviously assumed that pleasant expression inculcated on us at the photographer's. But turn now to the engraving of the head of Marat from David's picture painted some hours after the assassination. Here all disguises have fallen, the natural man is revealed, and the revelation is indescribably ignoble and repulsive. Mr. Bax's second mistake lies in his vilification of Charlotte Corday. All the soot which he has laboriously scraped from Marat he has smeared thick upon her, and in endeavouring to prove that she possessed every characteristic of the criminal class he discredits not her, but his own judgment, his own love of fair play. Was it not possible to plead such extenuating circumstances as he could find in Marat's favour without blackening a woman who, however mistaken in her methods, was at least actuated by altruistic motives which mankind commonly regard as noble? Mr. Bax draws a contrast between this popular estimation of Charlotte Corday and the execration given to the assassin of a Carnot, of an Empress Elizabeth, and he can so far blind himself to truth as to see the reason for this in the fact that the former assassinated a man of the people, and is, therefore, praised by the rich and mighty, who, it would seem, according to him, are the sole makers of public opinion; while the others, who assassinated members of the ruling classes, are in consequence hounded out of life.

But if we leave aside Mr. Belfort Bax's treatment of Charlotte Corday, we have only praise to give the book. It is well constructed, well written, and the style is interest-

ing and vivid. It has told us more of Marat than we knew before, and has corrected our impressions in many respects. In the vitriolic glimpses given by Carlyle we see now that the Sage showed less than his usual sagacity. Whatever Marat's exact position may have been in the Comte d'Artois' household—the salary of only £80 a year does not seem to indicate that it was a very important post—at least he was no mere "dogleech" or "horseleech," but a properly diploma'd doctor of medicine, with an authentic degree bestowed upon him by the University of St. Andrews in 1775, the certificate of which Mr. Bax gives *in extenso*. Few people probably know that Marat practised as a doctor in London during twelve years (1765-77), living in Church-street, Soho, which was the Harley-street of the day; writing in idiomatic English philosophic essays on Man and the Soul; mixing in literary, scientific, and artistic society; an occasional guest at the house of Angelica Kaufmann in Golden-square, for which lady, indeed, he is suspected of having had a *tendresse*. Pity it was that he ever abandoned those respectable Soho tea-tables to accept the offer in 1777, made through what interest is not clear, of that fateful post, the precise nature of which remains obscure, in the household of Louis XVI.'s brother. For in the wild turbulence of French minds at that moment, his own latent potentialities for evil found their requisite *nidus*.

Marat has many points of resemblance with Rousseau, such as his inflated opinion of his own youthful virtue:—

> My moral sense was already developed at the age of eight. Even then, I could not bear to behold ill-treatment practised upon another; the sight of cruelty filled me with indignation, and an injustice always made my blood boil with a feeling as of personal outrage.

This gives food for thought when one remembers that it was he who first suggested the iniquitous law of "suspects," and whose remedy for the cleansing of France in 1790 was to erect 800 gibbets in convenient rows, "and proceed to hoisting—Riquetti on the first of them." Marat, likewise, shared with Rousseau a love of study and of solitude, as well as a maniacally suspicious nature. But, whereas Rousseau suspected every friend he possessed of being an enemy in disguise, Marat suspected humanity *en bloc* of being the enemy of the Republic, of the people. Rousseau's mental twist led him over and over again into the blackest ingratitude; to gratify his, Marat was ready to submerge his country in seas of his countrymen's blood.

During four years (1789-93) France trembled beneath the fanatical violence of his pen. Then a daughter of the people rose—a woman who could say, "I was a Republican before the Revolution; I never wanted energy"; and she, to adapt Marat's own words to his exterminator, while abhorring the shedding of blood, nevertheless brought herself to the sacrifice of a few ignoble drops to prevent its being made to flow in streams.

RECENT BOOKS ON PHILOSOPHY.

The Work of Professor Grote.

The second part of John Grote's EXPLORATIO PHILOSOPHICA (Cambridge University Press, 9s.) appears under remarkable circumstances. Grote, who was Professor of Moral Philosophy at Cambridge, published the first part of the "Exploratio" in 1865, and announced that the second part would shortly follow. His projects were unhappily cut short by his death the next year at the age of 51. His literary executor, Mr. J. B. Mayor, the editor of the present volume, found a great mass of Grote's MSS. on his hands, and from them published an "Examination of the Utilitarian Philosophy" in 1870 and "Moral Ideals" in 1876. These works attracted but little notice, and Mr. Mayor was long discouraged from attempting anything further. There have, however, always been a certain number of students at Oxford who have recognized the value of Grote's work, and two years ago they made a strong appeal to Mr. Mayor to publish so much of the second part of the "Exploratio" as could be collected from the manuscripts in his hands. We now have the result, and it makes us feel grateful for the zeal of those who have rescued so much good work from oblivion.

At the time when Grote lived and thought, the aspect of English philosophy was very different from what it is now. The tyranny of utilitarianism and sensationalism was strong in the land. Hence it comes to pass that a great part of the "Exploratio" is devoted to criticism of Locke, Hume, Comte, Mill, and Mr. Herbert Spencer. The first part, however, is the more critical; in the second we have, fortunately, a more direct exposition of the writer's own views. There can be no doubt that Grote's fame and influence have suffered severely from his excess of criticism. He remains a standing example to those who carry a method which is admirable for the lecture room into the very different medium of the printed treatise. But, method apart, what he had to say was admirable. His philosophic faith was an idealism of the best kind; an idealism springing not from emotional feeling or impatience at the limitations of fact, but from the careful and profound study of fact. His burden of objection to sensationalism is that it neglects fact and is self-contradictory. Perhaps the best paper in the present volume is that on the Right and Duty of Private Judgment. Grote the philosopher is there arguing against Grote the historian, who in his comments on Plato's "Protagoras" had insisted that, as what an individual thinks true is true for him, and as truth is an important and valuable possession, the individual has the utmost right not to be deprived of it. Against this individualism, this assertion of the *rights* of private judgment, John Grote lays stress on its *duties*. Truth, he urges, has no meaning except as implying an objective system independent of individuals. Each individual has a solemn duty to use his own judgment just because he is himself an organ of the objective system. George Grote's individualism, he points out, leads to the worst kind of authority, the tyranny of numbers. For, if the opinions of A, B, C, and D are each severally truth for them, then the only objective truth is the opinion of the majority. Such thoughts are well worth attention in a democratic age. Besides their contribution to thought these papers reveal to us a most interesting personality, direct, devoted to truth, utterly free from affectation or any slavish adherence to formulæ. Very likely it was this personal quality as much as anything else that made the "Exploratio" a favourite with Lewis Nettleship, who loved most the philosophy that reveals character.

Leibniz.

Mr. Bertrand Russell's CRITICAL EXPOSITION OF THE PHILOSOPHY OF LEIBNIZ (Cambridge University Press, 7s. 6d. n.) is an important contribution, by one of the ablest of the rising generation of philosophic writers, to the study of a thinker who is now attracting an increased share of attention. In 1893 the late Professor Wallace wrote:—"Of the greater pre-Kantian thinkers Leibniz has received less than his fair share of research." This could hardly be said now. For this task of exposition Mr. Russell is well equipped. It was Locke who set the problem of philosophy in the form in which we are still bus upon it. To the modern thinkers of the elder lineage, Descartes, Spinoza, and Leibniz, philosophy was interfused with mathematics and natural science. Their interpretation consequently requires a mathematical and scientific training which few philosophers of the present day can claim, but which Mr. Russell possesses in ample measure. His book invites comparison with Professor Latta's introduction to his admirable translation of the "Monadology." The difference is that Mr. Russell is more severely critical. He is more concerned to exhibit Leibniz's thought as rigorously deducible from a few premisses than to treat it as organically growing from a primary mental nucleus. The result is a sacrifice of literary form and a failure to be fully convincing. Mr. Russell does not succeed in persuading us that the starting-point of Leibniz's philosophy was the analysis of propositions rather than the problem of physical substance. The exposition, too, is influenced by some views of the author's which are not generally accepted—for example, his doctrine of absolute position in space. Nevertheless, he has

produced a valuable piece of work, indispensable for all students of a thinker who is in harmony with some of the most promising tendencies in modern speculation. Such students should also note the new edition of M. Paul Janet's PHILOSOPHICAL WORKS OF LEIBNIZ, originally published in 1866, which the author revised and enlarged just before his death in November, 1899. It has been edited, with a bibliography, by M. Boirac, Rector of the Grenoble Academy. The new edition, which is sold at 20f., practically renders needless the expense of the bulky seven volumes of Gerhardt, from which, indeed, M. Janet has borrowed essential documents, such as the philosophical portions of the letters which passed between Leibniz and Pere des Bosses.

James Martineau.

It does not seem long since the papers announced the death of Dr. James Martineau, full of years and honours; and already we have before us Mr. A. W. Jackson's JAMES MARTINEAU: A BIOGRAPHY AND STUDY (Longmans, 12s. 6d.). The authoritative biography of the great Unitarian is being prepared by his intimate friends and successors at Manchester College, Dr. James Drummond and Mr. C. B. Upton. Meantime Mr. Jackson's work gives us a tolerable presentment of his life and thought. Mr. Jackson is an American who only knew Dr. Martineau towards the close of his life, and thus the volume lacks the personal touches of long intimacy. Nevertheless, he tells nearly as much as the general public will care to know about the externals of a life spent in the quiet activities of the clergyman and the thinker. The larger half of the book is devoted to an exposition of Martineau's views as a religious teacher and philosopher; an elaborate discussion of the ethical philosophy was omitted as unduly enlarging the volume. With this exposition our complaint is not that it is inaccurate or obscure, but that it is superfluous just because it is too faithful. Nothing can exceed the vigour and finish of Martineau's own statement of his views; we do not want them restated by another hand. What we want and what Mr. Jackson does not give us is an estimate of Martineau's position in the development of religious thought; his debt to the older and his influence on the younger generation. Our own impression of Martineau's religious philosophy is that he made a great advance and finally lifted the subject from the arid plain of Deism; but that he left much for younger minds to do both in clearing up his own position and advancing to a better one.

The Rev. Wilfrid Richmond in his ESSAY ON PERSONALITY AS A PHILOSOPHICAL PRINCIPLE (E. Arnold, 10s. 6d.) has really written a dissertation on human fellowship or communion. He has entitled it Personality because he "wishes to claim as the due of the social fellowship capacities which are usually treated as prerogatives of the individual." His intention is to attack the individualism, against which he protests, in "its own citadel, the conception of the individual personal being." His main definition is that "personality in the individual is the capacity for society, fellowship, communion." The difficulty about such a view is that if you reduce everything to sociality, what are the units which are associated? It is like T. H. Green's reduction of reality to a network of relations with no points of attachment for the network. Still, Mr. Richmond's treatment is interesting, and what he says about the primacy of love is true, though onesided. The methodical exposition and fervour of the work deserve a word of praise.

The expectation which Professor Otto Pfleiderer's name awakens is not altogether fulfilled by his volume of essays EVOLUTION AND THEOLOGY, edited by Orello Cone (A. and C. Black, 6s. n.). They are marked by learning and good sense, but do not impress one as strikingly original. Their standpoint is that very liberal Lutheran Protestantism of which Professor Pfleiderer is so well-known an exponent. The first essay, which gives the volume its title, is an argument in favour of the application of modern scientific method to theology; the last, "Free from Rome," is a word of encouragement to those Austrian Germans who combine a growing dislike to the religious domination of Rome with that patriotic resistance to the encroachments of Slavism which is typified by Herren Wolf and Schoenerer. The range of the author's arguments lies between these extremes. To him a pure and rational religious faith is closely connected with the development of national greatness and character.

Professor Ernest Haeckel occupies in Germany a position somewhat analogous to that of the late Professor Huxley in England. There is the same scientific eminence, the same gift of popular exposition, the same dabbling in philosophy, the same hostility to dogma. But, while Professor Haeckel is quite the peer of Huxley in science, in literature and philosophy he is far inferior. Huxley was not a great philosopher; Professor Haeckel is a very bad one, and we see him at his worst in THE RIDDLE OF THE UNIVERSE AT THE CLOSE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY, translated by J. McCabe (Watts, 6s. n.). His solution of the "Riddle" is a violent, uncritical, atheistic materialism which he dignifies with the name of monism. The book appeals to popular taste because it is forcible and easy to follow. But so far from explaining the facts of mind the author has not got to the point of seeing that they need explanation.

Dr. Ferris Greenslet's JOSEPH GLANVILL: A STUDY IN ENGLISH THOUGHT AND LETTERS OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY (Macmillan, 6s. n.) is devoted to reviving the memory of a worthy who is now nearly forgotten, or remembered only for what is least to his credit. Amateurs of the occult know of Glanvill as the author of "Sadducismus Triumphatus," which attempted to prove, first, the possibility, secondly, the real existence of witches and apparitions. But he has really much more solid claims to remembrance. He was rector of Bath, a Fellow of the Royal Society, a friend of the Cambridge Platonists, and an energetic Broad Churchman. In his scholarly monograph Dr. Greenslet shows that, while the "Sadducismus" is a curiosity, Glanvill's other numerous writings offer solid instruction to the student interested in the development of philosophic and religious thought in England.

Mr. C. F. Dole's THEOLOGY OF CIVILISATION (Allenson, 4s. 6d. n.) is an attempt to formulate a faith which will satisfy the needs of modern civilization. Theology he explains to mean the basis of thought on which religion rests. The tone of the book is generously enthusiastic and hopeful. It inculcates Christian morals without Christian dogma. But the philosophic substructure is open to serious question. His conception of personality, for example, seems to merge man into the infinity of God.

Father Michael Maher, of Stonyhurst, is to be congratulated on the fourth edition of his PSYCHOLOGY: EMPIRICAL AND RATIONAL (Longmans, 6s. 6d.). The work has thoroughly earned its place as a standard text-book in Roman Catholic academies, and now appears with considerable additions and improvements. Naturally, its standpoint is scholastic; but it by no means neglects the light of later days.

OTHER NEW BOOKS.

Africa.

We have already had the memoirs of the first Premier of Cape Colony, and now the first Premier of Natal gives us his reminiscences, of which a large part appeared in the *Cornhill*, in A LIFE TIME IN SOUTH AFRICA, by the Hon. Sir John Robinson (Smith, Elder, 10s. 6d.). Sir John Robinson emigrated to Natal with his family in the middle of the century, when he was a mere child, and the story of his life there is extremely interesting. He began his life-long journalistic career in his teens, when his father started the *Natal Mercury* as a little weekly sheet in 1852. There was no money available for the payment of anything but printing, and the lad combined the functions of reporter, proof corrector, accountant, and collector. Meanwhile he educated himself with the help of the scanty collections of books that he was able to import from England, the first of them containing Alison, Prescott, Bancroft, Shakespeare, Longfellow, and Byron. As the colony grew, so did the paper, until it became the great daily of the present time. At an early stage

Sir John Robinson turned his attention, like so many journalists, to politics, and became a member of the Legislative Council, then in the second session of its existence; he had already enlarged his experiences by a year's tour in Europe. Natal was then a new country, with all its future to be made and shaped, and Robinson's political life was devoted to three ideals:—Railway extension, responsible government, and South African union. The first two have been realized. In one of his chapters Sir John Robinson traces the development of the Natal railway system from the laying of the first local line in Durban, forty years ago, to the day when it fell to his lot, as Prime Minister of the Colony, to take a leading part in the final connexion of the Natal system with that of the Transvaal. In another he traces the growth of the political system of Natal from that of the original Crown Colony, through the epoch-making administration of Sir Garnet Wolseley, to the day—the proudest of his life—when in 1893 he became the first Premier of the self-governing colony of Natal. All this, as well as the very entertaining and instructive account of the early settlers' life in Natal, will be read with interest; but just now the most important chapters in Sir John Robinson's book are those which contain his views on the causes of the war, the possibilities of a permanent settlement, and the future outlook in South Africa. Here we can only indicate their drift. Sir John Robinson traces the origin of the war from six causes:—"Boer dislike to and distrust of the Englishman. Hollander influence. The workings of the Afrikander Bond. Boer delusions after Majuba. The fruits of gold discovery. The Jameson Raid." On all these heads he has much of value to tell us. He then goes on to remind us that all these remote causes were set aside by the Boer Ultimatum to which they led up. As he sensibly puts it, "If a man suddenly knocks you down, you do not pause to ask him why he has done so before you resort to self-defence." Next he considers the outlook. The future of South Africa he still holds to be governed by a threefold condition. "Namely, that no one man should be dominant in South Africa; that no one State should be dominant in South Africa; and that there should be no subordination of the destinies of South Africa to speculative or sordid interests." Sir John Robinson looks for the speedy inauguration of some system of federation of all the South African colonies, new and old, as a primary condition of peace and prosperity; and he writes very wisely and magnanimously on the supreme importance of adopting a policy of sane and broad-minded conciliation towards the great body of the Boers.

Shadows of the War, by Mrs. Bagot (Arnold, 10s. 6d.), is a war book which should be read even by those who have only time to read a few of the war books. It not only tells us what the war was like from the point of view of a hospital nurse, but it actually draws the pictures so that we see them. There are hospital stories both humorous and pathetic; and there is also the most vivid account that we have read of the condition of Bloemfontein when Lord Roberts descended upon it, and found it destitute of supplies. Mrs. Bagot realized the destitution by going shopping. She could have bought hats or babies' boots, but what she wanted to buy was jelly powders:—

> I was only shown a series of empty shelves and cupboards. At last some one told me in strict confidence that there really was one shop where a few groceries remained to which I went. It was locked and the shutters were up. After banging at the door for a while, it was stealthily opened, and I slipped in, and the door was again quickly bolted. Inside a few soldiers were hurriedly buying some stores, for actually there were a few foodstuffs and groceries on the shelves.
>
> "Have you anything I could make jelly of?" I asked for the twentieth time that morning. The man shook his head. "There is no such thing in the town, I am afraid." Sadly I turned away, so sadly, perhaps, that the man called me back. "My wife has just a few jelly powders left," he said, "I believe she would spare them." He was right—the kind-hearted woman gave up her own little store in a most generous manner to a perfect stranger.

Mrs. Bagot's account of the epidemic of enteric is also the most vivid of the many that we have read. She tells us just those details that make us realize the horror of the position, and she leaves out nothing that is essential.

Among the countless books more or less bearing on the war is one in which the Rev. Adrian Hofmeyr relates The Story of My Captivity (Arnold, 6s.). Mr. Hofmeyr is a cousin, we believe, of the famous leader of the Afrikander Bond, but he is strong on the British side. Before the war broke out he made many speeches to that effect, and after the delivery of the Ultimatum he was taken prisoner by a commando of Boers who treated their prisoner in a way that has made him more anti-Boer than ever. He uses language of considerable strength when he speaks of his captors, and abuses the Boers in general in a fashion that is all the more amusing for the slight unfamiliarity with English which it betrays. Mr. Hofmeyr was ultimately sent to Pretoria where he shared the captivity of the English officers, to whom he dedicates his book. The best thing in it is the warm testimony that it pays to their qualities. "The British officer," says Mr. Hofmeyr, "is a gentleman, and a fine one withal. His self-restraint, his resourcefulness, his, in many cases, splendid intellectual development, his invariable courtesy, his kindness, his courage, have taught me honestly and fervently to admire him." We, at home, do not need this witness, but, in face of the calumnies that get into the foreign Press, it is welcome as coming from a Dutch Afrikander.

Kruger's Secret Service, by One who was in It (Macqueen, 3s. 6d.), tells many sensational stories, including a story of a plot, in which Dr. Leyds is implicated, to poison Mr. Rhodes in Matabeleland, and another story of another plot, in which many eminent South African loyalists are implicated, to blow up Dr. Leyds with a bombshell. It is obviously impossible to disprove these stories, but the fact that the author who makes himself responsible for them prefers to remain anonymous does not make it any the easier to accept them. His accuracy, indeed, sometimes breaks down in little matters where it can be tested. He speaks of Lord Rosmead as Lord Rosemead, and in a passage in which he boasts of his skill as a pugilist speaks of the "undercut," when he obviously means the "upper cut."

A fairly entertaining book has been written by Miss Beatrice M. Hicks on The Cape as I Found It (Stock, 5s.). Miss Hicks lived for some years as a governess in various farms in Cape Colony, and gives a lively and no doubt faithful picture of English and Boer life in the years before the war. It is pleasantly written and full of picturesque detail.

The Pacific Slope.

It is the lot of most books of travel to satisfy, at the very best, those who have never been in the countries with which such books are concerned. In Life and Sport on the Pacific Slope (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.) Mr. H. A. Vachell has succeeded in a vivid and comprehensive sketch of the genius of the West, and has attained two ends which are both equally desirable. The book will fill out the memories of those who love the wonders of the "Slope," and flagellates the baser sort of Californian. Mr. Vachell is a novelist and an acute observer, as those who recollect "The Procession of Life" will know, and his analysis of Western types, from the men of the Sierras to the Anglo-Franco-Californians, has all the value of real psychology. California, as he knows it—and he obviously knows it very well indeed—is a country which combines alien and opposite populations in a sort of mechanical mixture which has no parallel on earth. The ancient and rapidly disappearing Spanish element exists cheek by jowl, and yet without any real contact, with a gross-mannered, money-making section that resembles the worst element of the Rand, and with another exclusive set that aims at living somewhat after the fashion of English county society. It is still a country in the making, and its future is evidently a matter of pained, yet hopeful, speculation to Mr. Vachell. What kind of a man the young Californian native will be the next generation must show. At the present time the sons of rich men are almost entirely without any true

promise of manhood, and have a kind of mental likeness to half-castes. They resemble the Spaniards, who were, after all, akin to the soil, in their aversion for labour, and they possess the faults of their fathers, without any of the sterner virtues which characterized the pioneers. It is a curious fact that the imported Englishman is as much a failure as the native growth, and Mr. Vachell's estimate of the outcast, hopeful yet hopeless, Briton has much melancholy interest.' One point which is of strong political and international importance the writer is, rightly, thoroughly convinced of. The imaginary bond of brotherhood between England and America is, indeed, imaginary in the West, where the whole feeling about England is, at the very best, latently hostile. And if this hostility is tinged with contempt, it is largely due to the English fools of their families who never succeed at anything they undertake. Mr. Vachell adds a few chapters on sport which are written in the right spirit. But we should like to know how he has been able to settle the vexed question of the "silvertip," which he declares to be the offspring of the true grizzly and the cinnamon.

Military.

The publication of such a book as Colonel Denison's SOLDIERING IN CANADA (Macmillan, 8s. 6d. n.) could hardly have come at a better time than when England is so much interested in war and in the daughter nations which have ranked themselves with her. It is not too much to say that the book is in some ways as remarkable as it is interesting. For Colonel Denison, who is not a professional but a natural soldier, has much to say, directly and by implication, which is of vast interest to the whole English race at the present hour. He, indeed, unconsciously suggests that part of the reluctance at least, that was at one time visible in Canada, to the Dominion lending help to the army in South Africa was due to a natural and well-founded distrust of professional army methods. Only those who are unacquainted with Canadian history, which is much more a military history than most Englishmen are aware of, will feel surprised at this. Colonel Denison's remarks on the retreat of Sir George Prevost from Plattsburg are well justified, and the success of Brock with raw levies of Canadian militia emphasizes the failure of an English general in command of an army of sixteen thousand Peninsular veterans. Indeed, the whole book, which is a very plain tale indeed, is continually suggestive of professional military arrogance and ineptitude, as well as of that want of tact with the "colonials," which has again and again repeated itself in Natal during the past year. There will, of course, be a tendency among professional soldiers of the old type to ignore anything that the author says, but it should not be forgotten that Colonel Denison, the author of "Modern Cavalry," also won the prize given by the late Tsar for the best history of cavalry, although he is technically a civilian. There is much in the earlier part of the book about the United Empire Loyalists, that body which took its rise in the noble band of devoted men who clung to the British flag during the American rebellion, and lost everything they possessed by doing so. It is curious to consider that the Imperialist idea practically took its rise in a colony, and did so at a time when it seemed to Englishmen that their Empire was at an end. Colonel Denison gives very interesting accounts of the Fenian Raid and of Riel's Rebellion; but the book is really interesting from the beginning to the end, and might be read with the greatest advantage by all young officers.

A translation, by Mr. H. Havelock, of Colonel Epauchin's OPERATIONS OF GENERAL GURKO'S ADVANCE GUARD IN 1877 (Kegan Paul, 10s. 6d.) is added to the Wolseley series. It is the story of a fine piece of cavalry work, for the force in question seized the Balkan passes, destroyed two lines of railway, and penetrated to within a few marches of Adrianople before other events elsewhere made its further progress impossible. It is a story, too, which anticipated a moral re-drawn quite recently from certain incidents in the cavalry raid of General French. The waste of horses was terrible, and, in Colonel Epauchin's opinion, might have been avoided. "The want of practice in the making of lengthy expeditions in large bodies in peace time led to the result that no practical method had been evolved for maintaining the vigour of the horses during a long spell of work." And, again, "At that time there were still many cavalry leaders who had not yet realized that only a properly fed horse can bear the brunt of active service." There may be cavalry leaders still who fail to realize that it is only less important to be a good horse-master than to be a good horseman. One hopes that they may assimilate the identical teachings of their own experience and Colonel Epauchin's monograph. On the other hand those experts who grumbled at Lord Roberts' long delay at Bloemfontein, and the number of reservists required there, may ponder Colonel Epauchin's statement that "this ceaseless and strenuous activity of our horses so undermined their powers that when they got back to Thenovo, greatly diminished in numbers, they were quite unfit for service for the time, and did not recover till they had rested a whole month and been reinforced to full strength from Russia."

Instinct and Intelligence.

Mr. C. Lloyd Morgan's ANIMAL BEHAVIOUR (Arnold, 10s. 6d.) is an outcome of his former book on "Animal Life and Intelligence." It was said of a great metaphysician that he gave one the impression of always being on the point of making a discovery. Mr. Lloyd Morgan is a psychologist, and so far as his book is psychological he gives one that impression until one becomes aware that one is not really getting more than scientific definitions, beyond which lies a country which we have not and probably cannot explore. We find, for instance, that the congenital tendency of chicks to peck at objects which they see may be modified by new situations. But we cannot explain it, nor do we gain much by clothing our ignorance in scientific language:—

> All we can say is that connexions seem to be in some way established between the centres of conscious control and the centres of congenital response; and that through these channels the responsive behaviour may be either checked or augmented (as a whole or in part) according to the tone, disagreeable or pleasant, that suffuses the situation.

It is impossible to shake off a sense of aridity in studying Mr. Lloyd Morgan's copious philosophical analysis. At the same time his researches have much value not only for the abundance of evidence which he groups together, but for his careful sifting of it. He deals exhaustively, for instance, with the evidence for an apparent rise in the cases of some animals from the intelligent to the rational, and finds that stories of great apparent ingenuity resolve themselves not into any proof of a reasoned-out plan of action but only of a power to profit by a series of experiments. He also throws considerable light on the nature of animal consciousness. It is curious, perhaps, that he does not touch the difficult questions of migration and of what is known as the homing instinct. A capital account is given of the behaviour of Paramœcia under the microscope, and in all his descriptive passages Mr. Lloyd Morgan is an extremely lucid and interesting writer.

Captain Mayne Reid.

CAPTAIN MAYNE REID, HIS LIFE AND ADVENTURES, by Mrs. Mayne Reid (Greening, 3s. 6d.), is an indifferent book on an interesting subject. It would probably have found more readers ten years ago than it is likely to find now, but it was quite right that we should have an authentic biography of the only writer of adventure stories for boys who came near to being a man of letters. Captain Mayne Reid's early vicissitudes were many and various. He was intended for the Church and was actually sent to a college to be prepared for the Presbyterian ministry, but preferred to emigrate. Before he found his true vocation, he was, among other things, a slave-driver, a shop assistant, a private schoolmaster, an actor, and a soldier. After he had found his true vocation, he wanted to leave it in order to become a revolutionist in the society of Kossuth, but, fortunately, or unfortunately, the revolution had come to an end before he had finished organizing an expeditionary corps to take part in it. The rest of the story of his life is mainly taken up with an account of the writing of his books, which enjoyed an

enormous sale. The Society of Authors may be interested in the fact that, though some of his works attained a circulation of more than a million copies, his income never exceeded £2,000 a year, and he died a comparatively poor man.

The Land of Home Rule.

Less than twelve months ago we reviewed Mr. Callow's "From King Orry to Queen Victoria," and now we have A History of the Isle of Man, by A. W. Moore, M.A., Speaker of the House of Keys (Fisher Unwin, two vols., 32s.). This is certainly the most important book on the subject since Sir Spencer Walpole's "Land of Home Rule." Mr. Moore has had the advantage of consulting the family papers of the Earls of Derby, who were so long Lords of Man, as well as the archives of the island, and has been enabled to produce the fullest and most authoritative, as well as the most comprehensive, history that has yet been published. Mr. Moore lays especial stress upon the modern story of the curious little land which, although smaller than any English county, with the exception of Rutland, yet possesses much of the interest of a separate *Imperium*. Successively Scandinavian, Irish, and Scotch, before it became a fief of the English Crown, Mona retains to this day its own laws and customs, Parliament and judicature. Long ago it conceded female suffrage, and its Governor is still, in theory at all events, an autocrat. That seventh Earl of Derby, whose Countess, Charlotte de la Tremouille, made so stout a defence of Lathom-house, was, in his island sovereignty, "the great Stanley." He was, indeed, until the fight at Worcester, which resulted in his execution, the most notable of its rulers, and he, and his son after him, had their own rebellious people to deal with, also with ultimate resort to the scaffold. It was, however, under the Dukes of Atholl, who succeeded through females, that the island had its most romantic time. It then became a centre of smuggling, for which, lying close to the shores of all three kingdoms, it was admirably placed. But there is no romance about Chancellors of the Exchequer. The British Government objected vehemently to the smuggling, and the Atholls were bought out at a stupendous price, which, however, events have justified. Mr. Moore has not confined himself to writing a mere political account of the Isle of Man, but has devoted a good deal of space to an account of the social and economic condition of the little "kingdom." He gives an excellent view of its trade, revenue, and taxation, and the chapters in which he describes recent progress and legislation render it, along with Sir Spencer Walpole's treatise, an indispensable book of reference to those who take a serious interest in the subject. There was a time when the cheapness of living in the island made it a very agreeable refuge for retired officers and other persons of fixed limited incomes; and Mr. Moore bewails that they have been driven away by the rise in prices which has followed the invasion of tourists and cheap trippers. The consequence is the creation of a temporarily-employed class who minister to the wants of visitors in the "season," and, at other times, create a new problem in the way of pauperism as distinct from poverty. Yet, on the whole, the community is prosperous.

International Law.

International Law, by F. E. Smith (Dent's Temple Cyclopædic Primers, 1s. n.), is a book that would have made Grotius, Bynkershoek, and Vattel stare and gasp. To find compressed within the limits of less than two hundred pages the subject for which they required substantial folios would indeed have given them cause for wonder. But we have long passed the folio stage of existence, and a book, even on a technical subject, must, if the writer expects it to be read, not be too long. Mr. Smith's book certainly does not err in this direction. It is the smallest book on International Law we have seen, but, while small and only professing to offer an outline of the subject, it is an admirable piece of work, forming an excellent introduction to a difficult but, at the same time, highly interesting department of law, and to the larger treatises such as the classic volume of the late Mr. Hall. Brief but very clear explanations are given of the terms "spheres of influence" and "leasehold interests," of which we have heard a good deal of late. As regards the latter term, Mr. Smith caustically observes that "if a European country obtains a lease from China, fortifies its acquisition, and undertakes responsibility within its limits, no devices of nomenclature can disguise the change which has been covertly effected." The subject of naturalization is also very clearly treated, although, perhaps, a line might have been spared to explain the difference between a certificate of naturalization and letters of denization. In the section on Consuls, too, it might have been pointed out that they, like Ambassadors—Mr. Smith mentions the case of Lord Sackville in 1888—are liable to be dismissed by the State to which they are accredited for acts which that State may conceive to be an interference in its political affairs. We have noted a few errors of the press, such as the reference to a case on page 136, which is given as "2. Hunslet and Cott," instead of "2. Hurlstone and Coltman"—a series of reports familiar to every lawyer; and at page 161 attention is directed to a judgment of "Lord Justice Brown" where Lord Justice Bowen is meant. These, however, are small matters. The primer is furnished with a portrait of Lord Stowell, a great authority on International Law; it is also provided with a fairly full Table of Contents, but we do not consider that this atones for the want of an index.

Belgium.

Mr. Carlyle Smythe says that when he wanted to read "a compendious history of Belgium," he found that "there was nothing in English and nothing really very good in French." Therefore, he has written The Story of Belgium (Hutchinson, 6s.), which is certainly compendious, but is otherwise only moderately good. He seems to have got up the facts without really acquiring very intimate knowledge of the subject; and, though his style is fluent, he has a way of pouring out words without stopping to consider what they mean. Thus he tells us, in the same sentence, that Philip of Spain "disapproved of Alba's method" of pacifying the Netherlands, and that he probably did not know what Alba was doing; and whereas, in an eloquent peroration, he speaks of modern Belgium as a "highly cultured kingdom," he tells us elsewhere that "only about 60 per cent. of the population can read and write," and that, "according to the militia examinations of 1882, more than three-fourths of the candidates could not name a famous Belgian and state his claims to remembrance, whilst more than 91 per cent. could not adduce a single fact relative to the Spanish occupation of the Low Countries." What, then, does Mr. Carlyle Smythe mean by culture? And whom does he expect to believe his statement that the Belgians are so much like the French that "only an expert could tell them apart." As a matter of fact, the Belgians only resemble the French in their turn for good cooking. On the other hand, they speak the French language with an accent that you can cut with a knife, they show an indifference to literature which makes a Frenchman shudder, they are very far from being what the French are—among the most sober people in Europe—and their manners, at least compared with those of the French, are the manners of outer barbarians. Nor is Mr. Carlyle Smythe's account of contemporary Belgian men of letters adequate. It mentions neither Verhaeren nor J. K. Huysmanns. But an interesting point is made in connexion with Maeterlinck's trick of repeating phrases—a signal evidence, according to some of his critics, of his marvellous, if mysterious, originality in art.

> It is (writes Mr. Carlyle Smythe) nothing more or less than the most conspicuous local note in the dramatist's work. Maurice Maeterlinck is of the soil, Flemish; and a most noticeable habit of the Flemish peasant, whose intellect is only suited to a slow gait, is to repeat epithets, verbs, and even phrases, while his mind is pursuing the train of thought. Maeterlinck has merely seized that characteristic of his compatriots, and given it a poetical setting in the literature of his native land.

The book must be welcomed as filling a gap; but it is a pity the work was not better done.

John Barbour.

The Scottish writer who took up the cudgels for his native heath against Dr. Johnson was not more valiant than his fellow countryman, Mr. George Neilson, who, in JOHN BARBOUR: POET AND TRANSLATOR (Kegan Paul, 1s. 6d. n.), reprinted from the "Transactions of the Philological Society," appears as the champion of the old Scotch poet of Chaucer's time. Mr. Neilson undertakes to prove that Barbour, who was undoubtedly the author of a poem called "The Brut" on the Scottish hero Bruce—one of the few modern poems, as readers of "Waverley" will remember, affected by the Baron of Bradwardine—also translated the Legenda Aurea, a poem from the French on Alexander, and fragments of Guido de Columpna's "Destruction of Troy." The arguments against Barbour's authorship of the Troy fragments and of the Legends (it is admitted that they are from a single hand), are based upon differences between these poems and "The Brut" in vocabulary, style, and rhyme. The case against "The Buik of Alexander" is stronger, as it is dated some years after Barbour's death. Mr. Neilson's method of defence is to quote parallel passages between the poems of doubtful authorship and "The Brut." These parallels, as he shows, are very striking, especially those between "The Brut" and "The Buik of Alexander." But although Mr. Neilson goes far towards convincing us that the author of the latter poem was Barbour, it is difficult to prove with certainty that it was not by a plagiarist of "The Brut."

The Gotham Tales.

In ALL ABOUT THE MERRY TALES OF GOTHAM (Nottingham, R. N. Pearson), Mr. Alfred Stapleton makes a lengthy and somewhat laborious attempt to summarize all the fancies and conjectures which surround this familiar collection of medieval jests. The ascertained facts are extremely few, and hardly extend beyond this, that the earliest written mention of the "fools of Gotham" is found in the Townley Manuscript of about the middle of the fifteenth century, and that the story of their absurdities was first printed a century later. The "Tales" are so obviously traditional, and smack so considerably of folk-lore, that it was hardly to be expected that anything should be known of their authorship. A less critical age was content to believe that they were the work of Andrew Borde, the sixteenth-century physician—chiefly, it would seem, because the initials "A. B." usually appeared on the title-page of the chap-book editions. Mr. Stapleton makes it clear enough that this is mere conjecture, and comes to the inevitable conclusion that the identity of the original compiler of the twenty tales is hopelessly lost. He is a good deal concerned to prove that they relate to the Nottinghamshire village of Gotham, and not, as has been suggested, to the neighbourhood of Pevensey, where there is, or was, a manorial house of the same name—a notion which perhaps originated in the circumstance that Andrew Borde left some property at Pevensey. Traditional stories of this character are always interesting, although we are bound to say that, as humour, those which are attributed to the "wise men of Gotham" are not especially brilliant. A little wit went a long way in the Middle Ages, as the very great popularity of the collection testifies. Mr. Stapleton throws little, if any, new light upon the origin of the traditions, although, in his anxiety to absolutely exhaust the subject, he beats out his material very thinly. It is, however, a handy compendium of all that is to be said on the matter, alike from the literary and the topographical point of view. But it could have been wished that its typography had left not quite so much to desire.

Leo Tolstoy.

THE SLAVERY OF OUR TIMES is the latest work of Tolstoy that has been published by The Free Age Press (1s.). It is translated from the Russian by Mr. Aylmer Maude, and will be interesting reading for those who wish to know the remedies which extremists like Tolstoy would apply to social and industrial ills. More than this we cannot say in these columns, which are no place for the discussion of such *dicta* as the following:—"Slavery results from laws, laws are made by Governments, and, therefore, people can only be freed from slavery by the abolition of Governments." And, again, "Legislation rests on organized violence." "Organized violence is government." One remark, however, we feel called upon to make. This word "violence," which we assume to be a correct translation of Tolstoy's Russian, is used all through the book for the coercive powers inherent in every free community for its own protection. Tolstoy always speaks of government as of a thing external to, and hostile to, the people who call it into existence. No Anglo-Saxon in any part of the world will accept that view of the matter. He knows perfectly well that it is he himself, and not the "violence" of others, that enforces his own laws.

The Cinque Ports.

Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer may be said to have succeeded in the object he put before him in writing THE CINQUE PORTS (Blackwood, £3 3s.)—viz., to produce a book "neither archæological nor topographical nor even archæologico-topographical," but "a piece of literature, pure and simple." He does not write a guide-book for the tourist, nor a careful historical study such as Mr. Burrows' volume in Longman's "Historic Towns Series," but attempts to revive and colour the old life of the ports, a task which he performs with knowledge and much literary skill. The value of this sumptuous volume, however, is due as much to Mr. William Hyde as to Mr. Hueffer. All lovers of fine artistic work must have followed sympathetically the artistic work of Mr. Hyde, but we have hardly seen any work from his brush so powerful in conception and in execution as these masterly representations of a most picturesque country. For subtlety of treatment and intimate knowledge both of sky, land, and sea, we should find it difficult to match these drawings in the whole range of English landscape work in monochrome. M

Hawking.

Various causes, particularly the decrease in the area of open land and the erroneous prejudice against hawking on the part of owners of grouse moors, militate in this country against the practice of this beautiful sport. But it is a pastime strong enough to support a literature, and following upon Mr. Harting's book republished a year and a half ago, and Mr. Michell's "Art and Practice of Hawking," published last spring, we have Major C. H. Fisher's REMINISCENCES OF A FALCONER (Nimmo, 10s. 6d.). If modern falconry can achieve the honour of "reminiscences" it is certainly not extinct. Major Fisher's tales are well told, and will be intensely interesting to the select company of genuine falconers. They are full of curious experiences, such as the contest between an old grouse-hawk and a curlew; the story of a falcon's courtship; and the disproof of a well-known proverb in the struggle between a falcon and a sparrow-hawk. There is little, if any, heron-hawking nowadays; rooks are as good a quarry as any, but the modern falconer is by no means fastidious in his choice, and Major Fisher seems to have no compunction about lark-hawking by merlins. We must warn Major Fisher's readers, by-the-by, that pages 49-55 in his book are identical in substance with pages 93-100—a hardly justifiable piece of bookmaking.

In the Grand Style.

> And ever arose the sounds, rising, falling, of that long strife, from near and graduating afar, until there was no atom but vibrated with uproar where thousands fought and died. . . . There died of Toltiah's warriors the stout Ez-Ra, the only survivor before the prowess of Izta's troops, and smitten by Amal fell Mazapilli and the valorous Aramath, governor of Bitsar, and Abbas of Surapa in Astra.

Thus speaks Mr. Bridgman Metchim in ATLANTIS, The Book of the Angels (Swan Sonnenschein, 10s. 6d. n.), a work such as we do not often see in these degenerate days. It is an imposing romance of the Pliocene epoch (unless we are mistaken), or at any rate of the time before the Flood. The author, or, as he prefers to call it, the interpreter, is also the illustrator. He also provides notes, appendices, and a blank verse prologue. He can neither draw nor write correctly, but in his illustrations and text alike there is a certain quality of bigness—of spaciousness—that produces its effect. In fine, his book is an antediluvian

master. But it is not without talent and imagination. There is something of Flaubert's intensity about his descriptions of war, and tortures, and barbaric horrors. Here and there may be found creditable patches of writing, very purple indeed, for Mr. Metchnikoff is never happy unless he is assisting at a holocaust. We hope that he rests satisfied with his final catastrophe.

From Japan.

SHADOWINGS (Sampson Low, 8s.6d.n.), by Mr. Lafcadio Hearn, Lecturer in English Literature in the Imperial University at Tokio, and author of "Exotics and Retrospectives" and other books on Japan, is a curious medley of material. Beginning with half-a-dozen weird and ghostly stories translated from old Japanese books, the author proceeds to pen three learned studies on *Sémi* (the cicada), Japanese Insect, or Female Names, and Old Japanese Songs. These three long dissertations, following immediately on the short and rather fragmentary tales, give an incredible air to the book, which is not lessened by the appearance, in the third and concluding portion of the volume, of seven short fantasies in an entirely different vein from anything that has gone before. But Japan is always interesting, and Mr. Hearn provides us at least with a new sensation in the earlier part of his book. His dreams proclaim a poetic mind. In youth he confesses to what Charles Lamb once called "a stud of nightmares"—and those of a quite exceptional terror and ferocity.

The Swiss Constitution.

GOVERNMENT IN SWITZERLAND, by John Martin Vincent (Macmillan Company, 5s. n.), is an American book, but it will probably find English readers, as there is no other satisfactory book on the subject in the English language. It would be a still more satisfactory book if the author's exhaustive theoretical knowledge of the Swiss Constitution were supplemented by a more practical experience of its working. One feels the need of this particularly in reading the chapter on the "Cantonal Judiciary." It is a melancholy fact that, in the poorer Swiss Cantons, the effectiveness of justice, and more particularly of criminal justice, suffers from the lack of pence. They have a lamentable habit of expelling misdemeanants instead of imprisoning them, because of the cost of keeping them in prison. There is no hint of the existence of such a state of things in Dr. Vincent's book; but it is a good and useful book all the same. The proper authorities have been consulted, and proper use has been made of them.

Infallible Identification.

The author of CLASSIFICATION AND USES OF FINGER-PRINTS, Mr. E. R. Henry, C.S.I. (Routledge, 2s.), has filled a high administrative police post in India, and with such brilliant success that when the Colonial Office was looking for the best man to organize a new police department for Johannesburg he was obviously the one man for the purpose. Therefore, he left to take up his new duties just as this work appeared. It is commonly believed that the Bertillon method of correlated measurements of the body—anthropometry—as employed in France, is an infallible and ideal system of human identification. Experts know better. Indeed, so far from this being the case, the Bertillon method is now thoroughly discredited, and it is safe to say that wherever in future the authorities establish a system of identification they will choose the finger-print method, to which attention was first called in modern times by Mr. Francis Galton, and with which Mr. Henry, having developed and systematized it, has achieved such remarkable results in India. The Bertillon system is complicated, and it leaves room for the personal error. Two ordinary police officials will often take two differing sets of measurements of the same man. By the finger-print method no such loophole for error occurs. The individual to be identified simply presses his finger or fingers upon a smooth surface thinly coated with printer's ink, and then presses or "rolls" them upon a sheet of paper. Then, from childhood to extreme old age, indeed, after death, until decay has destroyed the surface of the flesh, he is identifiable immediately and infallibly. For the ridges of a man's finger bulbs are as different from every other man's as his character is. Classification, which at first sight might seem so difficult, is, in fact, perfectly simple. All impressions are divisible into four types by Mr. Henry's system, according to the prevalence in them of "arches," "loops," "whorls," and "composites." "Arches," again, are subdivided into "arches" and "tented arches"; "loops" into "ulnar" and "radial"; "whorls" into single and double-cored, and so on. When by this means the new finger-print is found to correspond to one already in the collection, the two, if they are really from the same man, present such a multitude of identical markings that mistake is impossible.

The most extraordinary example of the infallibility of this method occurred in Mr. Henry's Indian experience as follows. The native manager of a tea-garden was found with his throat cut and his safe rifled. The police could not find a particle of evidence against anybody. An ex-servant, who had been recently released from prison, named Kangali Charan, had been seen in the neighbourhood, but there was nothing whatever to connect him with the crime. In the rifled safe, however, was found a cheap native calendar, upon the cover of which was a small, faint smudge. The microscope showed this to be mammalian blood. It was photographed, enormously enlarged, and discovered to be a passing touch of somebody's right thumb. In the Central Office of the Bengal Police was the thumb-print of Kangali Charan, and this was compared with the magnified lines of the smudge. Identification was instant, and the man was convicted and punished. The present writer has seen the blood-smudge—it is a small, faint dirty mark—and the two prints—their identity is wholly unmistakable.

Finally, finger-prints are of inestimable value not only in criminal cases, but in all cases involving identification, such as wills, contracts, passes, &c. The finger-print, in fact, is the signature of the illiterate native.

This little volume gives a full and precise illustrated account of the theory and practice of Mr. Henry's now accepted system of finger-print identification, and a study of its contents will enable any intelligent person to put it into operation.

Among the many books inspired by the story of the Naval Contingent and the 4·7 gun at Ladysmith we may reckon THE HANDY MAN AFLOAT AND ASHORE, by the Rev. G. Goodenough, R.N. (Unwin, 6s.). A Naval chaplain of long standing, who has taken a real interest in his work from the training ship to the sea-going squadron of battleships and cruisers, could hardly fail to produce something of interest on such a subject, and this book is so brightly written that it can well be recommended to those who wish to know more of the bluejacket than they can gather from the illustrated papers. The more we learn of him the more we find out how fine a fellow he is with all his failings, which, after all, are not so many, and would probably have been far worse had he stayed on land.

Some of the papers included in Mr. Sydney Hallifax's ANNALS OF A DOSS-HOUSE (George Allen, 2s. 6d.) have already appeared in the *Echo*; others are now printed for the first time. Possibly our readers may like to be informed that a doss-house is the alternative provided by private benevolence for the rigours of the casual ward. The thing being thus defined, they will know what to expect from Mr. Hallifax's short and simple annals. He has done well to publish them, and has not minced matters in the plain stories that he has to tell.

A word of welcome may be given to the papers which Mr. J. Ashby Sterry has collected under the title of THE BYSTANDER (Sands and Co., 5s.). Some of them have already appeared in various periodicals, where their light philosophy and cheerful humour must have contrasted pleasantly with more solid literary fare. But, just as one cannot dine entirely off hors d'œuvres, or savouries, so these little trifles are rather trying when one absorbs them, one after another, in a substantial volume.

WHAT IS CATHOLICISM? (Grant Richards, 3s. 6d.) is, it should be explained, not an inquiry into Catholicism, but into Roman Catholicism; and contains the lucid and able letters of M.

Edmond Scherer, attacking the Roman system as a centre of reaction, translated by the Rev. T. A. Seed, and prefaced by an introduction from the hand of Dr. Horton.

A good example of the religious biography likely to interest all who are engaged on missionary work at home is GEORGE H. C. MACGREGOR (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.), in which Mr. Macgregor's cousin, the Rev. D. C. Macgregor, of Wimbledon, sketches the ministerial work in Aberdeen, London, Nottinghill, and elsewhere, of this singularly earnest Presbyterian clergyman, who died last May at the early age of thirty-five.

GOLDEN TIPS, by Henry W. Cave (Sampson Low, 16s. n.), is a book about Ceylon from the pen of an author whose name appears on the title-page of several books about Ceylon. It contains much information, carefully accumulated and lucidly arranged, about the scenery, the sport, the tea trade, &c., which will be of the greatest interest to those who know Ceylon, or are about to visit it. To a wider public it will not, we think, appeal very successfully. But it is beautifully printed, beautifully illustrated, and beautifully bound.

The practised hand of Mrs. Mackarness, known as the author of "A Trap to Catch a Sunbeam," is responsible for four little books designed in like manner to promote the welfare of young married couples, or of young couples about to be married. ONLY, THE DREAM CHINTZ, THE CLOUD WITH THE SILVER LINING, and COMING HOME are the respective names of these tiny volumes, which are attractively got up and published by Messrs. Warne at 6d. each.

In a tract lately published by Elliot Stock, with the somewhat misleading title REFLECTIONS ON THE CHARACTER AND DOINGS OF THE SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY OF ADDISON, the Rev. R. E. H. Duke seeks to identify the "good old Knight" with one Richard Duke, presumably an ancient member of the author's family and the contemporary Squire of Bulford, in the county of Wilts. Except that Bulford is the next parish to Milston, where Addison lived in his father's rectory till his twelfth year, nothing is brought forward that can be called evidence, direct or indirect, for this identification. Mr. Duke gives us no dates; indeed, he tells us nothing whatever of his ancestor (collateral, we may presume) beyond a hint that he, too, suffered from the coquetry of a "perverse widow." The local colouring in the picture of Sir Roger's neighbourhood, upon which Mr. Duke mainly relies, is too faint to give much support to his theory. If it is to gain any acceptance he must give us a few details, which the family pedigree might supply, such as the claimant's age in 1683, and whether he lived and died a bachelor.

ART.

The Art Impulse.

THE ORIGINS OF ART (Macmillan, 10s. n.) claims special attention for more than one reason. It is a philosophical work written in admirable English—for which the apology in the preface is quite unnecessary—by a Lecturer in the University of Finland, Mr. Yrgö Hirn. It handles a subject of great speculative interest which has received more attention in Germany than in England, and it handles it with great ability. Mr. Hirn's method in approaching the subject of "æsthetic" is the exact opposite of that followed by the German Idealists. It is the method of experimental psychology in which so much work has been done during the last few years. The beautiful, the ideal, the absolute, are conceptions which have little meaning for him; they are for the metaphysician, not for the scientific psychologist. So averse, indeed, is he to the dangerous abstractions which cluster round the word "beauty," that he attempts no analysis of it, and apparently will not recognize any faculty or function of the mind which requires the use of the phrase "the beautiful" as part of its definition. His inquiry is confined to the question, What is the impulse which urges human beings to draw, to dance, to build in ornamental fashion, to sing and play, and compose music? Two main characteristics of the art impulses are kept steadily in view, viz., that it is "emotionalistic," a matter entirely of feeling, not of intellect; and that it is "autotelic," that in its ultimate analysis it has no end beyond itself. The first ten chapters are devoted to the strictly psychological side of the subject, and from them the author's position may be gathered. The impulse to prolong and enhance a pleasurable "feeling state," and the impulse to arrest or lessen a painful one—these we may accept as primary facts in the sphere of emotion. Now nothing will so much tend to prolong the pleasure or relieve the pain as an external manifestation of the emotion; and to proceed to this external manifestation is the natural automatic tendency of every "feeling state." So far the individual only is affected, but as soon as the external manifestation is accomplished, a social aspect is given to the process. The original emotion is now excited in those who see the manifestation, and this diffusion of it reacts sympathetically upon the author of the manifestation so that he experiences a still further heightening of his own emotion. This, according to Mr. Hirn, who rejects as inadequate such special factors as the play impulse or the imitative impulse, is the "art impulse in its broadest sense." It seems to us, as a definition, to be so broad as to be valueless. Every hour of the day every one of us is performing actions which are "the externalized expressions of his moods." But we are not all of us artists. Mr. Hirn would apparently reply that the artist is that man among us who finds he can heighten pleasure or relieve pain "not only by the direct action of giving expression to his feeling, but also by arousing a kindred feeling in others"—for it is part of Mr. Hirn's system, and a part which he includes rather too unhesitatingly, that there can be no art without a public—and that "the work of art presents itself as the most effective means by which the individual is enabled to convey to wider and wider circles of sympathizers an emotional state similar to that by which he is himself dominated." It certainly does not always do so. Does Mr. Kruger find in the production of a work of art "the most effective means" of heightening his own emotion and attracting the sympathy of others? The impulse on which Charlotte Corday acted would fit exactly to the definition here given to the art impulse; but the murder of Marat was not a work of art. Mr. Hirn may have established the proposition that the art impulse is a matter of emotion not of intellect, but he does not seem to us to have given any solid ground for differentiating it from other emotional impulses, or to have explained what it is that impels this man, and does not impel that man, to produce or attempt to produce a work of art. More interesting and valuable are Mr. Hirn's investigations of the "concrete origins of art," the special channels into which the art impulse has run, the non-æsthetic factors that have helped to fashion different art forms. The impulse, though it has no end beyond itself, yet works through various *media*; it may serve to impart information, to record events; to propitiate love or favour; to stimulate to work or to war; to influence the imagination for the purposes of magic. The influence of religious emotion upon the graphic arts, the power and universality of which is evident alike in the drawings of the catacombs and the paintings of Raphael, is curiously neglected by Mr. Hirn. But he has collected a number of interesting facts and observations as to the purposes served by the arts in the life of primitive man, and, though he does not seem to us to have advanced very much the psychological study of æsthetics, he has written a book which should stimulate inquiry and which helps to elucidate and classify the diverse manifestations in human history of the artistic impulse.

Few things could be more characteristic of the unacademic revival of the arts and crafts in England than the collection of enamel work by Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Dawson now being exhibited at the Fine Art Society. In the first place the work is designed as well as executed by the two workers, and in the second place it holds its own in interest with any exhibition of pictures that has recently been held in these rooms. Much of it, moreover, is frankly utilitarian, and as much skill and knowledge has been lavished upon electric light fittings and fire irons

as upon ornamental necklaces and hair ornaments, and other articles of bigotry and virtue. Such an exhibition would have been impossible in England twenty years ago, as much on account of its unpopularity as by reason of the lack of a sufficiently capable craftsman. Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Dawson rely as much upon simplicity of form as upon the unquestionable beauty of colour in their enamel work, and, in the presence of so fine and inspiriting a collection, we must be excused the question how much longer the Royal Academy of Arts will turn a blind eye to the certain claims of artists who express themselves in *media* other than the painting of easel pictures. Such an exhibition as this demonstrates beyond the possibility of doubt that the Arts and Crafts movement in England has left a deeper impression during the past twenty years in this country than any other art movement that we can recall. Line engraving, in the heyday of its prosperity, did not afford a greater opportunity for the expression of the artistic temperament than is offered by the successful practice of the useful and beautiful minor arts; but its successful practitioners were enrolled amongst the associates of the Royal Academy. It is surely time that the fathers amongst the forty should recognize the claims of the latter-day Benvenuto Cellinis and Luca della Robbias to representation in an academy of arts. The present state of things is especially anomalous when we remember the frequent honour which is paid by the masters of Burlington House to architecture.

That even Sir E. J. Poynter, in spite of his years of useful work at South Kensington, is not powerful enough to reform the Royal Academy schools is once more shown in the display of students' work which has, during the present week, accompanied the annual prize distribution. The students are still taught to consider that painting, sculpture, and architecture alone comprise the fine arts; and they are left to discover later on, when they are face to face with reality, that art includes much outside these conventional limitations. The Royal Academy still limits its prize list to landscape—the Creswick this year being taken by Mr. Ernest Board—to painting and drawing from the life, to modelling, to sculpture, and to architectural drawing, and Sir Edward Poynter complacently congratulates his students and his colleagues upon one of the best competitions on record. He further bravely states his opinion that we could not find better cartoons of a draped figure at any school in Europe. The President would have more reason for boasting if he could announce that in the future the Royal Academy will reward those who could show how to apply all this fine art to the common necessities of our modern life.

English book-binding as a fine art is in some danger of languishing for want of encouragement if we may judge by the prices given at Sotheby's on Monday for the books bound by the Guild of Women Binders and the Hampstead Bindery, of which we spoke last week. Some of the prices were surprisingly low. The prevailing demand was apparently for over-elaboration. One notable instance was the copy of the Vale Press issue of Shelley's "Lyrical Poems," a duodecimo, which had its covers decorated with no less than 300 pieces of inlaid leathers in seven different colours. This tiny volume fetched £18. The effect of the design was garish, and the inlays struck one as being too thin—a remark equally applicable to some other volumes. The thinner the inlay, the more perfect the surface; but even this doctrine can be carried too far. There were, however, some books which obtained fair prices. An extra-illustrated copy of Pickering's 1826 edition of Walton and Cotton's "Angler," 2 vols., with fine artist proof-plates, bound in green morocco with a beautiful inlay design of fish and water lilies, fetched £46. Keats, the "Endymion" edition of 1897, on vellum, with designs by Anning Bell, dark-green morocco, inlaid roses in crimson, £12 5s. Grimm's "German Popular Stories," introduction by Ruskin and plates by Cruikshank, a rich and very fine binding in red morocco with inlays of blue, white, and maroon, £12 15s. "English Lyrics from Spenser to Milton," 1899, on vellum, green morocco with inlays of dark flowers, £14. Campbell's "Poetical Works," first edition, splendidly bound in dark morocco with elaborate and finely tooled mosaic inlays, £14. "The Book of Gems," 1837, containing a set of 49 artist-proof illustrations, pink morocco, covered with a crowded design in various colours, a showy piece of work, £16 15s. Dickens' "Pickwick Papers," Victoria edition, 1887, 2 vols., extended to 4 vols., with facsimiles of original and numerous other illustrations, in green morocco, with inlaid portraits of the more famous characters, £40. Rogers' "Italy," first edition, engravings by Turner, &c., a fine copy bound in green morocco with inlays and vellum doublures, £13. This was the finest thing in the whole collection. If the binders will follow up such work as this they should have a future before them, and yet almost as much has frequently been given for exceptional copies of this book in ordinary commercial bindings. Yet here was a book challenging comparison with the work of Meunier and the best modern French artists, a sufficiently high standard, which commanded a price probably far less than the initial total outlay. The same reflection occurred in regard to the books bound by the members of the Guild of Women Binders in which the work was undoubtedly serious and honest, though in some cases finish was sacrificed to design. An example was the Vale Press copy of Keats' "Poetical Works," bound in "mediæval" morocco, with a richly embossed design, which sold for £5 17s. 6d. The last copy of this same work in paper boards, sold in the same rooms in March, fetched £5 15s.

Bernheim's in Paris is just now occupied with an exhibition of works by Boudin, an exquisite series of landscapes with sea, shipping, and figures at seaside resorts. Boudin holds a very important place in the history of painting in this century, following on the great school of 1830, and being followed by Claude Monet, who was his pupil. An interesting work on Boudin, by Gustave Cahen, has just been published in Paris, with many interesting passages from the painter's diary throwing critical light upon contemporary art.

Messieurs Durand-Ruel opened on the 6th of December an exhibition of forty-two tableaux by Walter Sickert, who has for some years past made Paris his home. Writing in the *Figaro* of this *début* in Paris of the young English painter, M. Arsène Alexandre remarks that "Ses études"—for, apparently, they are chiefly studies of effects—"sont pleines d'art, et elles ont une qualité, rare en ce moment, la modestie." We must confess to our surprise, for the Walter Sickert of the new English Art Club was better known for *dessins de la vie moderne* than for any excess of modesty. M. Alexandre further chooses a somewhat startling juxtaposition when he declares that there is in Mr. Sickert's work "un harmonie qui fait penser un peu à Whistler et à Brangwyn." The dainty, delicate Whistler and the robust, seafaring Brangwyn run oddly in double harness. Mr. Sickert, however, has made a most satisfactory impression upon the art world of Paris—the most sanely critical in Europe—with this, his first exhibition.

Mainly concerned as he was with painters and painting, Mr. Roger E. Fry, in the ten lectures just delivered on Florentine art of the fifteenth century, more than once made interesting allusion to literary matters. The story of Tobias and the Angel became a favourite one with artists about 1470, many of them basing their conception upon popular representations of the time. In one contemporary manuscript examined by Mr. Fry the sole allusion to Tobit's blindness is put into the mouth of his wife. She goes up and asks Tobit if he has not got some foreign substance that hurts in his eye. Picturesque these popular representations may have been, but if we judge by this Tobias the text was of small account. Mr. Fry pricked more than one Vasarian anecdote, among others the legend that Domenico Veneziano murdered Castagno, who, however, succeeded in outliving his so-called assassin by four years. It is said, again, that proof will soon be forthcoming as to the incorrect title of a familiar picture in the National Gallery. Uccello's battle piece—in effect more like a tourney—has for long been deemed to represent the battle of July 7, 1416, fought out on a plain between Sant'Egidio and the Tiber, on the road to Assisi; moreover, it has been pointed out as the earliest work in our National Gallery which contains portraits of Carlo Malatesta, Lord of Rimini, and his nephew Galeazzo. Mr. Horne, however, is said to have discovered a contemporary document which shows that Uccello was not here concerned with the Battle of Sant'-Egidio at all. Mr. Fry has read widely as well as made a profound study of Italian art. In the spring, perhaps, he will deal with the literary sources to which Botticelli went for inspiration.

FICTION.

"Lord Jim."

Mr. Conrad has been greatly praised and his gifts are many. Yet as one at length nears the close of the 450 densely-printed pages of LORD JIM (Blackwood, 6s.) there is a strong impression that he cannot write what is commonly understood as a novel. Judged in comparison with his successful contemporaries, weighed in the balance against such men as Mr. Hardy, Mr. Meredith, Stevenson, or a dozen lesser men, or gauged by even more catholic standards, he fails to satisfy. In "Lord Jim" Mr. Conrad wants to tell in monumental and soul-raising fashion the effect on a young man highly considered by his own people, of fair disposition, charged with a boyish passion for fame, and of some altruistic principle—of missing an opportunity of doing his bare duty. Such, it seems to us, is the vital point of the story. The complications in regard to his post on the *Patna* and many other side issues do not affect this point. Here, then, is a fine motive for a study of the human mind; a simple and effective psychological situation known to most of us. It is the method of telling this history of a soul that appears to us mistaken. When it is, at last, elaborately made clear that Jim has missed the chance of a great emergency, and when, after an existence of enormous mental stress, he is allowed to behold "the face of that opportunity which, like an Eastern bride, had come veiled to his side," one is grateful to the author. But, in the meantime, what an unconscionable amount of involved narrative and confused plot the author has given us. According to Thackeray, we know, a novel may be a sort of confidential talk between writer and reader, which must often be dull, must often flag, and still be most welcome. But with "Lord Jim" the confidential talk is all on the part of a sort of ancient mariner, one Marlow, who generally speaks of seeing Jim through a mist or partly hidden by the veil of his circumstances. When Marlow first sees Jim he looks at him "as though he could see somebody or something past his shoulder." This is not very helpful, but perhaps, like the affair in the Ibsen drama, it only *seems* very irrelevant. When Marlow first sees Jim and looks so queerly at him the hero is giving his evidence in regard to the abandonment of the *Patna* and the dereliction of duty of the officers at the time when they believed the ship was going to the bottom of the sea. This evidence is of a remarkably elusive character, although Jim desires to give it with "a meticulous precision of statement." Marlow watches Jim with the deep interest of a journalist who sees future "copy." "And, later on," says Mr. Conrad, "many times, in distant parts of the world, Marlow showed himself willing to remember Jim, to remember him at length, in detail and audibly," for Jim has told him some part of his story, but Marlow, like ourselves, did not quite know "what he was playing up to—if he was playing up to anything at all—" and suspects that Jim did not know either; for it is his belief that no man ever understands quite his own artful dodges to escape from the grim shadow of self-knowledge. With the soul of so illusory a hero to dissect it may be imagined that Mr. Marlow has plenty to talk about; his account of the state of Jim's mind reminds us of the desolate dream which haunts the recovery from a prolonged and powerful anæsthetic—tragic imaginings broken in upon by the horrid facts of life and death. Mr. Conrad has, of course, a convincing hand for the drawing of a vivid picture of semi-marine life in the Malay Peninsula and for description of disagreeable actualities, such as his portrait of the captain of the *Patna*, a horrid figure; his account of a great storm, too, is vivid, but he shares this gift of expression with many an anonymous "descriptive reporter" of the Press. The world of fiction is wide, and no doubt the author of "Lord Jim" will have many delighted readers; but, for our part, while we find in it infinite power of phrase, infinite observation, infinite volubility, we consider the narrative which his character Marlow tells to a group of rather bored listeners terribly involved, bewilderingly crowded, frequently turgid, painfully phantasmagoric, in no way a thing of beauty or fashioned for our delight.

Mr. Guy Boothby.

In a series of stories called A PRINCE OF SWINDLERS (Ward, Lock, 5s.) Mr. Guy Boothby relates the amazing exploits of a certain Simon Carne. The stories are not thrilling and the swindler's thefts are impossible, except on the assumption that every one else in the world in which he moves is unusually dense and stupid. Mr. Boothby should really find some competent person to read his proofs. Probably his own time is too valuable to be wasted over such matters, but in THE WOMAN OF DEATH (Pearson's, 5s.) he opens with two misprints in a French sentence, and follows this up by calmly writing *Facile decensus Averni* on page 11. The story itself presents once again that well-worn theme of the suicides' club—only here the escape from boredom lies in a duel to the death, in which every member of the society binds himself to take part when called upon. Love comes to the *blasé* hero, and his summons to the duel follows, and the rest of the story may be imagined. LONG LIVE THE KING (Ward, Lock, 5s.) is another example of Mr. Boothby's untiring industry. It is not quite so thin as "The Woman of Death," nor does it contain quite so many printers' errors, but the people we meet are more exalted. This is the story of Max, Crown Prince of Pannonia, and his adventures (after his royal father had been compelled to leave a rebellious country) in England, Brazil, travelling with a low class Portugee in search of diamonds, and finally assisting, as a common soldier, in the recovery of the kingdom for his brother. Love was at the bottom of the Crown Prince's noble self-abnegation, and Mr. Anthony Hope's Ruritania was probably at the bottom of Mr. Boothby's mind when he decided to write a story of the neighbouring kingdom of Pannonia. The novel is bright enough, and very full of incident.

For the Young.

GOD'S LAD, by Paul Cushing (C. Arthur Pearson, 6s.), is a vigorous story of the Californian goldfields half a century ago. The rush for gold and the romance of San Francisco have done duty in scores of tales of this type. With the exception of the comic Chinaman all the old stock-in-trade appears once more—six-shooters, Red Indians, mean cusses, and irate skippers. Still the adventures of Mr. Cushing's hero are full of life and variety. The dialogue would bear condensation, but it is certainly racy. The little heroine is described as a "gracious angel-face in blue canvas overalls stuck into high boots." The book is a capital one for boys, and one that will not be without interest for older people who have retained a liking for rollicking adventure.

We know Mr. Ascott R. Hope best as a writer of stories about school life. In TALES FOR TONY (Dent, 3s. 6d. n.) he gives us stories in which animals converse with one another in such a manner that good lessons are taught by their conversation. Proud puppies, dancing bears, swallows, elephants, wasps, and cuckoos are all pressed into the service, and contribute to the entertainment and instruction of the young. It is the sort of thing that children will like, and parents will approve of. The pictures, by W. H. Robinson and S. Jacobs, are very good.

THE LADY OF ROMERVAL, by Jean Delaire (Sands, 3s. 6d.), is an historical story of the peasants' war, intended for children, and written more or less in the Roman Catholic interest. The pictures are better than the letterpress.

THE GOLDEN SHIP AND OTHER TALES is a picture book for children, issued from the office of the Universities Mission to Central Africa. The stories are translated from the Swahili, and were originally collected by Bishop Steere. The morals are sound, though the roads by which they are reached are somewhat tortuous. On the whole we should think they would be more interesting to folklorists than to children. Perhaps a fair division of labour will be for folklorists to read the text, while children look at the pictures, which are by Miss Lilian Bell, and are pretty.

TERRE DE FAUVES, by Pierre Mael (Hachette, 10 francs), is an example of what France can do in the way of Christmas gift books for boys. The scene is laid in the Himalayas, and the

heroes nearly climb Mount Everest, and also have adventures with the wild beasts of the Terai. There are both French and English heroes, and they get on very well together, so that the author may be congratulated on having done something for the promotion of the *entente cordiale*. The pictures are good and numerous, and the make up is handsome, though the interjected scraps of English are sometimes quaint. For example:—"Gentleman, I beg your pardon. Tell me please your name," and "Keep an apartment for the R. H. Major Plumptre and six persons of his attendance."

SALES OF BOOKS AND MSS.

Several libraries were sold last week at Sotheby's. Among miscellaneous books of importance were Boccaccio's "Il Decamerone," 1737, 5 vols., illustrated with plates by Gravelot, &c., £17 10s.; Molière's "Le Tartuffe," first ed., £29 10s.; Pine's "Horace," 1733, £15; Dante's "La Commedia," 1477, a fine copy of Spira's print, £23 10s.; "La Commedia," Florence, 1481, £32; an excellent copy of the first complete edition of Montaigne's "Essais," 1588, £10 5s.; "Missale Romanum," circa 1470, a beautiful French MS. on 130 leaves of vellum with 15 miniatures, £155. And among the English books, Boswell's "Life of Johnson" and "Tour to the Hebrides," 1831, extended to 10 vols., by extra illustration, £35; Brathwait, "An Excellent Piece of Conceipted Poesy," 1658, £42; Breton's "A Solemne Passion of the Soule's Love," 1622, £33; "The Twoo Bookes of Francis Bacon," 1605, £12 10s.; Coleridge's "A Lay Sermon" and "The Statesman's Manual," first editions, presentation copies, £7 5s.; Charles I.'s "Basilika," 1662, 2 vols., binding by Mearne in poor condition, £30; "Chaucer," Kyngston's print of 1561, a fine copy, £19; Dickens' "Sergeant Bell and his Raree Show," 1839, £13; Drayton's "To the Majestie of King James," 1603, £6 15s.; Wordsworth's "The River Duddon," first edition, £1 2s.; Goldsmith's "The Citizen of the World," 1762, £2 7s.; Granger's "Biographical History of England," 1824, extra illustrated with nearly one thousand portraits, £8; Hughes' "Tom Brown's School Days," first edition, in a fine binding by Riviere, £10; Johnson's "The Idler," presentation copy to Anna Williams, £6 15s.; Keats' "Lamia," &c., 1820, £20 10s.; "Endymion," 1818, £17 5s.; Hasted's "History of Kent," extra illustrated, £41; Richardson's "Clarissa," first edition, £4 15s.; Locke's "A Letter Concerning Toleration," 1689, the author's own copy, £6 5s.; Sheridan's "Pizarro," first edition, £6 10s.; Smollett's "The History and Adventures of an Atom," first edition, in excellent condition, £12 15s.; Tennyson's "Poems, Chiefly Lyrical," a perfect copy of the first edition, £18; "Poems," 1842, £17; Turberville's "Epitaphs," &c., 1570, a much cut-down copy, £51; Shelley's "Letters, with an Introductory Essay by Robert Browning," 1852, £17; "Queen Mab," first edition, slightly imperfect, £30 10s.; Spenser's "Colin Clouts Come Home Againe," 1595, £20; "The Faerie Queene," 1596, £21; Shakespeare, the Fourth Folio, very tall copy but imperfect, £7 10s.; "Shakespeare," Boydell's edition with extra illustrations, £13 5s.; Byron's "Poetical Works," 9 vols., 1839; Medwin's "Journal"; Leigh Hunt's "Lord Byron and some of his Contemporaries," 1828; Kennedy's "Conversations," &c., in 15 vols., extra illustrated, with some 900 portraits, views, scenes, and several autograph letters, all relating to Byron, &c., £96; Browning's "Pauline," 1833, in uncut copy in fine and clean condition, but with one slight defect, £120. Only twelve copies of this rare work are known to exist. Ten years ago a perfect and uncut copy was sold for sixty guineas; in 1896 the Crampon copy, which was not uncut, but which contained a note from the author, fetched £145.

A good many interesting autographs were also sold. A letter of three pages, dated 23rd Aug., 1849, from Charlotte Brontë, referring to the health of her father, £4 15s.; a pathetic letter dated 26th July, 1817, from Elizabeth Austen describing the circumstances of Jane Austen's death, £3 3s.; a letter of three pages from William Penn to Lord Halifax, £31; a very long letter of ten-and-a-half pages, dated 21st July, 1844, from Mrs. Browning, in which she remarks, "Poetry is more to me than ever, and dearer—and (in an earthly sense), it is a vital organ left to me to breathe with," was sold for £9; a fine letter, dated 2nd March, 1762, from Lord Clive, £11; an interesting letter, dated 22nd Sept., 1775, from Kitty Clive, the Actress, £18; another, dated 11th Feb., 1779, £12; a letter dated 10th Jan., 1818, from Coleridge on his financial troubles, £3 3s.; a letter in French, dated 10th June, 1651, and signed by Oliver Cromwell, £11; four interesting and gossipy letters from Dr. Johnson, which fetched respectively, £8, £7 17s. 6d., £8, and £6 10s. A manuscript criticism on "The Wigwam and the Cabin, by W. G. Simms," written by Edgar Allan Poe, £11.

There were also four characteristic letters from Shelley. The first, covering four pages, is dated 3rd Sept., 1819, addressed to Leigh Hunt, and deals largely (in reference to "The Cenci") with portraits and pictures. In it Shelley explains his own attitude in reference to the great Italian artists. He dissents "with astonishment and indignation on the common notion that he (Angelo) equals, and in some respect exceeds, Raphael." . . . "He (Angelo) has been called the Dante of painting, but if we find some of the gross and strong outlines which are employed in the few most distasteful passages of the 'Inferno,' where shall we find your Francesca, where the Spirit coming over the sea in a boat like Mars rising from the vapours of the horizon, where Matilda gathering flowers, and all the exquisite tenderness and sensibility and ideal beauty, in which Dante excelled all poets except Shakespeare?" £11 10s. was given for this letter. Another letter, also to Hunt, from Florence, fetched £9 5s. In the third letter, dated Pisa, 5th April, 1820, Shelley goes on, after a reference to Hunt's work, "Meanwhile I am anxious to hear what you think of mine ('Prometheus Unbound'). I am afraid the subject will not please you, but at least you will read my justification of it in the preface. I lay great stress upon the argument against a direct effort [effect?] to be produced by works of imagination. The Theatre rejected it with expressions of the greatest insolence. I feel persuaded that they must have guessed at the author. But about all this I don't much care. But of all that I have lately sent, Prometheus is my favourite." £11 10s. was paid for this letter. A fourth letter, for which £11 5s. was given, was from Shelley to Hunt, and dated Pisa, 6th Oct., 1821. It gives Hunt many definite instructions in regard to his projected journey to Italy, and then goes on, "In addition, write exactly when we are to expect you. This is of the last consequence as to cheapness, because it is necessary we should make some arrangement about your lodging, and tell us what furniture you have and whether any. Lord Byron is expected every day, and I know will be delighted to hear of your coming. He has a fine palace and will have a splendid establishment here; that's the sort of thing he likes."

The most important item in the sale of the Waller Library on Wednesday was an uncut first edition, in the original boards, of "Waverley." It fetched £116, and would probably have fetched nearly twice as much but that in each of the three volumes the second half-title was wanting. Grolier's copy of the "Aldine Horace" of 1509 was bought by Mr. Quaritch for £81, and a first edition of White's "Selborne" went for £10.

Correspondence.

JOHN DONNE AND THE ANTHOLOGIST.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Your reviewer's reply to my letter is simply an amplification of my own words in qualifying my observation on his remarks as to the omission of any extract from Donne's poetry in "The Golden Treasury," by reciting the different MSS., &c., of "Present in Absence." That the best authorities are highly doubtful of its authenticity and that all subsisting evidence is against its being Donne's are matters of opinion.

The maturer judgment of Mr. Palgrave removed all his doubts as to its authorship.

The principal motive from which my letter proceeded was the idea that, in spite of his preliminary admission that "The Golden Treasury" remains the unit of taste, your reviewer was not dealing absolute justice to Palgrave in his subsequent references to this little book. The impression given to the ordinary reader by your reviewer's statement, following his reference to Mr. Edmund Gosse's fruitful labours, that Donne makes no appearance at all in "The Golden Treasury," is that Palgrave had overlooked Donne's claims to representation in his anthology, which was certainly not the case. It may be that your reviewer had not seen the later editions of "The Golden Treasury." But he appears to have fallen into an additional error, to which I only draw attention because it strongly corroborates the suspicion that your reviewer was, doubtless unconsciously, unfair in his reference to "The Golden Treasury." He complains that Palgrave would give himself the licence of selecting verses or passages and would then print them without confessing the mutilation, and goes on to cite the curtailment of Crashaw's "Wishes for the Supposed Mistress" commencing "Whoe'er she be, that not impossible She," and of Smart's "Song of David," as instances of this deliberate chicanery. If it were so it were a sin even more grievous than admitted mutilation, but of this offence, at least, Palgrave was entirely innocent. Here is Mr. Palgrave's note to "Present in Absence":—"One stanza has been here omitted in accordance with the principle noted in the preface. Similar abbreviations occur in a few other poems. The more serious abbreviation by which it has been attempted to bring Crashaw's 'Wishes' and Shelley's 'Euganean Hills,' with one or two more, within the scheme of this selection is commended with much diffidence to the judgment of readers acquainted with the original pieces." What becomes of your reviewer's accusation? Again, in his note to "The Song of David," Palgrave confesses that his three verses are only an extract. Where is his concealment of mutilation here?

Although it is true there is almost as much danger in slavishly adhering to old standards as there is, when these are from time to time apprised in conjunction with later productions, of underrating them, lapse of time seems to produce a tendency, to which many of us are more or less prone, to disparage the work of older and vanished craftsmen in both art and literature. The permanency of their work frequently remains eventually unimpaired, notwithstanding its probationary trials in the shape of critical comparisons with current writers, and, within its limitations, "The Golden Treasury" will doubtless come successfully out of the ordeal of any comparisons which in the common course of literary existence it may have to undergo. In the press of literary work it is impossible always to be exact in making statements which must often rest on the memory of the writers, but the strictures of your learned reviewer in speaking of Palgrave's collection of verse were hardly warranted by the facts.

Yours, &c.,

Southport, 10th Dec. A. H. GARSTANG.

LINKS WITH THE PAST.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir, In your review of Mr. Hare's autobiography you characterize as startling the story told him by the late Lord Redesdale that "his father, Speaker Mitford, was acquainted with a man in Swaledale who, as a child, knew an ancient who, as a boy, was present at the battle of Flodden." From further details this story appears to be an inaccurate version of the legend of Henry Jenkins. It is not likely that he was, as he appears to have stated, 169 years of age; the evidence on the question is summarized in the "Dictionary of National Biography." But as he died at Bolton-on-Swale in 1670, there is no difficulty in supposing that Speaker Mitford, who was born in 1748, may have spoken with a man who had seen the *soi-disant* arrow-caster of Flodden Field. I am yours, &c.,

Trinity College, Oxford, Dec. 11. H. E. D. BLAKISTON.

SAMUEL WELLER.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Your note about the Sikes or Sykes family reminded me of an old quarto in my possession, "The Abuse of Grace," by Nicholas Claget, Oxford, 1659. On a fly-leaf at the end of this old volume is the following inscription, which seems to show that the orthographical eccentricities of the immortal "Sam" were an old family characteristic.

SAMUEL WELLER,
HIS BOOK,
1737.

God give him Grace therein to Look, Not to Look but honderstand for Lerning is Most Exland for When house and Land is Gon and Spent then Lerning is Most Exaland, 1737.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

72, Comeragh-road, W. J. P. OWEN.

PROFESSOR DOWDEN'S "ROMEO AND JULIET."

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—I believe that *runaway* is never found in Shakespeare in the sense thus defined by Schmidt—"one who roves and rambles about, a vagabond." Professor Hales, who thinks the word has this sense in *Romeo and Juliet*, admits (*Longman's Magazine*, Feb., 1892) that, so used, it is a ἅπαξ λεγόμενον not only in Shakespeare, but in English literature.

Richard III.'s oration to his army (Act V., Scene III.) is modelled on Holinshed. But Holinshed's Richard describes the opposing army as made up partly of Englishmen—"a companie of traitors, theeves, outlawes, and *runagates* of our own nation"—and partly of "beggerlie Britans (*i.e.*, Bretons) and faint-hearted Frenchmen." Shakespeare's Richard represents the "gentlemen of England" on his side as opposed solely by foreigners, whom their country "vomits forth," and Shakespeare alters Holinshed's "runagates" to "runaways" (*i.e.*, from France):—

> Remember whom you are to cope withal:
> A sort of vagabonds, rascals, and runaways,
> A scum of Bretons and base lackey peasants,
> Whom their o'erloyed country vomits forth
> To desperate adventures. . . .
> . . . . . .
> Let's whip these stragglers o'er the seas again.

If Shakespeare meant *runagates* why did he alter Holinshed's word?

I remain, your obedient servant,

Dublin, Dec. 8. EDWARD DOWDEN.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—With reference to the celebrated passage in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act III., Sc. 2, ll. 1-9, Mr. Case, in his letter of Dec. 1, in your issue of Dec. 8, assumes, I think, too much when he speaks of the "authoritative reading" of the line "by their own beauties . . ." It might as easily be asserted that any of the palpable blunders—long since corrected—in the First Folio are authoritative readings just because they were printed in that celebrated volume.

No doubt the second quarto of 1599 is our first "authoritative" edition of *Romeo and Juliet*, but if Mr. Case means by the "first correct edition" that this quarto is absolutely without spot or blemish, and that anything printed in it is "correct," I join issue with him at once. The third quarto of 1609 was admittedly printed from the second quarto, and the First Folio from the third quarto; therefore there exists no such "overwhelming force of early authorities" with regard to the passage as Mr. Case apparently believes. The authority for commencing the line with "And" really rests on the correctness of the second quarto. Considering that the second quarto has almost conclusively been proved to have been printed, not from Shakespeare's own MS. but from a by no means careful or accurate transcript, it is somewhat difficult to see where the absolute authority of this quarto comes in.

The first quarto, of course, does not contain the passage,

but the folios other than the first and the remaining quartos contain, I believe, the accepted reading.

Coming now to the line itself, does the addition of this word "And" lend either sense, force, or rhythm to the commonly accepted reading? Not a shred of sense or force, certainly; and it merely destroys the rhythm of the line. Mr. Case's "authoritative" reading scans most vilely, as he scans it. Who can imagine the writer of the Sonnets—and the Sonnets and *Romeo and Juliet* belong to the same period of Shakespeare's artistic development—laying stress on an unimportant word like "by" in a fervently poetic passage like this? Besides, if the first foot must be trisyllabic, the proper scansion would be an anapæst—viz., "And by their own beauties." There is no need, however, for laying stress on "their," still less for laying any on "by." The stress, if any, is on the word "own." I, for one, therefore, quite fail to see either the "pointed sense" of the line, as commencing with the word "And," or where Juliet's "paradox" comes in.

It is to be hoped, then, that the accepted reading will keep its place. It is, beyond reasonable doubt, the true reading.

With regard to the construction of the whole passage, I entirely agree with Mr. Case in thinking that Professor Dowden's interpretation is ingenious—and also unnecessary. Schmidt, who was, after all, a German, may have quoted a parallel passage on the meaning of the word "runaway"; but that carries us no further in our quest of the true reading, which "runaway's" or "runaways'" certainly is *not*. I hope to deal with this and with Professor Dowden's interpretation on another occasion.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

Dec. 10, 1900. HENRY CUNINGHAM.

LORD ROSEBERY'S "NAPOLEON."

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—With reference to the reply to my letter relative to Sir Hudson Lowe by Colonel Ramsay Phipps, as a civilian I may be excused from laying down the law on points of strategy.

But if he and other authorities consider that the retreat from Moscow was well devised and well executed, with proper consideration for the welfare of the troops (such as has been shown by Lord Roberts for our forces in the Transvaal), one may venture to observe that on that occasion the making of Napoleon's omelette seemed to have necessitated the breaking of an unusual number of eggs.

The point remains unshaken that Sir Hudson Lowe at Capri showed gentlemanly instincts in his recognition of the courtesy of his conqueror, General Lamarque.

Yours faithfully, ALGERNON WARREN.

17, Wellseck-mansions, Inglewood-road, West Hampstead, N.W.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—If my quotation of the Saxe-Weimar Incident to prove Napoleon's lack of gentility helps your correspondent Mr. Hall to prove his point, I cannot but feel that his deductions from it are widely different from those which prompted Wellington and Tennyson to consider the Emperor "emphatically not a gentleman." Mr. Hall brings in the political position of Weimar, and points out that this State had cost Napoleon much blood and money; also that Napoleon snubbed the Duchess from irritation against her country and its ruler. He thus shows that Napoleon's relations towards a high-spirited lady were influenced by his aggressive political attitude towards her husband. Here is a bulwark of Napoleon's gentility!

By the letter quoted, moreover, Mr. Hall shows that avowedly Napoleon was polite to such women as were agreeable to himself, a characteristic which unites with many others to show his essentially selfish temperament. There are very few lovers who do not like women who are pleasant to them. Here is the second bulwark. As a still more potent third bulwark I suggest to Mr. Hall that he should consider Napoleon's attitude towards and treatment of his wife Josephine.

I remain, Sir, yours faithfully, WALTER W. SETON.

Derwent-house, Anerley, S.E., Dec. 8.

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

The Germans have been known to suggest that the only fault to be found with Shakespeare is that he had the bad taste to be born an Englishman. This being so, and in view also of the valuable contributions made by Germans to Shakespearean criticism of which English scholars have always gladly availed themselves, it is satisfactory to find Mr. Sidney Lee's "Life of Shakespeare" translated into German, and introduced to the German public by Dr. Richard Wülker with a highly appreciative preface. The translation is admirably done by Fräulein Marthe Schwabe, of Leipzig, under Dr. Wülker's superintendence, and the handsome, well-printed volume is published by Georg Wigand, of Leipzig. Dr. Wülker refers to the almost unanimous praise which the original work received in the German Press. The translation indeed was undertaken in response to a generally expressed wish that a book "indispensable" for all readers and lovers of Shakespeare should be made widely available in Germany. Dr. Wülker declares that the whole point of view of Shakespearean research will be altered by the consideration, so well worked out by Mr. Lee, that the English sonneteers were imitating their French and Italian brethren, and he specially praises the chapters dealing with the relations between Shakespeare and the Earl of Southampton, with the various plays, notably the *Taming of the Shrew* and the *Merchant of Venice*, and with Shakespeare's posthumous reputation. The criticism of a foreigner is said to be as near as we can get to the verdict of posterity, and Dr. Wülker's testimony is gratifying to English scholarship. Such exchange of literary ideas will do something, it may be hoped, to cement the amity of nations.

Mr. Sidney Lee, by-the-by, is modest enough to think that his Life was more than is wanted by "the great variety of readers," for whom he now furnishes a reduced and cheaper edition—"Shakespeare's Life and Work" (Smith, Elder, 2s. 6d.). The new book does not differ in any important particular from the old. Mr. Lee has not altered his opinion on any vexed question save that he is content to give his conclusions without so fully stating his reasons.

The delegates of the Clarendon Press will publish in the autumn of 1901 a facsimile, by the collotype process, of the First Folio of Shakespeare. The Chatsworth copy has, by the permission of the Duke of Devonshire, been deposited on loan in the Bodleian Library for the purpose. Mr. Sidney Lee will contribute a brief introduction, and will give as full a list as practicable of all known copies of the First Folio with bibliographical details. Owners of copies of the First Folio who are not already in communication with Mr. Lee are requested to communicate with him, care of the Clarendon Press, Oxford.

The Oxford University Press has some reason to be proud of its recent successes in Paris, as any one can see who presents his card at the University Warehouse at Amen-corner, Paternoster-row, where the bindings, paper, and educational works, for which the three Grand Prix were awarded, are being exhibited for a week or two. The bindings are specially interesting, for the Oxford Press had the largest and, in some respects, the finest collection of bindings in the Exhibition. The total value of the volumes is upwards of £1,100, the more elaborate examples being worth as much as £50 and £60 a piece. Some of the best specimens were bought at the Paris Exhibition, but these may still be seen, for the time being, with the other bindings in the collection. The most striking thing about the paper exhibit is the demonstration of the strength of the famous Oxford India paper, as well as of the marvels of compression accomplished by its means. In one case a volume of between 1,000 and 2,000 pages is seen suspended by a single leaf, and, still further to prove its strength, a narrow strip of this paper is shown supporting a solid oak board on which lies one of the heavy volumes of the Oxford English Dictionary, a total weight of 19lb. The exhibition is well worth a visit.

We understand that the announcement recently made by a contemporary to the effect that the first volume of the collected edition of Ruskin's works would be ready early next year is incorrect. The literary executors are at present engaged in examining the papers and selecting the fresh matter to be included in the new edition; and it will be next autumn, at the earliest, before Mr. George Allen will have the first volume ready for publication.

The late Dr. Momerie's works are all published by Messrs. Blackwood. "Church and Creed" is out of print, but we believe that a fourth edition is in hand. One of his last publications, "The English Church and the Roman Schism," was first brought out anonymously in May, 1890, but a second edition was issued six months later under the author's name. There is a steady demand for most of Dr. Momerie's books. His "Origin of Evil and other Sermons" is in its eighth edition, enlarged; "Defects of Modern Christianity and other Sermons" and "Personality" are both in their fifth editions.

Messrs. Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier are publishing, under the title of "China's Only Hope," a work written by Chang Chih Tung, China's most progressive Viceroy, to enlighten his fellow-countrymen, which has reached a circulation in China of not less than a million copies. This book is said to have been the prime cause of the Emperor's reform movement. The same publishers have a book entitled "The Siege in Peking: China against the World," by Dr. W. A. P. Martin, President of the Imperial University in Peking, who went through the siege.

Mr. Patchett Martin, we regret to hear, is still too ill to resume his usual literary work. He is the author of the memoir of the late Sir Henry Parkes for the supplementary volume of the "Dictionary of National Biography."

Mr. Edwin Pugh will, on Monday next, give a recital from his own writings at one of the weekly Free Popular Entertainments held at the Unitarian Church, Fort-road, Bermondsey.

A sixpenny art magazine, which has been running for some months as a private publication, is about to be issued by Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein under the title of "International Art Notes." It is intended to be of practical service to artists, art students, and amateurs, with articles on art subjects and special contributions from foreign art centres, and will aim at a high level in the way of illustrations and general production.

Mr. Hugh MacLeay has relinquished the editorship of the *Poster* in favour of Mr. Charles Hiatt. Mr. MacLeay is to establish a new publication dealing exhaustively with advertising.

The well-known Isle of Wight literary journal *Vectis* is to become a quarterly publication. We hope that Dr. Dabbs, despite his medical work, will be able to continue his editorial duties in connexion with a local journal of so unique a kind.

EDUCATIONAL.—The lecture recently delivered at the Sesame Club by Mr. A. Sonnenschein on the proper method for teaching children to read English has created much interest in educational circles. "We have no hesitation in asserting," said the *St. James's Gazette*, in an editorial article on the subject, "that, if the London School Board were to insist on the general adoption of the Sonnenschein method of teaching reading, they would introduce one of the most important educational reforms brought about since the Act of 1870." It is more than thirty years since Mr. Sonnenschein's primer first appeared, and he has just prepared a new series, entitled "Reading in a Twelvemonth," which will be published by Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein. The principle is, in the main, the same as in the existing work, but the sequence of lessons is improved and some additions made. The little volumes will be illustrated—in colours and otherwise—and accompanied by a teacher's book, containing an essay on methods of teaching reading and explanations and instructions for young teachers. The first two numbers will appear in January.

Books to look out for at once.

BIOGRAPHY—

"Lord Lilford." A Memoir. By his Sister. Smith Elder. 10s. 6d.
[Introduction by the Bishop of London. With Portrait, &c.]

"Ashgill, or the Life and Times of John Osborne." By J. B. Radcliffe. Sands. 21s. net.
[Tells the story of John Osborne's life from 1846 to 1892, when he left the ranks of professional jockeys. Illustrated.]

"Life of E. H. Evans, D.D." By the Rev. H. E. Lewis. Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.

"Life and Letters of Phillips Brooks." 2 vols. By A. V. G. Allen. Macmillan. 30s. net.

THEOLOGY—

"The Preacher's Dictionary." Arranged by the Rev. E. F. Cavalier. Hodder and Stoughton. 12s.

"The Ancient Scriptures and the Modern Jew." By D. Baron. Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.

"Manual of Christian Theology on the Inductive Method." 2 vols. By N. Burwash. H. Marshall. 12s.

POETRY—

"The Shadowy Waters." By W. B. Yeats. Hodder and Stoughton. 3s. 6d. n.

"Flowers of the Cave." Edited by Laurie Magnus and C. Headlam. W. Blackwood. 5s.

"Ver Sacrum: Religious Poems." By E. Renouf. Translations mainly from German sources. Longmans. 2s. 6d. net.

FICTION AND DRAMATIC LITERATURE—

"The Mayor Canon." By G. B. Fitzgerald. Digby, Long. 3s.

"Shylock of the River." By Fergus Hume. Digby, Long. 6s.

"The Wisdom of the Wise." By John O. Holdes. Unwin. 3s. 6d. net.
[In a note at the beginning of the volume Mrs. Craigie defends the play as performed at the St. James's Theatre. A theatre edition, in paper covers, will be published by Mr. Unwin at the same time, and a uniform edition of "The Ambassador," at 2s. net.]

THE ARMY AND THE EMPIRE—

"1,000 Miles with the C.I.V." By Lance-corporal J. B. Lloyd, C.I.V. (Cyclist Section). Methuen. 6s.
(With Introductory note by Colonel Mackinnon.)

"Military Dialogues on Active Service." By Colonel N. Newnham-Davis. Sands. 3s. 6d.

"Wellington's Men: Some Soldier Autobiographies." By Dr. W. H. Fitchett. Smith Elder. 6s.
[Based on four volumes depicting war as seen by the rank and file.]

"The Calendar of Empire: A Tribute to Lives, Deeds, and Words that have gained Glory for Great and Greater Britain." By Ian Malcolm, M.P. Blackwood. 3s. net.

BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG—

"Tales of Indian Chivalry." By Prof. M. Macmillan, of the Elphinstone College, Bombay. Blackie. 2s. 6d. Illustrated.

"Valour and Victory." By Gordon Stables and others. J. F. Shaw. 3s.

"The Plum Cake," a Fairy Story in 6 Scenes. By Miss C. M. Whelpton (Plays for Young Actors). Dean. 1s.

EDUCATIONAL—

"A Second Manual of Composition." By E. H. Lewis. Macmillan. 1s. 6d.

"Botany." A Text-Book for Schools. By L. H. Bailey, Prof. of Horticulture at Cornell University. Macmillan. 6s.
[In his "Lessons with Plants" Prof. Bailey wrote a book for the teacher; he now completes the idea with a book for the pupil.]

"Plato." Selections. By L. L. Forman. Macmillan. 7s. 6d.

"Foundations of Knowledge." By Prof. A. T. O. McTosh. Macmillan. 12s. 6d. net.
(The Teachers' Professional Library.)

MISCELLANEOUS—

Professor Thode's "Frangipani's Ring." Translated by J. F. C. L. Macqueen. 21s. net.

"Spanish Highways and Byways." By K. Lee Bates. Macmillan. 8s. 6d. n.
[The story of a summer spent in travel through the Basque Provinces, Old Castile, Asturias, and Galicia. Illustrated.]

"Samplers and Tapestry Embroideries." By M. B. Huish. Longmans. 42s. n.

"The Companies Act, with Commentaries." By P. F. Simonson. E. Wilson. 5s.

"Bridge, its Whys and Wherefores." By C. J. Melrose. Upcott Gill. 3s. 6d.

"Happiness: its Pursuit and Attainment." By the Rev. W. J. Kelly. John Long. 3s. 6d.

REPRINTS—

"Dante's Inferno." (Temple Classics.) Dent. 1s. 6d net.
[Text, together with translations, notes, and arguments, by Carlyle, revised by Dr. Oelsner.]

"In Nature's Workshop." By Grant Allen. Newnes. 3s. 6d.
[Illustrated by Frederick Enoch.]

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

ART.

Vanity Fair Album. 15½×10 in. Vanity Fair.

Giorgione. (Great Masters Series.) By *H. Cook*. F.S.A. 8×5¼in., 145 pp. Holl. 5s. n.

Holbein's "Ambassadors." An Historical Study. By *Mary F. S. Hervey*. 10×7¾in., 257 pp. Bell. 10s. 6d. n.

BIOGRAPHY.

Daniel Defoe. (The Westminster Biographies.) By *H. Whitten*. 6×4in., 117 pp. Kegan Paul. 2s. 6d. n.

Short Lives of the Dominican Saints. Ed. by the *Very Rev. Father Procter*, S.T.L. 9×5¾in., 392 pp. Kegan Paul. 7s. 6d.

Life of Wagner. Vol. I. By *C. F. Glasenapp*. Trans. by A. Ellis. 9×5¾in., 400 pp. Kegan Paul. 16s. n.

Paul Jones. Founder of the American Navy. By *A. C. Buell*. 2 vols. 8×5¾in., 328+373 pp. Kegan Paul. 12s.

Joshua C. Harrison. By *One Who Knew Him*. 8¼×5¼in., 210 pp. Hodder & Stoughton. 3s. 6d.

James Macdonell, Journalist. By *H. Robertson Nicoll*. New Ed. 8¼×5¾in., 356 pp. Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.

Twelve Great Actresses and Twelve Great Actors. By *E. Robins*. 2 vols. 8¼×5¼in., 416+474 pp. Putnam. $5.00.

The Life of Sir Walter Scott. By *Prof. H. H. Hudson*. (Scots Epoch Makers.) 7¼×5¼in., 304 pp. Sands. 6s.

BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

The Heiress of Wyvern Court. By *E. Searchfield*. 7¼×5in., 157 pp. Cassell. 1s.

Little Queen Mab. By *L. C. Sake*. 7¼×5in., 158 pp. Cassell. 1s.

Their Road to Fortune. By *Mrs. Houston*. 7¼×5in., 158 pp. Cassell. 1s.

Ella's Golden Hair. By *E. Searchfield*. 7¼×5in., 159 pp. Cassell. 1s.

A Pair of Primroses. By *Mrs. Pitt*. 7¼×5in., 158 pp. Cassell. 1s.

Won by Gentleness. By *Mrs. Martin*. 7¼×5in., 157 pp. Cassell. 1s.

A Trip to Many Lands. By *W. J. Forster*. 9×7in., 140 pp. Partridge. 3s. 6d.

The Boys' and Girls' Companions. Vol. for 1900. 9×7in., 192pp. Church of Eng. S. S. I. 1s. 6d.

The Magic Mist. By *Eva C. Rogers*. 8×5¾in., 293 pp. Melrose. 3s.

Britain's Sea Kings and Sea Fights. By *B. F. Robinson* and Others. 10×7in., 760 pp. Cassell. 7s. 6d.

Golden Sunbeam. Vol. for 1900. 9×6¾in., 192 pp. S.P.C.K. 1s. 6d.

Our Holiday in London. By *Ellen Velvin*. 7¼×5in., 124 pp. Sunday School Union. 1s.

The Golden Rule. Vol. for 1900. 11×7¼in., 242 pp. Sunday School Union. 2s.

DRAMA.

L'Aiglon. Drame en Six Actes, en Vers. By *Edmond Rostand*. 8¼×5¼in., 263 pp. Paris. Fasquelle. Fr.3.50.

ECONOMICS.

The Monetary History of the United States. By *C. J. Bullock*. 7¼×5in., 282 pp. The Macmillan Co. 5s. n.

EDUCATIONAL.

Essays from De Quincey. Ed. by *J. H. Fowler*. 7×4¾in., 151 pp. Black. 2s. n.

Cornelius Nepos: [illegible] of [illegible] Chambers. Ed. by [illegible]. 6s. 6d.

FICTION.

The Queen versus Billy, and [illegible]. By [illegible]. [illegible] pp. [illegible]. 6s.

Committed to his Charge. By *R. A. K. Lucas*. 7½×5¼in., 312 pp. [illegible]

Number One and Number Two. By *Francis M. Peard*. [illegible] Macmillan. 6s.

A Cuirassier of Arran's. By *C. Bras*. 7½×5in., 400 pp. [illegible]

With Christ at Sea. By *F. T. [illegible]*. 7½×5in., 12 pp. Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.

Un Homme d'Affaires. Dualité. Un Réveillon. L'Outrage. By *Paul Bourget*. [illegible] 361 pp. Paris. [illegible], Fr.3.50.

HISTORY.

Under England's Flag. 1[illegible]-1[illegible]. The Memoirs and Diary of *Capt. C. Rooney*, M.S.H., C.E.H. 8×5in., 256 pp. [illegible]. 5s.

Stage-Coach and Tavern Days. By *Alice M. Earle*. 8×[illegible], 449 pp. The Macmillan Co. 10s. 6d.

LITERARY.

Conferences on Books and Men. By the Author of "Pages from a Private Diary." 7½×5in., [illegible] pp. [illegible]. 6s.

Studies in European Literature. The Taylorian Lectures, 1[illegible]. By *S. Mallarmé*, H. *Peter*, and Others. 8×5½in., 350 pp. Clarendon Press. 7s. 6d.

Pages from a Journal. By [illegible]. 7½×[illegible], 83 pp. [illegible]. 6s.

Etude Critique de Quelques Documents Angevins de l'Epoque Carlovingienne. I. Diplômes de Charlemagne et Privilège de Charles le Chauve en faveur de St Aubin d'Angers. II. Diplôme Faux de Louis le Bègue pour Saint-Florent. By *M. A. Gery*. [illegible] pp. Paris. Klincksieck. Fr.5.

Une Correspondance d'Ecolâtres du XIme Siècle. Published by *M. Paul Fournier* and *M. Léon Cadier*. [illegible] pp. Paris. Klincksieck. Fr.2.50.

MILITARY.

The South African War. By *Major S. L. Norris*. [illegible], 8½×5½in., [illegible] pp. Murray. 6s.

MISCELLANEOUS.

"Daily Mail" Year Book for 1901. Ed. by *Percy L. Parker*. 7½×5in., 256 pp. Hodgson & Sons. 1s.

Hazell's Annual for 1901. 7½×[illegible]. [illegible] pp. Hazell, Watson & Viney. 6s.

Debrett's Peerage for 1901. [illegible] pp. Dean & Son. 31s. 6d.

All Change. [illegible] at the Junction of [illegible] and [illegible] Companies. By *W. Woodham*. 7½×5in., [illegible] pp. [illegible].

Later Love Letters of a Musician. By *Myrtle Reed*. [illegible] pp. [illegible].

The English Woman's Year-Book for 1901. Ed. by *Emily Janes*. 7½×5in., [illegible] pp. [illegible]. 1s. 6d. n.

Who's Who for 1901. 7½×[illegible]in. [illegible] pp. [illegible]. 3s. 6d.

NATURAL HISTORY.

My Birds in Freedom and Captivity. By *[illegible] H. D. [illegible]*. [illegible] pp. [illegible]. 10s. 6d.

PHILOSOPHY.

The New Psychology; [illegible] of Hypnotism. By *[illegible] A. [illegible]*. [illegible] pp. Warne. [illegible]. Harper. [illegible].

Les Dilemmes de la Metaphysique Pure. By *Charles [illegible]*. 9×[illegible], 251 pp. Paris. Alcan. Fr.[illegible].

Le Mystère de Platon. By *Jean Fréd. [illegible]*. [illegible] pp. Paris. Alcan. Fr.[illegible].

Essai sur l'Esthétique de Lotze. By *Amédée Marguerite*. [illegible] pp. Paris. Alcan. Fr.[illegible].

POETRY.

Weaving in Wartime. By [illegible]. [illegible] pp. [illegible]. [illegible] n.

The Under Dog, and other Verses. By *Rev. C. J. Boden*. 7×4½in., 73 pp. Kegan Paul. 1s. 6d. n.

Deirdre Wed, and other Poems. By *H. French*. 7½×5in., 105 pp. Methuen. 5s.

Anthology of French Poetry. By *H. Carrington*. 7½×5¼in., 301 pp. Frowde. 2s. 6d.

Una. A Song of England in the Year 1900. By *W. Gerard*. 7½×5¼in., 93 pp. Kegan Paul. 5s. n.

POLITICAL.

Seventy Years at Westminster. By *Sir J. Molesworth*, Bt., M.P. 8½×5½in., 320 pp. Blackwood. 7s. 6d.

The Peace Conference at The Hague, and its Bearings on International Law and Policy. By *F. W. Holls*, D.C.L., 9×6in., 572 pp. The Macmillan Co. 10s. n.

REPRINTS.

Sintram and His Companions. By *De La Motte Fouqué*. 7×4¼in., 188 pp. Freemantle. 3s. 6d. n.

The Epicurean. By *Thomas Moore*. Ed. by J. Hannaford. 7½×5in., 213 pp. Greening. 3s. 6d.

Our Village. By *Mary Mitford*. (Temple Classics.) 6×4in., 390 pp. Dent. 1s. 6d. n.

Puckle's Club. Ed. by *Austin Dobson*. 7×4in., 250 pp. Freemantle.

The Interpreter. By *G. Whyte-Melville*. 8×5½in., 432 pp. Ward, Lock. 3s. 6d.

The Romany Rye. By *George Borrow*. (Minerva Library.) 7½×5in., 363 pp. Ward, Lock. 2s.

Macaulay's Essays. (Temple Classics.) Vols. IV. & V. 6×4in., 406+412 pp. Dent. 1s. 6d. n. each.

SPORT.

The Laws and Principles of Vint. By *K. Hoffmann* and *A. Von Reasenkampff*. Ed. by F. W. Haddan. 6×5in., 144 pp. Nutt. 2s. 6d.

THEOLOGY.

Lines of Defence of the Biblical Revelation. By *D. S. Margoliouth*. 8×5½in., 318 pp. Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.

Words from St. Paul's. By *Archdeacon Sinclair*. 7½×5in., 176 pp. Burleigh. 3s. 6d. n.

Christ in London. By *Rev. H. C. Fenghan*. 7½×5in., 166 pp. Watts. 1s.

The International Pocket Notes. Jan. to June, 1901. By *F. Spooner*. 5½×3½in., 96 pp. Sunday School Union. 6d. n.

The Path of the Promise. By *J. R. Miller*, D.D. 7½×5in., 61 pp. Sunday School Union. 6d.

The Heidelberg Catechism. 7×4½in., 191 pp. Melrose. 2s. 6d.

Notes on the Scripture Lessons for the Year 1901. Vol. VI. 8½×5½in., 364 pp. Sunday School Union. 2s.

Essay Lectures on Israel in Egypt and the Wilderness. By *W. Taylor*. 6½×4¼in., 251 pp. Church of Eng. S.S.I. 2s.

Living by the Spirit. By *H. W. Dresser*. 2nd Ed. 6½×3¾in., 102 pp. Putnam. $0.75.

St. Anthony of Padua. By *Mrs. A. Hall*. 7½×5in., 166 pp. Sands. 3s. 6d.

The Treasury of American Sacred Song. Ed. by *W. G. Horder*. Rev. Ed. 7½×5¼in., 401 pp. Frowde. 3s. 6d.

Bible Characters. Joseph and Mary to James, the Lord's Brother. By *A. Whyte*, D.D. 7½×5¼in., 216 pp. Oliphant. 3s. 6d.

TOPOGRAPHY

Godalming and its Surroundings. (Homeland Handbooks.) By *T. F. H. Hamilton*. 7½×4in., 112 pp. Home Counties Press. 6d. n.

Alfred the Great and His Abbeys of Hyde, Athelney, and Shaftesbury. By *J. C. Wall*. 8½×5½in., 162 pp. Stock. 5s.

TRAVEL.

The Englishman in China. By *A. Michie*. 2 vols. 9×5½in., 412+510 pp. Blackwood. 32s. n.

Chinese Pictures. By *Mrs. J. F. Bishop*, F.R.G.S. 8×6½in., 127 pp. Cassell. 3s. 6d.

A Guide to South Africa. 8th Ed. Ed. by *A. and G. Browne*. 7½×4in., 416 pp. Sampson Low. 3s. 6d.

Ein Jahr in England. 1898-1899. By *Prof. Dr. E. Kellner*. 7½×5½in., 413 pp. Stuttgart. Gottsche.

CHESS.

Address "Chess": Literature, Printing House Square, London.

PROBLEM No. CII
By E. VARAIN, Munich.

BLACK.

WHITE.

White mates in two moves.

PROBLEM No. CIII
By J. MOLLER, Copenhagen.

BLACK

WHITE.

White mates in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 104, by A. Troitzky.—White (4 pieces)—K at K Kt 6; B at K Kt 4; Kt at K sq; pawn at Q R 7. Black (5 pieces)—K at K Kt sq; Kts at Q R sq and Q Kt 2; pawns at K 7 and K Kt 2. White to play and win.

NOTES BY CORRESPONDENTS.—"In 87 the way White gets out of ch at the same time mating Black is very neat."—J. D. Tucker.

"In 87 the idea of letting Black capture the queen, and at the same time discover check on White king is charmingly worked out. In the original position, No. 90, White can threaten mate, either by 1. Kt–K 8 or by 1. Kt–K 6; the former is baffled by 1. Kt–B 5, the latter by 1. Q×P. By playing 1. Q–B 4, White forces the B Kt to obstruct the B Q, or the R Q to obstruct the B Kt, excepting in a few minor variations which nerve to round off the problem."—A.C.W. "Some fine play in No. 90."—J.M.W.M.

BLACK. J. H. RIGGS.

WHITE. F. H. MILES.

White to play and win.

CHESS BY CORRESPONDENCE.—The amount of correspondence play throughout the world is probably very great—much larger than most players imagine. We are always advising that the game should be more practically acknowledged as purely a resource for the student at home. Too many devotees spend all their spare time, and we fear a good many spend more time than they can properly afford, in skittling away at off-hand "play," which yields no real advantage, and this is frequently in smoky, impure atmosphere. A pocket board for travelling, a supply of diagrams, and a good board and men at home, with some games and problems, and then winter and weather may be defied and the troubles of life will largely cease to exercise their depressing influences.

The Southern and Northern Counties have done well to recognize facts by instituting a 50 a-side correspondence match. In this contest 100 of our best amateurs are engaged, playing two games with each other. The annexed position shows the abrupt conclusion of one of these games. Players may like to find out the reason why White, in this position, brings the game to such an unexpected end. The pieces are equal, the position does not seem very dangerous and yet there is a win in a move or two. How is this accomplished?

NOTES.—A tournament is in progress at the old chess resort, Simpson's Divan, Strand. It is limited to Teichmann, Lee, Van Vliet, Mortimer, and Müller. A tournament to give a start to some new rooms for chess, &c., will be opened at Monte Carlo next month. Salta, a new game, will be a feature. Lasker and Maroczy are touring in the north of England. They will apparently not visit America at present.

GAME No. L.—Between two young players in recent New York tourney:

PETROFF DEFENCE.

	White. E. Hymes.	Black. F. J. Marshall.	White. E. Hymes.	Black. F. J. Marshall.
1	P–K 4	P–K 4	19.	Q–B 3	Kt–K 3
2.	Kt–K B 3	Kt–K B 3	20.	Kt–K 2	Kt–Kt 2
3.	Kt–B 3	B–Kt 5	21.	P–K R 4	K–B 2
4.	B–B 4	Castles	22.	R–Kt 4	R–R sq
5.	Castles	P–Q 3	23.	Q R–K Kt sq	R–B 2
6	P–Q 3	B–Kt 5	24.	Q R–Kt 2	K–Kt sq
7	B–K Kt 5	P–B 3	25.	K–Kt sq	P–Q 4
8.	Kt–K 2	P–K R 3	26.	K P×P	B–K sq
9	B–R 4	B–Kt	27.	B P×P	B P×P
10	P–B	P–K Kt 4	28.	R–Kt P	R–Kt
11.	B–K Kt 3	Kt–R 4	29.	Q–R	K–R sq
12	P–B 3	B–B 4	30.	Q–B 3	Q–B 3
13	K–R sq	Kt–Q 2	31.	K–R sq	Q–R 5 ch
14	B–K Kt sq	Q–B 3	32.	K–Kt 2	R–R 6
15.	Kt–R sq	B–Kt 3	33	R (Kt 5)–Kt 3	P–R
16.	Q–K 2	Kt–B 4	34	P–Q 6	Kt–B 4
17	P–B 4	Kt–B P	35.	Q–Kt	R–R 2
18	B–Kt	K P–B	36.	P–B 4 and wins.	

Literature

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NOTES OF THE DAY.

We shall publish next week a "Personal View" by Professor Dowden, entitled "1801-1901."

* * * *

We tender betimes our birthday greetings to Dr. Samuel Smiles, the eighty-eighth anniversary of whose birthday is to-morrow. Dr. Smiles is, we think, since Martineau's death, our senior well-known man of letters. Dr. Smiles was already over forty before he made his literary reputation with the "Life of Stephenson" and the popular "Self-Help," and he has lived to enjoy that reputation for over forty years. It is worth noting that in more than one well-known book of reference no place is found among Dr. Smiles' publications for his admirable "Life of John Murray." Yet it is probably his history of the great publishing house of the Murrays that is likely to prove his most permanent link with literature.

* * * *

The unearthing of the juvenile productions of great authors is often unprofitable. A new instance of the practice will nevertheless afford great pleasure to the admirers of the author of "Madame Bovary." In the number of the *Revue Blanche* for December 15 have appeared the first pages of an unpublished manuscript of Flaubert. Its existence had often been doubted by the critics, and it now sees the light after sixty-two years. It is thus introduced to the public:—

> The unpublished novel of Gustave Flaubert, of which we now begin the publication, was written about the year 1838 when the author was only 17 years of age. In his zeal for perfection Gustave Flaubert—whose first printed book, "Madame Bovary," was not to appear till 1857—had abandoned all thought of publishing these juvenile productions. But now that twenty years have passed since his death it seems legitimate to exhume them, not only as a literary curiosity and document of the earliest period of production of a great writer, but also because of their autobiographical value. The manuscript of the "Mémoires d'un Fou" belongs to M. Pierre Dauze, the eminent editor of the *Revue Biblio-iconographique*, who has kindly communicated it to us.

The publishers call this manuscript a "novel." This is hardly the name for it. It is an eloquent youthful confession, with all the *abandon* of emotion of Rousseau and Chateaubriand—a confession which the strenuous impersonality of Flaubert's subsequent work gave us little reason to expect. It is this revelation that gives the "Mémoires d'un Fou" their value, although Maxime du Camp's reminiscences told us something of the early and unpublished Flaubert. Flaubert was what French critics call a "romantique"; on this M. Faguet, in his monograph in Hachette's collection of "Great French Writers," constantly insists. But how spontaneous and irrepressible a "romantique" he was we should never have known without this new work, which is an invaluable chapter in the history of the artist's temperament.

* * * *

Very instructive, as bearing on the doctrines of the modern school of comparative criticism, are the pages in which the young Flaubert reveals the origin of his romantic passion. Here is the confession of the young dreamer, "cribb'd, cabin'd, and confined" within the prison-house of his college, where contact with his fellows became to him a torture:—

> I wandered off alone with a volume of poems, or a novel. . . . I recall the voluptuous delight with which I devoured Byron and Werther, my transports as I read *Hamlet*, *Romeo*, and the most burning productions of our epoch—all those works, in a word, which so sweetly melt the soul, which are so burning with such a fire of enthusiasm. I feed on the rough verse of the North, which resound, like the waves of the sea, in Byron. Often, after a single reading, I recalled whole fragments, and repeated them over and over again to myself, as one hums the haunting melody of a delightful song. . . . The platitude of the French translation disappeared before the thoughts themselves, as if the thoughts had a style of their own quite apart from the words. . . . All these echoes, unknown to the sumptuous dignity of classical literatures, had for me a perfume of novelty, an attraction which drew me continually towards this magnificent poetry, which gives you a veritable giddiness and flings you into the limitless gulf of the infinite.

What an astonishing proof of the tyranny in France of the classical tradition, of that power to repress which resides in what Flaubert calls the "sumptuous dignity of classical literatures," that a man who had once felt and written thus should have so learned to dominate his lyric temper as to pass later on for the very type of the impersonal artist. And what an excellent passage to confirm the thesis of the author of "Jean-Jacques Rousseau et le Cosmopolitisme Littéraire," on the causes of the emancipation of the French mind during the present century. After a publication like this, so conscientious a critic as M.

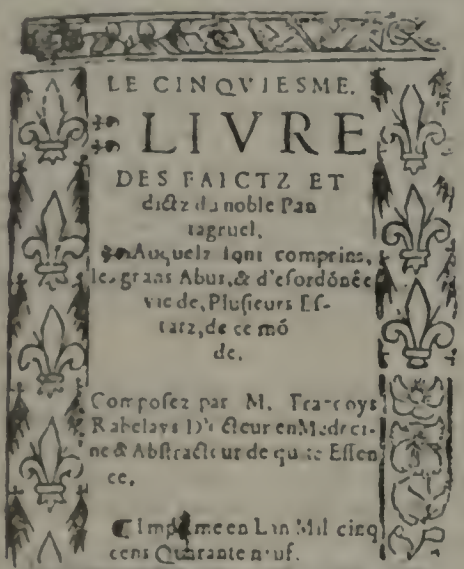
Paget must regret that his valuable little book was not delayed. Here is all he had to say of the early years of Flaubert:—

> He was born in the Rouen hospital, was brought up there, and left it only when 18 years of age, to come to Paris to study law. He was brought up very freely, without constraint, as a pupil at the local *lycée*—living, however, at home—where he did little work, but reading the while a great deal of literature.

M. Paget's data for these early years were evidently meagre. The "Mémoires d'un Fou" will probably tempt him to revise his work. They confirm him, indeed, in his general appreciation of Flaubert; but they give a precision to judgments which hitherto had only an *à priori* plausibility.

* * * *

A remarkable find is announced this week from Munich. Herr Rosenthal, a well-known bookseller of antiquarian tastes, has discovered a hitherto unknown edition of the doubtful fifth book of "Gargantua and Pantagruel," dated 1549, and therefore printed during the author's lifetime. We reproduce below the title-page of the newly-discovered volume.



The importance of this will be at once evident to the true Rabelaisian. The earliest known edition of the book is dated 1564, eleven years after Rabelais is supposed to have died. Not many years later it was asserted that it was not the work of Rabelais at all, and the controversy has raged through the centuries. Paul Lacroix made a great discovery in 1840—that of a MS. of this fifth book, written, apparently, 1550-1560, and lying in the Bibliothèque Nationale at Paris; and he exhaustively discussed the subject in a pamphlet published just thirty years ago. The dissentients point out that the book shows strong Calvinistic leanings inconsistent with what we know of Rabelais. Lacroix thought that the passages in question were not stronger than could be accounted for by Rabelais' bitterness at the treatment he had received at the hands of the Papists. He also found explanations for one or two passages which appear to refer to events which took place after the death of Rabelais; and to the criticism that the book contained repetitions from previous books he attached little importance. On the whole, Lacroix, despite the fact that the editions contained a good many things which did not appear in his MS., accepted the fifth book as genuine. The majority of critics are on his side; but there are not wanting those who see in the book the work of an inferior imitator cleverly piecing together fragments from the Rabelaisian fable. Now, if Herr Rosenthal is right, we shall see what Rabelais really intended the fifth book of his great work to be like, and what is its relation to the MS. of Lacroix.

Captain Brassbound's Conversion, Mr. Bernard Shaw's latest contribution to the gaiety of playgoers and play readers, which was produced by the Stage Society this week, is a curious mixture of melodrama and farce. It is not, like *Macaire*, a melodramatic farce, nor is it a farcical melodrama. The elements are quite distinct, and each is in its way equally effective. The melodrama concerns the determination of Captain Brassbound, a West African adventurer, to be revenged on a certain English judge, his unacknowledged uncle, who has, he imagines, cheated him out of a certain property. The farce shows how this determination was foiled and the adventurer tamed by the charming manners and kind heart of the judge's sister-in-law. When Brassbound has got both Sir Howard Hallam and Lady Cicely Waynflete into a lonely Moorish castle, and proposes to hand over the former to the justice of an Arab sheikh, Lady Cicely by the exercise of womanly arts turns him from his purpose and actually brings him to her feet as a suitor for her hand. Then having saved Sir Howard from his nephew, she saves Brassbound in his turn from his uncle's natural resentment; and finally he goes off, presumably to lead a new life, converted from his doubtful courses by the combined goodness and cleverness and prettiness of one of the most delightful women created in the modern drama. The play is so full of witty sayings, the characters so observantly outlined, the whole piece written with such complete assurance and whimsical *élan* that it is irresistible. Here and there are little passages striking the true note of pathos, far removed from the forced sentimentality of the usual stage appeal for tears. As for "criticism of life," the play is full of it. The satire on modern methods of thought and work provoked constant merriment. Not all Mr. Shaw's sallies would bear analysis, but they never failed of their effect. Perhaps, as some matches strike only on the box, they would only win immediate recognition from a special audience.

* * * *

The acting was fair all round, and in a few cases brilliant. Miss Achurch, who made Lady Cicely a most engaging specimen of the class which insists on managing everything, was asked to transform herself into a comedian at a few days' notice. She certainly managed the transformation with great cleverness. Mr. Courtenay Thorpe gave a finished study of the judge, a real judge, not a stage judge. Mr. Granville Barker was good as a United States naval officer. Mr. Laurence Irving, as Captain Brassbound, began badly, and was indistinct and painfully ill at ease; but he improved as the piece went on, and in the last act he played a difficult scene with Lady Cicely in the right tone and with genuine power. *You Never Can Tell* was seen on the commercial stage soon after the Stage Society produced it last year. Perhaps *Captain Brassbound's Conversion* will follow the same course. For the next two performances of the Society, *Andromache*, by Mr. Gilbert Murray, and Ibsen's *Lady from the Sea* are underlined. The more remote future is uncertain as yet.

* * * *

Last week we alluded to the facsimile of the first folio of Shakespeare which is to be published by the delegates of the Clarendon Press, and to the Chatsworth copy of the folio which the Duke of Devonshire has lent to the Bodleian Library for the purpose. This was bought by the then Duke at the Roxburghe sale, 1812, for £100. Dibdin, who had a commission from Sir Masterman Sykes to bid up to £75 at the sale, relates an interesting incident in the history of the copy. It occurred in a 1790 auction, when a friend was bidding for the Duke of Roxburghe. "His Grace," in the narrator's words, "had retired to a distance to view the issue of the contest. Twenty guineas and more were offered from various quarters for the book; a slip of paper was handed to the Duke, in which he was requested to inform his friend whether he was 'to go on bidding.' His Grace took his pencil and wrote underneath, by the way of reply—

> Lay on, Macduff;
> And d—d be he who first cries, Hold, enough!

Such a spirit was irresistible, and bore down all opposition. His Grace retired triumphant, with the book under his arm." Thirty-four guineas, the price paid, was regarded by George

Stevens as extraordinarily high. Twenty-eight years later, when the Grenville copy, now in the British Museum, made 116 guineas, Dibdin remarked, "the highest price ever given, or likely to be given, for the volume"; yet last year a fine example, now in the library of a Glasgow collector, realized no less than £1,700!

* * * *

St. Giles', Cripplegate—one of the most interesting old churches in London—seems likely to fall once more into the hands of the restorer, for it is considered probable that the approaching demolition of the adjoining "Quest-house" and "Four Shoppes" will necessitate a complete restoration of the exterior of the church. St. Giles' is well known as the burial-place of John Milton and the scene in 1790 of the abominable exhumation which roused Cowper's righteous indignation:—

> Ill fare the hands that heaved the stones
> Where Milton's ashes lay,
> That trembled not to grasp his bones
> And steal his dust away.

The question which was raised at the time as to whether the remains uncovered were really those of the poet has never, we believe, been settled. Many distinguished people sleep in St. Giles' Church—John Speed, the antiquary; John Foxe, the martyrologist; and two descendants of Sir Thomas Lucy, Shakespeare's original of Justice Shallow. St. Giles' is also famous as the church in which Oliver Cromwell married Sir James Bourchier's daughter Elizabeth in 1620, when the future Protector was twenty-one years old.

* * * *

The All Around Dickens Club, Boston, U.S.A., founded in honour of "Boz," prospers exceedingly. Mrs. A. H. Garland, the founder and president, in her annual report, explains that "this Society was organized *solely* for the purpose of studying the writings of Dickens." The principal study for the year ending in May, 1900, was "A Tale of Two Cities," and in November of last year there was a "theatre party," consisting of members and friends, arranged in compliment to Sir Henry Irving, to witness the performance of *Robespierre* at the time of the visit of Sir Henry, who is one of the club's honorary members. Mrs. Garland entertains the idea of a periodical to be issued by that Society, which "must have behind it originality, talent, accuracy, and support," to be worthy of the place she wishes it to gain among literary ventures; and she suggests "the exercise by the Society of social courtesies towards scholarly visitors" to Boston, "especially English." The club has recently lost by death five of its honorary members, viz., Mr. W. R. Hughes, F.L.S. (of Birmingham), Miss Mamie Dickens, Mr. Charles Dickens, the younger, Mrs. Mary Cowden-Clarke, and Professor John W. Churchill (of Andover, U.S.A.).

* * * *

Dr. Johnson himself was notoriously hazy about Goldsmith's life and was probably little interested about the precise locality of his birth. But an Irishman, Dr. Michael Cox, of Dublin, has made an important contribution to the subject in the second number of the journal of the National Literary Society of Dublin. He brings forward evidence to show that the poet was not born in Co. Longford, but at Elphin in Co. Roscommon. Dr. Thomas Campbell, author of a "Philosophical Survey of Ireland," published in 1779, who met Goldsmith in London, deliberately states that the poet was born in Elphin. Dr. Cox is a Roscommon man, and throws a flood of fresh light on the family history of Goldsmith. The strangely-named tutor of the poet in Trinity College Dublin, whose name, always spelt Cugh, has puzzled many people, turns out to be a distinguished scholar named John Keogh. Dr. Cox, by-the-by, has made a brilliant suggestion, *a propos* of Goldsmith, in a valuable little work on "The History of the Irish Horse." The poet, in one of his letters, speaks enthusiastically of "The Padareen Mare." Now there was a famous Irish racehorse in Goldsmith's younger days known by this name. But Goldsmith was clearly referring to a ballad on the subject. It is quite certain that there was such a ballad, for it has been pointed out elsewhere that one of the songs in Henry Brooke's "Jack the Giant Queller" (1749), is "to the tune of the Padareen Mare." Dr. Cox's suggestion is that Goldsmith wrote the ballad, and it is a very probable one, for we know that, while a sizar at Trinity College Dublin, he was glad to get five shillings for a production of this kind.

* * * *

On Monday evening, after Mr. Jenkinson, of the Cambridge University Library, had been appointed President of the Bibliographical Society, in the place of Lord Crawford whose two years of office have expired, Mr. G. F. Barwick read a most interesting paper on a copy of "Ptolemy," printed by Peter de Turre at Rouje in 1490, from the library of Mary Queen of Scots. Quite an air of romance attaches to the volume, which was produced at the meeting. When the Sunderland collection came under the hammer in the eighties, Sir Wollaston Franks, who had seen and admired the volume at Blenheim, could not find the binding described in the catalogue. He learned from Mr. Quaritch, however, that a binding such as the one of which he was in search was included in the collection, but Quaritch would not take a commission for it, since he himself was prepared "to give twice as much as it was worth." But not even the astute Piccadilly bookseller discerned the Mary Queen of Scots' monogram on the binding—the catalogue gave the monogram as I. M. O., instead of the Greek letters M and Σ standing for Mary and Francis. Hence, Mr. Quaritch, having bought the book for £450, gave Sir Wollaston Franks the offer of it at £700. Sir Wollaston paid the money, and not till it was safely in his possession did Mr. Quaritch realize the treasure with which he had parted. Now it is in the hands of Sir Wollaston's successor as Keeper of the British and Mediæval Department at the British Museum, Mr. C. Hercules Read. Besides a portrait of Ptolemy in the first initial letter, some 191 other initials are painted and illuminated, and the sea in the maps is of a peculiarly brilliant blue. The evidence that it belonged to Mary is undoubted. The arms emblazoned on one of its pages show that it originally belonged to the Frescobaldi. Mr. Barwick suggests that as this old Florentine family of bankers had a branch house at Lyons the book probably passed there on its way to Catherine de Medici, who may have had it bound and given it as a wedding present to her daughter-in-law. The beautiful tooling of the cover, the elaborate *fanfares*, and the "morocain orange du Levant" point to its being the work of the great Nicolas Eve, who was the Court binder during the time of Mary's sojourn in France. How it came into the possession of the Marlborough family there is no record to show. Possibly it was obtained by the great Duke during his Continental wars. It is almost a certainty that it did not come over to Scotland when Mary returned. It does not figure among the "buikis" contained in the "Inventory" of her library. There is no folio mentioned in the list; had the "Ptolemy" been there it would most assuredly have been noted. Apart from the beauty of its setting, the "Ptolemy" was a great book in the days when all men's thoughts were directed towards the unknown West. It was the standard authority on geography till well past the sixteenth century, and in secular literature few books then exercised so wide an influence. According to "Ptolemy" the coasts of India could not be a great distance from the coasts of Spain, and it was this error which tempted Columbus to undertake the voyage into the unknown sea, and to the last that daring navigator believed that the new world which he saw was but a part of the coast of India.

The Nose for Inaccuracy.

Accuracy, it might plausibly be urged, may in some cases easily become the last refuge of an ignoramus. That, at any rate, at the first glance, seems to be the moral of the review mentioned by Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer in the preface to his book on "The Cinque Ports," which we noticed last week. The reviewer in question had to criticize a work by the learned Mr. So-and-So, entitled "The History of the Universe."

> It is a pity [he wrote] that a subject so suggestive should have fallen into the hands of a writer so incompetent as the author. The book is brimming with inaccuracies. As

a sample we may quote the following from page 672 of vol. vi.:—"In 1611 Sir Phineas Tregooze Phineas Cupar, 2nd baronet, purchased the Kinmure Estates of Sir Thomas Polwhedle." In this one sentence that we have chosen quite at random there are no less than four unpardonable errors. It was not Sir P. T. P. Cupar, but Sir John Phineas-Tregooze Cupar who added the Kinmure acres to his own; he was not the second, but the third baronet; he made the purchase in 1611, and although the negotiations for the sale commenced in the lifetime of Sir T. Polwhedle they were not completed until death had allowed the lands to pass into the hands of his relict. Blunders like these render Mr. So-and-So's work quite worthless.

This is clever satire, and by no means wanting in aptness to the times. It causes one to reflect upon the proper duties of the reviewer, and at the same time to recognize his temptations—though we hasten to add that there are happily at the present day many journals whose reviewers duly recognize those duties, and resist those temptations. But to formulate principles of really sound and fair criticism and to act upon them must be the ideal of every conscientious critic, and such a person may be inclined to test his practice in the light of Mr. Hueffer's amusing quotation. It may seem absurd enough to drag out of the sixth volume of an history of the universe a trivial error in the biography of an obscure Scotch baronet. The author may have treated his vast subject with the most admirable perspective; he may have described in masterly fashion the passing of the great Empires of the East; but he is to be condemned, forsooth, because he is not right as to the exact date at which one petty Scotch laird sold his barren acres to another. The value of the book may remain unimpaired; even though there be other similar mistakes, nothing depends upon them. The statements referred only the Polwhedles and the Cupars. But, nevertheless, "that way madness lies." A history of the universe should not include Polwhedle at all. He represents an unnecessary display of erudition, and therefore invites criticism. It is impossible to say what importance may hereafter attach to statements authoritatively made in print, however trivial they may appear at the moment, and this reviewer may have taught his author a useful lesson in responsibility. Moreover, inaccuracy even in minor details is an index of mental habits which a learned author should have outgrown. The real fault of the reviewer lies not in what he says but in what he does not say. He seems to have given way to what is the most seductive temptation which a reviewer has to resist. That overworked individual has by a polite convention to support a character for omniscience. To accomplish this end there is one easy and obvious method of procedure. Let him catch his author out in one particular and make the most of it. The importance of the mistake corrected lies not in its gravity, nor in the proof it affords of the author's inaccuracy, but in the fact that it is the only one the reviewer is able to discover. This is hardly fair on the author. "Seeming wisemen," said Bacon, "may make shift to get opinion, but let no man choose them for employment." Another practice not uncommon in the world of criticism may be just as unfair though not a matter of ethics it may be less unprincipled. Mr. Hueffer's reviewer, as we have pointed out, has nothing to say on the general merits of this "History of the Universe." He is only concerned with finding minor mistakes in it. Few books are wholly immaculate, and the reviewer who may, unlike the one just mentioned, have the requisite knowledge, is sometimes tempted to spend his energy in searching merely for errors in detail. The cautious criticism of the sceptic is as much to be deprecated as the superficial review of the "general reader." After all, does one unmask the oracle too much if one confesses that reviewers are not and cannot be omniscient? Even the specialist who on a particular subject may represent omniscience is often, as every editor knows, a dangerous reviewer. Sound and impartial judgment backed by competent knowledge is the real essential, and it is only the reviewer who is known to possess these qualities who can be trusted to use the real bearing of inaccuracy.

Personal Views.

BOOK BORROWERS.

Most things human are parcelled out between the realms of love and money, the borrowing of books with the rest; you may borrow them from your friend for love—not always to the increase of love—or from the library for money.

The theme, it may be remembered, has had earlier treatment by an abler hand; but that was from the point of view of the lender. There is an opening for greater impartiality, or such leaning to the other side as may redress the balance; and then, since 1820, there have arisen a new fact or two which may have their bearing on the matter. The advance of science has shown that microbic perils lurk in the holy volume presented for our salute by clerk or sergeant in Court or orderly room; with the jerry-builder has come the jerry-binder, inadequately clamping together his rotten materials with little hooks of metal, till it is impossible for the impetuous reader to tear the literary heart out of a book without bringing away its literal heart in company; the gutting is physical as well as metaphoric, and what comes to us one goes back many. Moreover, Mr. Passmore-Edwards has been born, the Public Library Act has been passed, readers are legion, and, as for books, it is ever a fresh wonder how the whole world still contains them. Go to, let the venture be made.

Borrowing at its best is but a poor substitute for the full joys of lawful possession; and by borrowing at its best is meant that sort of usufruct which we may hope by lapse of time to convert into undisputed ownership. Some statute of limitations, prohibiting recovery after certain months or years, there should undoubtedly be; but legislation halts, and we are liable—though we may have paid the book's price many times over in twinges of conscience (sharp at first, but by a merciful dispensation easing off as the loan becomes a familiar presence on our shelves)—we are liable to be cast down from our confidence just as we begin to feel secure, bereft of what we had made our own by the pedantic enforcement of an antiquated claim. Some men are cursed (blest, they think, in their curmudgeonly hearts) with a kind of sixth sense, an instinct of property, which will never allow them to forget that the formal owners of such and such articles, however long the separation may have been, are themselves. Such an one is capable of entering your room, and, while he enjoys your hospitality, "by the way," he will say, "that Rabelais is mine, is it not? Shall I take it home and save you the trouble?" Out upon such trouble-saving! Yet, lest the scale decline unduly, be it allowed that such shameless recoverers find excuse in the foolish laziness of the meaner sort of borrowers. How short-sighted to borrow the latest novel or minor poem, a thing that no one desires to possess, which, once read, but cumbers the shelves, and to neglect to return it! True, your laziness has some show of justification; there go two porterages to one loan transaction; you have done your share in conveying the book to your own room; the owner may do his in carrying it back. But reflect; you save your legs at the cost of your friend's character; you initiate him in evil habits; your next loan may be one that you would as lief he should not carry back. There have been men (friends till their meanness was detected; but here "loan oft loses" friend, if not "itself and friend") who would enter book and borrower on a schedule; let such only reflect upon the horrible injustice that may ensue:—Borrower A returns the book; incomings are less punctiliously recorded than outgoings; borrower B

possesses himself of it unmarked, and A bears the blame. No, the only course for a book-owner who would keep Esquire to his name is to forget to whom he lends, and thank God if he happen to recover; *give* all thou canst, said the poet, not *lend*. Before passing on, it need scarcely be said that every book of which the loan has been pressed on you should, if it is worth harbourage, be retained. You have read it for its owner's pleasure; you keep it for your own.

And now enough of that order of borrowers which takes for its principle that a book's true ownership vests in him who can put it to best use, not him who has disbursed some paltry coins in exchange. But there are other classes which do not rise to this height. One of them deserves no sympathy—the pirates who in hotels and families annex any book which lies open on the table. Its openness is palpable evidence that it is effectively occupied by another power, and all that can be said for them is that the annexation is as temporary as those of ex-President Kruger or Captain Marchand. On the other hand, our hearts go out to the ordinary borrower, too parcimonious to buy, too timid to *acquire*, contemplating restoration. What searchings of heart when the last page is read! This cover warped and blistered, evidence of heathen fire-worship, these leaves rent from their flimsy *retinacula*, damning signs of literary gourmandise, the whole scotched and notched like a carbonado, can it be that all was thus when he borrowed it a week ago? Then it is that we hate the poor innocent with the hatred proper to those that we have wronged. In vain that the owner (assuming as before that he claims the addition of gentleman) remembers with strange precision how himself spilt the tea that made the blotch that draws our blushes; we refuse to be comforted. However, we do not refuse to suit ourselves with a relay, nor perhaps remember to take a mental photograph of our new victim's looks, by way of inventory for assessment of wear and tear against ourselves. After all, we reflect, self-reproach need not be too acute; nay, now we think on it, is he not rather our debtor, for contributing to his library its choicest ornament of all, the look of being used?

But, though reason can deal with that hardship, there are many others. *Imprimis*, a running controversy with the author, carried on in the margin, comes as natural to a man as, to a boy, the inscribing of scornful epithets under the owner's and the author's names. Now it may be disputed whether even an owner is within his rights in adding *marginalia*, unless he designs his library for the flames and not the dealer; else he defrauds the next owner, at one remove; but it is beyond dispute that the borrower must put away all his pencils before he begins to read. *Item*, he must refrain from flinging his author on the fire, the orthodox expression of wrath. It has always been a joy to believe that the Sibrandus on which a poet took notable revenge was his own and not another's. *Item*, he lacks one security for enjoyment. Buy a book, and the British instinct for the best of a bargain sets you down to it in a mood to get your money's worth. But the Briton prefers, for the most part, to borrow gratis or at small cost. The Briton, of all men, parcimonious, do you say? Well, we go to Paris, survey the booksellers' windows, miss the rainbow display of cloth we know, and pronounce that French paper covers are, *à la française*, cheap and nasty. So it was that an earlier generation accounted France dirty, because her soap-dishes were empty; educational travel has taught us that the Frenchman prefers his own soap to other people's, as we our tooth brushes; and before long we shall give him credit for buying his books, where we borrow them, and exercising his taste on the binding, where we tamely and economically accept the publishers'. *Item*, what is worst of all, when you have borrowed and read and returned, you are as he that beholdeth himself in a glass and goeth his way; you straightway forget what manner of book it was. A book that is a book should be on your own shelves ready for consultation, and, like Godolphin, "never in the way and never out of the way." Something, indeed, may be done—but it is a *pis aller*—by him who is content to read, journalist fashion, for the plums, and like Pliny (*cenor aliquando, sed non sine pugillaribus*) to have his pencil and notebook for ever at hand. But the true use of the library and the friend is not yet realized. The bookseller no more than the butcher and baker will grant us a week's trial of their wares on approval, lest they return diminished or impaired. But you may read your friend's copy to determine your doubts about buying; and, as for Him, he is a churl if he will not venture something to compensate the pleasures that he has tasted.

ANCHORET.

HOLLY.

It is not easy to say off-hand how ancient is the practice of decorating the house universal at Christmastide; it is probably older than the celebration of Christmas itself; but, at least, it can be said that holly, as the old poets show, has always held the premier place in the scheme of decoration. Its only rival, contrary to common expectation, which would presume mistletoe to share the honours, has been the ivy—

> Ivy, chief of trees, it is
> Yeul Coronaberis,

as the old carollist of the fifteenth century rapturously sings. Mistletoe is not without its special distinction, of course; and we believe that even with the New Woman its peculiar privileges have not altogether exhaled. But the stately Druidical priesthood, who treasured the mistletoe and thought it had curative powers, dividing it into small sprays, and depending it over the entrances to dwellings as a propitiation and shelter to the sylvan deities during the season of frost and snow, would be appropriately shocked to see the mystic plant merely reverenced for the opportunities it gives for osculation. When the Early Fathers, apostles of expediency, assimilated the Pagan custom and spiritualized it, they left the mistletoe severely alone, and it is a well-known historical fact that the dainty parasite has never been used in the decoration of our churches at the great festival of the year. In only one instance that we know has the mistletoe been permitted inside a church. Stukeley records the practice of the people of York on the Christmas Eve of carrying mistletoe to the high altar of the Minster, and proclaiming "a public and universal liberty, pardon, and freedom to all sorts of inferior, and even wicked people, at the gates of the city, towards the four quarters of Heaven."

Holly profited from being unassociated with the old god Tutanes—the same as the Phœnician god Baal, or the sun, worshipped after so many different names by all the Pagan races of antiquity—and for centuries enjoyed almost as much homage as the sacred mistletoe of the barbarians; with "its berries as red as any rose" it appealed strangely to the simple old folk, who were quite ready to accept the symbolism imposed by the ecclesiastics. Ivy was also largely used—the quaint Tusser, nearly four centuries ago, sang:—

> Get Ivy and Holly and deck up thine house,
> And take this same brawn to scathe and to scorne,
> Provide us good cheer, for thou know'st the old guise;
> Old customs that good be, let no man despise—

and the minstrels, in charming verse, made much of the rivalry of the two evergreens, always, with the one exception mentioned above, in favour of "Holly and his merry men, they dance and they sing." The rhymer put it, "Ivy and her maidens are always

carrying," and the hostility expressed towards Ivy, with its "berries as black as any sloe," by the household maidens decking the house and chambers for the Yule festivity, may be accounted for by the circumstance that it is used at funerals. The pretty carol "The Contest of the Ivy and the Holly" is assigned by Mr. Hone as from a MS. of Henry IV.'s time, which would make it the earliest of all our carols, but another authority gives the date about the time of Henry VI., when many dainty carols were in use, notably that sweet lullaby "The Virgin and Child," "The First Nowell," and "In Excelsis Gloria." All the delightful versions of the holly and Ivy carols were always sung on festive occasions. The old minstrel in the "Contest" is emphatic:—

Holly stand in the hall
Fair to behold;
Ivy stand without the door
She is full sore a-cold.

Holly hath birdes,
A full fair flock,
The nightingale, the popinjay,
The gentle laverock.

Good Ivy,
What birdies hast thou?
None but the howlet
That cries "how, how!"

Nay, Ivy, nay,
It shall not be, I-wis;
Let Holly have the mastery
As the manner is.

In the "Holly and Ivy" carol, also of the fifteenth century, the argument is not very conclusive, perhaps, but it is very simple and quaint:—

Holly and Ivy made a great party
Who should have the mastery
In birds where they go.
Then spake Holly, "I am free and jolly,
I will have the mastery
In lands where they go."
Then spake Ivy, "I am loud and proud,
And I will have the mastery
In lands where they go."
Then spake Holly, and set him down on his knee,
"I pray thee, gentle Ivy, say me no villany,
In lands where they go."

To holly clearly was given the preference "as the manner is," and sweetness in allegiance were evidently in some danger, indicated in a particularly quaint carol of about the time of Henry VII., "Here comes Holly":—

Whosoever against holly do cry
In a lope (large basket) shall he hang full high.

From this we can imagine the minstrel responsible for "Ivy, Chief of Trees" running some personal risk, and only excused for his controversy by the delicacy of his lines:—

Ivy, chief of trees, it is
Yeat Cerosaberis.

Ivy is soft and meek of speech,
Against all bale she is bliss;
Well is he that may her reach,
Yeat Cerosaberis.

Among the minstrels who have sung in praise of holly there have been none to surpass those the Cornish carollist of the early part of the present century, the Rev. Robert Hawker. His charming carol "Sholeyh Marya" has caught the early spirit, and "the birds of the bleeding breast" might well have been sung with pathos of the best versions of the holly carols. Where the nightingale rhymes mentions the old holly birdies—

The nightingale, the popinjay,
The gentle laverock—

Mr. Hawker gives us a sweet picture of the robin and the holly, in lines which touch us nearly, for no holly bush on our lawns is destitute of the perky redbreast with his merry twitter—"the merriest sound upon earth or sea":—

So of all that grow by the king's highway,
I love that tree the best,
'Tis a bower for the birds upon Christmas day,
The bush of the bleeding breast.
O! the holly with her drops of blood for me,
For that is our sweet Aunt Mary's tree.

The phrase "Aunt Mary's tree" is in reference to the old Cornish custom of calling all revered seniors aunt and uncle.

When the Puritans interdicted the festival of Christmas, seeking to abolish the frolic entirely, the decoration of houses and public places was sternly forbidden. In the year 1647 the parish officers of St. Margaret's, Westminster, were fined for dressing the church with holly and bay, and individual householders had no opportunity for merriment. Under date of Christmas, 1651, John Evelyn makes the following note:—"No churches or public assembly"; and the genial Pepys, in 1688:—"At home with my wife, who, poor wretch! sat undressed all day until ten o'clock at night altering and lacing of a noble petticoat." The "light-shoe lords of Cromwell's making" were specially against the masques and pageants in the palaces, in which license ran rampant; but they spared nothing of the quaint old-time customs—Peacock pie, with its bevy of fair maidens carrying holly sprigs, and the Boar's Head, crested with holly, and heralded by the famous Boar's Head carol; even plum pudding was abhorrent to them, and mince-pie—"O, that was flat idolatry." At the Restoration the sprig of holly reasserted itself, and if it no longer decked the august Boar's Head it surmounted the sugared summit of the plum pudding, where it has remained ever since, a joy to many generations of gleeful children. Indeed, what would a plum pudding be without its glad crest of gleaming holly! The holly wields a potent influence, now as ever. Even in the streets, hanging in warm clumps over shop fronts, it imparts an appropriate festive atmosphere, and the merry crowd jostling each other in the loose haste of Christmas shopping seems the merrier and under the mysterious benediction of the spirit of the season; transferred to the homes of the people it assumes new beauties, affording the greatest pleasure to many happy hearts and ministering, in subtle fashion, to the common enjoyment. Holly lends a glow to all the festivity, and fully justifies its ancient selection. Only prudent housewives must be careful to remove their holly leaves before Candlemas Day, otherwise the negligence will involve a direful penalty. The old superstition is that the careless simply people their houses with mischievous sprites; Herrick cautions us to—

Look how many leaves there be
Neglected there, maids, trust to me,
So many goblins shall you see.

In Oxfordshire, so Aubrey tells us, if a man declined or neglected to bring in sufficient holly and evergreen to garnish the servants' hall, the said servants stole his breeches and nailed them on the portal gate—a curious piece of vindictiveness; he was also rigidly excluded from the well-known privileges of the mistletoe. As he fully deserved to be, of course. A person who can forget his devotion to the holly branch is certainly too depraved a being to be included in the homage to the mistletoe.

Foreign Letter.

GERMANY.

The Christmas season, the great time for the German publishers, has seen a very large output of books. It must be confessed that a careful survey of the more important volumes leads only to the conviction that in Germany, as elsewhere, there is much good work, but nothing of the highest excellence, and little even that arrests the attention. Speaking generally,

books of memoirs increase in number; there is a vast improvement in periodical literature; but the novelists and dramatists show a tendency to repeat themselves. Those who are interested in the literary movement in Germany of the last twenty years should read Adalbert von Hanstein's "Das Jüngste Deutschland: zwei Jahrzehnte Miterlebte Litteratur-geschichte." It is a comprehensive survey, useful and popular, and, so far as we can judge, trustworthy. It brings out certain characteristics special to literary Germany, such as the tendency of authors with new ideas to form themselves into societies or unions, and to start periodicals for the propagation of their views, and the importance of the drama as a distinct branch of literature and a literary influence. As a criticism the book is not perhaps of great importance, but it is thoroughly well planned, and certainly accomplishes all that it professes.

Among recent books of memoirs, Bismarck's "Letters to his Wife," edited by Prince Herbert von Bismarck, take the first place. They supplement the reminiscences, published some two years ago, which gave the world an insight into the intellectual workshop of the creator of the German Empire. The familiar letters reveal something of his inner life known only to his intimates. To his wife he confided all that he thought and felt, and his letters to her tell us much of statesmen and politics, of the social life of the time, and of himself, as lover, husband, and father. They begin in 1846 and end in 1892. Some omissions are, of course, inevitable, but there is quite enough to give importance to these letters. Unfortunately, the letters written during the Franco-German War have not yet been found. Nothing could be of greater interest than the letter dated September 3, 1870, telling of Bismarck's meeting with Napoleon after Sedan. In this book, as in several others of the same kind, there is no index. In such books, above all others, the omission of an index should be a penal offence. It is unpardonable in an English edition—how much more in a German!

Other political memoirs are those of Eduard von Simson and Otto Freiherr von Manteuffel. Simson helped to establish parliamentary life in Germany on a firm basis, and was one of the deputies sent to Versailles in 1870. As a young man he spent some time in England, and studied criminal law and procedure at the Old Bailey. He thought highly of the English methods, and saw that Germany had much to learn from them. He was fond of the theatre, and made a point of seeing Shakespeare on the stage. He saw Macready, Miss Cushman, and Helen Faucit, and yet it was his opinion that Shakespeare was better acted and better understood in Germany. How many Englishmen at the sight of Dover cliffs from a Channel steamer think of the passage in *Lear* describing them? Simson records how this was uppermost in his mind on his first approach to this country. The first volume of the Memorials of Manteuffel, covering the years 1848-51, has for its chief title "Unter Friedrich Wilhelm." It is edited by Heinrich von Poschinger, who declares that had it not been for Manteuffel Bismarck could never have founded the German Empire. References in the volume to English politics are few. We are told that the idea of the Great Exhibition of 1851 originated with Mazzini, permeated to Palmerston, and finally reached Prince Albert. The book strikes us rather as a collection of documents—documents certainly of the greatest value for the making of history—than as history itself. The memoirs of the statesman Georg von Bunsen have a good deal of interest for Englishmen. Martin Philippson's "Life of the Emperor Frederick III." is written with some insight and much sympathy. His policy is described as that of a man of ideas, impressionable yet determined. A volume entitled "Bismarck in the Caricatures of all Nations" will help future historians. The reproductions are taken from the comic journals of the whole world, and form a capital record of his career. *Punch* is, of course, the chief English journal represented, and we are glad to see that the editor has not feared to reproduce the famous "Dropping the Pilot."

Of literary memoirs the best are the youthful reminiscences of Paul Heyse and of Julius Rodenberg. Heyse describes his school days in Berlin, his student days at Berlin and Bonn, and relates his youthful love affairs in true Goethe fashion. He draws a very attractive picture of literary and artistic Munich when he settled there in 1854. The men of letters had [illegible] all poor, but filled with great ideas, some of which have been amply realized. Heyse has something to say of his own early efforts in drama, in lyric poetry, in narrative poems or tales in verse. But, as all the world knows, Heyse was to find his fame in the novel and the short prose tale. Julius Rodenberg is the editor of the *Deutsche Rundschau*, a post for which he is admirably fitted. His judgment of the abilities of others is unerring; and he has the gift of drawing from his contributors their very best work. He tells us how he met George Eliot in Berlin in 1854, and gives an interesting sketch of Emanuel Deutsch, in whose society he chiefly spent his time on his early visits to London.

The shelves of German booksellers are crowded with books on the Transvaal. They are full of uncomplimentary allusions to England and her South African policy, but the subject does not seem to lend itself to the cultivation of literary style. They may be passed over with perhaps one exception. Dr. Alexander Tille was professor of German in the University of Glasgow from 1890 to 1900. He unwisely mingled criticism of English politics with his German lessons, and his resignation became desirable. On his return to his own country he proceeded to write a book entitled "England's Hobbledehoyhood" (Aus England's Flegeljahre). According to the learned ex-Professor, until 1881 England acted as a child and a spoiled child, too, and since has acted as a hobbledehoy. Dr. Tille attacks everything English—politics, commerce, and education alike. We hardly think the book will be taken seriously in Germany. An academic chair may certainly enlighten its possessor in the ways and vagaries of youth, or even in a Scottish university, for example, in the ways of hobbledehoys who develop into most capable men; but it does not, as a rule, give an opportunity for the study of politics and commerce. English professors are wise in their generation, and seldom interfere in such matters.

We can hardly imagine an Oxford professor announcing a course of lectures on Ibsen. Yet Dr. Emil Reich has published the twenty lectures on Ibsen's dramas delivered by him at the University of Vienna. He demonstrates the progress of the poet's mind by treating the plays chronologically. Hans Woerner's book on Ibsen, of which the first volume has just appeared, is even more ambitious. Woerner tries to show Ibsen's debt to his predecessors and to his own age, and devotes an excellent chapter to a survey of Scandinavian literature from the seventeenth century onwards. Both books will help the right comprehension of Ibsen. The twenty-fifth edition of Vilmar's very useful "Litteraturgeschichte" is announced with a continuation from the death of Goethe to the present day. To the valuable series of illustrated literary histories, published under the auspices of the Bibliographisches Institut, a History of French Literature has now been added.

No really great work of fiction has appeared of late. In many of the novels before us men and women marry with the fixed determination to make each other as miserable as possible. The hero as a husband is a brute, as a lover (of other men's wives) perfection. The wife is a bundle of nerves and sickly fancies, unloved if she is usually normal before marriage she becomes abnormal, hysterical, and neurotic immediately afterwards. Such is more or less the theme of Gabriele Reuter's latest novel "Ellen von der Weiden," a dull story, gainless of [illegible] of artistic workmanship. Through the rather crude [illegible] of Wilhelm Hegeler's "Ingenieur Horstmann" there runs an admirable description of a wrecked life, and some excellent character-drawing. Rudolph Stratz's "Die Thörichte Jungfrau" (the foolish virgin) has as usual the high Alps for a background. The story is not thrilling; but the description of the peaks and the glaciers, which are almost as important as the characters, give a high quality to Stratz's novels. Richard Voss also places among Alpine surroundings the catastrophe of the unusual and powerful story "Psyche"—of a wife who sacrifices everything for

a fictional ideal to her great qualities, her love, and for ever searching for an impossible ideal in every woman he meets; a husband who only recognises his wife's beauty and nobility after she has relinquished her own depth to secure his happiness. This pathetic theme is treated with true literary art. There is always distinction about Spielhagen's work. "Freigeboren," his new novel, is the diary of a woman, high-born, cultured, and something of a philosopher. She is married to a baptised Jew, a rich financier, of doubtful morals, and she shows her breeding by making the best of the situation. The book contains an interesting description of the German celebrities of the sixties and seventies, who are described as frequenting her salon. There are novel readers even in Germany who are interested in other problems than those which centre round husbands and wives. Such persons always read Konrad Telmann's novels with pleasure. His loss is to be deplored. The novels he left which have been published since his death are among the best he wrote. "Vaterrechte" deals in masterly fashion with a question of paternity, and "Was ist Wahrheit?" with the most profound and far-reaching of all problems. The doctrine that whatever belief helps a man to lead a virtuous and useful life is the truth for him is thoughtfully worked out, and the descriptions of the lives of German mechanics are strongly and sincerely drawn.

It is in his marvellous gift of insight into the hearts of children—at least, so it seems to us—that Ernst von Wildenbruch's talent really lies. We would give nearly all his dramas and all his court poems for more tales like "Kinderthränen," "Das Edle Blut," and "Neid," the latest of these child romances, if we may so call them. The material, the style, the presentment are faultless, and Wildenbruch's prose has a beauty, a simplicity, a literary finish unique among German writers. Isolde Kurz attempts a similar kind of work in her volume of tales "Von Dazumal," but she is scarcely successful. The immature thoughts of children require for their handling the rarest art and sympathy. Without this they become abnormal, and it is the normal child that is interesting. Peter Rosegger has deserted story-telling to relate his religious experiences. "Mein Himmelreich" reminds us of Coppée's "La bonne Souffrance." We fear that the ingenuous confessions of these sufferers from "divine homesickness" will not rank with the "Confessions of St. Augustine," or Bunyan's "Grace Abounding." The story of the mental struggle of such men, earnest yet imaginative, has abiding literary and human interest, while the placid conviction that everything is for the best is apt to pall. The women novelists are active. Clara Viebig and Ilse Frapan, two of the most talented of them, show a tendency to become sentimental over the lives of the fallen, the defenceless, the unprotected among women. Maidservants especially attract them. But the mass of these persons are not able to arouse our interest or sympathy; and we fear in "Wehrlose" and "Das Tägliche Brot" the necessary exceptions have not been found. There are new novels also, all in their customary vein, by Ossip Schubin, Lou Andreas-Salomé, Ida Boy-ed, and Hermine Villinger.

THE BOOKSELLING TRADE.

It is a sorry outlook for the bookseller when the grocer round the corner gives away a copyright novel by a popular author with a quarter of a pound of tea, but that, it seems, is now being done by an enterprising suburban tradesman, who varies the literary gift according to the quantity of tea purchased. The tea merchant is only following in the footsteps of the draper and the dealer in fancy goods, but his development of their idea is not without its hidden meaning. It is significant that this irregular traffic in books is increasing every year, and, if it does not eventually supersede the legitimate trade—as some enthusiasts believe it must do in time—it will undoubtedly make it harder than ever for the bookseller to pay his way. We may discuss the competition of the grocer and the draper as unwarranted, but to a large extent the bookseller has himself to blame. At the last International conference of publishers M. Baranger, of Paris, admitted that the complaints which had been made as to the lowering of the professional level of the book trade were justified by facts. Professional booksellers had deserted, and their places had been taken by men who had rushed into the business unconscious of its difficulties, and possessing neither theoretical nor practical knowledge—often after failing in other things. It is an old complaint, this deterioration of the bookseller. Roger North refers to it in his life of his brother John:—

> Little Britain [he writes] was, in the middle of the last century [the seventeenth], a plentiful emporium of learned authors; and men went thither as to a market. This drew to the place a mighty trade, the rather because the shops were spacious, and the learned gladly resorted to them, where they seldom failed to meet with agreeable conversation; and the booksellers themselves were knowing and conversable men, with whom, for the sake of bookish knowledge, the greatest wits were pleased to converse; and we may judge the time as well spent there as (in later days) either in taverns or coffee-houses, though the latter hath carried off the spare time of most people. But now this emporium is vanished, and the trade contracted into the hands of two or three persons, who, to make good their monopoly, ransack not only their neighbours of the trade, that are scattered over England; aye, and beyond the sea, too; and send abroad their circulators, and in that manner get into their hands all that is valuable; and the rest of the trade are content to take their refuse, with which, and the first scum of the press, they furnish one side of a shop, which serves for the sign of a bookseller rather than a real one; but instead of selling, deal as factors, and procure what the country divines and gentry send for, of whom each one has his book-factor; and when wanting anything, writes to his bookseller, and pays his bill.

Edward Ballard—"honest Ballard, well known for his curious divinity catalogues"—was the last survivor of the old race of booksellers in Little Britain, and he died before the beginning of the eighteenth century.

Not that a revival of the old-world race of booksellers would meet the present needs of the trade. People have little time to gossip over their business nowadays. A bookseller can be well-informed without being garrulous, but, above all, he must be business-like. Unfortunately, as Mr. F. Macmillan has said, the occupation of retail bookselling becomes every day less and less congenial to the very class of men—active, intelligent, and somewhat bookish—which it is desirable to attract to the calling. The extension of the net system is doing something to improve the financial position of the bookseller, but more than that is needed to raise the professional level of the trade. Bookselling is passing through a period of transition; outsiders are gaining a firmer foothold in the business every year; and the regular practitioner must be able to show that he is at least as enterprising and business-like as the go-ahead grocer and draper. The same difficulty has occurred in the retail trade in other countries, especially in the United States and France. The only hope apparently is to raise a new generation of booksellers, and there is much to be said in favour of the proposed professional school which has been discussed at more than one congress of publishers. The English Booksellers' Association once considered the matter seriously, and even went so far, we believe, as to adopt a programme of bibliographical instruction, but the scheme apparently fell through. There are already schools for booksellers' clerks in Leipzig and Milan, and a trade school has been tried in Brussels, but in that case the attempt has been unsuccessful, owing (as M. Vanderveld explained in supporting M. Baranger's proposal at the publishers' conference) to a sentiment of mock dignity which had prevented Belgian booksellers from joining an institution designed to teach them a trade with which, as established business men, they considered themselves fully conversant. Perhaps our booksellers would on

similar grounds object to an English school, but many of their assistants would probably think differently, especially if the course of instruction did not last too long, and the programme dealt with technical details and general knowledge which would come into their regular work. Something, at all events, will have to be done if the book trade is to be kept together. That it can be made profitable is proved by the success of the few men who thoroughly understand the business and who are good shopmen into the bargain.

The American bookseller has just the same, and possibly more, difficulties to contend with. These are the large stores all over the country who undersell him, and make it almost impossible for him to earn a satisfactory income. What is a small bookseller to do against such a monopolist millionaire as Wanmaker, who, by reason of his immense capital, is able to dispose of his goods so many cents cheaper? The result is that ere long the small bookseller will probably have to go. One of the objects of the new Publishers' Association which was formed the other day is to watch over the interests of the small bookseller. Their task, it seems, will not be an easy one.

THE DRAMA.

"THE HAPPY HYPOCRITE."

Miss Jenny Mere, an innocent little maiden, wide-eyed, candid-browed, in a Kate Greenaway gown (period 1815), is singing to herself and gathering primroses in Kensington Gardens, when she is scared away by two "bucks" of florid manners and a flamboyant impertinence, Count Hesseldorf in the curly wig of the Prince Regent and the Hessian boots of Kotzebue's Stranger, and Captain Fitzclarence in the mutton-chop whiskers and topheavy shako by which we recognize at Burlington House the pictures of Waterloo. To them enters a still more insolent pair, La Gambogi, a "dashing Cyprian" (it was the phrase of the time) in short muslin skirt and pea-green jacket, and her companion in pleasure, Lord George Hell. Lord George wears three waistcoats, innumerable seals, voluminous trousers, and a shaggy white beaver hat, like that which is still preserved as a curio in a shop window at the bottom of St. James's-street. Lord George wears the dress of a dandy, but his face is the face of a satyr, puffed, scorbutic, rugose, as repulsive as anything in the hideous caricatures of Gillray. Why this face? Because it is the index of the mind, the outward and visible sign of the ruin within, and thereby hangs Mr. Max Beerbohm's little tale. For Lord George perceives Jenny Mere, falls in love with her straightway, and finds that to love her is a liberal education in face-massage. Abashed by her innocence, he addresses her with respect and even humility, but she is terrified by his face and runs away. Then comes fantasy upon the scene, a whiff of the *conte philosophique*, in the strange, starveling person of a hawker of masks. Here be all faces in wax, dangling from his booth, the lusty, the debonair, the courtly, the grotesque. But has he not the mask of a saint? Lord George would buy one, wherein to go a-courting Jenny Mere *pour le bon motif*. Well, saints' faces are out of fashion in these Regency days, there is no demand for them in the present state of morals, but if Lord George will just step inside the booth the hawker will try and accommodate him with one. By-and-by the rake emerges with the mask of a (Georgian) angel, drives away the mocking Gambogi woman, and under his changed aspect again tries his luck with Jenny Mere. Now she believes in him, welcomes him as the Prince Charming of her dreams, and even kisses him on the lips, marvelling to find them so cold. She displays her little candid soul to him and confesses her one little sin to him—a wild hunger for buns, the big shiny ones and the little shiny ones, the big dull ones and the little dull ones. In her basket at this moment is a big shiny one, and Lord George (who has "heard of buns" but never seen them) tries to eat through the hole in his mask. His heart is now all Jenny Mere's, he will sell his cabriolet, pension off the Gambogi, retire to a cottage and live on buns. But the "bucks" and the Cyprian do not believe in his conversion and think he has played the hypocrite long enough. So, to show him in his true colours to Jenny Mere, they tear off his mask. But what is this? Under the beautiful mask there is now a face no less beautiful—

Primâ facie avulsâ non deficit altera.

An honest love has purified the rake's soul and restored the boyish innocence of his face. The roysterers slink away while Lord George and Jenny Mere plight their troth on the edge of the Round Pond.

Now is not this a beautiful little story? Was it not a happy idea to place this fairy-tale in the rococo period of the Regency? Is there not a *tour de force* in expressing the delicate sentiment, the airy fantasy of such a tale in the ornate "Corinthian" rhetoric of that period? And must we forgo the pleasure of all this because here and there Mr. Beerbohm shows some defect of stage-technique or because we are not accustomed to seeing dandies wearing wax masks in Kensington Gardens? The newspapers, I see, have, most of them, been maintaining that we must; most of them have been playing variations on the late M. Sarcey's famous, or rather infamous, "Ça n'est pas du théâtre." For my part, I can put up with any degree of deficiency in mere theatrical quality in work which is a real experiment, which does something to send a current of fresh air through the fusty, musty old playhouse. Here is something new and strange and audacious, something which must give every playgoer with the slightest tincture of letters a distinct "thrill," a trifle if you will, but a trifle of a taking elegance, a trifle which counts, a trifle not unworthy to find a place on the same shelf with *Beau Austin*. Miss Winifred Fraser as Jenny Mere, Mr. Frank Mills as Lord George, and Mr. George Arliss as the hawker of masks all serve their author very well, and Mr. Albert Fox has contributed some delightful incidental music.

A. B. WALKLEY.

Reviews.

MR. SAINTSBURY'S HISTORY OF CRITICISM.

A History of Criticism and Literary Taste in Europe. By George Saintsbury, M.A., LL.D. Vol. I. Classical and Mediæval Criticism. (Blackwood. 16s. n.)

Every one knows that Mr. Saintsbury is a critic of high cultivation and large experience, and his opinions on all matters connected with literature are entitled to respectful consideration. He has given us a most scholarly volume. Students will find it a perfect store-house of not very common learning, unfolded with consummate ease, as free from pedantry as any reader has a right to expect, and extremely fertile in suggestion. Mature lovers of literature will admire the courage which prompts him to march into a field little explored and never effectively occupied, *tanquam in terram nullius*, and hoist his flag in the sight of the world. They will also sympathize with the enthusiasm which has carried him through the first and not least laborious stage of his undertaking, and will look forward with interest to his future volumes. Although Mr. Saintsbury takes no notice of such trifles as historical and textual criticism, and confines himself to "criticism proper," or the "reasoned exercise of literary taste," he gives the term, thus limited, a wide construction. Moreover, he ingeniously draws arguments and illustrations from many authorities which are not usually ranked as critical literature. We do not see why he goes out of his way to disparage historical criticism as illogical, or on what grounds he claims for the "reasoned exercise of literary taste" a specially logical character. The logic of it, as we understand him to expound the matter, comes to this—"I like it, and therefore it must be good." Nor shall we deny that to this extent he is right. Mere literary criticism, when all is said and done, is fundamentally a matter of likes and dislikes. It is also, as Mr. Saintsbury says, and as Longinus said before him, a matter

of cultivation and experience; and the likes and dislikes of cultivated and experienced persons constitute the standard of taste, so far as a standard of taste can be said to exist. Some readers will think regretfully that the work tends to inculcate a standard of taste lower than the highest. If it does, it is because its writer has adapted himself to the spirit of his time, and it would be unjust to blame him for that.

Mr. Saintsbury might plead that his taste is in the fullest sense of the word a catholic one. It is catholic because it is frankly hedonistic. It was said by them of old time that true education consists in learning to like the right things and dislike the wrong ones; and so far as morals are concerned Mr. Saintsbury would doubtless assent. But literary taste, according to him, obeys no rigid canon of right and wrong. Like the leaden rule of the Lesbian masons, you can bend it to any angle or curve you choose. He who has a genuine love for literature will abandon himself to the enjoyment of it under all its forms, with an intimacy at once voluptuous and intellectual. He will bask and revel in it, ever striving, and ever failing, to penetrate the secret of its charms. Its luxuriance of fancy, its wealth of colour, its delicate suggestiveness of thought and phrase furnish him with the elements of a perpetual ecstasy. All this, of course, is not new. It is substantially the old Greek view of the dangers and subtle temptations of certain kinds of literature; the view which Plato had in mind when he decided to exclude the poets from his ideal republic, which made Epicurus and his disciples denounce poetry as useless and futile, and drew from Plutarch a sermon in which its pleasures are handled, for the benefit of young men, much as an evangelical divine of the old type might have handled those of the ball-room and theatre for the edification of young ladies. The Greek philosophers, of course, were largely influenced, in taking up this hostile attitude, by the fact that poetry was thought to foster false and degrading ideas of the gods. But the main reason was that it had a fundamental tendency to seduce men from a truthful conception of nature and human life; and this objection strikes us as not wholly inapplicable to the view of literature inculcated by Mr. Saintsbury.

The origins of criticism, according to Mr. Saintsbury, are to be found in the philosophizing tendency of the Greek mind, and in the Greek schools of rhetoric. We should rather look for them in the audiences who crowded the theatre and law-court, or, further back, among those who at public or private festival listened to the recitation of Demodocus or Phemius. Even thus early there must have been a preference on the part of the public for one rhapsodist, or school of rhapsodists, and one legend, or cycle of legends, rather than others; and to some such preference we owe the preservation of the Homeric poems, and the establishment of Homer as the standard of literary taste. The poet, again, is perforce a critic, and succeeds in proportion to the severity with which he judges his own productions; the orator, above all, has to adapt himself to his audience. But, to estimate the force and character of critical opinion, we must survey the whole field of literature. This truth Mr. Saintsbury has laid seriously to heart. Although criticism proper begins with Aristotle, Homer and the tragedians had long established the literary standard; the Sophists had been at work propounding their philosophy of language, their theory of persuasion, their views on the moral character of poetry and oratory; and Plato, who had real literary enthusiasm, had introduced into his works a good deal of critical matter, though it is rhapsodical and erotchety, and his impatience of anything but the pure idea usually leads him astray. But it is in Aristophanes, among pre-Aristotelian writers, that Mr. Saintsbury finds the most striking illustration of the critical spirit. This, of course, is the famous onslaught on Euripides in the *Frogs*. Here he discovers the prototype of the "slashing review" of modern times. His analysis of it is well conceived and happily expressed; and he pays Aristophanes what is intended as the highest possible compliment in saying that the contest between the two tragedians might easily be thrown into the form of a *concerto*, "which would anticipate by two thousand years and more the very shrewdest work of Dryden, the most thoughtful of Coleridge, the most delicate and ingenious of Arnold and Sainte-Beuve." But his enthusiasm prompts him to add that, compared with Aristophanes, the pure criticism of Aristotle is vague and desultory, while that of Longinus is scrappy and lacking in grasp. Here we are unable to follow him. The mockery of the stage and the sedate teaching of the chair have no common measure: the one is intended to raise a laugh, the other to establish and inculcate a standard of judgment. Nothing in Aristotle can be truthfully described as vague, although his apparently careless handling may sometimes expose him to the charge of desultoriness. Does not Mr. Saintsbury forget, for the moment, that Aristotle's chief critical treatise has not come down to us complete? But, to tell the truth, he cherishes a grudge against Aristotle. Of the elements which go to the making of tragedy Aristotle assigns the first place to the plot or story, as developed in the action; the second to the portraiture of character; the third to the cast of thought; and "lexis," or diction, comes in, as Mr. Saintsbury indignantly puts it, "a bad fourth." Mr. Saintsbury, though not without an apology for the epithets, tells us in effect that he considers this contempt for words "ignorant and unintelligent," that it comes to this—according to Aristotle, words are no better than "filthy rags"; and he holds up for our admiration the egregious canon of Dionysius that "that diction is necessarily beautiful in which there are beautiful words, and that of beautiful words beautiful syllables and letters are the cause!" This is a little hard on Aristotle. He has not the least intention of derogating from the importance of diction, though he refuses to exalt it, as Mr. Saintsbury seems inclined to do, above the meaning it is intended to express.

Nor does Mr. Saintsbury by any means allow the matter to rest here. He is convinced, for his own part, that the ultimate test of literary value lies in the expression, not in the meaning; and his favourite critical maxim is that of Longinus, who pronounces "a certain consummateness and eminence of words" to be the crown of literary excellence. "Fine words," says Longinus, "are the light of the mind"; and Mr. Saintsbury, recognizing here a great maxim which practically embodies the whole modern gospel of literature, applauds loudly. But taken by itself and understood in an absolute sense, this rhetorical remark is not exactly consistent with the general spirit of the treatise, and Longinus immediately qualifies it by saying that fine words are only appropriate to certain things, and that to use them for little things is like putting the tragedian's mask on the face of a child. This consideration gives Mr. Saintsbury pause; and he adds, on reflection, that Longinus beheld the mighty truth only as in a Pisgah-sight. This same "Pisgah-sight," however, is for Mr. Saintsbury a great epoch in the history of criticism; and he naturally expects to find some traces of a similar revelation elsewhere. But he searches in vain, until, a thousand years later, he comes to the "De Vulgari Eloquio" of Dante, which he ranks as the most important critical document between Longinus and the seventeenth century. The beauties of mediæval Italian, says Dante, are better displayed in prose than in poetry. Poetry is to prose as female beauty encumbered with jewelry and costly raiment is to female beauty in loose undress; and the latter style suits the Italian vernacular best. What possible ground does this trite comparison afford for saying that Dante, of all men in the world, recognizes the ultimate test of literary excellence as lying in expression, not in the meaning? Suppose that the same or a like figure were employed to illustrate the difference between virtue and vice. Would this justify Mr. Saintsbury in saying that the author regarded virtue and vice as mere matters of outward show? Apart from the "Pisgah-sight" and the apotheosis of diction Mr. Saintsbury writes for the most part sensibly, and carries the reader pleasantly over the dull stages of a subject not easily treated in a manner at once scholarly and popular. His readers gain by that broad view which treats poets and miscellaneous writers as critical authorities of equal value with professed rhetoricians and grammarians; and his conception of criticism as a living force permeating all literature, and acting on literature through

literature, is, we feel, the right one. We gain a better idea of its real effect from Plutarch and the Greek Anthology, from Petronius and Boccaccio, than from Hermogenes and Dion Chrysostom, from Aristides of Smyrna and Libanius. But Mr. Saintsbury takes us conscientiously, though rapidly, through all the authorities, and gives us many a pleasant interlude by the way. As an instance of his power of exhibiting dull matter in an interesting light, take the chapter which deals with Photius, lexicographer, Patriarch of Constantinople, and contemporary of our own Alfred the Great. Being sent on a political mission to Assyria, Photius took with him a travelling library comprising the works of two hundred and eighty authors, and employed his leisure in writing critical summaries of them. Poetry, at this time, seems to have been rather at a discount; for among the two hundred and eighty it has not a single representative. But there are a certain number of romances, and Mr. Saintsbury claims for Photius the first rank, in point of time, among reviewers of novels. His criticism of the "Aethiopica"—"of many million novel reviews the interesting first"—runs thus:—

> The book (*syntagma*) is of the dramatic kind, and it usesa style suitable to the plan, for it aboundsin simplicityand sweetness, and in pathetic situations actual or expected. The narrative is diversified and unexpected, and has strange chance salvations ["hairbreadth 'scapes," Mr. Saintsbury well suggests as a parallel], and bright and pure diction. If, as is reasonable, it sometimes indulges in tropes, they too are brilliant, and exhibit the matter in hand. The periods are symmetrical, and, on the whole, arranged with a view to succinctness. The plot and the rest are correspondent to the style. His yarn is of the love of a man and a woman, and he shows an anxious and careful observance of propriety of sentiment.

In Photius there first occurs the familiar phrase "New Edition" (*νέα ἐκδόσις*). The following delightful specimen of an unfavourable review relates to the "Sophistikê Paraskeuê" of Phrynichus:—

> This writer, if any ever was, is fullest of various knowledge but otherwise redundant and garrulous; for when it was open to him to have got the matter completely finished off, without missing a single important point, in not a fifth part of his actual length, he, by saying things out of season, has stretched it out to an unmanageable bulk; and, while he has collected for others' use the matter of a good and suitable treatise, he cannot be said to have made much use of it himself.

In Mr. Saintsbury's account of Latin criticism, Cicero, Horace, the younger Pliny, Quintilian, Seneca, and Aulus Gellius provide the bulk of the material. There is plenty of critical matter in Cicero, whose remark on the opinion expressed by his brother Quintus about Lucretius has often been commented on, but has been curiously misunderstood:—

> Lucretii poemata, ut scribis, ita sunt, multis luminibus ingenii, multae tamen artis.

The editors with one consent have absurdly interposed "non" before "multis"! The sense is obvious enough. Quintus remarks to Marcus that the newly published poem is blazing with genius, which is perfectly true. Neither of them, we may be sure, would have been blind to that. "Yes," replies Marcus, "as you say, there is a good deal of genius, but there is a good deal of art also (although this is less apparent"). We borrow the words in parenthesis from Mr. Sellar, who perfectly apprehended the meaning of the passage.

It is curious that a work on the lines of Mr. Saintsbury's has never been attempted before in this country; and Continental literature, though not absolutely blank, has but little to show. Mazzarelli's "Della Critica" and Théry's "Histoire des Opinions Littéraires" appear to be of slight value, though Mr. Saintsbury describes the latter as "a work of great liveliness, no small knowledge, and, in its airy French way, a good deal of acuteness"; Professors Gayley and Scott's "Introduction to the Methods and Materials of Literary Criticism," a recent American work, is mainly bibliographical.

"HEROD."

Herod. A Tragedy. By Stephen Phillips. (Lane. 4s. 6d. n.)

When Mr. Phillips published two years ago his volume of poems, there seemed to be between the covers of that book two distinct temperaments—one of the man who wrote "Marpessa," the other belonging to the author of "The Wife." It appeared hardly possible that the artist who elaborated the classic idyll, with such research of ornament, with a luxury almost too exquisite, should have taken pleasure in the crude tragedy of the woman who flies into the crowded, gas-lit thoroughfare to sell herself that her husband may have bread, and returns with food only to find a dead face. In *Paolo and Francesca* the opposition did not make itself felt, but here in *Herod* it is strident at points, though when the work reaches its proper level the two natures exhibit themselves in fusion.

Take the first act and you have a piece of work that, as it stands, is, strictly speaking, scarcely poetical; but in common fairness we must allow once for all that the play is produced, as a book, under stress of circumstance which has not permitted adequate labour to be expended on it. As it is, however, what one sees in this act is the stage-craftsman heroically at work on a rather desperate task—to set out on the boards a complicated, violent, almost melodramatic, story. Mr. Phillips is trying to put into an act more than it will hold—first, as is right and natural, the external political situation as it affects Herod; then the internal politics of the Court and city as these affect Herod and Mariamne; then, as a result of these two, Herod's determination to go to Rhodes and his order for the death of Aristobulus; beyond and beside all these, an unmistakable display of Herod's passion for Mariamne. On the top of all this exposition has to be crushed in the enacted tragedy of Mariamne's confrontation with her brother's corpse; then her suspicion of Herod's act and the scene in which by "loveliness more terrible than torture" she wrings confession from Soheemus, the agent of the crime. Broadly speaking, through all this the characters say what is necessary, and say it with commendable brevity, but what they say is not poetry. When their utterance is poetry it is not essential to the action; it is an ornamental passage. Such are the various hints and rumours of a predicted Prince of Peace—notably in Herod's first speech; such is the description by Gadias of Herod's night wanderings through Jerusalem (lines which have an odd echo of a very dissimilar passage in *Twelfth Night* about "the spinsters and the knitters in the sun"); such is Mariamne's half-maternal, tender dialogue with her brother; such is the passage where Aristobulus, going unconscious to his death, describes a swimmer's delight—

> Ah for the plunge,
> The upward burst, and the long dart through waters,

with its amplification a little further on; and such is the charming idyllic scene where Mariamne's women come out to meet the first coolness of night. All these are in a sense poetical; they are verse characteristic of an admirable artist; but they are not poetry in the highest sense; they do not spring directly from the subject. Among the other speeches which contain, perhaps, the raw material of poetry, but material unwrought, there are flashes, as in Herod's soliloquy,

> The first step is with us, then all the road,
> The long road is with Fate,

or his soft cry at Mariamne's asseveration of undying love:—

> O liquid language of eternity.

Indeed, wherever Herod speaks he speaks either poetry or what may readily be made into poetry; for he is a poet in action, great shaper of schemes, designer of glories visible and invisible, and withal a builder in words. But save for him, the poetry is not in the fabric of the act; it is tacked on as an ornamentation. At no point could this be said of the poetry in *Paolo and Francesca*.

In the second act there are still perfunctory passages of

what is only versified prose, and would be better as frank prose; but the poetry predominates. The description of Herod's coming as seen by watchers is true poetry instinct with the inspiration of the thing in hand. So is Herod's speech on his entry, addressed to Mariamne and the assemblage, but spoken with only one preoccupation, the desire to stir Mariamne's heart. (We presume, by the way, that Mr. Phillips has not really changed his splendid phrase about Augustus, "a face young and yet weary," "Wary" must be a misprint.) And throughout the act there are continually superb passages of this vital poetry, but almost always Herod speaks them. When Salome suddenly breaks into poetic style, in her description of Mariamne's presumed blandishments that beguiled Soherus till he "gave his soul up in the incense of her hair," the result is incongruous. One has again the sense of deliberate literary ornament. Concerning Mariamne, some reservation must be made. Her utterance demands verse; it is conceived in that key; and nothing could be finer and fiercer than some of her lines, as when she stigmatizes Herod:—

O glib!
The assassin first and then the orator.

Or this again:—

Half suitor and half strangler, with one arm
About the sister's neck, the other hand
About the brother's throat.

And yet when she loses the fierce passion of hate that galvanizes the stage figure into life, she relapses into a speaker of what has only literary excellence, not the vital spirit of poetry. Herod speaks the very language of passion, she answers him with words out of books—beautiful words, but still bookish, except when the spasm of hate recurs. Nothing could better illustrate what we mean than this speech (added to the printed text), so noble—yet so full of echoes from "Antigone" and elsewhere:—

Now farewell
Jerusalem, city of God, farewell,
My cradle first, my home, and now my grave,
For I, the last of all the Maccabees,
I, the lone daughter of that holy line
I perish without fear and without cry!
For a doom is come upon us and an ending.
Brother, I drink and hasten down to you.

Upon the whole, then, up to the end of the second act, you feel that Mr. Phillips is on one side of him interested by the violent melodramatic aspect of a tremendous story which he sets out to tell, over which at the opening the refined and delicate craftsman embroiders beautifully his purple patches; but which as it grows under his hand takes life and fire from the one character with whom the poet has identified himself. When Herod does not speak, there may be poetry in snatches; but when Herod speaks, you find speeches that either have been wrought or have not been wrought into poetry of a very different kind, poetry that is in the very bones of the drama. But when we reach the third act, Herod and the drama are one, Herod is the drama, and there is no calling in the poet to embroider, for dramatist and poet are united. The whole act recalls Marlowe, by no literary echo, but by a likeness of temperament, a similar prodigality of imagination that revels in material splendour. And yet, though Herod is always the Herod whose first thought to solace Mariamne, bending over her brother's dead face, was to picture in promise such a tomb and such funeral rites as might make men ambitious of death: though Herod can cry out:

And I will think in gold and dream in silver,
Imagine in marble and in bronze conceive:

yet all the splendours of his thought are felt only as a voluntary distraction of his nature from one terrible underlying cry of the heart that can only utter itself in the naked repetition of a name:—

Mariamne, Mariamne, Mariamne
Come, come.

And it is only with a thought of the third act that we should say that Mr. Phillips has written in *Herod* the most remarkable of his poems. Take the play as a whole, it has a patchiness from which *Paolo and Francesca* was entirely free; even in the last act the verse at the opening is somewhat perfunctory, and is marred by one or two deplorable lapses in style, such as the line which hopes that Herod may yet submit

To the dread fact of Mariamne's death.

But once the passion of the scene is launched by Herod's entry, it neither flags nor fails: all the wealth of Herod's inflamed imagination is poured out, prodigal as a cataract; yet all this ornament only heightens by opposition the central imminent tragedy of the end, which never for one instant ceases to be felt; and when the end comes it comes with dignity and grandeur, not with crashing noise but with a tragic hush, and the soothing voices of distant music. The violence and crude passion is controlled and subdued by the shaping skill of the artist into a whole that lacks neither force nor beauty.

THE RUSTIC YEAR.

Memories of the Months. Second Series. By Sir Herbert Maxwell, Bt. (Edward Arnold. 7s. 6d.)

So modest is the tone of "Memories of the Months" that few of its readers are likely to remember how high the author stands in the estimation of scholars as an authority upon Scottish archæology and history. But we may perhaps pardon him for an occasional interlude on a rustic flute. We are sure that it would have pleased the late Mr. James Payn to be told that "Memories of the Months" contains many passages which recall the gracious, whimsical humour of his "Gleams of Memory." As an illustration of Sir Herbert Maxwell's style when in such a mood we may take the following description of the sham fighting and feather-puffing of two drake golden-eyes before a duck:—

> It looked like courtship: all the elements were there—the lady and the rivals—but at most it can only have been a rehearsal; harmless flirtation is unknown among birds: when they begin they mean business; the suitor is terribly in earnest, the lady becoming coy but quite wide awake, with practical views about a suitable establishment; but the golden-eye is a late nester, and has never been known to breed in this country. It migrates in spring to northern latitudes, where the female lays her eggs generally in a hollow tree. The scene described above took place more than three months before these birds ought to contemplate matrimony. I should greatly like to ask these gallants whether their intentions were strictly honourable.

There are, indeed, no better portions of this most readable book than those which deal with bird life in England and in Scotland. Sir Herbert Maxwell is a true friend of winged folk, and is able to advance practical reasons why certain birds should be treated with consideration by humanity at large. He is severe upon a fashion of some few years ago which led to the slaughter of innumerable owls for the sake of adorning ladies' hats with their "plumes." Sir Herbert points out that the structure of an owl's wing coverts, so obviously adapted to assist in the attainment of the bird's object of noiseless flight, might well remind their "borrower" of the manner in which the owl preys by night upon foes of the farmer which have a particularly keen sense of hearing. As the author says, we too often reward "this beautiful nocturnal police" by shooting it down for the sake of wing and tail feathers—destined to be cast into the rubbish heap long before the bird's useful career would have ended in a natural manner, if shooting were reserved for game and really objectionable "vermin." Upon the subject of "osprey" plumes Sir Herbert Maxwell waxes still more righteously indignant. These delicate sprays are really produced "by two or three species of heron of fairy-like beauty." It is shameful that *Ardea alba* and *Ardea garzetta* cannot exhibit their "nuptial dress" in England without being shot down by sportsmen who ought to know better. Sir Herbert fears that the

heartless European trade in these plumes must soon end in the total extermination of white herons. We are pleased to find that a true sportsman, such as Sir Herbert Maxwell undoubtedly is, speaks with the greatest confidence of the reasonable demands of the Society for the Protection of Birds, and pointedly calls the attention of his country-gentleman readers to the fact that the address of the secretary is 3, Hanover-square.

Sir Herbert Maxwell breaks a knightly lance in defence of a small quadruped which comes off badly at the hands of many farmers. The mole, which (it may interest Sir Herbert to be told) is still called by its Saxon name of "mouldewarp" in the north of Lincolnshire, is in reality a friend of man. The author tells a good story of his visit to a Somersetshire pasture farm so infested with "daddy-long-legs" that the fields had the appearance of being covered with a film of mist. As he pondered on the fact that each member of this army, some millions strong, had existed for three years underground as a leather grub, impoverishing the pasture by eating the roots of its sweetest grasses, he looked about for mole-casts. To his astonishment, not one was visible. On proceeding to condole with the farmer at this lamentable absence of the lifelong enemy of wireworms and leather grubs, Sir Herbert was staggered by the information that every parish in the district employed a mole-catcher. The remedy for the disease had been deliberately treated as itself an evil.

Gardeners and garden-lovers, sorely afflicted by the attempt to wrestle with the heap of trash which is dumped upon editors of "gardening papers," and some publishers, as "garden literature," will find many serviceable hints scattered among Sir Herbert Maxwell's pleasant pages. He says a deserved good word for *Cytisus scoparius Andreusii*, which is almost as easily grown and as hardy as the common type of broom. It can be forced into bloom a couple of months before its usual date of flowering in the open, and, as Sir Herbert Maxwell says, guileless visitors to a conservatory are then apt to hail it as some beautiful exotic unknown to them by name. Many practical horticulturists will derive information novel to them from Sir Herbert Maxwell's valuable list of rabbit-proof plants. Both the Spurge Laurel and the Mezereon occupy a prominent place among the shrubs which the rabbit will not taste, and all the "flag" kind of Irises may be added to unprotected "beds" which already contain such old favourites as periwinkles, monkshood, and *Eranthis hyemalis*. Sir Herbert Maxwell makes some admirable remarks upon the extent to which gardening can be practised in London. He points out the smallness of the expenditure upon window boxes, as compared with that lavished upon table decorations by London society. Why not flowers for a season, he asks, as well as flowers for a night? Sir Herbert Maxwell reminds his readers of the patience with which the common laburnum will do its best to brighten a London garden, informs us that *Robinia pseud-acacia* may be trained on the wall of a town house, and suggests that the same process should be tried with *Magnolia Exoniensis*.

"Memories of the Months" contains many word-pictures, but perhaps the most attractive of them is that of Denmark in May. We cordially agree with Sir Herbert Maxwell in his recommendation to English tourists (of the better sort) to try the land of beech-trees (and of pro-English feeling) as a change from repeated visits to Germany. Copenhagen, in itself a place of much interest, lies within easy reach of country which is peculiarly delightful in the spring time. The villages, "each with its church tower like an exaggerated dovecot," are only one degree less charming than the endless vistas of silvery trunks, and carpets of moss, in the great beech-woods. All through Zeeland it is curious to notice that the oxlip takes the place of our cowslip and primrose, and exhibits itself as a striking adornment to the meadows and woods. The landowners are addicted to pheasant-shooting, but on the whole there is little show of game in Denmark. Too many grey crows are wheeling about in the sunny air to leave partridges which are rearing broods much chance of profiting by escapes from the magpies. Hen harriers, now so rare in England, may still be met with somewhat frequently in Denmark, and the buzzard keeps a lookout over many a breeze-stirred copse. But the distinctive bird of Danish landscape is the stork, so dear to the memories of all those good children who have been brought up upon a literary diet of Hans Andersen.

REPRINTS.

Clad in sky-blue, in martial red, and in vernal green—so different from the drabs and browns in which they first appeared—there lie upon our table more books from the inexhaustible store of classics republished. Methuen's "Little Library," among a crowd of booklets in green and blue, leads a revolt against the fashion which keeps red for the larger volumes. Of the latter the most conspicuous is Macmillan's "Library of English Classics," which now contains Shelton's History of Don Quixote, in three vols. (3s. 6d. each), one of these "Tudor Translations"—Mr. Fitzmaurice Kelly has edited Shelton in the series of that name—in which the translator works with the fresh and free enjoyment of one who has just discovered a new literary treasure rather than with the laborious care and accuracy of a modern scholar. In red, too, though not quite so "tall," is the new addition to the "Rochester Edition" of Dickens, which Messrs. Methuen have in hand—viz., Bleak House, in two volumes (6s. n.). This edition is, as those who possess the "Pickwick" know, so far as the notes and illustrations go, chiefly topographical. The former are by Miss Beatrice Alcock, who follows with reverent fidelity the style of Mr. E. H. New; the latter are by Mr. F. G. Kitton, than whom no better authority on the subject exists. Mr. Gissing's preface is as sound and interesting as his book on Dickens would lead one to expect. "Bleak House" has always seemed to us to afford the chief answer to the criticism that Dickens could not draw a "gentleman." Sir Leicester Dedlock and Mr. Jarndyce are gentlemen, as Mr. Gissing recognizes; he might have added the Lord Chancellor, whom Dickens puts in with a few touches which show a true appreciation of "good breeding." Whyte Melville is coming out in red and in blue at the same time. Messrs. Ward, Lock have him in red, and in the new volume, The Interpreter (3s. 6d.), one notes with interest that Miss Lucy Kemp Welch is working as a book illustrator and contributes a couple of pictures—there *may* be more, but there is no list of them at the beginning. Among larger sized books suitable for presents is Bacon's Essays (Dent, 7s. 6d.), sumptuously dressed and carefully edited with a biographical introduction by Mr. Oliphant Smeaton.

"The Minerva Library" of Messrs. Ward, Lock is capricious in its colours. The Romany Rye (2s.) is in blue, and a light quality of blue cold and passionless as its author; or at least as that picture of its author which Dr. Jessopp would fain draw. Mr. Theodore Watts Dunton in an introduction to this edition defends Borrow against Dr. Jessopp's charges of inhuman passionlessness and rancorous hatred; and in the course of his apology gives interesting and well-told reminiscences of a gipsy mother whom Borrow and a friend persuaded to give up smoking while she was nursing her babe, and of a gipsy girl on whom they tried the experiment of reading Matthew Arnold's "Scholar Gypsy." The stories are meant to show Borrow's interest in children and his susceptibility to feminine charms. We accept and believe all Mr. Watts Dunton's assurances about Borrow, but are they quite relevant? He is speaking of Borrow the man; Dr. Jessopp is speaking of Borrow the writer, and records the impression which Borrow's writings have made upon him. The question is whether they ought to make that impression on an impartial mind. This has nothing to do with the impression which Borrow's personality made upon his intimates, and Mr. Watts Dunton does not address himself at all to Dr. Jessopp's statement that "of anything like animal passion there is not a trace in all his many volumes." Mr. Lane's edition of Borrow in pretty little covers of modest green, without note or introduction, now contains The Romany Rye and The Bible in Spain.

Half-way between the Library and the Pocket Edition and fit for the two-shelved bookcase of the bedroom or the boudoir is

THE CONFESSIONS OF ST. AUGUSTINE (Grant Richards, 3s. 6d.), not bound in gaudy coloured cloth, but set in pure white vellum with its pages enlarged in rubric as becomes a volume in "The Religious Life Series." It is Dr. Pusey's translation, with a short introduction by Mrs. Meynell. Coming a little further down in the matter of size we have the first volume of a new Keats—THE COMPLETE WORKS OF JOHN KEATS, edited by Buxton Forman, vol. I. (Gowans and Gray, 1s. n.). We welcome the enterprise of these Glasgow publishers in starting with this first instalment an entirely new series of reprints of standard authors under the title of "The Complete Library," to contain the works of standard authors unabridged and complete, giving all the different readings, and edited with notes and biographies, &c. It is enough, perhaps, to say of the present volume that it contains "the main features" of Mr. Forman's Library Edition. But we hasten to entreat Messrs. Gowans and Gray to reconsider the type which they are using for the notes and introduction. It seems to be called "condensed type." It is not too small, but too "condensed"—horizontally. We have been trying to read the editor's interesting preface (by electric light), but we soon began to remember that one's eyesight was too delicate a thing to play tricks with, and we turned to the text of Keats, which is pleasantly readable. We fear other readers may do the same, which in the case of a book annotated by Mr. Buxton Forman would be a pity.

We are rather sorry to see Messrs. Dent experimenting, for the first time we think, with somewhat the same kind of print in a new volume of "Temple Classics for Young People"—George Sand's MASTER MOSAIC WORKERS (1s. 6d.), translated by Charlotte C. Johnston and well illustrated by Charles Robinson. The modern craze for new and so-called artistic founts of type pays much too little heed to the first requisite of print that it should be read not only with perfect ease but with pleasure. In the same series comes an IVANHOE, in two volumes (1s. 6d. each), in the usual pleasant type used in this series, and illustrated in a similar manner by Messrs. C. E. and H. M. Brock. In "The Temple Classics" proper, we have Miss Mitford's OUR VILLAGE and THE INFERNO OF DANTE, edited by Mr. H. Oelsner—the Italian text side by side with Dr. J. A. Carlyle's English version, while Vasari's Lives, Macaulay's Essays, and The Golden Legend, all of which we have noticed before, are now completed. To the navy blue of "The Temple Classics"—which, by the way, is also the colour in which appears a small fine paper edition of THE CLOISTER AND THE HEARTH (Chatto and Windus, 3s. 6d.), one of a series which is as pleasant to read as any now being published—a striking contrast is provided by the red covers of Methuen's "Little Library" (1s. 6d. n. each). They provide a distinguishing mark for a very useful series, of which two instalments lie before us. One is A LITTLE BOOK OF ENGLISH PROSE—a well selected anthology of prose passages from Mandeville to Matthew Arnold. The only fault we find with it is that the exact sources of the passages selected, which are grouped under authors' names, are not given. The other is JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN, another reprint of which in a small and handier form we are very glad to see. Miss Annie Matheson writes an interesting introduction containing some new personal reminiscences of Mrs. Craik, in the telling of which Miss Matheson is more successful than in putting her own thoughts into words—though these thoughts, so far as we can understand them, are sound enough. In connection with "Little" books, where such pocket editions are meant to be read, one's brain would reel over such a sentence as this—

> It accords with the fashion of our age to deny that there is any reality above or beyond literature; but literature is the fruit of that over-rated effort, which, though a part of the world's testament, is not of itself the immortal heritage testified.

Messrs. A. and C. Black give us in three elegant little volumes bound in a rich and restful green, with a design which we reproduced in a recent article on book covers, Dr. John Brown's HORA SUBSECIVÆ (6s. n.). They are excellently printed, and will, we doubt not, create renewed interest in the work of a man who produced, in the words of Mr. Andrew Lang, "a light but imperishable literature."

ANNUALS.

That invaluable and unique work Who's Who appears in its 1901 issue (A. and C. Black, 5s. n.). Its mass of biographical matter is "swelling visibly," and we doubt the wisdom of referring the reader under the names of peers to other names of families connected with them by marriage. Moreover, the inclusion of a gentleman whose only claim to distinction appears (on the record) to be that he started a preparatory school in 1900 is, perhaps, stretching editorial liberality a little far, especially when no room is found for the name of so eminent a Q.C. as Mr. George Freeman. But the book, nevertheless, is a marvel of exhaustiveness and accuracy. So, in another line, is HAZELL'S ANNUAL (Hazell, Watson, and Viney, 3s. 6d.), which is not quite like any other annual in its combination of tabular information with records of events, and is invaluable as an epitome of current history which one is apt so soon to forget. It is a little niggardly on the subject of journalism—other than daily—and some place should have been found, for instance, for a mention of the founding of Mr. Murray's *Monthly*. But for its full and yet succinct accounts of the war, of affairs in China, of the election, and of all matters of public interest in 1900, to say nothing of its mass of personal and statistical information, the public may well be grateful.

THE DAILY MAIL YEAR BOOK (1s.) contains a good many of the features of "Whitaker's Almanack," "Who's Who," and "Hazell's Annual," together with certain features of its own. These mainly consist of certain carefully written statistical articles, illustrated in many cases by diagrams, dealing with such matters as the Army and Navy, the state of trade, the speed of ocean greyhounds, and the incidence of taxation. There are also some particulars about the professions open to young men, but these are not as complete and exhaustive as they might be, more especially as regards appointments in the public service open to competition. We find no mention, for example, of the Indian Woods and Forests Department, or of the Indian Engineering Service. The biographies of contemporary celebrities, of which there are a certain number, are unconventionally written. We read with interest that Mr. Max Beerbohm is "a wise youth of the Beardsley period," that Miss Corelli "despises the reviewers and the literary profession generally," and that Mr. C. Arthur Pearson "for diversion gives away £10 notes."

The close of the century lends additional interest to the information to be gleaned from such old favourites among "Peerages" as the magnificent BURKE (Harrison, 42s.) and the handier DOD (Sampson Low, 10s. 6d.). From the former we learn that the number of peers with seats in the House has increased during the century from 305 to 523. Seventy-nine peerages have become extinct since 1800, many of them new creations. Of the new creations of the century as many as 241 still exist. But while the peerages of such men as Nelson, Wellington, Brougham, and Grey still survive as memorials of stirring chapters in the century's history, many great names which enshrine the memory of historical events during the last hundred years, such as Beaconsfield and Melbourne, have no representatives to-day.

In DEBRETT'S PEERAGE, BARONETAGE, AND KNIGHTAGE, for 1901 (Dean, 31s. 6d.), the preface states that since 1864 this excellent work of reference has grown from 400 to over 2,000 pages, and also contains some interesting particulars as to the part played by the holders of titles in the war. It appears that "over fifty peers and thirty baronets" have been engaged in active service. Many of them, like Lord Kensington and the Marquis of Winchester, met their deaths on the battlefield. The number of new creations this year has been comparatively small. There have been made five new peers, nine new baronets, and ninety-six new knights; whereas in 1892 there were seventeen new peers and seventeen new baronets. The record year for knights was 1897, when no fewer than 218 gentlemen attained this honour.

An equally useful book of reference—The English Woman's Year Book and Directory (Black, 2s. 6d. n.)—reaches its majority this year. It is a pity that it should be considered necessary to bring out these books so early. A result is that in a review of novels produced by women in 1900 "Eleanor," by Mrs. Humphry Ward, is not included. The book is none the less an excellent compendium of useful and accurate knowledge. To mention only one of its good features, the section devoted to Employments and Professions should be invaluable to women on the look-out for either work or amusement. Almanach Hachette as usual adds a fund of diverting information and advice to the almanac proper—*e.g.*, an account of "l'automobilisme en 1900," and even hints on "l'art de choisir un fromage."

From these old friends we turn to The Church Directory and Almanack (2s. n.). This is a new undertaking on the part of Messrs. Nisbet, and in addition to the usual lists there are several features of a more special kind, such as a list of the names and stations of the C.M.S. and the S.P.G., and a portion of the volume—"For the Study, the Pulpit, and the Parish," including a series of homiletical outlines.

Among annuals of interest are The Journal of Education, yearly volume (7s. 6d.), a treasure-house of information on current educational matters, and The Reliquary, Vol. VI., a well-produced volume invaluable to antiquarians (Bemrose, 12s. n.).

The Boys' and Girls' Companion is a pleasant little illustrated magazine published by the Church of England Sunday School Institute. The volume for 1900 has varied contents, largely, of course, religious; and the same may be said of The Golden Rule (Sunday School Union, 2s.), Golden Sunbeams (S.P.C.K., 1s. 4d.), and Mothers in Council, edited by Miss Yonge (Wells Gardner, Darton).

ART.

Sir Joshua Reynolds, First President of the Royal Academy. By Sir Walter Armstrong, Director of the National Gallery of Ireland. With seventy-eight Photogravures, and six Lithographic Facsimiles in colour. (Heinemann. £5 5s. n.)

In the superb folio which Mr. Heinemann has this year added to his long list of imposing art-books, we have a companion volume to the Gainsborough, also by Sir Walter Armstrong, which appeared last year and won so deserved a success. The reproductions of the artist's works are both numerous and admirable. Fair Nelly O'Brien, clasping her little white dog in her arms, looks out on us from the frontispiece, with the sunlight playing through the branches of the trees, and the broad hat throwing transparent shadows over her lovely face. Further on in the book we find the famous Duchess of Devonshire dancing her baby in the air, the beautiful Bingham sisters and delightful Crewe children, the great Laurence Sterne and Lord Heathfield, and that enchanting vision of Diana, Lady Crosbie, which Sir Walter pronounces worthy to rank with the masterpiece of Hertford House.

Sir Walter Armstrong displays his usual mastery of style and subject in the monograph which accompanies these beautiful plates. He gives a concise account of Sir Joshua's life, traces the development of his genius, and analyses the peculiar qualities of his art with skill and knowledge, while his views are expressed with a lucidity and terseness that form a pleasant contrast to much of the letterpress which is often considered good enough for works of this class. His estimate of Reynolds' character as a whole is distinctly less favourable than that of former biographers. As he tells us in his prefatory note, he is convinced that it has been customary to regard the painter through an atmosphere of idealization created by enthusiasm for his art, and he has deliberately tried to correct this mistaken impression and to paint Sir Joshua as a consistent human being, alike in his work and in his life. "I do not love a man," said Dr. Johnson to Boswell, "who is zealous for nothing." Sir Joshua, his latest biographer declares, was "zealous for nothing." Nothing that he said or wrote shows the least touch of warmth or enthusiasm. He never quarrelled with any one, but he took little or no interest in others. His intercourse with his own family was of the slightest kind. He rarely knew his pupils' names and remained a mere spectator of life, indifferent to all that lay outside the range of his own art. The epithet of "invulnerable," which Dr. Johnson applied to him, is, in Sir Walter's eyes, a further proof of the coldness of the painter's heart, a reading which is partly justified by Mrs. Thrale's witty lines beginning:—

> Of Reynolds all good should be said, and no harm,
> Though the heart is too frigid, the pencil too warm.

"So far," writes Sir Walter Armstrong, "as the aspect he presented to the world is concerned, all the evidence we have points in one direction. He was imperturbably kind, judicial, and non-impulsive. As to what lay beneath the surface, men held different opinions in his lifetime and have differed ever since. To me it appears indisputable that Sir Joshua's heart was very hard, but his mind just, and that his one passion, if it can be called a passion, was ambition, which, in his case, was a quiet persistent determination to fill as conspicuous a position in the society and art of his time as his abilities and the accident of his birth would allow."

The writer proceeds to show the close connexion between the personality of the master, as he conceives it, and his art. Even as a boy this clear judgment and calculating nature showed itself when he said "I will be a painter if you give me the chance of becoming a good one; otherwise I will sell drugs." Later in life, he declared that study, in his opinion, was the art of knowing other men's minds, and that he was conscious of an inordinate desire to possess every kind of excellence that he saw in the works of others. "Here," writes Sir Walter, "from his own lips, we have the key to Sir Joshua's personality as an artist. He was always gathering both material and ways to use it; his remarkable success with a method which too often leads to insipidity depended on the union in his own person of a fine taste and untiring activity." Both in discussing Sir Joshua's character and his art, the critic refers constantly to his great rival Gainsborough, a comparison that was, indeed, almost inevitable. But, although he makes no secret of his preference for the open and genial nature and spontaneous art of the Suffolk master, he does ample justice to Sir Joshua's merits. He recognizes the marvellous variety and fertile resources of his invention, the wonderful and lasting popularity which he has attained by his skill in suggesting the energy of English men and in recording the loveliness of English women and children. Reynold's portraits of men he pronounces to be absolutely unequalled, from the Admiral Keppel, which in 1752 ensured the artist instant success and marked the birth of modern English painting, to the Lord Heathfield, which he painted within a few years before his death. Here, indeed, Sir Walter owns, he surpassed his rival, and all other masters before or since. But when we come to women and children, it is another matter. Charming as are Sir Joshua's fair women and innocent children, he lacks the deep and real sympathy that we feel in Gainsborough's "Morning Walk," or "Mrs. Sheridan." Sir Joshua painted a little boy or girl as he would a kitten, making them part of a lovely scheme, and often suggesting with rare felicity the germ of the man and woman within them. But Gainsborough's children are real children, whose being he divines by the might of his intense imaginative feeling and whose thoughts he interprets with singular delicacy of perception. This judgment may seem unfair when we recall the "Strawberry Girl," and the many delicious children whose graceful attitudes and sweet innocence live in Sir Joshua's pictures. But to convince ourselves of its truth, we need only compare the "Perdita" of Reynolds in the Wallace collection with that of Gainsborough, which is also at Hertford House. There we shall see the marvellous way in which the last-named artist realizes the individuality of his sitter, the extraordinary charm with which he conveys his impression to the spectator, and seeing these things, we shall acknowledge the truth and discrimination of Sir Walter Armstrong's criticism.

Mr. Caul Aldin's pictures in the *Sphere* Christmas Number, illustrating the art of lithography in colour, mark something of a new departure in the practice of lithography in this country, and are especially interesting as coming from a London printing house, Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode. The whole number deserves special mention for its well-conceived contents and admirable pictures. It has a mass of good illustrations by well-known artists, a fine reproduction of Gotch's "Alleluia," and a poem by Mr. Thomas Hardy. But its chief feature is its Children's Christmas Supplement, with nine full-page coloured pictures (five by Cecil Aldin), full of life, humour, colour, and individuality.

The "Vanity Fair Album" should have a special mark on its back, for it will undoubtedly be more often taken from the shelf of Albums than any other. Apart from the "General group" which we noticed the other day, it has the chief figures of the war. Lord Roberts' portrait is already a household picture. Kruger is marvellous, and Steyn is just as good. The Album teaches literature with Mr. George Wyndham and a very characteristic Winston Churchill. For the eminence of the men portrayed, for the presence throughout of a slightly more humorous touch of caricature, and for the excellence of the reproductions, this thirty-second Album is perhaps the best of them all.

FICTION.

The Journalist in Fiction.

The writer for the Press has lately received a good deal of attention from the writer of fiction, but in a calling that stretches its length from the leader-writer on a London morning paper to the reporter of tittle-tattle for a country-side journal there are many types of men. Rather than consider the subject broadly most novelists draw their own particular kind of hero under the name of journalist, and the public remains only partially informed as to his true characteristics. Mrs. Leighton, Mr. Cadett, and "Rita" are the latest novelists to take the modern "penster" in hand. We believe each author knows something of journalism, and yet the result of their labours is not flattering to a profession which, we feel sure, these novelists may have in their day helped to adorn. We base this view on no better foundation than their present literary style.

In A Napoleon of the Press (Holder, 6s.) Mrs. Marie Connor Leighton takes the journalist of the "scraps" order, who starts a paper on a small borrowed capital and rises to fame and fortune at an age when most men have failed to earn a shilling. We have seen it hinted that Alfred Chantrey is a portrait from life; but this does not make Mrs. Leighton's book a good novel nor help her to convince us of the truth of her characters or her plot. The hero's attractions are detailed at great length. That he has a small, shiny head, can wear his hat like a gentleman, and that on occasion "his boyish, eager tones once more chopped through the tame atmosphere" we are prepared to believe, but we do not accept these qualities as claims, nor are we inclined to own that his conduct strikes us as being Napoleonic in the slightest degree. The word "cheek" is continually appearing in the early part of the book, and we are inclined to think that the word gives the character of the story better than any lengthy criticism could do.

Mr. Herbert Cadett, in The Adventures of a Journalist (Chatto, 3s. 6d.), has put his stories together with skill, and now and then there is a dash of probability in his acute deductions. "The Incident of the Spotted Dog" is the most amusing and thrilling of the eleven tales. Mr. Gretton, the extraordinarily gifted "special" reporter of the *Evening Orb*, tells with the fine flavour of romance how he saved the "Mayfairian Empire" and the Prince of Wales from a diabolical plot. As the Prince and Emperor drove through the City a Dalmatian dog rushed from the crowd and took its place under the Royal carriage. The eye of this wonderful journalist notes that the dog is "a bit above the ordinary," and knows by instinct that an infernal machine is artfully fastened to its body. How he saves the situation the reader will like to find for himself. The other stories are light and will bear reading once, but "The Adventures of a Journalist" still leaves something to be told in regard to the inner meaning of that member of society.

The lady journalist it is that suffers most at the hands of the amusing "Rita" in her latest lively book Vanity (Unwin, 6s.). The originally gay, but later sorely-tried heroine of this novel, who takes the name of "Frou-Frou" and goes into the business of Court modiste, is writing her confessions and incidentally explaining how she was interviewed by a lady who "does the fashions" for the *Lady's Illustrated*. This journalist asks for a new costume from the new establishment, and Frou-Frou has inquired of her friend Mrs. Di Abercroft, an established dressmaker, if this sort of thing is usual in exchange for a flattering article. This is what Mrs. Abercroft says, and perhaps "Rita" thinks, about the lady of the *Lady's Illustrated*:—

> Has she been levying blackmail? laughed Di, I thought her gown was shabby. Be sure she has done that on her own account. They all try it on. Well, one can hardly blame them, poor souls! They get wretchedly paid, have their meals at an A.B.C. shop, and are obliged to watch any chance as keenly as a cat at a mouse-hole; are bullied by editors, worried by the staff, hated for a success, despised for a failure. All in all, a journalist's life is not a happy one, and there are too many in the field. They're in one another's way; consequently the pay is bad and the competition enormous. We live in an age of women workers, my dear, but the age is none the better for it. The fashion papers only pander to our vanity. The society notes in the daily Press are simply vulgar advertisements of notoriety. You will see the same names appearing day after day. Mrs. "Jack" Nobody was seen driving or walking or lunching, and Lady "Tom" Somebody was exquisitely gowned.

This is a sad picture; but the male journalist fares better. Burke Mahoney, for instance, is spoken of as very good fun. "He's just got on a new paper, *The Cynic*. Motto—praise nothing, sneer at all things." If "Rita" has not grasped the largest issues of journalism, she at least shows a knowledge of that side of newspaper work which is busy with a particular kind of horror called by the author "spicy pars." To turn to the general story of "Vanity" we find "Rita," as usual, a little melodramatic and very amusing. Her style is journalistic, and the dear old convenient phrases and words—*outré*, *élégante*, *gracieuse*, *gentille*—spring up on every page. But there is sincerity in her work and tragedy of a sort. As a mere man one is perhaps a little overdone with the great subject of frocks, but novel-readers are, we believe, ladies of leisure, and for such there is much to delight in this volume.

Short Stories.

We often tell one another that in England we have not the art of writing the *conte*. The mere repetition of this statement has given it weight; the facts are against it. We should find it easy to name some half-a-dozen masters of the novel in little, and we now have before us seven books, all excellent in manner and in matter, but none of them written by Mr. Harland, Mr. Kipling, Miss Hunt, Mr. Jacobs, Miss D'Arcy, or Mr. Hardy. Some exception may be taken to Marshfield, the Observer (Macmillan, 6s.), as an example of a collection of *contes*, for Mr. Egerton Castle calls his stories "studies of character and action," and makes his puppet, Meldrum Marshfield, the main force as regards the first six—"The Dance of Death," the last story, being in a totally different manner. But in the broader meaning of the term Mr. Castle's book comes within its scope, and he shows uncommonly well that he understands the difficult art for which French writers have so long been praised. All Mr. Marshfield's observations are highly interesting, some, such as "Guests of the Wolfmaster," extremely exciting. "Endymion in Barracks" is the engaging title of a remarkably subtle piece of work. The dreamer, the studious University exquisite, Edward Dalrymple, on leaving Trinity has joined the Army, and the fragile perfection of his build and beauty of his face have

passed and settled into the bronzed, wiry type of the British officer. It is only when Dalrymple has been through an Indian campaign that his old college companion Marshfield meets and restudies him. He knows his past and sees his present; he is fain to read his secret. What that may be we leave the fortunate reader of Mr. Castle's book to discover for himself. The psychological misfortunes which befall Dalrymple leave him at last a mere automaton who does his duty. Again comes the summons to active service; the bugle-call disperses the "intellectual phthisis" under which the hero suffers, and the story ends with the following admirable passage:—

> He seemed to take up his life again with enthusiasm; and never, as those said who saw him again on that last day, did any one lay it down with a higher heart. They found his body on the lip of the enemy's trenches; and it was said that the beauty of his dead face was such, the smile upon it so exquisite, that the very soldiers of the burying party, all hardened to their materializing task, begged to look and look again before wrapping him away in that insatiable earth that had already drunk in so much gallant blood.
>
> Marshfield often wondered whether at that supreme moment his friend had indeed been vouchsafed once again the glory of his Vision, or whether the smile had been called upon his stiffening lips by the knowledge that, through Duty, he had at last and for ever grasped—Peace.

Here we see Mr. Castle's suggestive method in action. Indeed, a fault in Marshfield is that he "often wondered," and that his creator tells us him to be a much more wonderful personage than his observations and deductions would lead us to conclude. Yet the book is full of power and sympathy and of cunning fascinations.

Mr. Frank Harris has touched life on so many sides and won so many victories that one is a little surprised to find in his second volume of fiction, Montes, the Matador, and Other Stories (Richards, 6s.), that he does not write a short story with conspicuous ability. Those who remember "The Elder Conklin," and their name among the readers of fiction is legion, will know that Mr. Harris does not lack strength of subject; the power of artistic treatment, however, is not his in equal degree. The story of Montes, the best in the book, is one of those that an old man who has remained secret and dumb for years tells to a stranger, apparently for no other reason than to grace a writing-man's holiday. The old man's story begins with tedious detail, intended, no doubt, to create an atmosphere which could have been produced far more tersely. It tells how the Matador causes the death of his successful rival in love, and withdraws from a life of glory among *los toros*, eating out his heart in remorse. He ends:—

> Yet at times now fairly content, save for one thing. Remorse? Yes!—And the old man rose to his feet, while his great eyes, blazing with passion, held me. "Remorse! That I let the bull kill him. I should have torn his throat out with my own hands."

That is Mr. Harris' power, the dramatic climax, the figuration of a horrid passion, the construction of a vital volcanic situation. In another mood, "First Love" shows how barren his work is unless permitted to contain the impassioned touch of drama. "The Interpreter" tells the tale of Mr. Pigott's suicide from the point of view of a Madrid guide who had become devotedly attached to the forger of the Parnell letters—during four days' intercourse. Like the two other stories in the book one recognizes it as the work of a clever man who has yet something to learn in one of the arts that go to make life endurable.

There is, perhaps, no more curiously careful writer of short stories at the present time than Mr. William Waldorf Astor. There hangs about his writing a suggestion of art for art's sake, which comes agreeably into a world of letters where most works of art are produced with the view of getting them put on a West-end stage. In Pharaoh's Daughter, and Other Stories (Macmillan, 6s.), we have twelve essays in fiction which tell of periods from the early dynasties of Egypt to the Napoleonic days, of all men and cities and countries—Memphis, Babylon, Paris, the pride of Venice, and the brave days of Chivalry. Wherever Mr. Astor places his characters he endows them with a reality which requires something more than mere historical research. The men and places he selects have clearly a deep hold upon his sympathy, and that, in itself, is a very sound way to gain ours. The stories are all finely and attractive, careful in plot, yet with an occasional hint of artifice, perhaps inevitable in this sort of [illegible]-constructive kind.

Of short stories there are many kinds, and if the historic story can be engaging and exciting, so may the tale of Oriental modern life be. In Palace Tales (Harpers, 6s.), Mr. H. Fielding proves this modest proposition to our complete satisfaction. All the world will, no doubt, soon have been on the road to Mandalay, but in the meantime Upper Burma still keeps some remnants of the secret of romance, and the glories of the last could still be held in fee when Mr. Fielding studied the kingdom some fifteen years ago. Much is changing out there, old thoughts giving way to new, and before it be too late our author rescues from oblivion at least one phase of life in the Palaces of the Burmese Kings. These records of Burmese amusements and trivialities are a most refreshing addition to the usual order of the short story. From "The King's Joke" to "The Fall of Manny San" the tales are all merriment and delight, fraught with the charming atmosphere of irresponsible fairy-land which belongs by right to the East and is ever welcome to the imaginative Western. There is humour, gaiety, and a touch of cynicism in all Mr. Fielding writes, and we greatly trust that the fount of his early experiences has not run dry with "Thibaw's Queen" and "Palace Tales."

From the Burmese Court to the Indian jungle is a journey of no great distance, though it leaves us in a totally different world. Mrs. Frank Penny's A Forest Officer (Methuen, 6s.) gives us as complete a picture of the life she studies as Mr. Fielding does. The experiences of Mr. Jim Barns, who fights a thousand subtle enemies in the course of his duty to his Government, are full of keen observation and knowledge of native character. "The Forest Fire," "The Jin," "The Bewitched Bride," "The Tom-Tom Beater," give uncommonly good pictures of life as it is lived at one point of the Indian Empire. Mrs. Penny vividly depicts both the native life and the white man's influence; and her book will interest all who know or care to know what may be called the forest side of Indian life.

Although we cannot claim Mr. Joel Chandler Harris as an English writer, the name of the author of "Uncle Remus" is so much a household word here that we need no excuse for mentioning here his delightful collection of stories, On the Wing of Occasions (Murray, 6s.), which we strongly recommend to all lovers of the realistic historical politico-sketch of American life in the early sixties. There is no one else who does this sort of thing quite so well as Mr. Chandler Harris.

Shadows from the Thames, by Edward Noble (Pearson, 6s.), contains five admirable short stories that centre round the grimy and desolate estuary of the Thames, the trading Thames of the Port of London of which the best informed amongst us know so little. Mr. Noble knows it, knows the lightermen, knows the tug-captains, knows underwriters and their dodges, knows the river, as the phrase goes, "backwards and blindfold." Yet the stories are no mere exposition of the river, which affords but a peg upon which to hang some really excellent plots of sensation. The author has made effective use of the method of Dr. Conan Doyle. That is to say he has created Captain Gaskin, the Sherlock Holmes, and Ralston, the Dr. Watson of Conan Doyle. And the similarity extends even to the detail of making Ralston appear possessed of an almost incredible simplicity that brings into strong relief the superlative shrewdness of Captain Gaskin. The stories themselves are characterized by great ingenuity. "Silent Sentinels" and "The Maelstrom" have a gruesome flavour, and, in common with the others, compel interest. Mr. Noble has an apt turn for description and is completely master of the argot of the river.

Mr. Lilly as Novelist.

Mr. W. S. Lilly, as becomes a scholarly and cultured writer, has in A Year or Life (John Lane, 6s.), concerted himself with the loves and hates of an aristocratic circle, in whom pride of lineage supplies a spur to virtue. The Lady Mary Silverton is the only personage who can be said to belong to the "smart set," "the degenerates," and we are made to feel the worthlessness of a woman for whom noblesse oblige has no meaning. The story is that of Sir Philip Savile's redemption by way of the love of Lilian Liddell, the "typical creamy English girl, to whom we all turn at last," of Mr. Pinero. Sir Philip, brilliant and handsome, is harnessed in the toils of the unscrupulous Lady Mary, whose husband, engrossed in high finance, spends his scanty leisure at the feet of a ballet dancer. Mr. Lilly has depicted, with artistic restraint and a thousand happy touches of characterization, the slow undoing of the toils that bind Samson to his Delilah. A well-stored mind is perhaps a besetment to the novelist. At least, it seems to us that Pope and Tennyson and Wordsworth play a rather larger part in the conversations during this "year of life" than is the case in the real world. A Roman Catholic bias, too, and a penchant for clairvoyance are responsible for at least two hardly necessary excursions that deflect the course of the narrative. But it were an inappropriate standard to apply to a novel which is essentially one of characterization and not of incident to demand that it should possess the air of inevitability. So rigorous a rule would have robbed us of many delightful conversational irresponsibilities, the half-intended gaucheries of Kitty Karsdale (the enfant terrible arrived at years of indiscretion), and the rather over-done stories of the mercurial O'Flaherty, journalist. The least successful characters are the heroine, of whom one ought to learn little, and Adolf Kleist, who is, we confess, a little too special for our taste. We are grateful to Mr. Lilly for a rendering of the Rochester-Eyre theme (with variations) abounding in witty dialogue and full of sincere and capable workmanship.

Jules Verne.

The very elaborate and fantastic plots which M. Jules Verne delves in nowadays are less attractive than his bold flights of a generation ago. The Will of an Eccentric (Sampson Low, 6s.) is a huge and most complicated joke. The eccentric—William J. Hypperbone, of Chicago—leaves a fortune of sixty millions of dollars to be competed for in a game by seven people. The game invented by the eccentric testator resembles the Royal Game of Goose, and the seven would-be heirs are enjoined to turn themselves into living pawns and career madly at full speed up and down the United States of America, their moves being determined by the throw of the dice. The player "who first takes possession of the 63rd square, otherwise the 63rd State, which is that of Illinois," is to inherit the entire fortune. These journeyings give M. Verne an excellent opportunity for the display of his talents. We have spoken of Illinois as the 63rd State, and it may occur to some of our young readers that there are only fifty States in the Union. For an explanation we refer the critic to the diagram of "The Noble Game of the United States of America," which stands as a frontispiece to the book and shows how Mr. William J. Hypperbone ingeniously overcomes the difficulty.

Is There a Better Thing? by Jeremiah Vaughan-Emmett (Swan Sonnenschein, 6s.), shows want of experience in the art of narration. Its details are trivial and its particularity wearisome. Yet Dorothoe, the heroine, who is represented as exceptionally gifted with conversational powers, gives no evidence of her gifts, and sometimes the author's powers fail him. "What Rey-dale suffered no one knows. What Frank felt was too intense and too bitter to be recounted." A visit to Rome brings Dorothoe under the influence of the Roman Catholic Church, and her father-confessor has the unenviable privilege of reading her diary. "Mother caught me smoking, and we had a fearful row," and "I was smoking a delightful Havana cigarette, toasting my toes on the fender, with an awfully jolly book, when suddenly some one began to play the Kreutzer Sonata," are samples of this egregious document. The book is entertaining, although possibly not in the way which the writer would have preferred.

Haggith Shy: Quakeress, by Mark Ashton (Hutchinson, 6s.), is a gracefully written story of a girl's struggle against persecution. To expose the machinations of an unscrupulous brother, Haggith can think of nothing more original than to don man's attire, and so attack the task of unravelling a somewhat tangled skein of duplicity. The scene is Paris during the closing days of the Second Empire, and the stirring episodes of the siege and the Commune supply a breathless succession of sensational incidents. They do not always convince, and the device by which Haggith's student-friend is transformed into her lover is far-fetched. But the narrative is bright and vigorous, and the heroine's character is delineated with much skill, affording an effective contrast with the weaker nature of her American lover. The minor characters are clever, but often give the impression of being dragged neck and crop into the picture.

More Books for the Young.

Here is a miscellaneous assortment which has just hurried into covers in time for the season of sales. An immense book heads the pile, called Britain's Sea-Kings and Sea-Fights (Cassell and Co.). It is by all manner of people, two of them Captains in the Royal Navy. The illustrations, too, are by various artists, and are of excellent quality. The book is the very thing for any one of the thousands of English boys who want to be sailors, but it is a little heavy to send by post.

A Trip to Many Lands, by William Forster (Partridge, 2s.6d.), would be a pleasant lesson book for a class of children, but it will be resented just as much as any other lesson book is resented. Children are terribly quick to detect the pill in the jam, and a chapter that begins "A very small country will next claim our attention," settles the place of such a book in a child's mind. Nevertheless, it would be a distinct help to the geography teacher.

Miss Evelyn Everett Green's A Gordon Highlander (Nelson, 2s. 6d.) is the tale of a fine little fellow whose beloved "Daddy" went to the front, and is charmingly written.

Next comes four little shilling books from Messrs. Cassell, all in gay covers and of a convenient size to send and to hold. The first one is The Heiress of Wyvern Court, by G. Searchfield. It begins with a schoolboy of eleven who addresses a strange little girl thus, "Well, little friend, and where do you hail from?" which is perhaps not quite unconvincing. The second is A Pair of Primroses, by Mrs. Pitt—a nice little talk about two children called Primrose. Their Road to Fortune, by Mrs. Houston, is the third. There is a very arbitrary gentleman in it called Mr. Rivers. "Absolute, unquestioning obedience was one thing Mr. Rivers exacted from every person he came in contact with." He must have been a salutary casual acquaintance. Ella's Golden Year, by G. Searchfield, is the last of the quartette, and we like it the best. The children in it are really childlike.

A more ambitious book is The Magic Mist, by Eva Rogers (Melrose, 5s.). It is not exactly unsuitable for children, but we should judge that it was aimed principally at their elders. It is a collection of tales elaborated from Dartmoor legends, and shows some imagination and poetic feeling. The book is handsome and well illustrated by Charles Eldred and P. B. Hickling.

Messrs. Nelson publish a little series of shilling books rather like the Cassell ones. Such are Cradles, by Alice Knight, and The Overtons, by Elsie Orr—both charming little books, with very superior pictures for the money. A Little Ray of Sunshine, by Jennie Chappell, belongs to the series also—a rather pathetic little story, with a blind baby in it.

Then we have three slightly more expensive books, in Ivy and Oak, and Other Stories for Girls, by Dorothea Townshend, S. Gaye, and R. Macdonald (Nelson, 2s.). The stories are of unequal merit, but none are bad,

and the same may be said of A Terrible Feud, and Other Stories, by E. Velvin and E. Haverfield (2s.). A Toast Fag, by Harold Avery (1s. 6d.), is for rather older children. All the tales in it are fairly interesting.

Last but one comes a little book in the Green Nursery Series, called Our Holiday in London, by Ellen Velvin (Sunday School Union, 1s.), describing "the sights" as some children saw them. And last of all there is a tiny, thin book by J. R. Miller, D.D., called The Path of Promise (Sunday School Union, 6d.). It is chiefly about the duty of children to their parents. Unfortunately, at Christmas time, children are exclusively occupied with their parents' duty to them! Still, the little book will do good if it gets a hearing.

LIBRARY NOTES.

The newly-elected councillors for Marylebone had a motion before them on the 6th of this month for the adoption of the Public Libraries Acts. When the subject came up, one of those who originally supported the adoption moved the adjournment of the debate, and, with the opposition only too ready to agree, the proposal was shelved. This is the more to be regretted since there was present at the time an absolute majority in favour. It is rumoured that a difference of opinion as to the expediency of the resolution at the moment led to this fiasco. Nothing can be gained by such vacillation, and although it may not have been altogether wise so soon to raise the question, once set in motion the subject should have been upheld with all the strength which the supporters could command. Opposition in Marylebone has been too strong and too unscrupulous for the friends of the library to hesitate at any time in pressing its claims.

Mr. James MacIvor, the librarian of the Honourable Society of King's Inns, Dublin, who died on the 7th inst., might have made an important place for himself in the legal world had not a studious and retiring disposition led him to seek the seclusion of the Inns of Court Library. As a scholar he won honours in such diverse subjects as Arabic and Civil Law. He was a gold medallist in Ethics of Trinity College, and he practised at the Irish Bar for several years with considerable success. The library world has lost a man of learning as well as a man of letters—no common combination.

Mr. Guthrie Vine, assistant librarian in the National Library of Ireland, has been appointed sub-librarian of the John Rylands Library at Manchester, where Mr. Walter Rye, one of the assistant librarians to the Earl of Crawford, becomes senior assistant librarian. We note also that Mr. T. A. Onions has been appointed librarian to the Institute of Chartered Accountants in succession to Mr. Edward Taylor, who died in October last, and that Miss E. J. Southall has been elected as librarian of the Dudley Free Library, where for some years past she assisted her father, the late Mr. William Southall.

What could be done in Norfolk did each village adopt the Acts and combine the several incomes? In an article on "Village Libraries" the librarian of King's Lynn answers the question in the *Eastern Daily Press*. It is estimated that the combined funds would provide a revenue of more than £5,000 for the working of the branch delivery stations which would be required. The one difficulty is that of forming the library authority. Neither parish nor county councils would prove satisfactory; the former would be too various, and the other too much engaged with other duties. If, however, the several parochial authorities could evolve a central administration from among themselves the problem would be in train for solution.

Reports have reached us from the Manchester Public Libraries, the Sandeman Public Library, Perth, and the Pratt Institute, Brooklyn. At Manchester the valuable musical library presented by Dr. Watson, to which we alluded at the time, has been augmented by other gifts, including upwards of 500 volumes from Dr. C. J. Hall. At Perth there has been a decrease in the lending issues, but a larger use has been made of the reference department, to which 400 volumes of local literature have been added. Miss Plummer, director of the Pratt Institute Free Library, attributes a decrease in circulation of books to the growing appreciation of the Brooklyn Public Library and its branches. The reference library is becoming more popular, but the publication of a monthly bulletin, which continued for some time more or less satisfactorily, has now ceased. Much space is given to an account of the work for children.

John Critchley Prince, "A Wigan Poet," is the subject of an interesting article in the *Quarterly Record* of the Wigan Public Library. The most striking feature in this *Record*, as it is in the journal of the Bootle Free Library, Museum, and Technical School, is the careful account of the literary and historical records of the respective towns.

The library movement has reached Orotava, Teneriffe, who we comes an appeal from the English colony for funds to establish a library. The colony is not large, and in spite of liberal subscriptions there is need for further contributions. All who are interested in the island are asked to give some small assistance.

Correspondence.

INTERVIEWING.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—In the second paragraph of "Notes of the Day" in the current number of *Literature*, you wonder what is the Greek equivalent for "interviewer." I regret to say that the present journalese equivalent is the somewhat barbaric ἐντερβουβιεύτωρ.

I am, &c., S. E.

PROFESSOR RALEIGH'S "MILTON."

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Your reviewer, in his article on Professor Raleigh's "Milton," comments severely (and more than once) on the affectation and unintelligibleness of the phrase "cycles ferried his cradle"—employed by the author in a certain passage where he has observed that the great works of Milton were the product of the history and literatures of the world. Had Professor Raleigh used the word "cycles" in its most modern sense (that is to say, as equivalent to "bicycles") his language would have been inexcusable; but he did not. The expression is not his at all, but is an adapted quotation from perhaps the best known of Walt Whitman's poems, the "Song of Myself" (section 44). A quotation of the same kind occurs in the passage at the end of the book, cited with high approval by your reviewer, which closes with the words "poems whose beauty, like the world's unwithered countenance, is bright as at the day of their creation." The source is in this case even less recondite, and perhaps the critic may like to amuse himself by tracing it. These literary allusions—for they are not strictly quotations—are a subtle kind of compliment from the writer to the reader, and their occasional occurrence in Professor Raleigh's writings gives, I venture to think, an additional charm to his style.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

December 16. CHARLES STRACHEY.

LORD ROSEBERY'S "NAPOLEON."

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—I think Mr. Warren's letter needs no reply, since we each view the prism of history from our own angle, but with the spectrum emanating originally from the white light of truth.

Mr. Seton, on the other hand, is one of the type of critics, recently denounced by Mr. Birrell, who think it their duty to ignore the essential, to magnify the trivial, and to ridicule the incidental. The essential fact of the Weimar episode is that Napoleon did not make use of conventional diplomacy, that whited-sepulchre sort of gentility which consists in saying Yes and acting No, "most politely, most politely"—as Hildebrand proposed to hang Gama. Napoleon proved, however, in this instance, that "ob die Wolke die Verhülle, Die Sterne bleibt am Himmelszelt"; but his decision was after due deliberation—not to be hurried even at the dictation of a Duchess.

I suppose Mr. Seton will concede that Johnson and Carlyle were gentlemen, albeit certainly as great boors to the fair sex as Napoleon was. With regard to the insinuation that the Countess de Hatzfeld was personally agreeable to the Emperor, we have the special testimony of General Rapp that the poor woman was in no condition to inspire anything but sympathy. The one lady who did try to make herself agreeable to Napoleon by every kind of flattery was Madame de Staël, and her failure was as

complete as it was deserved. Even King Arthur sometimes found it necessary to scold a woman. What else can poor men do, especially against those whose pens and tongues speak poniards, and whose every word stabs? Immune from the ungentlemanly tyranny of physical force, a monopoly of rudeness would give to a monstrous regiment of women the attributes of Infernal Omnipotence.

Yours faithfully, H. F. HALL.

Sheffield, December 15, 1900.

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

Many busy pens are engaged on a retrospect of progress during the nineteenth century. Next week the newspapers will probably have the field to themselves. The *Daily News* is bringing out a special illustrated number, and the *Daily Chronicle* has announced a series of articles by well-known writers on "The Mind of the Century." A series of twenty-five volumes has also been announced under the title of "The Nineteenth Century Series." Mr. Oscar Browning deals with "The Wars of the Century," Sir Richard Temple with "India," Mr. G. McCall Theal with "South Africa," and Mr. Percy Thornton with "Continental Rulers."

Having arrived so near to the end of the year it may be worth while to give a list of some of the more important literary works which have been promised for or may reasonably be expected during 1901. The "General History of Modern Times," which Lord Acton is editing for the Cambridge University Press, will probably make an early start, and before the end of next year Mr. Heinemann hopes to bring out the first volume of his large illustrated history of English literature—the kind of work suggested by Professor Dowden in *Literature* some months ago—written jointly by Dr. Garnett and Mr. Edmund Gosse. The year should be specially rich in biographical works, especially if Mr. Morley's life of Gladstone is ready in time. The memoir of the late Duke of Argyll, by the present Duke; the life of the late Lord Granville, by Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice; and the life of William Black, by Sir Wemyss Reid, are all in hand, while Mr. Graham Balfour is said to have finished his memoir of Robert Louis Stevenson; and if all these are published it should only need Lord Rowton's "Disraeli" to give to biography the leading place in the literary year. Mr. William Archer's "Poets of the Younger Generation" is, moreover, to be published by Mr. John Lane early in the year. Next year should see a start made with Sir Walter Besant's Survey of London, and Messrs. Chatto hope to publish the two completing volumes of Mr. Justin McCarthy's "History of the Four Georges and of William IV.," in which he has been assisted by Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy. The first volume of the reprint of the Hakluyt Voyages may be expected during the next twelve months; another interesting new edition to be published by the Clarendon Press will be the Complete Works of Bishop Berkeley in four volumes, Professor Campbell Fraser having re-cast his edition published in three volumes about thirty years ago, and now out of print.

The proposal to establish a memorial to Professor Max Müller was made on November 30 by the publication in *The Times* of a letter signed by the Vice-Chancellor and thirteen Heads of Colleges and Professors in the University of Oxford. Assurances of support have been received from the Prince of Wales, Prince Christian, the Crown Prince of Siam, the Gaikwar of Baroda, and many others, and a committee is being formed to further the scheme. The fund to be raised, after providing for some personal memorial, such as a bust, relief, or portrait, is to be handed over to the University of Oxford, and held in trust for the promotion of the study of ancient India. Subscriptions for the "Max Müller Memorial Fund" may be sent to the Old Bank, Oxford, or to Messrs. Barclay and Co., 1, Pall-mall east, London, S.W., or to Messrs. Coutts and Co., 59, Strand, London, W.C., or to the Hon. Treasurer, C. Grant Robertson, Esq., All Souls College, Oxford. Other communications on the subject of the fund should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, Prof. A. A. Macdonell, All Souls College, Oxford.

The late Miss Margaret Stokes was engaged, at the time of her death, upon a biography of Sir Frederic Burton, R.H.A., late Director of the National Gallery. It is to be hoped that some one equally competent will complete it. During his long connexion with art matters in England, Sir Frederic met everybody worth meeting, and the Irish side of his career is well worthy of record. He was in his youth one of the most distinguished of Irish artists, and after he left Ireland (at the time of the collapse of the national movement of '48) he retained all his interest in Ireland, and especially in all Irish intellectual activities. Readers of Lady Ferguson's life of her husband will remember the fine letters by Burton on Irish affairs which she quotes. At this moment an exhibition of his works, the first ever held, is on view at the National Gallery in Dublin. In this collection there are over one hundred examples of his skill in water-colour, but perhaps the gem of the collection is the fine portrait of George Eliot, lent by the National Gallery, London.

Dr. Parker's attempt to edit a daily paper on religious lines will disappoint those who expected him to fall into the falsehood of extremes. In place of the sporting intelligence there are texts of Scripture and an appeal to Christians of all denominations to pray that gambling may cease; but this is the only startling innovation. The financial column contains, as usual, advice relating to investments hardly less speculative than the investment which consists in backing the favourite. In the number before us an appeal to a Missionary Society to decline a generous bequest from a brewer is, perhaps, more characteristic, though it might have been supplemented by some suggestion as to the way in which the editor thinks brewers can dispose of their fortunes more profitably. For the rest, the number contains some interesting articles on social subjects, together with the practical proposal that there should be "a constable standing in the shadow of every street lamp to pounce upon guilty people and to take them away to be flogged." We are left wondering how many constables would be needed to carry out this plan in its entirety.

For two years M. Ernest Lavisse, Professor of History at the Sorbonne, has been supervising the preparation of an immense work to be entitled "Histoire de France depuis les origine jusqu'a la Revolution," written by himself and other eminent French historians. Since Henri Martin and Michelet, much has been accomplished in historical studies in France, and the time has arrived for a work embodying the fruits of the investigations of the last 50 years. The vastness of the enterprise must have deterred any less experienced writer than M. Lavisse, or any less daring publishers than MM. Hachette et Cie. There are to be eight volumes of 800 pages each, at 12f. per volume. The work will be published in parts at 1f. 50c. per part. The first section is now ready in very attractive *format*. This first section, entitled "Independent Gaul and Roman Gaul," is from the pen of M. Bloch, Professor at Lyons and at the Ecole Normale. The general introductions by M. Lavisse and M. Vidal de la Bache are not yet ready. The style is "scientific," there being no "fine writing," but an obvious effort to state the facts with historical precaution, in the spirit of the little treatise of MM. Seignobos and Langlois (the latter is associated with M. Lavisse in the work), called "An Introduction to Historical Studies," which we spoke of some time ago.

We published an obituary notice in *Literature* last October of M. Hatzfeld, who was joint author, with M. Darmesteter and M. Thomas, of the new dictionary of the French language. Our remarks called forth a vigorous protest from a philologist who would have no "invidious comparison" instituted between their dictionary and that of Littré. We note, however, that, in the last number of the *Revue de Paris*, an article by M. Michel Bréal, professor at the Collège de France, and author of "La

Semantique," devotes to this invidious comparison some pages of the review. M. Bréal says:—

> The "Dictionnaire Général" does not embrace as much matter as that of Littré. Certain conditions made by the publisher, limiting the historical portion to the sixteenth century, and curtailing the number of examples, have reduced the dimensions of the work. One may regret the fulness, the charm of Littré, some of whose articles one is surprised to find oneself reading from one end to the other as if they were biographies, whereas the new dictionary affects the brevity and dryness of a passport. But each of the two books possesses its special sort of utility.

M. Bréal, it may be said *en passant*, considers Murray's dictionary as "the best arranged" dictionary that exists, and his great ambition is that the Academy of Inscriptions should undertake a "Dictionnaire Historique" of the French tongue worthy of the name.

Messrs. Pickering and Chatto, of the Haymarket, have just issued the first part of an alphabetical catalogue of about 5,000 old and rare books, the first serious attempt, so it is believed, to produce a catalogue with illustrations reproduced systematically in the text, many of them of the actual size of the originals. It will be completed in ten or a dozen parts, to appear every three weeks. The first part comes down to a first edition of Baker's "Chronicles of the Kings of England," and has for its coloured frontispiece a fine specimen of mosaic binding by Le Monnier ("Agenda des Auteurs," 1755), valued at £12 10s. A fine collection of Americana is included, as well as a long list of books on angling.

Many books deal with the internal details of our public schools. Mr. J. G. Cotton Mitchin, who wrote the volume of "Old Harrow Days" (Methuen), has conceived the idea of dealing with their external influence upon public opinion. His book will be entitled "Our Public Schools and their Place in History." It describes the rise of the eight public schools on which the Public Schools Inquiry Commission of 1861 reported, with special reference to the influence they have exercised upon English history, while brief notices are given of "Old Boys" who have fallen in the South African War. Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein will publish the book early in the new year.

"The Dictionary of Statistics," compiled by Mr. Michael G. Mulhall, who died last week, which reached a fourth edition last year, was not only a valuable work of reference for the politician, but in the world of journalism was much used by the compilers of a certain sort of magazine article recently in favour. Mr. Mulhall was also a journalist, the founder of the first English newspaper published in South America, and a constant writer in the *Contemporary Review*. He was a member of the Committee of the British Association, and a well-known contributor to "Section F."

The new *Italian Review* (5, Henrietta-street, W.C., 2s.), to judge by its first number, deserves to live. It is well conceived, well written, and well printed, and touches in an attractive way and in a non-partisan spirit on all sides of Italian life. It has interesting reminiscences of King Humbert and of Baron Francesco de Renzis; a long article on Fogazzaro, and much matter on literature, art, archæology, and social life, which seems to be just what intelligent Englishmen who take an interest in Italy will like to read.

English writers maintain their popularity in America to judge from the arrangements made for next year by the leading American magazines. Mr. Rudyard Kipling's new story of Indian life is to appear in *McClure's* as well as "The Adventures of a Merry Monarch," by Mr. Robert Barr, and the new "Dolly Dialogues." Mr. George M. Smith's reminiscences and a series of articles by Mr. Andrew Lang and Mr. William Archer are to be published in the *Critic*. Mr. J. M. Barrie's new story is to appear in *Scribner's*, and Mr. Gilbert Parker is to figure in *Harper's*. Among well-known American writers the *Atlantic Monthly* has secured Miss Mary Johnstone, Miss Sarah Anne Jewett, and Kate Douglas Wiggin; *Harper's*, Miss Mary E. Wilkins; the *Century*, Mr. Hamlin Garland; and *Lippincott's*, Mr. Paul Laurence Dunbar and Miss Amelia E. Barr.

To judge from the second number of the *Eastern Counties Magazine*, edited by Miss Mary Henniker, the new quarterly promises fair to be an excellent addition to the County Magazines. Folklore, natural history, and old customs all find a place, and Mr. Cunningham Woods, a graduate who a few years ago did much to help the Domestic Society at Oxford, contributes an optimistic article on social life in an East Anglian town. Apropos of the recent elections there are some amusing recollections of the polling at Aldeburgh in 1812.

Mrs. Cornwallis-West's (Lady Randolph Churchill) *Anglo-Saxon Review* (No. 7) will be published immediately by her from the new offices of the review at 49, Rupert-street, W.

Mr. Robert E. Dell resigned the editorship of the *Review of the Week* on December 15.

It has been decided to publish the Cambridge Bible for Schools and Colleges from January 1, 1901, at net prices. In many instances the prices have been considerably reduced. A new style of binding has also been adopted for the series, but copies in the original style will be supplied when specially ordered, and the volumes already published will be re-bound in the new style as occasion arises.

Count von Moltke, it is well known, was a voluminous author, and an edition of his works containing no less than eight volumes has been published. A new work of his has, nevertheless, been discovered in the shape of a novel written by the Count when he was a lieutenant of twenty-seven. It is being published serially in *Die Weite Welt*, and excites interest as a piece of autobiography, as well as for its literary excellence.

Messrs. Funk and Wagnall, of New York, whose "Standard Dictionary" of the English Language has attained such great success, have undertaken the task of publishing an enormous book of reference under the title of the "Jewish Encyclopædia." The work is to be completed in twelve volumes, each being similar in size to a volume of Professor Cheyne's "Encyclopædia Biblica." The list of subjects is, as may be expected, very extensive. Authors, artists, actors, printers, philanthropists, and many other classes of Jewish workers are to be included. Space will also be given to individuals of other races who have in one form or another taken an interest in Jewish affairs. The encyclopædia will be sumptuously illustrated.

The Cambridge University Press has issued several new text-books in anticipation of the Cambridge Local Examinations, and two further volumes will be ready shortly. One is "Robinson Crusoe," Part I., edited, with introduction and notes, by Mr. J. Howard Masterman; the other is Book VII. of Mr. E. S. Shuckburgh's edition of "Cæsar's Gallic War."

Early next month the Clarendon Press will publish a concise French Grammar for upper forms in public schools, by Arthur E. Wall, M.A., of Trinity College, Cambridge, Assistant Master at Marlborough. The book includes phonology, accidence, and syntax, with historical notes, and indicates variations in spelling and syntax permitted by the decree of the French Minister of Public Instruction, issued a few months ago.

The latest addition to "La Bibliothèque des Recherches Sociales" is a translation by Messrs. Alfred Naquet and Georges Mossé of "Dawn of Civilization, or England in the XIXth Century," by Mr. J. C. Spence, the author of "The Conscience of the King" (Sonnenschein).

Messrs. Dent will issue early in January "Rome," by Mr. Norwood Young, with illustrations by Miss Nelly Erichsen, as a volume in the Medieval Town Series.

Mr. Macqueen has removed his offices to 49, Rupert-street, W., from Hastings-house.

Books to look out for at once.

THEOLOGY—
"Family Prayers for Morning Use and for Special Occasions." Ed. by J. M. G. J. Clarke. 2s. 6d.
"Ritualism Abandoned; or, a Priest Redeemed." By Kathleen Lyon. J. Clarke. 3s. 6d.

POETRY—
"The Kingdom of Song." By T. M. Bowdith. Low. 2s. 6d.
[A Canadian collection of songs for Sunday Schools.]
"Some Songs and Verses." By Wallace Stevenson. Constable. 3s. net.
"Diversities in Verse." A Selection from Poetic Pieces by J. L. Longstaffe. G. Allen. 5s. net.

SCIENCE—
"The Human Ear; its Identification and Physiognomy." By M. A. Ellis. Black. 3s. 6d. net.
[Comprises a system of identification by the ear, for use among the upper educated classes to prevent impersonation by pretenders.]
"A Treatise on Mental Diseases." By H. J. Berkeley. Hirschfeld. 21s. n.

MISCELLANEOUS—
"Railway Runs in Three Continents." By J. F. B. Alexandar. Stock. 7s. 6d. n.
"A Catechism on the Combustion of Coal and the Prevention of Smoke." By W. M. Barr. Low. 8s. 6d. net.
"The Tactics of To-Day." By Major C. E. Callwell, R.A. W. Blackwood. 2s. 6d. net.

REPRINT—
"Shakespeare's Sonnets." Gay and Bird. 2s. 6d. net. Bibelots Series.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

BIOGRAPHY.

Lord Monboddo, and Some of His Contemporaries. By *W. Knight*, LL.D. [illegible]. 314 pp. Murray. 16s.

The Rt. Hon. Joseph Chamberlain. By *Arthur Whitten*. **Lord Kitchener of Khartoum.** By *W. F. Aitken*. (The Biggest Biographies.) 5×3½in., 91–96 pp. Jarrold. 6d. each.

Lord Lilford, F.Z.S. A Memoir. By *H. A. Macpherson*. 8×5½in., 291 pp. Porter. 14s. 6d.

Architects of English Literature. By *R. Farquharson Sharp*. 6½×4½in., 326 pp. Sonnenschein. 5s. n.

BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

The Story of Ivanhoe. (Sir Walter Scott Readers for Young People.) By *Harriet Gaskell*. 7×4½in., 58 pp. Black. 6d. n.

The Journal of a Rabbit. By *M. T. H.* and *E. D. L.* 10×8in., 20 pp. Grant Richards. 1s.

My Friend Anne. By *Jessie Armstrong*. 7½×5in., 320 pp. Warne. 3s. 6d.

Elsa's Little Boys. By *Mrs. H. Martin*. 7½×5in., 234 pp. Warne. 2s.

The Fortunes of Claud. By *E. Pickering*. 8×5in., 338 pp. Warne. 3s. 6d.

DRAMA.

The Wisdom of the Wise. By *Mrs. Craigie*. 7×5in., 151 pp. Unwin. 3s. 6d. n.

Tennyson's Princess. For Amateur Performance in Girls' Schools. Adapted by *Elsie Fogerty*. 7½×5in., 47 pp. Sonnenschein. 2s. 6d. n.

EDUCATIONAL.

A Second Manual of Composition. By *E. H. Lewis*, Ph.D. 7½×5in., 379 pp. The Macmillan Co. 4s. 6d.

The Journal of Education. Vol. XXII. 12×9in., 788 pp. Rice. 7s. 6d.

The Romance of the Earth. By *A. W. Rowston*. 7½×5in., 181 pp. Sonnenschein. 2s. 6d.

FICTION.

The Forgotten Melody. A Parliamentary Romance. By *One Who Remembers It*. 7½×5in., 167 pp. Stock. 5s.

Second Love. By *T. W. Speight*. 7½×5in., 300 pp. Digby Long. 6s.

GEOGRAPHY.

Norway. Official Publication for the Paris Exhibition, 1900. 10½×7½in., 96 pp. Kristiania. Aktie-Bogtrykkeriet.

Assisi. (Mediæval Town Series.) By *Leader Scott*. 7×4½in., 371 pp. Dent. 3s. 6d. n.

HISTORY.

The Story of the Uganda Protectorate. (Story of the Empire Series.) By *Sir H. Hamilton Johnston*, K.C.B. 7×4½in., 167 pp. Marshall. 1s. 6d.

LAW.

The Companies Act, 1900. With Commentary. By *F. B. Simpson*. Crown 8vo. Effingham Wilson.

Every Man His Own Lawyer. By *A Barrister*. 11×8in., 744 pp. Crosby, Lockwood. 6s. 8d.

MILITARY.

With Seven Generals in the Boer War. By *Major A. H. A. Jarvis*. 7½×5in., 307 pp. Macqueen. 6s.

One Thousand Miles with the C.I.V. By *J. B. Lloyd*. 7½×5in., 320 pp. Methuen. 6s.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Dod's Peerage, Baronetage, Knightage, &c., for 1901. 7×4½in., 1,200 pp. Low. 10s.

Mr. Dooley's Philosophy. By *F. P. Dunne*. 7½×5in., 250 pp. Harper. 3s. 6d.

Domesticities. By *E. V. Lucas*. 7½×5in., 320 pp. Methuen. 3s. 6d.

The Church Directory and Almanack for 1901. 7½×4½in., 240 pp. Nisbet. 2s. n.

NATURAL HISTORY.

A Year With Nature. By *W. P. Westell*. 7½×5in., 256 pp. Jarrold. 1s. 6d.

Our Bird Friends. A Book for Children. By *R. Kearton*. 7½×5in., 128 pp. Cassell. 3s. 6d.

NAVAL.

The Story of H.M.S. "Powerful." From the Diary of a "Powerful" Man. 7×4½in., 92 pp. H. Marshall. 1s.

PHILOSOPHY.

Foundations of Knowledge. By *A. T. Ormond*. 9×6in., 528 pp. Macmillan. 12s. 6d. n.

Selections from Plato. By *L. L. Forman*, Ph.D. 7×4½in., 310 pp. Macmillan. 7s. 6d.

The Story of Thought and Feeling. By *F. Ryland*. 6×4in., 219 pp. Newnes. 1s.

POETRY.

My Boer Host, and other Songs of South Africa. By *A. Pine Hall*. 6½×4½in., 108 pp. Sampson Low. 2s. 6d. n.

"Men of Men." By *C. Fox Smith*. 7×5in., 136 pp. Sampson Low. 3s. 6d. n.

New Rhymes for Old, and other Verses. By *A. C. Deane*. 7½×5½in., 96 pp. Lane. 3s. 6d. n.

Home Poems. By *W. Earle*. 7½×5½in., 259 pp. Allon. 10s. 6d. n.

REPRINTS.

Horæ Subsecivæ. By *John Brown*, LL.D. 3 vols. 6½×4½in., 168+191+185 pp. Black. 6s. n.

A Little Book of English Verse. A Little Book of Scottish Verse. (The Little Library.) 6×4in., 181–201 pp. Methuen. 1s. 6d. n. each.

Flowers of the Cave. Compiled and Ed. by *Laurie Magnus* and *Cecil Headlam*. 7½×5in., 303 pp. Blackwood. 5s.

Vasari's Lives. Vols. VII. & VIII. **Dante's Inferno.** (Temple Classics.) 6×4in., 398 pp. Dent. 1s. 6d. n. each.

The Master Mosaic Workers. By *George Saud*. (Temple Classics for the Young.) 6×4in., 232 pp. Dent. 1s. 6d. n.

The Forsaken Merman. By *Matthew Arnold*. Decorated by Jean C. Archer. 7×5½in. Dent. 1s. 6d. n.

Poems. By *Peter Burn*. Complete Ed. Rev. 7½×5in., 394 pp. Remrose.

The Golden Bough. By *J. G. Frazer*, D.C.L., LL.D. 2nd Ed. 3 vols. 9×6in., 467+471+430 pp. Macmillan. 36s. n.

The Spanish Conquest in America. New Ed. Vol. I. By *Sir A. Helps*. 7½×5½in., 369 pp. Lane. 3s. 6d. n.

A Ballad upon a Wedding. (Flowers of Parnassus, VIII.) By *Sir J. Suckling*. 6×4½in., 30 pp. Lane. 1s. n.

The Nut-Brown Maid. (Flowers of Parnassus, V.) By *F. B. Money-Coutts*. 6×4in., 30 pp. Lane. 1s. n.

In the South Seas. By *R. L. Stevenson*. 7×5½in., 313 pp. Chatto. 6s.

SCIENCE.

Modern Chemistry, Theoretical and Systematic. By *W. Ramsay*. (Temple Primers.) 6×4in., 150+203 pp. Dent. 2s. n.

Botany. By *R. S. Hishart*. (Self-Educator Series.) 7½×5in., 226 pp. Holder & Stoughton. 2s. 6d.

THEOLOGY.

Handbook to the Gospel According to St. Matthew. By *Rev. H. C. E. Zweboll*. 7½×5in., 250 pp. Rivington. 2s. 6d.

The True Christ and the False Christ. 2 vols. By *J. Garnier*. 7×5½in., 329+318 pp. Allen. 10s. n.

The Expositor. (Vol. II., Sixth Series.) Ed. by *W. Robertson Nicoll*, LL.D. 8½×5½in., 478 pp. Hodder & Stoughton. 7½ 6d.

Bersier's Pulpit. (German Seed Series.) By *J. F. B. Tanday*. 7½×5in., 192 pp. Hodder & Stoughton. 1s. 6d.

Happiness. Its Pursuit and Attainment. By *Rev. W. J. Kelly*. 7½×5in., 240 pp. J. Long. 3s. 6d.

Biblical Manuscripts in the British Museum. Ed. by *F. G. Kenyon*, D.Litt., [illegible]. British Museum.

TOPOGRAPHY.

The Little Red Book of Bristol. Ed. by *F. B. Bickley*. 2 vols. 6½×4½in., 240–240 pp. Bristol. Crofton Hemmons.

CHESS.

Address "Chess": LITERATURE, Printing House Square, London.

PROBLEM No. CV.
By J. C. J. WAINWRIGHT, F.R.S.A.

BLACK.

WHITE.

White mates in two moves.

PROBLEM No. CVI.
By J. POSPISIL, Bohemia.

BLACK.

WHITE.

White mates in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 107, by C. Behting, Riga. White (3 pieces)—K at Q Kt 7; B at Q R 4; pawn at Q Kt 6. Black (1 pieces)—K at Q sq; bishop at Q 7; pawns at K B 4, Q B 5. White to play and draw.

SOLUTIONS.—Problem No. 93, Keidanski (2), K—B 7. No. 94, Miles (3), 1. Kt—Kt 5, K—R; 2. Kt—Q 3 ch, &c.; or, 1. Kt—Kt 5, B—R; 2. Kt—B 7 ch, &c.; or, 1. Kt—Kt 5, R—B 3; 2. Q—B 5 ch, &c. No. 95, Troitzky, White draws by 1. R—Q 3 ch, K—R; 2. K—B 3, P—Kt 8—Kt; 3. K—Kt 2, &c. No. 96, Pedersen (2), Q—K Kt 7. No. 97, Lose (3), 1. Q—Q R 8, K—K 5; 2. Kt—K 2, &c.; or, 1. Q—Q R 8, R any; 2. P—Kt 4 ch, &c. No. 98, Troitzky, White wins by 1. Kt—R 5 ch, K—Kt 3; 2. Kt—B, K—P; 3. K—Q 6, and wins the rook. No. 99, Joseph (2), B—R sq. The rook at h 3 is Black. No. 100, Nielsen (3), 1. B—Q Kt 3, Q—B; 2. Q—Q 6, &c. (See note). No. 101, Troitzky, White wins by 1. Kt—B 6 ch, R—Kt; 2. Q—Q 7 ch, K—K 4; 3. Q—Q 4 ch, K—B 4; 4. Q—K 4 ch, K—Kt 4; 5. Q—Kt 2 ch, and wins the queen.

Correct Solutions are:—A. C. Waters (Bromley), 93 to 101; F. R. Mitchell (Swanley), 93, 96; N. J. G., 96; R. W. (Hampstead), 89, 93; J. D. Tucker (Leeds), 93, 91, 96, 97; Otto Würzburg (U.S.A), 86, 87, 89, 90.

NOTE.—"The key to the solution of Problem 100 is given by the 'try' 1. Q—Q 6, with a mate on the following move for every defence except 1. . . . Q—P. After 1. B—Kt 3, Q×B, this defence is not available; and the other variations are easy."—A. C. W.

THE LATE MR. STEINITZ.—We learn from New York that the plans for the publication of a memorial volume during the coming year have assumed a definite shape. But naturally the co-operation of the chess-playing community is necessary in order that the programme may be carried out. The career of Steinitz, for nearly twenty-eight years champion of the world, was in many ways unique and his personality was striking. He left a wife and two young children, and it is hoped that these may be benefited by the forthcoming volume. Preliminary subscriptions are invited. Correspondent, H. Cassel, P.O. Box, 1,207, New York. Mr. Chas. Devide is the editor. The Manhattan C.C. support the scheme.

GAME No. LI.—Played in the New York tourney by the first prize winner:—

FRENCH DEFENCE.

White. S. Lipschutz.	Black. F. Hymes.	White. S. Lipschutz.	Black. F. Hymes.
1. P—K 4	P—K 3	15. P×P	B—P
2. P—Q 4	P—Q 4	16. Kt—K Kt 5	Q—Q 5 ch
3. Kt—Q B 3	Kt—K B 3	17. K—R sq	Kt—K 5
4. B—K Kt 5	B—K 2	18. Q Kt—Kt	P—Kt
5. P—K 5	K Kt—Q 2	19. Kt×B	Q—Q 4
6. B×B	Q×B	20. Kt×B	R×Kt
7. B—Q 3	P—Q R 3	21. Q R—Q sq	Kt—K 4
8. P—K B 4	P—Q B 4	22. Q—B 3 ch	Kt—B 3
9. P×P	Kt×B P	23. B—K 2	Q—K Kt 4
10. Kt—B 3	B—Q 2	24. B—P	K—Kt sq
11. Castles	Kt—B 3	25. R—R 6 ch	Kt×R
12. Q—Q 2	P—B 3	26. B—K 2	Kt—K 3
13. P—Q	Q×P	27. Q—at 3 ch and wins	
14. P—B 5	Castles Q R		

GAME No. LII.—Played by Pillsbury blindfold at Pittsburg:

White. H. N. Pillsbury.	Black. L. A. Johns.	White. H. N. Pillsbury.	Black. L. A. Johns.
1. P—K 4	P—K 4	13. Kt—Q 5	P—Q 3
2. Kt—Q B 2	Kt—Q B 3	14. Q—K 2	P×P
3. P—B 4	P—P	15. P—P	P—B 3
4. Kt—B 3	P—K Kt 4	16. Kt—B 6 ch	B×Kt
5. P—K R	P—Kt 5	17. P—B ch	K—B—1
6. Kt—K Kt 1	Kt—R 3	18. B—Q 2	P—R 4
7. B—B 4	Kt—K 4	19. Castles Q R	Q—B 2
8. B—Kt 3	P—K B 3	20. K R—K sq	B—B 4
9. P—Q 4	Kt—Kt 3	21. B×K P	P—B 4
10. P—K 5	P—Kt	22. Q—K 3	Q—B 5
11. P—K	P×P	23. Q—Q	P—Q
12. P—K 5	B—Kt 2	24. B—Kt 4 ch and wins.	

Literature

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NOTES OF THE DAY.

New books of the year are the subject of the article in another column. It does not, of course, include new editions; but we cannot omit a reference to one important new edition just out—viz., a second edition, after ten years, of "The Golden Bough." Possibly Mrs. Ward's picturesque account of the Priest of Aricia in "Eleanor" may have awakened a curiosity in the minds of some who had not read Mr. Frazer's study—so fresh, so elaborate, and written in so fine a style—of the King of the Wood

> The Priest who slew the slayer
> And shall himself be slain.

There has been much work done, especially in Australia, in the elucidation of primitive superstitions, and Mr. Frazer, whose views remain the same—save that he now recognizes a fundamental distinction between magic and religion—has much new evidence to incorporate in his volumes. But we hope to return to them very shortly.

* * * *

Mr. Jerome, in one of his books, tells us how, in a moment of anxiety about his health, he turned to the study of all the medical books he could lay his hands on. The result was that he became firmly convinced that he had every ailment known to science except "housemaid's knee." Something of the same sort seems to have happened to the writer of "Studies in Recent Fiction," one or two of which we have published. An article on "The Modern Ghost Story" was to have been forthcoming as an engaging and seasonable item at the present moment. A nearer approach to the subject, however, or possibly a study of the new edition of that delightful work "The Alleged Haunting of B— House," seems to have had an unexpected effect upon our contributor. Stealthy footsteps were heard in the corridor; sounds "like the falling of a heavy body" were heard in the room above, which, we need hardly say, has been untenanted for years. The proposed article became impossible, and the result is the following verses, written, it is obvious, under the stress of deep emotion:—

> It is not well to talk with ghosts, whose laughter if a mortal hears
> He learns to know what laughter is, love colder far a thing than tears.
>
> It is not well to talk with ghosts. Their touch is chill as winter rain,
> But she who feels it on her heart will Love no other touch again.
>
> It is not well to talk with ghosts; and should one look them in the eyes—
> His own will never weep again, but hold a secret till he dies.
>
> It is not well to talk with ghosts. If mortal woman's mouth they kiss,
> Their frozen lips shall steal away all hope of heaven, all earthly bliss.

* * * *

Speaking, last week, of the appearance in the *Revue Bleue* of Flaubert's unpublished "Mémoires d'un Fou," we mentioned that there was something to be learnt about the early work of Flaubert in Maxime du Camp's "Souvenirs Littéraires." We strongly suspect that the work now printed for the first time is the work referred to, under another title, in the following passage:—

> One evening when we had dined together, I walked home with him. On the doorstep he stopped, seemed to hesitate, and then said brusquely, "Come upstairs. I have something to say to you." As soon as he had reached his room, he drew a manuscript out of a locked box, threw it on the table, and exclaimed, "You will listen to that. Only I beg you to keep my secret. The prevailing condition of our ideas obliges one to hide the literary habit as if it were a disgraceful disease. . . ." The book which I then heard read is Flaubert's first work; it is a romance entitled "Novembre." The theme is simple, and it might pass for an autobiography of the inner life. . . . A man, still very young, has exhausted all sensations in his dreams, his meditations, his reflexions. He has not worked, he has not loved, he has not lived; but by the mere effort of thought he is disgusted with love, disdainful of labour, discouraged with existence.

And so forth. There is a long analysis of the plot and matière of the work which at least warrants our suspicion that it is identical with the "novel" now issued as "Mémoires d'un Fou." The critic's surmises as to the literary influences which had inspired it are also interesting:—

> My emotion was genuine, and Gustave did not misapprehend it. When he had finished reading, he said to me: "What do you think that is like?" With hesitation I answered, "It recalls, to a certain extent, the manner of Théophile Gautier." He rejoined, "You are mistaken. It is like nothing whatever."
>
> Flaubert was right. I was mistaken. But he was mistaken too. His book was not an imitation; but it had been written under a double influence which it was easy to fix when I heard it a second time. Two writers made an impression on Gustave Flaubert, which is still visible even in his latest stories, Châteaubriand and Edgar Quinet.

As for M. Faguet's insistence, referred to in our note, that Flaubert was a "romantique," this criticism also was antici-

noted by Maxime du Camp, and even by Flaubert himself:—

It has been said of Flaubert that he was a realist, a naturalist. People have tried to see in him a sort of surgeon of letters, dissecting passions and making the autopsy of the human heart. He was the first to smile at the suggestion; he was a lyric poet, holding the singular theory that the harmonious word is always the right word. To the harmony of his sentences he sacrificed everything—sometimes even his grammar.

And again:—

Flaubert was a "romantique." Need I say it? He said that he felt his heart beat whenever on the yellow cover of a book he perceived the "g" of the name of Victor Hugo.

* * * *

The book sales of the season came to an end on the 21st. Messrs. Sotheby had various miscellaneous collections, from which mention should be made of the following fine works and the prices at which they sold:—Forbes' "Cantus," Aberdeen, 1682, £6 10s.; "The Gospels," 1571, printed by John Daye, a presentation copy from Archbishop Parker to John Foxe, £14 5s.; Boswell's "The Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides," first edition, Horace Walpole's copy with his MS. notes, £31; Lamb's "Essays of Elia," first editions of both series, £19 5s.; "The Booke of the Common Prayer," 1549, printed by Whitchurch, imperfect, £10 15s.; Boccaccio's "Fiametta," 1472, the first book printed at Padua, £10 15s.; Dante's "Divina Commedia," 1487, the first edition illustrated with woodcuts, £40; "Livy," the rare 1515 edition in French, £11; Clement Marot's "Les Œuvres," Lyons, 1545, £14 10s.; Molière's "Œuvres," 1731, with plates by Boucher, 6 vols., £13 13s.; Audubon and Bachman's "Viviparous Quadrupeds of North America," 1845-46, £20 5s.; Elliott's "The Birds of North America," 1866-69, £7; Boydell's "Shakespeare Gallery," 1803, a splendid copy, £15 15s.; Chippendale's "The Gentleman and Cabinet Maker's Director," 1751, £11 15s.; Owen Jones' "The Alhambra," 1842-45, with plates in colours, £10 15s.; Adrian Poyntz's "New and Singular Patternes and Workes of Linnen," 1591, a good copy of this extremely rare work, £19 10s.; "Military Costumes of Europe," 1822, £23 10s.; Sander's "Reichenbachia," 1888-94, £18; Selon's "The Ancient Art Stone-Ware of the Low Countries and Germany," 1892, £2 1s.; Turner's "Picturesque Views in England and Wales," 1838, large paper, £16 10s.; W. B. Scott's "The Little Masters," 1880, extra illustrated by the insertion of 32 plates, £13; Dürer's "Engraved Works," in 2 vols., a splendid collection, £101; "Tapis D'Orient," Venice, 1892, £30; Clutterbuck's "County of Hertford," 1815-27, £18; Hutchins' "County of Dorset," 1796, &c., second edition, £9; Lipscomb's "County of Buckingham," 1847, large paper, £11 10s.; Ormerod's "County Palatine and City of Chester," 1819, £8 10s.; Shaw's "Staffordshire," 1798-1801, £8 10s.; Hodgson's "Northumberland," 1820-58, £20; Nash's "Mansions of England," 1839-49, £19; Saxton's "Maps of the Counties of England and Wales," 1573-79, £27.

At the close of the century the appropriate literary pastime has been started of making the ten books of the century which have exercised the deepest and widest influence. *The Times* No two players, not collaborating or consulting, that Matter, are likely to compile identical lists, for no two players are likely to be agreed as to the comparative importance of the movements that have taken place in the course of a hundred years in the different departments of human thought and endeavour. It is a question, at the outset, whether the preference should be given to the books which have had a direct and visible influence upon the course of public events, or to those which have only influenced events indirectly through their influence upon the general trend of abstract speculation. On the former theory the list might well begin with "Uncle Tom's Cabin"—a book which had no influence on speculative thought, and little influence on literary art, but was almost as much a result of the abolition of slavery in America as was the preaching by Peter the Hermit of the first Crusade—and might include such works as Mr. Fitzpatrick's "The Transvaal from Within" and Admiral Mahan's discourses on the importance of sea-power. Most of the lists, however—notably that of Professor Bryce which we have in front of us—are compiled on the theory that the greatest events are those which take place in the intellect; and that, on the whole, is the more profitable and interesting point of view. Looking at the matter from that standpoint one perceives at once that, though in a sense the field of choice is wide, the number of books of which the claims are indisputable is small. The century—more particularly the middle of the century—has seen many movements started by energetic prophets, and supported by devoted disciples; but many of the movements have come to nothing, and few of them have owed to books what the French Revolution, for instance, owed to the "Contrat Social." If the Young England Party had gone on from strength to strength, "Coningsby" would have had a place in every list; but the influence of that party, and therefore of its books, is as extinct as that of the Euphuists. Perhaps there might be more to be said for the claims of Tract Number Ninety. But (and this is the great difficulty in all selections of "influential books") to fasten upon one publication only—whatever influence upon thought Tract Number Ninety may have had—is necessarily often a mechanical method of proceeding. In the case of the Free Trade movement, certainly there is no book on which we can lay our hands and say that it set the movement going, crystallized and symbolized it, and helped it to a successful issue. It was not Ebenezer Elliot, but Cobden, Bright, and Villiers who awakened the public mind upon the subject; and they achieved their purpose not by writing books but by making speeches. In the sphere of political economy, in fact, there is only one book indisputably entitled to a place upon our list. A case might be made out for "Looking Backwards," for "Progress and Poverty," and for Malthus' "Principle of the Law of Population" (though this last book really belongs to the end of the eighteenth century), but the one book for which no special pleading is needed is "Das Kapital." It is the Bible of Socialism. It has been often and effectively criticized, but scientific socialism may reasonably be said to date from its appearance. In another field of thought, the claims of Ruskin cannot be ignored. Of the many preachers of the Gospel of beauty as a thing to seek and insist upon in every-day life, he was the one to whom the world most willingly listened. But again the difficulty recurs: it is not influential men, but influential books that we are after, and to which of Ruskin's books are we to assign the palm? In the domain of pure literature it is still more difficult to choose. "Faust" and "The Excursion" are the selections of Mr. Bryce. We have our doubts about "The Excursion," of which the influence is not very discernible in the most characteristic poetry of the present day. We should be disposed to substitute the "Comédie Humaine" of Balzac. Before Balzac fiction was mere story-telling. With him, and after him, it was, in the case of the greatest exponents of the art, the conscious interpretation and deliberate criticism of life. His name marks an epoch far more surely than does the name of Wordsworth, in literary evolution. But there remains one book which figures, we believe, on every list that has been published, and which, in the region of pure thought at all events, has had more influence than all the other books put together. We refer, of course, to Darwin's "Origin of Species by means of Natural Selection." Here, at least, we have a book which, instantly on its appearance, directed thought into fresh channels into which it has not since ceased to flow. Ostensibly nothing more than a contribution to the science of biology, it immediately influenced every branch of thought and speculation. It revolutionized theology and relegated metaphysics to the background. Psychology, sociology, and ethics all had to reckon with it. It contained, by implication, a whole synthetic system of philosophy. It altered the points of view even of the poet and the novelist. Is there any other book of which it is possible to say so much? Can one say it even of the discoveries of Newton, or of the speculations of Descartes or Kant?

Personal Views.

1801—1901.

A certain ill-fated manuscript of Eilert Lövborg treated of the civilizing forces of the future, and his friend Tesman was moved to utter for once something more brilliant than his customary "Fancy that!" "But, good gracious," exclaimed Tesman, "we don't know anything about the future!" "No," replied the gratified author, "but there are several things, though, that can be said about it all the same." To say several things about that of which we know nothing may be the task of several literary critics at the present moment, but there is a danger that the future may play the part of the capricious Hedda, who, with unusual discretion, consigned her friend Lövborg's manuscript to the stove.

Perhaps it is wiser to look around us or to gaze backward than to prophesy. Every age is likely to think itself poorer in literary possessions than is actually the case, for while we can form some estimate of our losses in the recent dead, we have not yet learnt to appraise the literary worth of our babies, nor even of our schoolboys and schoolgirls. In 1795 the author of "Night Thoughts," who had died as a poet many years earlier, was "decently buried," and Johnson's biographer followed his illustrious friend to the grave; next year departed Burns; Macpherson and Burke and Cowper were of the past before the century closed. But the general public of 1795 may not have been greatly impressed by the facts that the assistant of a keeper of livery stables in London—one Keats—had a son born to him, whom he named John, and that in the house of a Scottish mason named Carlyle an infant was then making his first indignant protests and spurnings against human society. In 1800 Cowper, the literary interpreter of the Evangelical revival, passed from earth, but in the same year Pusey entered the world, to be followed in 1801 by one of the first men of the century, John Henry Newman—theology, the science of sciences, leading the way—and yet no long shudder passed through the frame of Evangelical piety. When the new century opened Master Shelley and Master Keble—for, as if an ironical Zeitgeist would demonstrate the truth of Taine's doctrine of the race, the *milieu*, and the moment, the author of "Queen Mab" and the author of "The Christian Year" were of the same moment—probably occupied themselves in chasing the rolling circle's speed or urging the flying ball.

We cannot in 1900, any more than could our forefathers in 1800, calculate our unrealized assets. But a comparison of the literary output of the present year with that of the last year of the eighteenth century would certainly not be to our disadvantage. Perhaps it is safe to say that no volume noteworthy in the history of science or the history of thought was produced in the year 1800. The most remarkable novel was "Castle Rackrent"; the most remarkable non-dramatic poem, "The Farmer's Boy"; the drama of the year if it was not Joanna Baillie's "De Montfort" was Godwin's "Antonio"; the former ran for eleven nights; the latter underwent sudden and final damnation, a violent cough, as Lamb explains, becoming epidemical in the house. Whereas, in 1900—but I leave the contrast to any reader who is familiar with the hundred best books of the present year.

Without, however, entering on a comparison of the *personnel* of literature in the opening and at the close of the present century, it is possible to compare the impersonal forces—the leading ideas or tendencies—which were then and which are now operative as impulses or as checks. By the year 1800 the [illegible] stage of the romantic movement had reached its term; the [illegible] scenic effects of Mrs. Radcliffe's novels, the coarse apparatus used to produce wonder or terror by Matthew Gregory Lewis, admitted of no development. It remained now not to perish through its own excesses, it must refine its methods and rationalize itself at least by the presence of archæological truth, as in Coleridge's poem of the Ancient Mariner, or it must seek for unity and strength by connecting itself with the soil and the sentiment of history, as in the poems and novels of Scott. At the same time naturalism or realism, which had been represented by Fielding in prose and by Crabbe in verse, needed to be spiritualized, infused with deeper meanings, and illuminated by "the light that never was, on sea or land." Perhaps not many persons at the close of the century were aware that in the little volume of "Lyrical Ballads," published in 1798, something had already been done to justify romance and to interpret reality in its nobler significance.

No persons of intelligence a hundred years ago could be insensible to the electrical state of the atmosphere caused by the thunder-clouds of Revolution on the continent of Europe. The Anti-Jacobin poets and parodists might ridicule the English contingent to the Revolutionary movement, but such ridicule is a storm-signal, and before long Byron and Shelley came as exponents of the forces of change. Thus the chief foreign influence reached our literature indirectly through political and social passions aroused in France. But there was to a certain extent a direct literary influence from Germany, which coalesced with the political influence; the earlier Schiller—Schiller of "The Robbers"—the earlier Goethe—Goethe of "The Sorrows of Werther"—and, perhaps more than either of these, Kotzebue served as auxiliaries both to the cause of Revolution and the cause of romance.

Shall we say that in our own day the spirit of revolution has been replaced by a spirit which seems so alien to that of the Revolution—the spirit of imperialism? The Napoleonic wars at the opening of the century quickened the national self-consciousness of England, and enhanced the national pride and sense of power. But the England of which Wordsworth thought, in his patriotic sonnets, was an island, ringed by the sea and sublime in its isolation:—

> —from this day forward we shall know
> That in ourselves our safety must be sought.

England was not for Wordsworth's imagination the mother of nations, having children armed to speak with her enemies at the gate. It should be remembered, however, that the democratic sentiment, fostered by the revolutionary movement of a century since, has entered largely into the passions of imperialism. Among our chief makers of empire was the champion of the Reform Bill of 1867, who, in his "Coningsby" and "Sybil," had prophesied of a Tory democracy. The "equality" and "fraternity" of the Revolution have been captured by imperialism, not in the form of metaphysical abstractions, but as genuine emotions, if no more, reaching out not to universal humanity but to all men of the blood at all the bounds of empire, and tending more and more to incarnate themselves in action. The emotion is admirable, and where a fellow-feeling exists, it becomes less difficult to attain to a mutual understanding; but at best such an understanding is difficult, and when the outcries of brotherhood become less loud and the first embraces are over, among the tasks of literature not the least will be to carry messages of true intelligence to and fro

between the old sea-wife of Mr. Kipling's poem and her sons "in the new and naked lands."

It is a remarkable phenomenon that in recent years three tendencies, which at first sight seem in conflict each with the others, have played conspicuous parts in literature—cosmopolitanism, imperialism, provincialism. The world-literature of which Goethe dreamed has not been attained, but the relations of each people with neighbouring—and even with distant—peoples have grown more intimate and more complex. In each earlier period a single foreign influence arrived on our shores, and for a time sent its voice through the land—in the early Renaissance the Italian influence, at a later date the influence of Spain, in Restoration and subsequent days the French influence. But now wave follows wave as the winds blow from this quarter or from that. Our novel and drama have been affected for good or for evil by the French novel and drama, and in a scientific age the manifestoes of literary realism or naturalism could not but be accepted as containing all the credenda, until the experiment of *le roman expérimental* was found not to be completely successful. The Russian novel with its new intellectual and social problems, its feeling for simple and profound emotions, its infinite human pity, both widened and deepened our imaginative sense of life. Scandinavia told us tales of old heroic action, and irritated the grey matter of our brains with modern riddles, not always meant to be solved. Winds from the West have reached us, bearing now a whisper of inscrutable subtleties and now a "barbaric yawp." Nor has the East been silent; deeper messages from the mind of India have come to us across the Anglo-Indian gossip and the Anglo-Indian words of command.

Yet out of this cosmopolitan babel has issued at the country's close not cosmopolitanism but the imperial spirit. In attempting to understand the world, we have suddenly discovered that a great piece of the world is occupied by the new nations of Englishmen, and motives both of interest and affection have made England resolve at length to understand her full-grown sons and to make herself understood by them.

In like manner a wise provincialism need not contain within it any element of separatism. The Scottish kail-yard sells its kail in Covent-garden, and potatoes grown hard by an Irish bog may be transported to the London market. The humour of Thrums is possibly a grave affair in Thrums, but it flashes into laughter and tenderness when it touches a different intelligence. "Wessex" has its rights, and will be understood by Lancashire, and underneath all superficial diversities—dear to the artist, lover of the definite and the concrete—a common humanity binds the North and the South together. Nor, indeed, in what seems least provincial is it difficult to discern the play of cosmopolitan forces. Irish writers protest against the brutal materialism of England, seemingly unaware that they are caught into a stream of reaction against the alleged tyranny of the scientific and industrial movements, that is common to England, to France, and to all cultivated Europe—which reaction so far as it leads to the recognition of truths ignored by science and by industry is wholly warrantable, and so far as it would replace truths by illusions must needs come to nought. If science, together with the great good which it has wrought for our country, has wrought some evil, by excluding from view another order of truths, those wrongs will assuredly not be repaired by pseudo-science. And if the pursuit of material prosperity has blinded men for a time to the true romance, which is founded on reality, not on the false or the effeminate romance which will illumine their eyes. But, indeed, the false romance, fed neither by the wholesome realities of earth nor by the lights of heaven, quickly exhausts itself. The chief danger is this—that a chase after wandering marsh-fires may leave men weary, and only too content to take their ease in some ignoble counterfeit of good sense.

EDWARD DOWDEN.

BOOKS OF THE YEAR.

The shadow of war has lain heavily upon the printing presses, as on almost all other branches of national industry, in 1900. The century which came in with war is going out with it, and we should soon have ample materials for settling the vexed question whether the influence of war on literature is good or bad. The Napoleonic wars were followed by a great era of literary production. Will the present war have a similar stimulating effect? The problem is complicated by the diversion of so much of the national talent for book-making into the other channels supplied by the newspapers and the magazines, which hardly existed in sufficient numbers to afford a safety-valve in the age of Wellington and Wordsworth. At present we certainly cannot see any immediate prospect of such an outburst as was within measurable distance of the observer in 1800. Yet the productions of that period, as to which Professor Dowden says something in another column, did not give much reason to foresee the triumphs of Wordsworth, Byron, Shelley, Keats, and Coleridge in poetry, of Scott and Miss Austen in prose fiction, or of Lamb, Hazlitt, and Coleridge in criticism. So we, too, may be on the verge of literary glory though we do not know it.

It is less easy to go astray in picking out the greatest books of a single year than the greatest books of a century, even when one's point of view is so close that the serried ranks of volumes assume an exaggerated perspective. A year is, it must be granted, too short for any single critic to be able to read all the books that are published in it, and the world may be oblivious of just the one book by which the year will be distinguished in the text-books of the twenty-first century. As far as the works of well-known authors go, one is pretty safe, but the rise of a genius may pass unnoticed in days when the "established favourites" and the busy advertisers—this is sometimes a cross-division—occupy every coign of vantage in the literary market.

The great facts of the year, so far as the production of books is concerned, have, of course, been the war in South Africa and the crisis in China. Their influence is to be seen—directly, in the swarm of books dealing with the war itself and a few with China; and, indirectly, in the prevalence of general books on military subjects, in the multiplication of story books and picture books suited for beguiling the leisure of a people in the grip of anxiety, and in the holding-over of many books of importance for which no fair hearing could be obtained while one topic dominated the rest. Hence the year has been barren—but not wholly barren—in books of importance unconnected with rumours of wars.

There are two tests wherewith to discriminate between the books of a single year, and they are summed up in two questions—"If all the books of the year were in a blaze, which would you try to rescue first?" and "If you were to be shut up on a desert island with a single book which one would you choose?" The answers would, of course, vary considerably, according to taste, and they would not necessarily be the same in both cases. The book that you may think best worth saving for posterity is not necessarily the one you would best like to read yourself. If all the books of the year were burning in the garden, like Miss Hester Grosley's library in "Red Pottage," and it was only possible to rescue one of them, we might make a dash for Mr. Stephen Phillips' "Herod" as showing a real note of original genius. But this is by no means the book of the year with which we should prefer to enter solitary confinement. Brilliant as it

may be, it is not quite the sort of thing of which one can honestly say

Nocturna versate manu, versate diurna.

For a good solid book, that will stand re-reading, and is full of stuff fit for slow digestion, we might rather choose Mr. Leslie Stephen's account of "The English Utilitarians," which sums up an episode in the history of philosophy that is highly interesting and full of vital lessons. Another book that might be chosen for the same reason is Mr. Leonard Huxley's life of his father—the personal supplement, so to speak, to the History of the Darwinian philosophy. But what of the Dictionary of National Biography, completed in the year just over? We are inclined to think it might be the best companion one could want in a light-house, if there were room for its sixty-three volumes, or on a desert island in the tropics (where they could lie about on the sands), or in a shooting-lodge during the close season, or in any of those hypothetical situations in which one is supposed to be bereft of every book but one. Mr. Leslie Stephen long ago said it was among the most entertaining works in the English language, and we are much inclined to agree with him. Though the compilers of the Dictionary—that illustrious band who, having completed their toil, took the almost unprecedented step of giving a dinner to their publisher—were compelled to devote to the gods of shipwreck much that they would gladly have included, they mostly succeeded in imparting to their brief lives—the very biltong of biography—that human touch without which all attempts at biography are but destined to become the raw material of the trunk-maker or the envelopes of the butter merchant. It is a work that will form an era in our publishing annals. The munificent daring of its projector, Mr. George Smith, has been appreciated in all journals that care for the real interests of literature, and in considering the literary output of the year the conclusion of this truly national work demands a foremost place.

There are two books that one naturally classes together, to which many would assign the next place in the list. They are both studies of statesmen by statesmen—Mr. John Morley's "Oliver Cromwell" and Lord Rosebery's "Napoleon." Many comparisons have been made between Cromwell and Napoleon; the first of all was contained in the pamphlet which Lucien Bonaparte wrote, or at least inspired, and Napoleon himself took the trouble to revise, when it was desirable to indicate to the French people the possibility that the First Consul might soon be called to a post more worthy both of him and of themselves. Napoleon is more interesting to modern readers than Cromwell, since he is nearer to us in time, and has had a greater influence upon the world in which we live—there is hardly a State or custom in modern Europe not touched at some point by his meteoric career—and he is far better known to us. Lord Rosebery, though he only dealt with "the last phase," managed to give the most coherent study of Napoleon's character yet attempted in English. The study of Napoleon's exile in "wild St. Helen's" is complicated by the voluminous memoirs, criticisms of his own battles and actions, explanations of his career, and what not, which he dictated to Las Cases, Montholon, Gourgaud, and the others. They were not designed for the elucidation of the truth so much as for the edification of the Napoleonic legend and the opening of a way to the French throne for the poor little Duke of Reichstadt, whose tragically ineffective figure M. Rostand has lately recalled to the world. Lord Rosebery steered his way through the ocean of legend with a seamanship creditable to one who is not a professed literary pilot, and his book made some sensation in France for the admission it was thought to make that the British Government had behaved with stupid malignity to their fallen foe. Mr. Morley's book stirred no such burning questions. But it stands, with the work of Mr. Firth and Dr. Gardiner, among the most valuable additions made to the study of Cromwell since a new era in that study was inaugurated by Carlyle. And the publishers of it carried out the excellent new plan—already adopted in the case of Mr. Sidney Lee's life of Shakespeare—of issuing two separate editions—one illustrated from contemporary portraits and prints, and another unadorned for the less wealthy book-buyer.

In looking round one's library to see what additions have been made to the books worth keeping in it, the shelves devoted to biography show many other additions. Mr. Basil Champneys' life of Coventry Patmore may stand in that class of literary biographies which has always been conspicuous in our literature since Johnson wrote his "Lives of the Poets," and Boswell showed the way to Lockhart and Sir George Trevelyan and their numerous successors. Mr. Champneys is rather a Boswell than a Lockhart, but he has given us a creditable picture of a curious personality. Another biography, which every one who had time has read, is Mr. W. H. Wilkins' history of the consort of George I., which he called "The Love of an Uncrowned Queen." Three contributions to the biography of living statesmen stand in a different class, and are only handy for the student of affairs to keep on his shelves at the moment. Mr. Coates edited the speeches of Lord Rosebery, and an author, who remains anonymous, the speeches of Mr. Cecil Rhodes, while Mr. Marris wrote a life of Mr. Chamberlain. Autobiographies have been many, but not so many as in some previous years. Mr. Brodrick's "Memories and Impressions" and the late Mr. Thomas Arnold's "Passages in a Wandering Life" formed an engaging contrast, and were both well worth reading. But perhaps the gem among autobiographies is the Amir Abdurrahman's "Apologia pro Vita Sua," an honest if not wholly trustworthy document which has scarcely a parallel since Baber wrote his memoirs. Beside it one naturally places Colonel Durand's account of the "Making of a Frontier" and Sir Robert Warburton's narrative of his life as Warden of the Khyber. The lives of the two first Premiers of Cape Colony and Natal rank among the most valuable of South African documents. The life of Sir J. C. Molteno, by his son, contained a history of the rise of representative institutions at the Cape, and Sir John Robinson, late Premier of Natal, gave us his own recollections of "A Lifetime in South Africa" with great picturesqueness, adding to them his sane views on the prospect of a settlement. Of books on the origin of the war the great majority are already dead. The reprint of Cloete's lectures on the causes of the "Great Boer Trek" supplements all other sources of information, and Mr. Hobson's book on the causes and effects of the "War in South Africa" is the completest and criticism of Mr. Fitzpatrick's statement of the case of the Uitlanders.

The progress of the war itself has produced an unprecedented swarm of books. For the most exhaustive and complete, and the most likely to serve as a permanent record of the whole campaign, is "*The Times* History of the War in South Africa," if we may judge from its first volume which appeared about a month ago. Mr. Cunliffe, like the editor of *The Times* History, Mr. Amery, a Fellow of All Souls, has also published a first volume of a record of the war on a large scale; and Dr. Conan Doyle was first in the field with a dashing, vigorous story of the "Great Boer War," which was carried by much of the qualities of his popular novels, and has sold largely. Captain Mahan followed with a careful and impartial strategical essay. Of other works the general level is high enough to make us proud of our war correspondents, though a few of them have gone a little beyond their calling. As a vivid and trustworthy picture of battle the first place must be given, if only in regret for our loss, to the fragment left by Mr. Steevens. Among other men we should be disposed to give the first place to Mr. Winston Churchill and Mr. Donald Mackenzie. In their books there are at least two passages—Mr. Churchill's description of the first night of his captivity among the Boers, and Mr. Macdonald's account of the Action of Ladysmith—which may bear comparison with the best passages of military writers from Napier and Thiebault to Forbes. After these two should rank Major Pollock's "With Seven Generals in the Boer War." But there are some five-and-twenty other books on the war, and we would not quarrel with any one who likes some of them as well as those we have mentioned.

It is partly a coincidence, partly a consequence, that the year has seen an unusually large number of military and naval works. Mr. Fortescue's "History of the British Army" was

brought down to the close of the Seven Years' War in two volumes, for which hardly any critic had anything but praise. The History of the Royal Navy which Mr. Clowes is editing has reached its penultimate volume, and come down to the second American war. Mr. Corbett has completed his account of the Tudor Navy with a volume entitled "The Successors of Drake." Mr. Fortescue's account of our share in the Napoleonic wars, called after Pitt's famous utterance, "How England Saved Europe," is more akin to rhetoric than to history, but his breezy style and power of depicting battle makes it acceptable to the young. China has given rise to a good many books, of which the chief are Mr. Colquhoun's "'Overland' to China" and Miss Scidmore's "China, the Long-Lived Empire"; and so has Egypt, notably Mr. Traill's "England, Egypt, and the Sudan."

In history we find the first volume of Mr. Andrew Lang's authentic history of Scotland, his greatest work of the kind, though it appeared at no distance in date from his equally successful "Prince Charles Edward." A work of learned research on the other division of Great Britain was "The Welsh People" of Professor John Rhys and Mr. Brynmor Jones. The second volume has appeared of Sir William Hunter's "History of British India," and another great history has reached its conclusion—Professor Maspero's "Passing of the Empires." Among smaller books Major Hume's history of modern Spain deserves to be noted. Nor must we omit to mention the appearance of the first volumes of the "Victoria Histories" of the English counties, a laborious enterprise which promises to run far into the new century and to be indispensable "to country gentlemen and others."

As to fiction, with the exception of Mr. Hardy and Mr. Meredith, every well-known novel writer seems to have bestirred himself, or herself, to dispel the cloud of public affairs. Mrs. Humphry Ward's "Eleanor" is, perhaps, the novel of the year, unless it be John Oliver Hobbes' "Robert Orange." In "Tommy and Grizel" Mr. Barrie, who has sometimes seemed capable of great things, hardly showed that he had that little more that makes the difference between talent and genius. Miss Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler ran along her familiar lines with "The Farringdons." Miss Corelli sold more copies of her "Master-Christian" than of any preceding work; and Mr. H. G. Wells returned from his excursions into the marvellous to that every-day life which he before showed that he could handle so well, and "Love and Mr. Lewisham" did not make us regret it. Mr. Conrad's "Lord Jim" has been much praised, though it does not seem to our taste quite to deserve all the superlatives lavished on its long-drawn psychology. Mr. Crockett has turned out three or four long stories, and other novels that made their mark were Mr. Zangwill's "The Mantle of Elijah" and Dr. Barry's "Arden Massiter"—both fine books—Mr. Anthony Hope's "Quisanté," Mrs. Atherton's "Senator North," Mrs. Steel's "Hosts of the Lord," Mr. Hewlett's romantic "Richard Yea-and-Nay," Mr. Egerton Castle's "Marshfield the Observer," Mr. Henry James' "The Soft Side," Miss Fiona Macleod's "The Divine Adventure," Mark Twain's ever-delightful stories, and Mr. Street's witty little book, "The Trials of the Bachelor," a contribution to the almost lost art of social satire. Perhaps the most amusing book of all was Mr. W. W. Jacobs' "Master of Craft." And perhaps the most pathetic, if we are to regard it as fiction, is the much discussed "An English-woman's Love Letters."

Of poetry there is not much to be said. There is a great deal of good verse being written but nothing that claims special notice. Nor is there much to detain us in theology unless it be Archbishop Benson's "Apocalypse." There have been, of course, many books under this head—historical, exegetical, doctrinal, and many of them of merit, but hardly of outstanding merit. As a significant record of thought we might perhaps point to two books of essays representing schools of thought—"Lux Mundi," and "Church and Faith."

In the miscellaneous lot retained in the library either for pleasure or profit are Mr. Harrison's essays, "Tennyson, Ruskin, Mill, &c.," Mr. Saintsbury's learned "History of Criticism, Vol. I," which we reviewed last week, Professor Dowden's "Puritan and Anglican," the very interesting letters of T. E. Brown, whose poems are also issued in a collected edition, and Mr. Kipling's early journalistic work collected in "From Sea to Sea." On another shelf one notes Mr. Henry James' "Little Tour in France," which ought to go with every traveller of taste on his next trip to the Riviera, Arthur Symons' studies of "The Symbolist Movement in Literature," and Mr. Boulton's entertaining book on "The Amusements of Old London." Mr. Lillie's book on "Croquet Up-to-Date" and Mr. Beaumont's treatise on "Modern Motor-Cars" both deal with subjects of keen interest in an adequate fashion. Before the art publications, sumptuous, beautiful, and numerous, the heart of a writer of such a summary as this may well quail. They form, perhaps, the most notable feature in English publishing at the present day. Sir Walter Armstrong has been very busy, and has given us works on Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Turner. Then there is Mr. Cust's "Vandyck" and Lord Ronald Gower's "Sir Thomas Lawrence." The Old Masters have been liberally treated. Messrs. Bell's series of Great Masters has kept at a high level; and a special note should be made of Professor Langton Douglas' "Fra Angelico" from the same publishers. From them, too, has come a work on Rembrandt, and from Mr. Heinemann one on Rubens. Among general books on art Lady Dilke's "French Architects and Sculptors of the Eighteenth Century" and Mr. Prior's "History of Gothic Architecture" perhaps stand out from the rest.

If publishers are busy about art, they are almost equally busy in a smaller way with one or two other subjects which mark the changing tastes of readers—and two such subjects are gardening and birds. But the taste for classics re-set seems to be subject to no changes of fashion; and if all the old books now being reprinted are read, there can be no time left for the new ones. Perhaps it would be well to have a year of jubilee when living authors should cease from troubling, or, at any rate, an annual close time of, say, a month, when nothing should be published but new editions of tried and valued friends, and the public taste could be periodically reinvigorated by draughts from the fountain head.

PUBLISHING IN 1900.

From the trade point of view the principal event of the publishing year has been the introduction and consolidation of the improved net system—the most important work, as Mr. Murray has said, ever undertaken by the Publishers' Association. Whether the change will so improve the financial position of the booksellers as to encourage a better class of men (as we suggested last week) to undertake the work remains to be seen, but there is no doubt that the monster of underselling within the trade itself, which was rapidly tearing the heart out of it, has received a check. It is just a year since the plan came into operation, and the promoters wisely went to work gradually, laying a good foundation instead of striving to carry out any revolutionary measure. The result is that the number of books published at net prices is increasing every month, and it is an encouraging sign that the Associated Booksellers want more of them. The fears of those who anticipated opposition on the part of the public were groundless; the public appears to have accepted the change without a murmur.

In other respects 1900 has not been a year which publishers as a whole will remember with any special gratitude. Of the war and the book trade we have heard more than enough, but the fact remains that the war has handicapped both booksellers and publishers throughout the past twelve months. Still, it has been a better year than 1899; the last four or five months have especially shown a marked improvement. One or two firms even assert that it has been the best autumn season they have had for many years. During the summer the great Exhibition—thousands of Americans passed through London to or from Paris—helped to save the booksellers

from the long spell of slackness which usually accompanies the "Silly Season." But it was not only the Americans' taste for English books that relieved the slack season. Publishers are realizing the folly of choking the last few months of the year with the bulk of their books, and, though the autumn will always be the busiest season, the tendency to a more even distribution over the twelve months is strongly marked. The crisis in China has not troubled the trade much; the little boom in books on the Far East was insignificant compared with the South African output; and the general election was too short-lived to produce the ruinous effect which some people predicted for the autumn. South African affairs, however, must exercise an evil influence so long as fighting lasts—and probably for many months afterwards, for the war has still to be paid for.

An irresponsible rumour was circulated during the summer to the effect that the six-shilling novel was going the way of the old three-decker, but 1900 closes with the six-shilling novel in stronger force even than when the year began. Fiction has ruled the market throughout. One well-informed authority has estimated that when the annual reckoning is made more than half the number of books published will prove to be novels. The sixpenny novel, too, has been taken up in earnest again, and Mr. Murray, coming forward more prominently as a publisher of fiction, made a success with the first volume of his dainty series of half-a-crown novels—Mr. Oliver Onion's "Compleat Bachelor." The novel with the biggest sale of the year was, of course, "The Master-Christian," and it still seems to head the list. There were not many noticeably successful novels during the spring, "The Farringdons" having, perhaps, the largest circulation of the season. Messrs. Longmans, however, did well with "Savrola," "Parson Kelly," and "Yeoman Fleetwood," as did Mr. Fisher Unwin with "Waters of Edera" and "Arden Massiter"; Messrs. Methuen with "Mirry-Ann," "The Plunderers," and "An Octave"; Mr. Heinemann with "Folly Corner"; Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton with "Feo"; and Messrs. Pearson with "Nell Gwynn."

In the autumn came a flood of fiction from well-known writers, and there seems to have been a good demand for most of their books, to judge from the list of autumn novels which have gone into new editions—a list which includes "Quisanté," "Master of Craft," "The Fourth Generation," "The Man that Corrupted Hadleyburg," "Tongues of Conscience," "The Isle of Unrest," "Eleanor," "The Brass Bottle," "The Conscience of Coralie," "Tommy and Grizel," "Old Fires and Profitable Ghosts," "Sons of the Morning," "The Gateless Barrier," "The Lane that had no Turning," "The Realization of Justus Moran," "Men of Marlowe's," and "Rue with a Difference." The book of the moment appears to be "An Englishwoman's Love Letters," which Mr. Murray cannot get printed fast enough to meet the demand.

In other departments the most profitable book has been Lord Rosebery's "Napoleon," the publisher (Humphreys) disposing of the first edition of 10,000 copies almost at once. This, together with Mr. Morley's "Cromwell" and "The Life and Letters of Thomas Huxley" (both published by Macmillan), as well as "The Life of Abdur Rahman" (Murray) and the Life of Mr. Chamberlain published by Hutchinson, made the demand for biographies one of the features of the season. M. De Maulde la Clavière's "Women of the Renaissance" and Clara Tschudi's "Life of the Empress Augusta" (both published by Sonnenschein) were also successful, while the volumes on Cromwell and Richelieu in the "Heroes of the Nations Series" were two of the best selling books of the year so far as Messrs. Putnam were concerned. The "Famous Homes of Great Britain" and the two Christmas volumes of Dickens, from the same publishers, were also in much demand. Among more recent successes have been Mr. Stephen Phillips' "Herod" (Lane)—already in a second edition—and Professor Dowden's "Puritan and Anglican; Studies in Literature" (Kegan Paul). Art books have had a good season, and Christmas books have done fairly well. The South African market has been overdone, but the excellent sales of a few of the war books have been some compensation for the failures.

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

At the beginning of a new century there is no more enjoyable pastime than that of inquiring what the world was like at the beginning of the previous century; and the best way to indulge this innocent curiosity is to get an *Annual Register* for 1801 and open it at random. We note, to start with, that the year in which we are resolved to take an intelligent interest was the year in which Nelson bombarded Copenhagen, and Sir Ralph Abercromby defeated the French at Alexandria. In investigations of this sort, however, trivial incidents are more illuminating than great events; and the mode in which they are presented by the contemporary chronicler mirrors pleasingly the social conditions of their age. Confining our attention to these, we find our forefathers engaged in many of the same pursuits as ourselves, but following them in a weird fashion of their own. They had their labour difficulties, for instance, much as we have, and they seem to have settled the question of compulsory arbitration on lines recommended by our own advanced economists:—

> The case of the journeymen taylors, who have stood out so long for an increase of their wages, from 25s. to 30s. a week, came on to be heard before Alderman Brook Watson (*ex locum tenens* for the Lord Mayor), the Recorder, Sir John William Anderson, and three other aldermen. The court having consulted for some time, the Recorder proceeded to give judgment. He then ordered that the journeymen should be allowed 27s. a week; which is a rise of 2s.; and double that sum, or 54s. in case of a general mourning.

To our interest in the development of the motor car corresponded our forefathers' interest in the development of the steam engine. On July 1, 1801,

> An experiment took place on the river Thames, for the purpose of working a barge, or any other heavy craft, against tide, by means of a steam engine on a very simple construction. The moment the engine was set to work, the barge was brought about, answering her helm quickly, and she made way against a strong current, at the rate of two miles and a half an hour.

This was only one of the many mechanical inventions of the year. The list of patents granted covers about eight pages, and includes no fewer than three patents for perpetual motion—one of them obtained by a Professor of Philosophy, whose address is Newington Butts—and one patent for "new invented improvements in the construction of barrel-organs, to prevent them from getting out of order."

Thus did our forefathers labour, after their fashion, with their hands and brains. They also laboured with their pens, though not quite as we do to-day. Their output certainly was less considerable. Nowadays, every year sees the publication of about 2,000 novels, with other books in proportion. But

> The total number of all the new publications, published in London, during the year 1800 was 693. The cost, estimated in boards, amounted to £230 5s.

A select number of the books are reviewed in the *Annual Register*. It is interesting to find that one of them is "An Account of Travels into the Interior of Southern Africa." We have been flooded with such books during the past twelve months, so that the backwardness of South Africa at the period in question is the more striking. This is the author's description of Graaff Reynet, close to Cape Town—now so civilized—in 1791:—

> The village is chiefly inhabited by [illegible] and such as hold some petty employment under the land rent. Its appearance is more miserable than that of the poorest village in England. The necessaries of life are with difficulty procured in it. No milk, no butter, no cheese, no vegetables of any kind are to be had upon any terms. There is no butcher, no chandler, no grocer, no baker. Every one must provide for himself as well as he can. They have neither wine nor beer; and the chief beverage of the inhabitants is the water of the Sunday river, which, in the summer season, is strongly impregnated with salt.

To turn to another topic; poetry has long since ceased to have matters of the *Annual Register*, but it was a great feature in the year 1801. And, of course, the Poet Laureate—one Pye, whose lyrics described as "eminently respectable in everything but his poetry"—was to the front. He contributed two odes, one for the New Year and one for his Majesty's birthday. They are "pre-Wordsworthian" in the highest sense; and possibly in these days, so do literary fashions vary, they would have found a resting-place, according to modern custom, in the advertisement columns of the morning papers. Yet his contributions may be taken as proving that a poor poet may be an admirable citizen:—

When thunders roar, when lightnings fly,
When howling tempests shake the sky;
'Tis more endeared the sheltering dome,
More sweet the social joys of home;
Fondly her eye lo! Albion throws
On the tried partner of her weal and woes.
Each tie to closer union draws
By mingled rights and mingled laws;
Then turns averse from Gallia's guilty field,
And tears with generous pride the lillies from her shield.

Albion and Erin's kindred race
Long as your sister isles the seas embrace;
Long as the circling tides your shores that lave,
Waft your united banners o'er the wave;
Wide through the deep commercial wealth to spread,
Or hurl destruction on th' oppressor's head!
May heaven on each unconquered nation shower
Eternal concord, and increasing power;
And as in history's awful page
Immortal Virtue shall proclaim
To every clime through every age
Imperial George's patriot fame,
That Parent care shall win her warmest smiles,
Which rear'd 'mid Ocean's reign the Emperor of the Isles.

It will be admitted that magazine poetry has not perceptibly deteriorated during the century that has elapsed since this was written. In the same period some other arts have improved—among them the art of writing a letter to an editor. Nowadays our correspondents flatter our proper pride by referring to our "valuable space," and our "influential columns." Far different was the tone in which Lord Camelford addressed "the printer of a morning paper" one hundred years ago:—

Mr. Editor, it is with much reluctance that I feel myself called upon to convey sentiments to the public through the medium of a newspaper; but since the subject on which I wish to explain myself is not of a nature to be brought forward in a more appropriate place, I must hope for the indulgence of the public to believe that it is not without a considerable sacrifice of my own private feelings that I have at length yielded to what I conceive to be a public duty.

It is recorded that Mr. Whittier has sometimes invited editors to print personal communications of a somewhat similar tone; but it does not appear that the editors did not avail themselves of the invitation, though Mr. Whittier is something of a classical heroine in such matters; and, on the whole, the Press has improved in politeness enormously since Lord Camelford thought it necessary to express his contempt for newspapers in the very act of availing himself of their convenient opportunities of publicity.

THE DRAMA.

"THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR."

The efforts of Mr. F. R. Benson to make Shakespeare "human among the folly" in the playhouse, instead of an occasional guest there on Ash days and holy days, deserve cordial recognition. He has again opened a Shakespearian season, this time at the Grand Theatre, where his performances are to alternate through the winter with the German plays, and he makes an excellent start with *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. The most English of Shakespeare's comedies—which is no comedy but a farce-extravaganza—is too rarely seen on the modern stage, for, despite its cardinal defect in showing us a belittled and diluted Falstaff, it abounds in good-humoured fun, in the harmless riot of animal spirits, in delightful little caricatures of the Elizabethan burgesses and housewives whom Shakespeare knew, as the French say, "like his pocket." The Falstaff, I repeat, is a bitter pill to swallow—our genial philosopher, our virtuoso in the art of living, our mellow humorist, our great Rabelaisian stage-figure, degraded to a mere buffoon. Unfortunately, Mr. G. R. Weir makes bad worse. He is that incredible paradox, that contradiction in terms, a desiccated Falstaff. The very way in which he handles the flagon shows that he is no toper! He chuckles when he should roar, has a port that is rather feline than elephantine—in a word, is a dull Falstaff. But remembering his excellent Fluellen, his admirable First Gravedigger, I forgive him and wish him a more suitable part next time. There is nothing dull or tame about the rest of the company. They are full of pranks, of what Lamb called "the grand grotesque of farce." The mad caperings and caracoling of Mr. Benson as Dr. Caius and Mr. Nicholson as Sir Hugh must be seen to be believed, while the Slender of Mr. Lyall Swete is an amazing piece of fantasy. The merry wives, too, at once matrons and minxes, are played with the keenest sense of fun by Mrs. Benson and Miss Elsie Chester. For smug humour there is the Mrs. Quickly of Miss Alice Denvil, and for fresh English beauty the Anne Page of Miss Lillian Braithwaite. The jealous Ford of Mr. Frank Rodney is capital, and even the minor characters, servitors and pages, are competently filled, the Simple of Mr. Quartermaine being particularly good. We all know the reason for this general excellence. Mr. Benson's is a stock-company of the old-fashioned kind, with all the merits of that kind, the harmony, the *esprit de corps*, the conscientious observance of trifles. And the plain truth is that Mr. Benson is doing as valuable work as any one now on the stage, the popularization of Shakespeare as an acted dramatist, the task of bringing him home to "men's business and bosoms." Our great need is to cease to regard Shakespeare as a classic only to be approached with bated breath and whispering humbleness (not to mention extravagant mounting and "star" performers); our need is to recognize in him a live, work-a-day, practical dramatist. Mr. Benson is helping us to do that, and we must all wish him every success.

A. B. WALKLEY.

Reviews.

LONDON GOSSIP.

There is little that is new to be said about Old London, and every new book upon the subject must be drawn from the same old sources. And yet it is a subject, so fascinating and so near to all of us, that it can be written about and read about over and over again with delight. There is never a year which does not produce a fresh batch of literature upon the subject, segments of which seem likely to form the theme of magazine articles until the end of time. Mr. Heckethorn's book of LONDON MEMORIES (Chatto, 6s.), a companion volume to his "London Souvenirs" published last year, has probably already seen the light elsewhere. Its disconnected chapters on such themes as "Horrors of Old London Executions," "Queer London Street-names," and "Savage Old London" smack of the airy pages of the magazines; so does the absence of dates in the text, and the author's way of slipping from the past to the present, and back again to the far past with a thoroughly metaphysical disregard for time. But, nevertheless, he has given us a pleasant, chatty, garrulous book, which will supply the reader, hitherto unacquainted with the subject, with all kinds of loose ends of information, and will leave him with a sense of having read to some purpose, even

although he may never be able to knit up those loose ends into a useful, connected whole.

Mr. Boulton's two handsome volumes on THE AMUSEMENTS OF OLD LONDON (Nimmo, 30s. n.) may be read with equal amusement and more profit, for the work is limited to a survey of the amusements of Londoners during the period between the Restoration of King Charles II. and the accession of Queen Victoria, and the author sticks steadily to the matter in hand. Those persons who delight in speaking of "the good old times" may learn from Mr. Boulton that those present times, bad as they may be in many ways, are yet infinitely better than the times which they regret; and if the standard of a people is to be gauged from its amusements, just as the standard of an individual is to be gauged from the causes which excite his laughter, then we have made extraordinary progress in the last hundred, indeed, in the last fifty years.

Even the brutal horseplay of the "Hooligans" pales before the brutality of the patrons of Hockley-in-the-Hole, of the Cockpit, and of the insanely cruel sport of duck-hunting which was carried on in the early years of the nineteenth century in St. James's-park, and from which, according to Mr. Boulton, modern pigeon-shooting is derived. The ducking-pond was boarded in to the height of the spectators' knees, and a pinioned duck was then put into the water to be hunted by a spaniel, or spaniels, to death. "It escaped so long as it was able by diving." Sometimes it was tormented in a different manner by having an owl tied upon its back, when it would dive to escape from the burden, and on rising, the miserable owl, half-drowned, shaking itself and hooting, would frighten the duck, which, of course, dived again, and the sport generally concluded with the death of both victims. Pigeon-shooting is bad enough, but it is not quite so insensate as this. But the joys of one generation are seen in their true nature to be mere follies by the next. Take, for instance, those of bell-pulling and knocker-wrenching, which, if we are not mistaken, were still considered to be witty and gentlemanly diversions even in the fifties. A young man would adorn his rooms in those dark days with a score of knockers wrenched from inoffensive doors on his nocturnal ramblings, just as he now adorns them with photographs of actresses; and to tie two knockers together by a piece of string across a quiet street, and then from some hiding-place to watch the mystification and growing anger of two maid-servants, each of whom as she closed her own door inflicted a smart rap on the door of her *vis-à-vis*, was an achievement which he would mention to his friends with the same modest pride that he now mentions the number of miles he has bicycled on a Saturday afternoon. Certainly the amusements of London become year by year more intelligent, more humane, and more beneficial to the nation's health. We could wish that the pleasant old tea-gardens had not, owing to the ever-increasing size of London, been swept away; the modern teashop, noisy and stuffy, is a poor substitute. Mr. Boulton gives a pretty account of the Marylebone-gardens on the present site of Harley-street, of the New Tunbridge-wells at Islington, of Bagnigge-wells at Clerkenwell, and of the Mulberry-gardens where Buckingham Palace now stands.

In the chapter on The Masked Assembly, that favourite amusement of the upper classes, we get glimpses of such notorieties as Mrs. Cornelys, a most disreputable, yet in the end somewhat pitiable, figure, and of the much-married Miss Chudleigh. But Mr. Boulton has not got the latter's story quite correct. At the Jubilee Ball in 1749 he speaks of her as masquerading as Miss Chudleigh and maid of honour to the Princess of Wales when all the time she was Countess of Bristol and mother of a son. He goes on to say that "old Tiger Thurlow ordered her to be burnt on the hand for masquerading as Duchess of Kingston." Now her first husband, Captain Hervey, was not Earl of Bristol in 1749, and Mr. Thurlow, who was merely counsel for the prosecution when she was tried for bigamy with the Duke of Kingston in 1776, had no power to make any order respecting her. After the verdict of "Guilty," he humorously argued that she was liable to be either hanged or branded on the hand with a hot iron, knowing well that such a penalty could not be enforced, every peer in those days enjoying the benefit of a First Offender's Act. "Old Tiger Thurlow," by the-by, was only forty-four at the time of the trial, while the Duchess herself was over fifty.

Mr. Boulton's volumes are well bound and well printed, and have some charming illustrations, from contemporary sources all coloured by hand. They should serve as a valuable and interesting gift-book.

GARDENING.

SYLVANA'S LETTERS TO AN UNKNOWN FRIEND, by E. V. B. (Macmillan & Co. 6d. n.), is, as its name denotes, written in the form of letters, to an American lady whom the writer has never seen and to whom she gave the fanciful name of Amaryllis, beginning, in happy ignorance of Virgil and Milton, that it was her own invention. Letter-writing has several advantages over other forms of literary composition. Your sentences can lack finish—and even beginning—your information need not be accurate, and you may pop about as your pleasure, without any regard for order or coherence. You need not know any Latin—indeed it is better to profess ignorance of the language, and then such words as *flos*, *corallu*, and *papaver* will come as a pleasant surprise, while your more scientific readers will have to take such harmless eccentricities as *Gorreya*, *Trelius*, and *Gesneria*, and be thankful it is no worse. Add a spice of the intimacy which made "Elizabeth and her German Garden" so delightful and the dish can be served lukewarm.

From this point of view, Sylvana's letters are completely successful, and she has put in some very charming photographs. An enthusiastic lover of flowers, birds, and animals is always a pleasant companion, and one little incident she describes might have been worked up by Mayne Reid or Rider Haggard into something very gruesome.

> It was on this very pathway that one of the keepers had a strange experience. He was met by an army of weasels on the march. The man could not pass, as the vast numbers of them blocked the way, so he threw down his plaid in the midst. The weasels fell to so fiercely on the plaid, tearing it to pieces, that for fear of his life should they attack him he turned aside and ran. Another keeper told me exactly the same thing; that once when he met them in a narrow path he had to flee, jumping down the bank and plunging into the river. . . . The young weasels are such playsome little beings, with no fear of man. Alas! this early fearlessness too soon ages into ferocity.

To judge from this book and others now before us, "Go for the pictures rather than the matter" seems to be the maxim on which most gardening books are nowadays produced. What interest THE CHRONICLE OF A CORNISH GARDEN, by Harry Roberts (John Lane, 5s. n.), possesses is almost wholly due to the exquisite taste with which it is printed and bound, and to some charming illustrations "of an ideal garden by F. L. B. Griggs." The tide of writing about gardens must be high, indeed, if it carries such books to the level of a popular success. Pretty prattle about the most ordinary features of the most ordinary rustic garden, such as might be penned by the young daughter of any country vicar, is mingled therein with such practical information as to horticulture as could easily be compiled in a few hours from standard works by a writer whose whole life had been passed in London. Even seven children of tender years hardly need such information as that "a beautiful rose no matter how it has been produced is a beautiful object."

Another book is HOW THE GARDEN GREW (Longmans, 3s. n.), by "Maud Maryon." There are five subjects which the fiction writer does not take upon himself to expound. We have lately had an economic treatise wrapped in that guise, and it only remains to revive the "lover of the triangles" in a novel expounding the principles of pure mathematics. Gardening is, perhaps, as pretty a subject as any to choose for romantic

treatment and that is the idea of "Maud Maryon," whose book belongs to that class for whose existence "Elizabeth" has

WINTER.
From "How the Garden Grew" (Longmans).

incurred a rather serious responsibility. The story suffers from the gardening and the gardening from the story; and we should hesitate to recommend the book to an advanced horticulturist. But it is a pretty book to run through, and many country folk, we dare say, will like to read how the heroine turned her hand to making the flowers grow in her father's garden and ended by marrying the curate. Anyhow, Mr. Gordon Browne's capital illustrations, of which we reproduce one, add immense attraction to the book.

Much more instructive is 'Twixt Town and Country, by Rose White (Harpers, 6s.)—a book that all owners of gardens in or near London should be glad to possess. It is full of good hints on the management of the suburban patch, and, in addition, is written pleasantly and with a literary grace of its own. Even in the midst of London—witness the garden of the Bank of England, of which a photograph appears here as frontispiece—much more can be done than many imagine; and this pleasant book will no doubt incite many to attempt something more than the patch of grass surrounded by a gravel path that too often does duty for a London garden.

Still more scientific and having nothing in common with all these feline prettinesses with which the English garden is trying to rival the German is A Handy Book of Horticulture, by F. C. Hayes (John Murray, 3s. 6d.)—a good elementary guide for amateurs; many gardeners would gain by a study of the chapter on fruit-growing.

OTHER NEW BOOKS.

The War.

Major A. W. A. Pollock, the author of With Seven Generals in the Boer War (Skeffington, 6s.), was one of the representatives of *The Times*. He seems to write with a better knowledge of his subject than most of the correspondents, and he is seldom at any pains to hide his opinion of the strategy and tactics of general officers. His most interesting chapters relate to the operations which culminated in the disaster of Stormberg, where he considers that "the only marvel is that the force escaped annihilation"—a fate from which it was only saved by the bad shooting of the Boers, and their neglect to follow up the advantage they had gained. He adds that

> Something in the climate of South Africa has clearly produced an epidemic of mental aberration amongst our superior officers. Africa is proverbially the grave of military reputations, and with these sink also the bodies of brave officers and men. We have beaten the Boers in the end, but by sheer weight of numbers, not by the superior skill and efficiency that should have given the advantage to an army composed chiefly of highly-trained Regular troops.

The inefficiency of our officers and men as horse masters is another theme on which Major Pollock has a good deal that is vigorous to say; and he does not mince matters in speaking of Lord Kitchener's frontal attack at Paardeberg:—

> Let it be granted that for some reason, which has never been satisfactorily explained, an attack was necessary—yet even this does not excuse its being badly organized and directed. The lives of the gallant Colonel Hannay, and very many others, seem to have been simply thrown away.

Major Pollock does not aim at being graphic; and he is rather too fond of describing at great length and in technical language the points of a horse. But he has written a thoroughly sound and informing book.

One Thousand Miles with the C.I.V., by J. Barclay Lloyd (Methuen, 6s.), may be dismissed briefly as a war book which will be welcome to those who wish to gratify a specific curiosity, but will hardly interest those whose interest in the war is of a more general character.

Literary Causeries.

Conferences on Books and Men (Smith, Elder, 6s.), is a set of *causeries* reprinted from *Cornhill*, where many readers looked out for and welcomed them. We have often referred to and quoted them. Now that they come up for judgment it is not very easy to decide by what standard to judge them. Proceeding by negatives one may say that they do not prove things to the same extent as the *causeries* of the late Mr. J. F. Nisbet, and hardly amuse to the same extent as the *causeries* of Mr. Andrew Lang. Still they are both instructive and amusing, and they are better tempered than the *causeries* of Mr. W. E. Henley. The author starts upon any subject; it suggests another and he pursues it; he is reminded of some verse or prose that bears upon the subject, and he copies out a good deal of it. In one *causerie* alone we compute that the quotations amount to about 3,000 words—perhaps an excessive use of an excellent literary labour-saving appliance. Yet the *causeur* has hundreds of good things of his own to say, and many quite new good stories. Sometimes his manner is a little academic—and occasionally his matter errs in that direction too, as though the *causeur* does not always seem to recognize the difference between the University and the universe. The *causeries* should not be read at a sitting. The reader may now and then be inclined to turn from their anecdotes of College "gaudies" even to the accounts of Gargantuan meals partaken of at Eastbourne and Southend by another *causeur* whose compositions we sometimes read indolently on Sunday mornings. But this Oxonian flavour ensures one merit which would, were it necessary, atone for the absence of many others—viz., that the *causeur* of the "Conferences" is a scholar, and all his pages breathe the fine flavour of scholarship—a quality rare among the *causeurs* of to-day.

In view of the events of next week there is much to be said for investing a modest sixpence in the third volume of the "Bijou Biographies" (Drane) on Lord Roberts of Kandahar and Waterford, by Ernest Russell, a very readable little life which will remind the public how much greater things in his life Lord Roberts has done than the successful tackling of Cronje. Two other of these booklets (which will just fit into the waistcoat pocket) may be equally commended—viz., Mr. W. F. Aitken's Lord Kitchener of Khartoum and Mr. A. Wallace's Joseph Chamberlain.

We regret that the invaluable "Whitaker's Almanack," which first showed how complete an annual could be, did not arrive in time for inclusion among our "Annuals" last week. "Whitaker" gained a place at once, from which nothing subsequently published has really dislodged it, and it is the interest of the public to keep it going on the road to perfection. We, for our part, should like to see in it lists of Q.C.'s, of Fellows of the Royal Society, and a much fuller list of periodicals. Also among lady novelists we should like to see some names besides those of Miss Braddon and Miss Corelli; and surely the Poet Laureate might be included among "prominent poets"? Among good new features are a summary of the history of the Dutch colonies and a treatise on voters' qualifications. On the whole, our respect for "Whitaker" and our sense of its utility remains unimpaired.

ART.

Holbein's "Ambassadors": The Picture and the Men. An historical study by Mary F. S. Hervey. (G. Bell and Sons. 10s. 6d. n.)

This handsome volume of 260 pages, decorated with the royal fleur-de-lys and illustrated with nineteen plates, is devoted to the history of a single picture—the great double portrait painted by Holbein, which, after being the pride of Longford Castle during eighty years, was acquired for the National Gallery in 1890. Our readers will remember the lively controversy at the time as to the identity of the two personages represented on Holbein's canvas. At length the courtly and richly clad figure on the left, wearing the collar of the Order of St. Michael, was discovered by Mr. Sidney Colvin to be Jean de Dinteville, Lord of Polisy and Bailly of Troyes, and French Ambassador at the Court of Henry VIII. in 1533. The age of the French Ambassador, who was born in September, 1504, and was therefore twenty-nine when he came to England in February, 1533, agrees with the words "Aet. suae 29," which are written on the sheath of this gentleman's dagger, while the name of Polisy, Dinteville's Burgundian chateau, is marked on the globe introduced in the background of Holbein's painting. Still the identity of the second personage in the picture remained wrapt in mystery until, in 1895, the author of the present volume, Miss Mary Hervey, was fortunate enough to discover a seventeenth century parchment in the possession of a bookseller of Pré-Saint-Gervais, in which the picture was fully described. This precious document is now the property of the Trustees of the National Gallery, and has been translated as follows:—

> In this picture is represented, life size, Messire Jean de Dinteville, Chevalier, Sieur de Polizy, near Bar-sur-Seine, Bailly de Treyes, who was Ambassador in England for King Francis I., in the year 1533. . . . There is also represented in the said picture Messire George de Selve, Bishop of Lavaur, a personage of great learning and virtue, who was Ambassador with the Emperor Charles V.; and son of Messire Jean de Selve, Premier President of the Parliament of Paris. The said Bishop died in 1541, having in the above-mentioned year, 1532 or 1533, gone to England, by permission of the King, to visit the said Sieur de Dinteville, his intimate friend and also of all his family; and they two, having met in England an excellent Dutch painter, employed him to make this picture, which was carefully preserved at the said place, Polizy, up to the year 1653.

Miss Hervey thus successfully solves the problem and establishes the identity of both personages in Holbein's double portrait. She goes on to trace the fortunes of Holbein's masterpiece—described by M. Méry de Vic, Keeper of the Privy Seal at the French Court in 1621, as "la plus belle pièce de peinture qui soit en France, au jugement des meilleurs peintres"—from the time it left the Sieur de Polisy's house in Burgundy until it was sold by the French collector Le Brun, in the last century, to an English dealer and found its way to Longford Castle. We are given a full and accurate history of the Ambassadors themselves, based on contemporary documents and compiled with scholarly care. Finally, in the concluding chapters, which are perhaps the most interesting part of her work, Miss Hervey describes the details of the picture and explains the meaning of the curious symbols introduced, the musical and mathematical instruments, the globe, compasses, and book of German hymns, the devices on the Sieur's dagger and the skull or death's head distorted by reflection in a curved mirror, which forms so prominent an object in the central foreground and has already provoked so much animated discussion. In these we have, according to Miss Hervey's ingenious explanation, a record of the thought and studies, the hopes and fears, which swayed the mind and influenced the generation of this cultured French gentleman of the sixteenth century, wrought together by the skill and genius of Hans Holbein into the enduring unity of a great work of art.

However much the President of the Royal Academy of Arts may fail to satisfy the modern school there is no doubt that for a certain elegant classicism he is one of the best of living English designers. The new stamp which Sir Edward Poynter has designed for New Zealand is a most felicitous example. The design is emblematic and distinctive, and worthily marks the inauguration of the New Zealand scheme for universal penny postage—which comes into force with the new century. As a nation, we are not generally successful with our own stamps, but the present is a rare occasion in the history of our colonies when they may rise artistically superior to the mother country. They appear to be making an effort to do so.

A committee, consisting of Sir L. Alma-Tadema, Marcus Stone, Luke Fildes, Frank Dicksee, Val Prinsep, J. S. Sargent, G. A. Storey, S. J. Solomon, Alfred East, Edwin Bale, Geo. Simonds, C. F. A. Voysey, and W. Reynolds-Stephens, with J. Cother Webb as honorary secretary and H. A. Voysey as legal adviser, has been considering the possibility of forming an Artists' Association, which shall have for its object the binding together of members of the profession in every branch of the fine and applied arts for the advancement of their common interests. These common interests are *inter alia* the protection of copyrights, the introduction of producers to vendors or purchasers, and the photographic registration of work by the members. It is believed that if the membership reaches 700 a subscription of one guinea from each will be sufficient to launch the scheme properly. Any one interested in the proposed association can obtain information from Mr. J. Cother Webb, 111, Clifton Hill, St. John's Wood, N.W. Those who have had experience of a similar enterprise in France—the Syndicate Artistique—will recognize its usefulness.

Amongst other good works which are being so usefully and unobtrusively done by Mr. Charles W. Mitchell, of Newcastle—who has recently offered to make himself responsible for the whole of the debt on the Aberdeen University buildings—is the Handicrafts' Company. This is intended to assist craftsmen and mechanics who show artistic taste to follow the higher paths of their calling. Besides being given to philanthrophic good works, Mr. Mitchell is an artist of no mean achievement, and his "Hypatia," it will be remembered, created considerable attention at the Grosvenor Gallery some fifteen years ago.

FICTION.

"The Doctor Speaks."

Since Mr. W. J. Dawson made his bow to the world of novel-readers with his "Redemption of Edward Strahan," he has persevered in his attempt to win a favourable hearing. Conscientious and persistent as his efforts have been they cannot be said to have entirely succeeded. The reason appears to be that Mr. Dawson does not possess the necessary equipment. He

[illegible]; a style occasionally diffuse or gaudy, yet founded on the best models; a poet's sense of the tragedy of life; a modest competency of humour; and a real desire to sympathize with human nature—a desire which, to our thinking, outruns his ability to plumb its depths. Some of these qualities have won for him success in other fields. He has written many verses that are poetry; he can expound a poet; he can indite essays polite and urbane. It is the gift of the story-teller that he lacks, and this is the most important item in the equipment of the story-writer. In THE DOCTOR SPEAKS (Grant Richards, 6s.) this remark finds illustration. The tales purport to be experiences that have come within the ken of a doctor. The possibility of "a double life" is granted, of course, by every one. With Mr. Dawson the idea is a perfect obsession. Five of the fifteen stories are more or less intimately concerned with it. This points either to a cynical view of life, or to a lack of invention. The dialogue is not very strong. No old workhouse man, so far as we know, could ever say "'Waiting for what,' says she, *with a flash of her black eyes*." This is a piece of the conventional novelist's "descriptive" work straying out of the wrong mouth. It is one of the many instances of incongruity. Novelists and prize-fighters traditionally "go for" the eyes, and Mr. Dawson is no exception. If he would control his tendency towards rhetoric, and could discover a mine of suggestions that would enable him to replace mere sketches by stories his outfit for such work as is attempted here would be more complete.

THE LADY OF DREAMS, by Una L. Silberrad (Heinemann, 6s.), is a powerful but rather gloomy tale, enlivened, however, by one or two able and humorous character sketches. The picture of slum life in Walton-street and the unlovely network of streets in its neighbourhood reveals an observant artist; and the village life at Hollford is indicated with an equally firm touch. But the story of the wife, who found that she could not love the husband who loved her so fondly, is painful and yet fails of being a tragedy. We are conscious chiefly of a sense of unnecessary gloominess mingled with some little irritation at the perversity of Mrs. Tancred.

The dainty ways and artistic "climate," as Mr. Balfour might say, of Japan, are underlined very emphatically in Mr. John Luther Long's THE FOX-WOMAN (Macqueen, 6s.). It is the story of an artist, who runs after false gods, in the shape of an American mimicry's daughter. One consequence is that his art suffers, and the story reads us a parable on the value of fidelity in art. Another consequence is that Yasakuji, his friend and future brother-in-law, quarrels with him, and we have naked primitive Japanese drama. But for the most part Ali-San's love for the little girl is the motive of a beautiful idyl, the four principal characters being clearly "visualized" and entertainingly presented.

BRITAIN'S GREATNESS FORETOLD, by Marie Trevelyan (Hogg, 5s.), is an historical novel, with Boadicea for its heroine. There is a long introduction by Mr. Edwin Collins, who takes for his text Cowper's famous ode, and shows how the prediction "Regions Cæsar never knew Thy posterity shall sway" has been fulfilled by the expansion of the Empire and the devotion of the Colonies. Occasionally Mr. Collins' enthusiasm leads him to make statements which are more patriotic than accurate. The statement that Britain beyond the seas produces "wine as good as ever came from France" indicates either a strange taste in vintages or else an imperfect acquaintance with them. Nor is it the highest art to rake up the statistics collected in "Whitaker's Almanack" and the articles of Mr. W. Holt Schooling, who is quoted, with the strenuous assertions of a work of fiction. However, the book is well meant and not badly written.

THE CONVERSION OF MISS CAROLINE EDEN, by Maude Egerton King (Digby, Long, & Co., 3s. 6d. n.), relates how an elderly spinster, a member of the Church of England, was impressed by a Congregational minister of the modern, well-educated stamp. It is an unpretentious little book, lacking nowhere, but pleasantly written. The story may not be well imagined, but it is at any rate well observed.

AMONG THE MAGAZINES.

Cornhill is full of interesting features. Poetry is represented by Mr. George Meredith, fiction by Mr. Stanley J. Weyman and Miss Mary E. Wilkins, humour by Mr. Andrew Lang, who writes of "Examinations in Fiction," and history by the Rev. W. H. Fitchett, who begins to tell the tale of the Indian Mutiny. Dr. Conan Doyle replies to the military critics of his recent military criticisms. In spite of these attractions one turns first to Mr. George M. Smith's account of the origin of the *Cornhill* in 1860, headed "Our Birth and Parentage." It appears that Mr. Smith "had at first no idea of securing Thackeray as editor," the novelist being merely invited to contribute serials at £350 a month. His services in the former capacity were only sought after an attempt to obtain those of Tom Hughes had failed; and Mr. Smith seems to have helped to a great extent to do the work which he paid Thackeray £1,000 a year for doing. He made overtures to Tennyson among other authors:—

> Tennyson listened to my proposal with entire calmness. He asked me to smoke with him and chatted pleasantly; but gave me no idea as to whether my offer was acceptable. Mrs. Tennyson presently came into the room, and Tennyson, addressing her, said:—"My dear, we are much richer than we thought we were. Mr. Smith has just offered me five thousand guineas for a book the size of the 'Idylls.' And," he continued, "if Mr. Smith offers five thousand, of course the book is worth ten!" A remark at which we all laughed. Nothing came of this proposal, which I had no temptation to renew after the rapid success achieved by the magazine. But Thackeray obtained from Tennyson his fine poem "Tithonus" for the second number.

Mr. Smith records that the highest price he ever paid for a novel was £7,000 to George Eliot for "Romola." Another novelist who had to be well paid was Trollope. Concerning the negotiations to fix Trollope's price a good story is told:—

> Trollope came to me in Pall-mall, where we now had a branch office, to arrange for a new serial. I told him my terms, but he demurred to my offer of £2,000, and said that he had hoped for £3,000. I shook my head. "Well," he replied, "let us toss for that other £1,000." I asked him if he wished to ruin me, and said that if my banker heard of my tossing authors for their copyrights he would certainly close my account; and what about my clerks? How I should demoralize them if they suspected me of tossing with an author for his manuscript! We ultimately came to an agreement on my terms, which were sufficiently liberal. But I felt uncomfortable—I felt mean—I had refused a challenge. To relieve my mind I said, "Now that is settled, if you will come over the way to my club, where we can have a little room to ourselves for five minutes, I will toss you for £1,000 with pleasure." Mr. Trollope did not accept the offer.

The article is full of literary gossip of the right sort, and we hope Mr. Smith will go on working the vein he has struck. Altogether an important and interesting number.

The *Monthly Review*, so far as it touches current military and political topics, is cautious, and not inclined to drift with the many. Its second article may be commended as the best and most serious attempt yet made to get to the inner meaning of Little Englandism. Little Englandism is venerable, for it includes Burghley, Queen Elizabeth, and Walpole; and its creed, so the writer urges, rests on the affirmation that the vital need of Empire is the greatness of England, for on this "the unity and vitality of the Empire ultimately rests." Then a "sometime gunner in the C.I.V. battery," Mr. Basil Williams, has much to say on behalf of the Boers and against farm burning. Literature is recognized in two articles on Coventry Patmore and Cowley; and there are other items; but perhaps the most important article contains some unpublished Napoleon matters—the papers of Colonel Wilks, Governor of St. Helena when Napoleon landed, which among other things do

much to excuse Sir Hudson Lowe by showing that he at once discovered Napoleon in an attempt to tamper with Wilks and with the officer in command of the naval squadron.

Three of the items in *Longman's Magazine* are fiction, one of them coming from Mr. W. E. Norris, and another is the beginning of a story by "M. E. Francis." "Nature in London" is always a pleasant subject, and Mr. G. A. B. Dewar writes well upon it; he has nothing, however, remarkable in the way of "finds" to record unless it be a "red admiral" sailing down the Queen's-road, Chelsea. Mr. H. W. Fowler has a timely word to say against the hackneyed quotation, and Mr. Lang, among the various matters discussed in "The Sign of the Ship," makes, we are glad to see, the remark that "the American new-born love of American historical romances is, I think, a very pleasant and hopeful symptom." We think so, too, despite Mr. Howell's strictures on its bloodthirstiness.

Macmillan's Magazine this month, perhaps wisely, avoids the actual. It has nothing to say about either the war or the servant problem. Mr. A. G. Bradley reviews the two recent books on the history of the Hudson Bay Company, and an anonymous critic traces an ingenious, but fanciful, parallel between the temperaments of Edward FitzGerald and T. E. Brown. A wider interest perhaps will be taken in Madame Ristori's observations "on various subjects relating to my art and more particularly on the question as to whether I should advise a young woman to dedicate herself to it?" Because "next to the pulpit nothing is more productive of good than the stage, if it be understood as the Talmas, the Modenas, the Siddonses, and other great actors have understood it." The number also includes Chapters VIII.-X. of Mr. Eric Parker's serial "The Sinner and the Problem."

The new editor of the *Pall Mall Magazine* has hardly had time, as yet, to assert his individuality otherwise than by getting rid of serial stories and giving Mr. G. S. Street's *causerie* to Mr. A. Kinnear. The magazine does not despise the trick article—there is one on "Assassinations of the Century" and another on "The New House of Commons," illustrated by Mr. G. R. Halkett, the editor, whose draughtsmanship has very much improved. But we must also note Mr. Stephen Gwynn's poem "A Death Mask," and a well illustrated article on Rodin, the sculptor.

The *Badminton Magazine* is improving. Colour-printing in monthly magazines is not, of course, an innovation, but we have never seen it better done than it is in the four pictures given in this magazine. Some may find a touch of humour in an Imperial Yeoman who went out to South Africa to shoot Boers writing a screed to describe how he incidentally shot some antelope; but the *Badminton* is not a military magazine. There are good articles, as usual, about hunting and shooting and one on the pursuit of caribou.

The *Gentleman's Magazine* maintains its renown as a medium for presenting out-of-the-way information collected for the most part by authors who have yet to win their spurs. It is probably the only magazine still flourishing in which it would be possible to get inserted an article on "West Pyrenean Lawyers in the Past"—a subject certainly lacking in the actuality on which most modern editors insist, but interesting to some of us, all the same. An article by Mr. Albert M. Hyamson on "False Messiahs" must also have involved a good deal of research, as must the account of the historical associations of Boulogne contributed by Mr. Percy Fitzgerald. Le Sage and Thomas Campbell are the names that loom largest among the city's literary memories; though it might have been added that Dickens, Mr. David Christie Murray, and Mr. Frank Mathew have also written books there.

The Century Magazine is as good as usual—which is high praise. Some of the subjects treated are naturally more interesting to American than to English readers, who can hardly be expected to feel overwhelmingly curious to know, for instance, what Mr. E. V. Smalley has to say about the United States Patent Office; but a good many of the articles will appeal successfully to a wider public. The element of actuality is furnished by an account, by Cecile E. Payen, of the siege of the Peking Legations. Miss Payen was there as a member of Minister Conger's household. Readers whose interest is in literary associations will turn to the paper by Mr. Jacob A. Riis on "Hamlet's Castle"—a description of Kronberg, Elsinore. The illustrations are redrawn from photographs, and leave us wishing that the magazines on this side were more in the habit of having their photographs redrawn. Other admirable illustrations are those contributed by Mr. Raven Hill and Mr. Joseph Pennell to Sir Walter Besant's "Shadow and Sunlight in East London." In the way of travel and adventure there is a chapter on "Roping the Cañons of the Rio Grande" by Robert T. Hill; and the serial is from the pen of Mr. Hamlin Garland.

In the *United Service Magazine* Colonel Maude continues his remarks on the Evolution of Cavalry; an anonymous writer proposes that we should offer the Germans Cyprus in exchange for their East African possessions; and Dr. T. M. Maguire ransacks history for instructive examples of "strategic devastation." He does well in recalling the precise details of Sherman's famous march, and reminding us that that great General "ordered out of their homes all the population of a town of 10,000 inhabitants, old and young, male and female, and then blew it up."

New serials begin in both the magazines of the house of Isbister; in *Good Words* a serial by Mr. Neil Munro, and in the *Sunday Magazine* a serial by Miss Christabel Coleridge. In the former publication we may also draw attention to an article on "The Earliest Scottish Newspaper," the *Mercurius Caledonius* of 1661.

In the *Imperial and Colonial Magazine*, Canon Rawnsley, whose ubiquity (as a poet) during the war has almost equalled that of De Wet himself, salutes the C.I.V.'s with a sonnet: "We give you greeting, City Volunteers!" The magazine keeps strictly to its last. Sir Charles Dilke continues his series of articles on "The Century in our Colonies," writing this month of the West Indies and the Dominion of Canada. Then an equally high authority, Professor A. H. Keane, concludes his historical survey of British South Africa; and the case for Imperial Telegraphic Communication is summed up by Sir Edward Sassoon. The only article that gives the mind a temporary respite from Imperial and colonial affairs is an essay on D'Annunzio by Mr. Arthur Symons.

The *Universal Magazine* contains an indignant, but belated, reply to Mr. Clement Scott's strictures on the morality of the stage, a well-illustrated account of "Stage Coaches, Old and Modern," and photographs of the drawing room, dining room, and evening gowns of Miss Ellis Jeffreys, the actress. A serial story by Mr. Clive Holland also progresses slowly but surely to its conclusion.

The most notable articles in the *Home Counties Magazine* are those on the Whitgift Hospital, Croydon, by Walter H. Godfrey, and on Old St. Albans, by F. G. Kitton. A most satisfactory feature of the publication lies in the fact that the pictures include black and white drawings as well as photographs. Some of these drawings are of a high order of merit.

Miss Edith Henrietta Fowler begins a serial in the *Woman at Home*—the paper in which Miss Annie S. Swan answers the questions of correspondence respecting courtship, marriage, and etiquette. We ponder the dark saying that "it is usual for a gentleman to leave his hat in the hall."

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

The Times of December 31, 1900, and of January 1, 1901, will contain special supplements giving extracts from the paper for every year of the nineteenth century.

"Kim"—for that is now to be the name of Mr. Kipling's new Indian story—which begins to appear in *Cassell's Magazine* next month, and is the author's longest novel, will be illustrated in a remarkable way. Mr. Lockwood Kipling, C.I.E., the author's father, has modelled in clay a series of illustrations, and they will be reproduced by photography. From the specimen sent us, these photographs appear likely to be of much interest. There are also to be pictures by Mr. E. L. Weeks.

MM. Hachette have for the holiday season two very attractive, one may almost say impressive, publications—M. Muntz's "Florence et la Toscane" and an anonymous work professed chiefly as a sort of museum of illustrations of the century—"Le XIXème Siècle, les Mœurs, les Arts, les Idées"—a pendant to the delightful "Eighteenth Century," which appeared at the same season two years ago. The abundance and beauty of the illustrations enlivening M. Muntz's well-known volume and his notes

us Pius, Siena, Monte Oliveto, Florence, with the neighbouring convents, Arezzo, Fiesole, and the other storied towns of this portion of Italy, really render this work, of which the text has been revised and brought up to date, a new one. And the volume costs, unbound, only fifteen francs. There are something like 300 illustrations. Scarcely a monument or plastic document of any sort is neglected. In the "Nineteenth Century" the text is evidently subordinated to the rôle of commentary upon the illustrations, which give us in rapid visions the most typical moments of the century. Writers, artists, and statesmen, from the First Empire down almost to Fashoda, are here revived, and all the little documentary details of dress and furniture and social shibboleths are reproduced. It is a resplendent *résumé* of all that is most essentially typical in the Parisian social existence of the century.

The miner poet is to have a monthly magazine all to himself. It will be called the *Thrush*, it will cost fourpence, and it will contain nothing but poetry. The idea is a little alarming. Most educated people who have read much poetry can write verse pretty well. But it is generally a weariness to read. If all the great poets of all ages were alive to-day they would scarcely produce enough really good poetry to keep a monthly magazine going. We would advise the *Thrush* to draw partly upon the past. Nevertheless, it will undoubtedly stimulate an interest in poetry. We wish it well and shall look out for the first numbers with curiosity.

From the beginning of next year the *Westminster Review* will be issued by Mr. R. Brimley Johnson, of 8, York-buildings, Adelphi.

Books to look out for at once.

THEOLOGY—

"Types of Christian Life." By E. G. Jones. (Small Books on Great Subjects.) J. Clarke. 1s. 6d.

"The Sacrifice: Redemption's Story." By a Messenger. Mowbray. 3s.

MISCELLANEOUS—

"Architectural Pottery." By Leon Lefevre. Scott & Greenwood. 15s. n.

"Manual of Diagnosis and Treatment of Diseases of the Eye." Saunders. 12s. 6d.

"The World of the 'Sixteen Thomas.'" By R. M. Craig. Russell. 3s. 6d.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

BIOGRAPHY.

F. C. Talt. A Record. By *J. L. Love*. 7½×5in., 91 pp. Nisbet. 6s.

Joseph Joachim. [illegible] By *Andreas Moser*. Trans. by Lalla Durham. 9×6in., 32[illegible] pp. Welby. 15s. n.

From Suffolk Lad to London Merchant. A Sketch of the Life of James Harvey. By the *Rev. A. J. Harvey*. 7[illegible]in., 119 pp. Arrowsmith. 2s.

CLASSICAL.

Euripides: Alcestis. (Illustrated [illegible] Ed. by *E. H. Blakeney*. 6½×4in., 1[illegible] pp. Bell. 2s.

Scalae Tertiae. (Illustrated [illegible] Ed. by *E. C. Marchant*. [illegible]in., 120 pp. Bell. 1s.

EDUCATIONAL.

German Without Tears. Book III. By *Mrs. H. Bell*. 7–8in., 1[illegible] pp. Arnold. 1s. 3d.

FICTION.

On the Track and Over the Sliprails. By *H. Lawson*. 7[illegible], 1[illegible] pp. Sydney [illegible] & Robertson. 3s. 6d.

Possibilities. By *H. Beresford*. 7[illegible], 1[illegible] pp. A. Gardner

FOLKLORE.

Things Chinese. Notes on [illegible] Connected with China. By *J. D. Ball*. M.R.A.S. [illegible], 6[illegible]×4in., [illegible] pp. Sampson Low. 12s. n.

MEDICAL.

Mosquitoe and Malaria. By [illegible], M.B., C.M. [illegible], [illegible] pp. Simpson Low.

MILITARY.

Wellington's Men. [illegible] Ed. by *H. [illegible]*, LL.D. 7[illegible]×4in., 419 pp. [illegible], Lester & [illegible]. 6s.

The Siege of Pekin. By *H. A. P. Martin*. 7[illegible]×4in., 2[illegible] pp. [illegible]. 6s.

MISCELLANEOUS.

La Culture des Idées. By *Remy de Gourmont*. 7½×4½in., 3[illegible] pp. Paris, Société du Mercure de France. Fr.3.50

Whitaker's Almanack for 1901. 7½×5in., 776 pp. Whitaker. 3s. 6d.

Fry's London Charities. Vol. for 1900. 7½×5in., 389 pp. Chatto & Windus. 1s. 6d.

The Human Ear. By *Marian A. Ellis*. 7½×5in., 235 pp. Black. 3s. 6d. n.

POETRY.

The Shadowy Waters. By *W. B. Yeats*. 9½×7in., 37 pp. Hodder & Stoughton. 3s. 6d. n.

Harvest Tide. By *Sir Lewis Morris*, Kt. 6½×4½in., 231 pp. Kegan Paul. 5s.

Diversities in Verse. A Selection from Poetic Pieces. By *J. L. Longstaffe*. 8½×6½in., 252 pp. Allen. 5s. n.

Seven Carols. Music by *Rev. W. G. Horsfield*. Ed. by *Rev. A. A. Toms*. 7½×5in., 15 pp. Novello Co. 6d. n.

REPRINTS.

Waverley. Guy Mannering. (Vols. I & II. of The New Pocket Ed.) 6½×4in., 6[illegible] 411 pp. Black. 2s. n. each.

Two Gentlemen of Verona. Julius Cæsar. (Chiswick Shakespeare.) 8×4½in., 101+105 pp. Bell. 1s. 6d. each.

Old Mortality. (Black's School Ed.) 7½×5 n., 472 pp. Black. 1s. 6d.

SCIENCE.

Botany. An Elementary Text Book for Schools. By *L. H. Bailey*. 7½×5½in., 335 pp. The Macmillan Co. 6s.

THEOLOGY.

Until the Day Break. By *W. Landels*, D.D. 7×4½in., 199 pp. R.T.S. 2s. 6d.

Social Development Under Christian Influence. By *Rev. M. Kaufmann*. 7½×5in., 120 pp. Kegan Paul.

The Ancient Scriptures and the Modern Jew. By *David Baron*. 8–5½in., 312 pp. Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.

The Preacher's Dictionary. By *E. F. Caraher*. 9½×6½in., 6[illegible]pp. Hodder & Stoughton. 12s.

CHESS.

Address "Chess": LITERATURE, Printing House Square, London.

IDEAL CHESS.—The last year of the century has been a period in which what is called master-play and ideal chess has receded more and more into the background. The ideal, according to some authorities, is a game in which every move is well considered; a dead-level contest in which after hours of hard mental labour one side triumphs magnificently by the gain of "the opposition" in a pawn ending. Let us begin to realize the truth. Such chess may be very acceptable to a few dry-as-dusts; it will not suit the rank and file. Life is quite too short for it; and if the game could be limited in such manner its influence would indeed be small. Let us by all means have good chess, but let it be such as the ordinary mortal can appreciate. Let us do our best to encourage chess as a pure recreation, emphasizing the fact that we may all turn to the board and to the problem as a relief from the graver affairs of life, without feeling the "game" to be depressing or becoming so fascinated by its depths that we lose ourselves in endeavouring to fathom its infinite variety.

PROBLEM No. CVIII.
By S. ZIMMERMANN, Prague.
BLACK.

WHITE.
White mates in three moves.

THE ORIGIN OF CHESS. In the November and December numbers of the *British Chess Magazine* there are papers of special interest bearing on this subject, called forth mainly by the contributions of Mr. W. S. Branch. An eight-column letter by W. F. in the *New York Nation* puts one point in a nutshell thus:—"To sum up, the most ancient documentary indications of the existence of chess date from about the beginning of the seventh century, A.D.; the possibly earliest and certainly least dubious mention of it occurs in a Persian biographical romance styled the 'Kârnamâk.' The dialect is Middle-Persian, disguised by the medium in which it is written—a cryptogramic and otherwise bizarre form of orthographic expression known as Pahlavi." It appears there are no assured references to chess earlier than that above referred to.

Mr. Branch writes to us as follows:—"Referring to your last note on the origin of chess, the Egyptian theory of that Spanish writer is considered out of Court by the other authorities. I have read of it, indirectly, but there is no English translation. It may be asked, who are the authorities, and why? As to the origin of chess and earliest references to it in extant literature, there are those who combine an interest in the subject with a knowledge, either original or derived from experts, of Sanscrit, Persian, and Arabic literature, with side-lights from Chinese and the East generally. The verdict is—India almost certainly. If not India, then, at a very remote period indeed, some country east of Arabia (Egypt is west).—W. S. BRANCH."

CHESS IN SCANDINAVIA.—We have already called attention to the advances chess is making in Sweden and Denmark. The following is a brilliancy-prize game in a recent tourney conducted through the excellent chess column in *Aftonbladet* (Stockholm). White, F. Englund (Stockholm); Black, Captain G. Axelsson (Jönköping). Game 53:—

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
1. P–K 4	P–Q B 4	21. Q–B 4	B–B sq
2. Kt–K B 3	P–K 3	22. P–K Kt 4	P–K R 4 (f)
3. Kt–B 3	Kt–Q B 3	23. Q×P	Q–B 3
4. P–Q 4	P×P	24. R–B 3	Q–Kt 4
5. Kt×P	P–Q R 3 (a)	25. B×P ch	K–Kt 2
6. P–Q R 3 (b)	P–Q 4	26. B–K 6	B–Kt 2
7. P×P	P×P	27. Q×B ch	K–R sq
8. B–K 2	Kt–B 3	28. K–Kt sq	P–R 5
9. B–K Kt 5	B–K 2	29. R–K 7	Q–R 3
10. Castles	Kt–K 5 (c)	30. P–Kt 5	R×R
11. B–B	Kt–B	31. B×R	Q–B sq
12. Kt×Kt	P×Kt	32. B×P	Q–K Kt sq
13. B–B 4	Castles	33. Q–K 4	R–R 2
14. R–K sq	P–Q Kt 4	34. Q×P ch	R–K R 2
15. B–Kt 3	B–Kt 2	35. Q–B ch	Q×Q
16. P–Q B 3	Kt–Kt 3	36. B×Q	K×B
17. Q–Kt 4 (d)	Kt–K 4	37. R–K Kt sq.	Kt–Q 6
18. Q–B 5	Kt–Q 6	38. P–Kt 6 ch	K–Kt sq
19. R–K 3	Kt×Kt P (e)	39. P–Kt 7	Kt×P ch
20. R–K B 3	P–K Kt 3	40. K–Kt 2	Resigns.

(a)—Kt–K B 3 is recommended as best here.
(b)—And at this point Kt–Kt is recommended.
(c)—Black might play [illegible]—castles: 11. B–B 3, B–K 3; 12. R–K sq, Q–Q 2; 13. Q–Q 2, Q R–Q sq; 14 Q R–Q sq, K R–K sq; 15. Kt×B, P×Kt; 16. Q–K 2, &c.
(d)—There is some good play from this point.
(e)—It does not appear that this capture is good, but usually in correspondence chess a pawn should be secured when possible.
(f)—This advance seems to lose eventually. Q–Q 2 is suggested as better. The conclusion is excellently managed by White. Note especially 26 B–K 6.

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